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LONDON AS A LITERARY CENTRE.

BY R. R. BOWKER.

Second Paper: The Novelists.

THE writing of novels is in England more nearly a profession than any other work in literature. The novelists, though incidentally they may write poems or papers, find their life work and their livelihood in fiction-writing, and most of them rule their lives to that end. The reader who skims "the last new novel" in the swift hours of a few days forgets, by reason of its naturalness, the toil that has gone to make it. The mere writing out of a long novel, perhaps two or three times over, is a mechanical labor that would sorely try the patience of most patient people, and this is only the final and outward expression of months of toil and years of study and experience that must go to the making of the book. Anthony Trollope, the most business-like of novelists, who once confirmed to me the statement that he kept one or two completed novels ahead of current demand in his desk, accomplished his extraordinary productiveness as a by-calling, being for most of his life a busy Post-office official; but he was an exception to the rule that novel-writing is the most absorbing of callings. Charles Reade collected incident as Herbert Spencer collected sociological data, and his study was almost like the counting-room of a man of affairs, with its pigeon-holed papers and array of scrap-books. I know one novelist who selects his summering-place with reference to its availability as a background for his next novel, and charges off the rent to the story. What heart's-blood is put into a real novel, what nervous exhaustion comes with its climax and ending, no one can fully tell. Dickens has confided something of this inward tragedy to the reader in his pathetic record of his wanderings about the streets of Paris after the death of Little Paul. It is this which gives to the novelist a "contemporaneous human interest" beyond that of his books, and makes readers eager to know of the personality and methods, and look into the faces of their favorite story-tellers.

The link between present writers of fiction and the great generation is Wilkie Collins, now by seniority the dean of English novelists. Thackeray, had he lived, would have been seventy-seven; Dickens, George Eliot, Anthony Trollope, Charles Reade, were all born in the same decade of 1810–20. Mr. Collins, born in 1824, was their junior, but his association with them, and especially his close intimacy and collaboration with Dickens, make him a part of that great past. But he is also of the working present. His work runs back forty years from his latest volume of *Little Novels* to that biography of his father, the Royal Academician William Collins, published in 1848, which was his stepping-stone from law to literature, and which preceded his first novel, *Antonina*, by two years. His mother also was an artist, distinguished in portrait-painting. An invalid much of the time, with that enemy of Englishmen, the gout, threatening his eyes, Mr. Collins is nowadays little seen in London society; but for many years he has kept strictly at work in London, at his house in Gloucester Place, not far from the busy turmoil of Baker Street, though he is now leaving this house for new quarters. Here the great drawing-rooms were given up for his

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desk-work when he was writing a novel, or for striding up and down the floor, reciting speeches and acting out scenes, if it were a play he was at work upon. One finds him a man still of striking appearance, but much aged by illness since he was seen in America, with a leonine head, the plentiful hair and flowing beard nearly white, contrasting with a short and smallish though once powerful body, and tiny white hands. The stoop of his shoulders suggests long application to his work, but his manner and speech have the vigor and crispness of an unexhausted spirit of youth.

Wilkie Collins is the novelist of construction; and plot and character and incident are always the development from a central dramatic idea, "the pivot on which the story turns," as in *The Woman in White*, the substitution of one woman for another in a lunatic asylum, and in *The Moonstone*, the projection of an Eastern jewel, with the superstitious devotion of its attendant priests, into modern civilized society. This idea settled, he weaves his plot, selects his characters, builds up his incidents, all with reference to it, and above all things writes one continuous story, and not two or three alternating stories in one. This makes him indifferent to methods of publication, for as he means to keep up an unflagging interest throughout, he expects to hold his reader, whether to sit up all night to finish the volume, as many of them complain to him, or from week to week or month to month. His first aim and chief difficulty is to "begin at the beginning," so that the story tells itself straight on to its predetermined end without harking back, and he thinks many novelists who aim to be artists much too careless about this. Sometimes he has written out the latter part of his book first, and the first almost last of all, with this in view. He never transfers real people, and seldom real places or incidents, to his books; yet he has found that no one can invent a name, and a new book often brings protests from more than one correspondent against too close copies or misleading perversions of what they suppose to be his originals. One outraged Frenchman, who saw himself in a particularly unpleasant villain, kindly offered, if Mr. Collins would come to Paris, to meet him with pistols and seconds at the *gare*.

Mr. Collins never spares himself, and takes minute pains with the details of his work. Most of his novels, by the time they reach publication in book form, have been written or revised seven times: the first writing; a revision next day before the autograph manuscript goes to a copyist; a second and third revision upon the copyist's manuscript; a fourth on the proof; a fifth on the printer's "revise"; a final revision after the story has appeared in a periodical as it is made ready for a book. It is this hard writing which makes easy reading and good English. Nowadays he restricts himself to four hours, and those of daylight, but in former times he wrote almost continuously, spurred on by the eager delight of the work itself. When he began, his favorite hours were from near midnight to just before dawn; but "ghosts" cured him of that. They used to accompany him upstairs as he gave up work for bed, and a particular green woman with tusk teeth stood at the turn, and said good-night by biting a piece out of his shoulder. He gave them good riddance by revolutionizing his hours of work, and now the latter part of the day is apt to be given up to novel-reading, for he is a catholic customer for his fellow-craftsmen's wares, enjoying them as a reader and not as a critic. Believing that a novel should be, first of all, a story, he thinks Cooper the great American fictionist, and wonders that his countrymen can call the author of the Leatherstocking stories and sea tales "a writer for boys." His aim has been to follow any successful story with one of entirely different kind and scene, as when *No Name* followed *The Woman in White*. The success of these books was indeed enormous. On one of them he was paid £3000 for book form alone, and the next, which proved to be *Armadale*, was secured by a rival publisher, who offered £5000 before the book was outlined or a line written. No such prices seem to be paid for novels now as then, but it has not been given to this generation, as to its fathers, to welcome within a triad of years (1859–61) such books as *The Virginians* and *Philip*, *A Tale of Two Cities* and *Great Expectations*, *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, *White Lies* and *The Cloister and the Hearth*, *The Bertrams* and *Framley Parsonage*, and *The Woman in White*.

R. D. Blackmore lives a few miles from London, in the valley of the upper Thames, where, behind a great brick wall,

he surrounds himself with fruit trees and flowers, and pursues the vocation of literature and the avocation of market-gardening. It is a lovely place in blossoming spring, for he has the same power over plants as over words. Nature is loyal to her lover. Here he lives a retiring life, little known to his neighbors, and when he wants amusement goes a-fishing. Fame doesn't trouble him here. When I first went to call upon him I asked the people of the railway station the way to the house of Mr. Blackmore, the author, but no one knew. Suddenly, with a gleam of intelligence, some one exclaimed, "Perhaps 'tis the fruit man he means!—follow along the wall to the gate, sir"; and in fact it was his wall which faced the station. Indeed few know this gray, rugged, seafaring-looking man, withal kindly and gentle—rather one of the fine old fellows of his delightful *Springhaven* than the conventional author—as the father of *Lorna Doone*. He declines to take the same view as the public of this child of his, and in support of his view that this is not his best book, grimly enjoys recounting the early history of this now "lucky maid." "When first you came from the western moors"—so he apostrophizes her in that twentieth edition in which she "shines with adornment, as a female should"—"nobody cared to look at you; for a year and a half you shivered in the cold corner, without a sun-ray; your native land disdained your voice, and America answered, 'No child of mine.'" But "a certain brave man," Mr. Sampson Low the younger, said, "She shall have another chance," and just then the marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne happened, by the similarity of name, to bring the book to public hearing—and who could read without delight? It is now *the* idyl and idol of Devon, and a classic in English fiction to all time; but perhaps, to its loyal Devon author, its best compliment has been the homely one that "*Lorna Doone*, to a Devonshire man, is as good as clotted cream *almost*."

Mr. Blackmore, now somewhat past sixty, is of Devonshire family, though of Berkshire birth, and the whole of his boyhood was spent in Devon. He graduated at Exeter College, Oxford, and studied law at the Middle Temple, practising conveyancing at the start. But he soon forswore law for letters, printing several volumes of poetry and a translation of the first two of Virgil's Georgics—under a title, *The Farm and Fruit of Old*, which suggested the connection of the two sides of his life—before he published his first novel, *Clara Vaughan*, written in 1852, but not printed until 1864. Mr. Blackmore does not encourage talk about his manner of work, preferring to let the results speak. I may only say that he cares mostly for his trees and plants by day, pleasantly insisting that these are the real things, and when he comes to his writing of an evening, is careful and painstaking to the last degree, sometimes completing no more than a paragraph at a sitting. "I set to," he wrote a friend while at work on *Mary Anerley*, "at night [when even vines go to sleep (but grow faster than by sunlight), and when only the wicked wood-louse walks] to rewrite the story, which means, with me, to winnow and harrow and pestle and pepper every particle of sentence." This carefulness tells sometimes to the confusion of critics, for the *Pall Mall* reviewer of *Springhaven*, who urged that Nelson could not have used certain words put into his mouth by Mr. Blackmore, might with equal research have found them in published letters of the great admiral.

Mr. Blackmore has a strong unwillingness to let his readers look upon his face; as he put it, with characteristic humor, some years ago: "It appears to me that any man sticking himself up to gaze at his own title-page, and so blinking at his readers, lowers himself by his self-elevation. What can it matter to his readers whether he is gifted with two eyes and one nose, or one eye and two noses? No, nor ever so many noes-es! I keep out of all such little curiosity. If I can say a thing to please the public, there is pleasure on both sides; but as for laboring to look to please them, what is the wise man's dictum on the subject? 'More people know Tom Fool than Tom Fool knows.' Let him first know himself."

Mr. Blackmore is seldom in London, and is not much seen by his fellow-authors. I recall when he and Mr. Black first met each other, but a few years since, at the round table in St. Stephen's Club, and the younger author delighted the senior with the story of how he was toasted at a dinner while in America as "Mr. Black, gentlemen, the greatest of living novelists, the author of *Lorna Doone*."



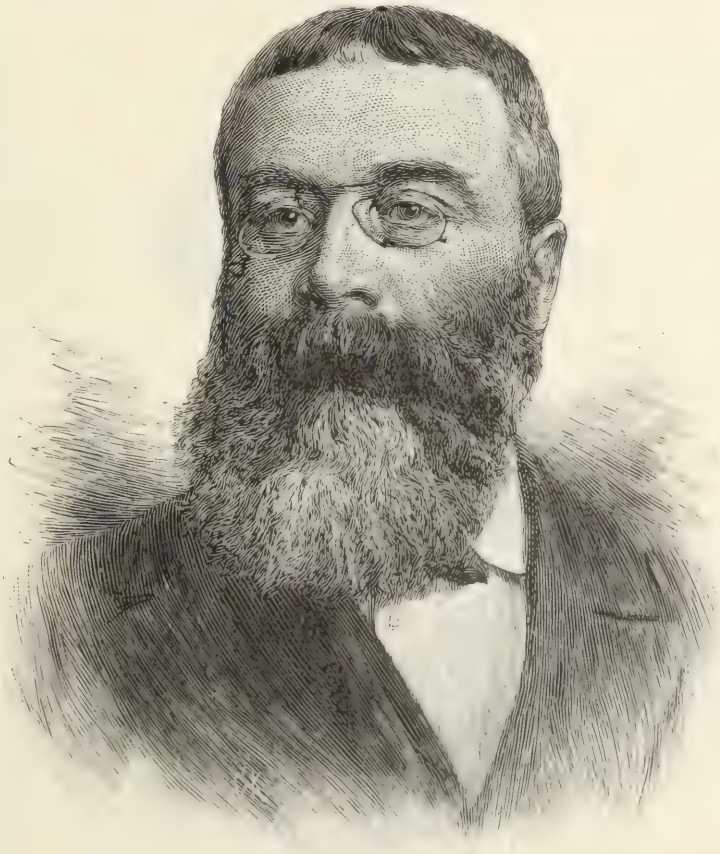
THOMAS HARDY.
From a photograph by Fradelle, London.

William Black,* born a Scotchman, and living in Brighton, is, all the same, one of the best known figures of literary London. When he first came to name and fame he was a journalist, assistant editor of the *Daily News*, and entirely a Londoner; but his manner of work as a novelist demands quiet and opportunity of long walks, and these he finds in winter at the delightful house in Brighton, five minutes from the wide and open downs, and in summer in his beloved Scotland. He keeps an alighting-place in London in those historic chambers at the foot of Buckingham Street, Strand, with the fine sweep of view over the Thames, where David Copperfield gave his dinner party, and where the hero of his own *Sunrise* lived; and he is often to be seen at the Reform Club, lunching with his fellow-novelist James Payn, or listening with delight to the rich, mellow voice of his friend John Bright as he quotes long passages from Whittier, whose poems this brother peace-maker knows by heart. Here, at Buckingham Street, are memorable nights, *noctes ambrosianæ* of these latter times. At one of these, I recall, when William Small, whom he had not before known, came to discuss the illustrating of *Shandon Bells*, the talk turned on salmon-fishing and early Scotch experiences, and the two men found they had done their earliest work on the same book, both of them tramping about the west of Scotland, the one revising, the other illustrating, an early edition of the publisher Black's well-known *Guide to Scotland*. Mr. Black, in the flesh, is a man of moderate stature; lithe of figure; with face often sunburned from out-door life; brown eyes, grave, but with a ready twinkle in them, looking from behind glasses; a sympathetic mouth, half hidden by his brown mustache; and dark hair. Mr. Black, in the spirit, is several people: silent and ruminant sometimes, whether in society or in long walks; at other times brimming over with rollicking fun; taking hold of life, as the range of his novels suggests, at many sides, though he does not talk of everything he is thinking of. His beautiful and spacious house at Brighton, with its whole-souled and charming hostess, is a harbor of refuge to many friends, English and American, and sometimes shelters one of the most interesting circles of "literary London," for it is little more than an hour off by fast train. "Visitors are somewhat varied just now," he writes; "Toole called this afternoon, and Herbert Spencer is coming in to play billiards in the evening." It is filled with spoils of travel—stuffs from Egypt, lustre pottery from Spain, fire-dogs from Venice, reminiscences of Scotland and of America—for he has travelled everywhere in seeking scene and incident for his books; and the noble drawing-room contains the originals of the dozen illustrations for *Macleod of Dare*, drawn as a tribute of friendship by as many artist friends, and most of the manuscripts of his novels, which in his dainty and minute book-writing, on small note sheets, take

* See "William Black at Home," by Joseph Hatton, with portrait, in this Magazine for December, 1882.

scarcely more room than the printed book. A bell from the Roman Campagna summons to "the banqueting-room," where at many a midnight symposium good talk accompanies a frugal meal.

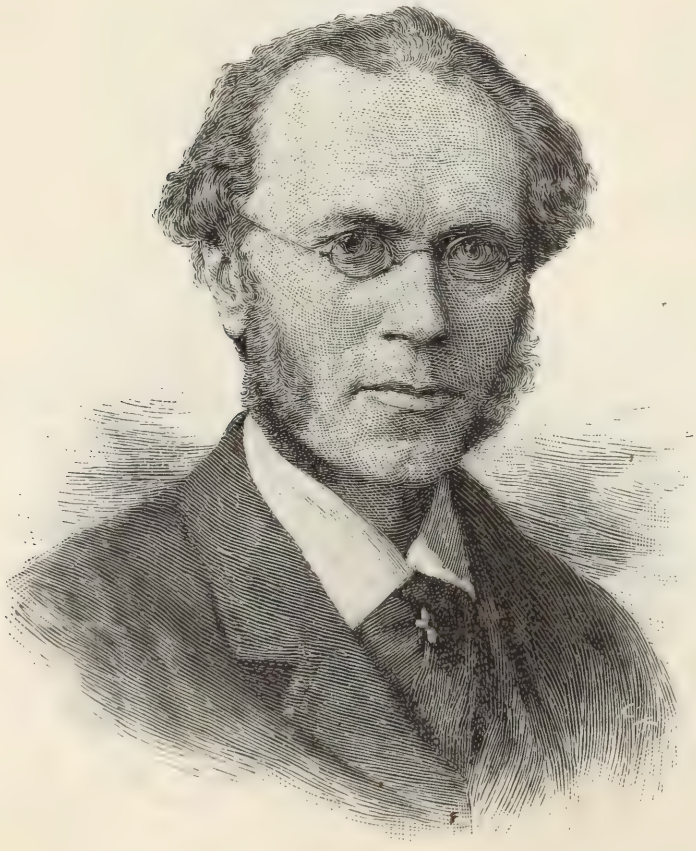
At one of these symposia, some years since, after a Sunday spent chiefly in waiting for an artist friend, who didn't come, and who never does come, the talk turned to methods of literary work, and Mr. Black and Mr. Bret Harte fell to comparing their own methods. Mr. Harte said that having caught, often from a face seen by chance, or a casual incident, the suggestion of the culmination of a story, he usually worked backward, sitting down with paper before him, and idly tracing figure 8's; sometimes going out for a night walk before he got started with a line, then pushing through rapidly under tremendous pressure. He believed no writer ever wrote down anything that affected readers without tears in his own eyes, and, like all novelists, he recognized the strange way in which characters, once created, would work themselves out, sometimes almost contrary to their author's will—which he took to be a good test of their vitality; and he often, after finishing a story, half recognized a face in the street, and found that it was one of his own characters he thought he saw. Mr. Black, contrariwise, told how he did most of his work, even to the language, in long walks on the Downs, and indeed used to come to Brighton for the purpose long before he lived there. When he gets well on with a story, and in the whirl of it, he retires to his study on the top floor, where no one is allowed to come, and works steadily, two hours before and two after luncheon, which is laid out for him in an adjoining room; and when he comes to the finish, he is, as to nerves, thoroughly tired out. The awful catastrophe in which *Macleod of Dare* culminates nearly wrecked him as well as his hero, and he never speaks without scorn of the many letters he received, as this tragedy developed, urging him to avert the threatening doom, and bring the story to a pretty-pretty end—as though a novelist could challenge the Fates! All his work has the most painstaking basis of accurate seeing, often prosaic enough. The *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* romance had for groundwork an actual journey of six weeks from London to Edinburgh, though not in the company of the supposititious characters. The pocket note-book which he carries on such trips is soon filled with accurate records of detail, for he will not trust even to an excellent memory, well trained in this direction, for the true realism which he seeks; and thus, months afterward, when he comes to think out and write out his story, the creatures of his imagination move through real scenes and amongst real incidents, touched, to be sure, with the halo of romance. This gives him a wholesome and proud confidence in his completed work. When the editor who had accepted the original *Strange Adventures* betrayed some trepidation as to how this unorthodox piece of writing, part novel, part



WALTER BESANT.
From a photograph by Fradelle and Young, London.

book of travels, would take with his readers, Mr. Black promptly offered to relieve him of his contract, and was doubtless the more pleased when the story placed him, as it did, among the most popular of living writers. If any would-be writer thinks fame and fortune are to be achieved without hard work and much painstaking, Mr. Black's history should cure him of that superstition.

Thomas Hardy now seldom works in London, though he finished *The Woodlanders* in town, and for some years lived in the suburb of Upper Tooting. Born in Dorsetshire some eight-and-forty years ago, of one of the many branches of the Hardy family settled in that county for centuries, among whom was the Thomas Hardy famous as Nelson's captain, he passed there his school-days, and his apprenticeship to an ecclesiastical architect. He went up to London for wider study and opportunity as soon as he came of age, and there distinguished himself by his architectural writings, in line with the architectural pre-Raphaelitism of the "young Gothic" school, which won for him the medal of the Institute of British Architects and other prizes and honors. This led him toward art criticism, and it was not until he was thirty that he found his real field of success in novel-writing, his first novel, *Desperate Remedies*, being published in 1871. *Under the Greenwood Tree* followed in 1872, and *Far from the Madding Crowd* was the feature of *Cornhill* in 1874. He has now settled down in his native county, where, at Max Gate, near Dorchester, high on a hill which overlooks many of the real scenes of his "Wessex" stories, he has planned and built for himself an interesting and characteristic house, with a cozy study where he may hide himself. This house, though it affords absolute isolation and the advantages which that offers for literary work, is but a short walk by foot-path from the railway which will deliver him in London within four hours, so that he is more often in the bustling world than would be inferred from the seclusion of his "writing-box," as he calls this house. Every spring, moreover, after he has put the finishing touches on his winter's work, he comes up to London for a long vacation (unless, by way of change, he flits off to the Continent), lives pleasantly there in temporary quarters, and receives with Mrs. Hardy on one day of the week, looks in at the Savile Club for letters and luncheon, and mixes freely in society. Mr. Hardy, of whom it is difficult to get a really good portrait, is a quiet-mannered, pleasant, modest man, of small stature, with rounded brow and full head, entirely unaffected and direct in his ways, and quite unspoiled by the success which has followed him ever since *Far from the Madding Crowd* caused the critics to compare him with Charles Reade on the one side and George Eliot on the other. No one has so closely painted the English rustic or more carefully pictured English rural scenes; the fidelity of *Under the Greenwood Tree* is that of the old Dutch masters. This fidelity is the result of the strong impressions of youth, upon which he relies almost entirely. Indeed he hesitates to revisit places seen in childhood, and so fixed in his imagination, lest verification may disillusionize; thus he purposely kept away from the scene of *The Woodlanders* while writing it, though for most of the time he was within twenty



JAMES PAYN.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London.

miles of the place described. His rustics, in the same way, walk out from the chambers of memory through the gates of the imagination, to become real in his books, yet in their infinite variety the descendants and developments rather than the identities of the people he knew. His characters, in fact, do become entirely real to him, though for a long time he finds difficulty in making acquaintance with them, and particularly in calling them by name, so that Mrs. Hardy, always his first reader and kind critic, sometimes has to suggest that this John Jones is really Daniel Smith. But soon the characters take possession of him and of the story, he comes to know what each will think and will do in given circumstances, and for this reason he never plots the final development, the latter half, of a novel, but lets the *dramatis personæ* finish it for themselves, and literally work out their own salvation or the contrary.



D. CHRISTIE MURRAY.
From a photograph by J. Ganz, Brussels.

In his working days he tries to begin work at once after breakfast, and sometimes succeeds in keeping steadily at work during the forenoon, but more frequently his work is done at fitful and irregular periods. In parts he prints from the first draft, and in other parts rewrites again and again, revising liberally in the proof also. He is seldom guilty of the little oversights which most writers have now and then to confess, as when Thackeray killed off a character in one number in his serial publication of a novel, and continued his conversation quite unconcernedly in the next. Yet I recall catching once in proof a curious slip of the pen, by which Mr. Hardy, having brought one of his people to the very summit of a hill, incontinently started him *up* again. On bringing it to Mr. Hardy's attention he corrected it by a post-card of characteristic simplicity: "For 'up' read 'down.'"

Walter Besant, born at Portsmouth fifty years ago, educated at Cambridge for the Church, exiled for a time as professor at the college in Mauritius, has filled the twenty years since he settled down to literary life in London with a marvellous amount and variety of work. One would scarcely recognize an ex-student of divinity, but might fairly mistake him for a genial doctor of medicine, with his short, burly figure, closely set head, evidently capacious and well furnished, a pair of frank eyes, and pleasant smile, the more benevolent of aspect by reason of spectacles and a full brown beard, a manner hearty and business-like—altogether a solid sort of man, in whom to put trust. Mr. Besant is an indefatigable worker, spending his mornings, when he does not like to be disturbed, in his own study, in "the comfortable semi-detached brick villa," as an auctioneer would put it, just below Hampstead Heath, which is his home; doing the hour's ride down the hill, most days in the week, to the office of the Palestine Exploration Fund, in the Adelphi, where he is perfectly willing to be disturbed by any one calling in relation to that cause, or the affairs of the Society of Authors, both of which are en-

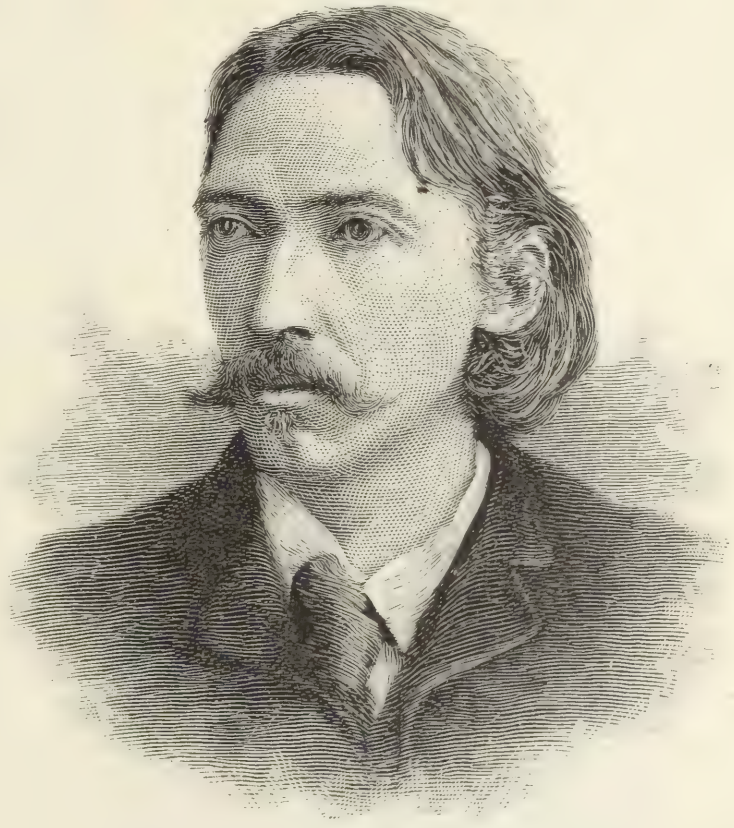


H. RIDER HAGGARD.
From a photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.

thusiasms with him; filling in spare minutes with continuation of his literary work; and returning up the hill for evening leisure and early hours of rest. He came to letters through his studies in early French poetry and the French humorists, which were the subjects of his first books; these made him a student of Rabelais, of whom he is the biographer and the chief disciple in England. The story of how "the whole of his work for life" was changed when he met James Rice, and began to devote himself to fiction, is told in his own account of that remarkable literary partnership which prefaces the new edition of their first joint work, *Ready-Money Mortiboy*. He had written a novel in 1866; it was rejected, and he burned the manuscript—with fortitude, but also with tears. In 1868 he sent to *Once a Week* a paper of travel; this was printed, but with such frightful mistakes that he wrote to the editor to remonstrate. The editor proved to be James Rice, another Cambridge man, then starting as a barrister, who had just bought the periodical, and found Besant's article in type apparently ready for press. Mr. Besant found the editor "a pleasant and friendly creature"; he continued to send contributions, among them stories; and in 1871, Rice, who had printed one novel of his own in his paper, proposed collaboration. Rice had in mind a central figure—that of a prodigal son who should return ten times worse than he went away, heartless and ruthless—and a leading situation, and he had written two or three chapters. Besant joined with him; they published the work anonymously, on commission, and on a sale of 400 copies to the circulating libraries they cleared £70, in addition to the serial value and £50 from America. This began the partnership, which lasted through Rice's long illness to his death, in 1882. The later stories of the joint name were written by Besant, and the greater part of the actual writing throughout was, I fancy, also his. Those who knew Rice describe him as a good fellow of rather coarser fibre than his partner, fond of the turf and like amusements, and some profess to be able to identify his work in the joint novels by its broader humor and rougher cast. It was after Rice's death, in the same year 1882, that Besant published anonymously, in *Blackwood's*, *The Revolt of Man*, which had an extraordinary success, and under his own name, *All Sorts and Conditions of Men*, an impossible story, in which was pictured that Palace of Delight at the East End which has become real in the People's Palace. This novel had the most remarkable effect in directing attention to the wants of the poor; and the same lines are followed in *The Children of Gibeon*, published four years later. Mr. Besant, besides much other work, has written a novel (including the joint works) each year since 1872 (saving '74 and '75), and in some years two. He models his characters chiefly on real people, and for the most part real occurrences supply his plot and incidents; some of his books are novels of purpose, others not. His method is very careful: he usually writes out the titles of his chapters at the beginning, and makes drafts of the incidents and conversation for each chapter two or

three chapters ahead of his writing; the chapter is then written out fully, and usually rewritten, all in a neat, plain hand that suggests ease and leisure rather than hard work. His own favorite among his stories is perhaps the curious one of *The Case of Mr. Lucraft*. But story-writing is scarcely the greater part of Mr. Besant's self-imposed tasks. He edited the "New Plutarch" series, and wrote two of the books; his Palestine enthusiasm caused him to write, with Professor Palmer, a *History of Jerusalem*, and to become the biographer of that lamented scholar; he has turned two of the partnership novels into plays; he originated the Incorporated Society of Authors, and has inspired most of its work; he is active in East End philanthropy; he contributes on many subjects to periodicals. Busy as he is, he is never too busy to write carefully and well, and to give freely of a ready sympathy and help. The admirers of *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* would not be disappointed in the man who wrote it.

James Payn, who runs his friend Mr. Black very close in the appetite his fellow-editors have for his novels, and the price they are willing to pay for them, is one of the most versatile men of letters in London, and perhaps the most prolific. He is an editor, occupying the chair of *Cornhill*, honored by Thackeray and his son-in-law Leslie Stephen; a persistent novelist, writing at least one and sometimes two novels a year; a general writer and reviewer, especially for *The Times*, whose editor has now become his son-in-law; and finally literary adviser and reader for a well-known publishing house. He is entirely a Londoner, living near Maida Vale, and coming thence to the pleasant front room overlooking Waterloo Place which is his sanctum and study, where he is always ready by ten for three hours of work on his novel or other personal writings, after which he lunches at the Reform Club, near by. Two hours each afternoon suffice for "tasting" and editing, then comes an inevitable game of whist at the Reform Club, and then home and early hours for rest. This daily routine he pursues with a regularity and persistent industry akin rather to the man of business than the man of letters; and though always busy, he seems never in a hurry, and can at any time turn aside for a brief talk or a hearty laugh without breaking continuity. Like other men, however, he probably has his limitations, and he does not do the translations of the Villon Society, though that Mr. Payne is often confounded with him. Mr. Payn is a tall, spare man, with the stoop of the scholar, having dark hair and short brown side-whiskers, with a pleasant, often quizzical expression of the twinkling eyes behind his spectacles, and a mouth ready to be quite serious or very merry, looking rather like a university professor with an unusual proportion of humor in his make-up. He has had the benefit from the start of Eton, Woolwich, and Cambridge training, one of his novels being partly a transcript from his life at the military school. He looks fifty years old, but is nearer sixty, and he is evidently good for many years of life and hard work ahead, if his closest friend, his pipe, do not prove his enemy, for he smokes



R. L. STEVENSON.
From a photograph by W. I. Hawker, Bournemouth.

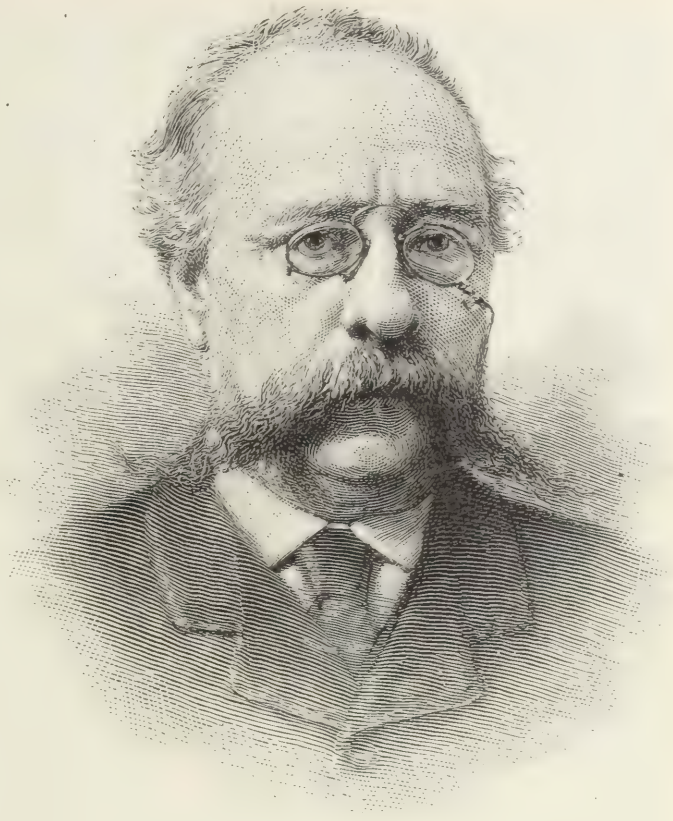
all the time at his work, and he likes work and dislikes rest. His first novel, *A Family Scapegrace*, was published in *Chambers's Journal*, of which he was for some years editor, raising its circulation, it is said, by his own novel of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, nearly 20,000 copies. *By Proxy* he likes best, and the public like best. In this novel, with its striking incidents in China, he made a new departure, after nearly twenty years of novel-writing, into the sensational field. His method of novel-writing is *sui generis*. His first care is to invent his plot, and in only one instance was he ever furnished a plot from outside his own imagination. This gives him some trouble. The next step is to obtain the people who will best develop this particular plot, and now his mind goes on a search among his acquaintance, or those of whom he has made notes in travel or on the street. His *dramatis personæ* are not the real people, but are suggested by or developed from them, so much so that each person of the novel is bracketed with the real name of the prototype when he comes to the writing out of his outline. This is done on large sheets of paper, not consecutively, chapter by chapter, according to the chronology or development of the plot, as others do, but by the names of the people, the incidents and conversations in which each is to take part being noted under the name. This prophetic dictionary of biography is always under his eye, and if interrupted at his work, he has only to return to it with the query as to the actor on the stage, "What are you to do next?" The writing out of the story, after this hard preliminary work is done, is a matter of entire ease. In this way, with only a few hours' work a day, Mr. Payn has completed over forty novels, besides a fair-sized library of other writing, and he seems good for any number more.



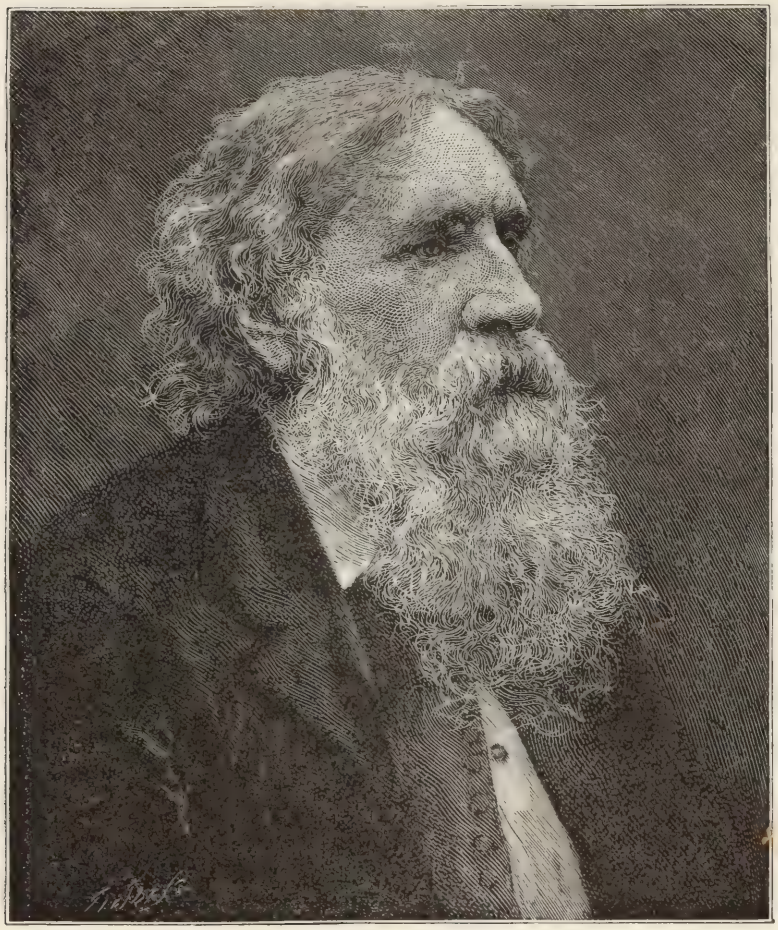
W. CLARK RUSSELL.
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry, London.

David Christie Murray, though most of his novel-writing has been done at Rochefort, in the Belgian Ardennes, where he lived for five years, comes now and again back to London, and there makes his club home among the Savages, and his workroom in the paved solitude of Dane's Inn. He is a pleasant-faced, pleasant-voiced man of about forty, with a touch of Scotch look and accent, though bred in Staffordshire—of goodly build and quietly hearty manner—who has come to his work through abundant experience. His father was a Scotchman domiciled in the English midlands, shrewd and keen, who appears as the Scotch stationer in *Rainbow Gold*, in one of the very few portraits Mr. Murray has permitted himself to draw from real people. Starting as a teacher of elocution and public reader, Mr. Murray soon found his way to journalism on the Birmingham *Morning News*, under the inspiring fosterage of George Dawson, a great editor and brilliant talker, as witness his *bon mot* on Disraeli: "His politics are romantic, and his romances are political, and he himself is a fiction founded on fact." After a wide experience learning and "writing up" the manifold industries of the black country, Mr. Murray came to London, and wrote for one of the weeklies a paper on "Impecunious Life in London," which was not far from autobiography. Thence he started off on a tramp trip, meaning to show by personal ex-

perience how hard the poor-law was upon honest workmen. He sent £10 to a post-office some days ahead, and "walked toward it" without a penny in his pocket, taking workhouse fare and oakum-picking in regular course. Reaching the money, he revelled in civilization for a day or so, sent on the balance, and walked toward that. In this way he reached Hereford, travel-stained, tattered, and unshorn, and had much difficulty in persuading the puzzled waiter at the George that he was a proper candidate for decent treatment, a bath, and the portmanteau awaiting him. The material thus gathered he used for some papers in *Mayfair*—whereat sundry indignant Guardians declared that the journalist who wrote them had been fooled by some vagabond who knew nothing or lied; but, more important, he founded on them his first novel, *A Life's Atonement*, and portions of *Joseph's Coat* and *Val Strange*. He saw the Russo-Turkish war as "special" of *The Times* and *The Scotsman*. Thereafter he left journalism for fiction, published his first novel in *Chambers's* in 1879, and made his hit with his second, *Joseph's Coat*, in 1880. His first literary work was, however, poetry, of which he is now making a volume—curiously enough copying out every line of it from memory, since it was widely scattered through periodicals now dropped out of sight. His memory is unique: he thinks he could copy out any one of his works almost exactly, on fair notice, and he frequently amuses himself on a railway train reading over one of his own chapters from his memory, finding, as he puts it with humorous *naïveté*, that they amuse him because he wrote them to suit himself. It is *Aunt Rachel* which he likes best. Mr. Murray finds, like most novelists, that the early impressions of childhood are the chief mine of material. His people become real; they act before him as on a stage, of which he is the solitary spectator; if the scene goes wrong, they rehearse it again for him, it may be a dozen times, till it is right; then he writes it down. He likes to write with leisure, but is capable of the *tour de force* of the journalist. The thirty-six chapters of *Val Strange* were written in as many consecutive days; but they had a woful sequence, as he himself related in a little story called *Schwartz, a History*, published some years afterward. When he was half-way through the book, a halberdier with an axe, dressed in red and black, appeared behind his back, threatening him. He could find no origin for this apparition in his memory or his imagination; it had nothing to do with the *personnel* of the book. He treated it humorously, saying to it, "You are nothing—the creature of overwork—and presently you will go." But it did not go. It never came in front of him, though he knew its face perfectly well; it was with him from light morning to winter midnight in his work, and through the troubled hours of the night. "My friend, *that way lies madness*," said his doctor, and banished him to green fields and rest absolute for six months. After a month the thing vanished, and has never returned; though a different illusion accompanied the finish of other work done under pressure. It is not in ease and joy, gentle reader, that the novelist writes your stories for you. Mr. Murray's latest work is one of collaboration with Mr. Henry Herman, a drama-



F. W. ROBINSON.
From a photograph by C. N. Wheeler, London.



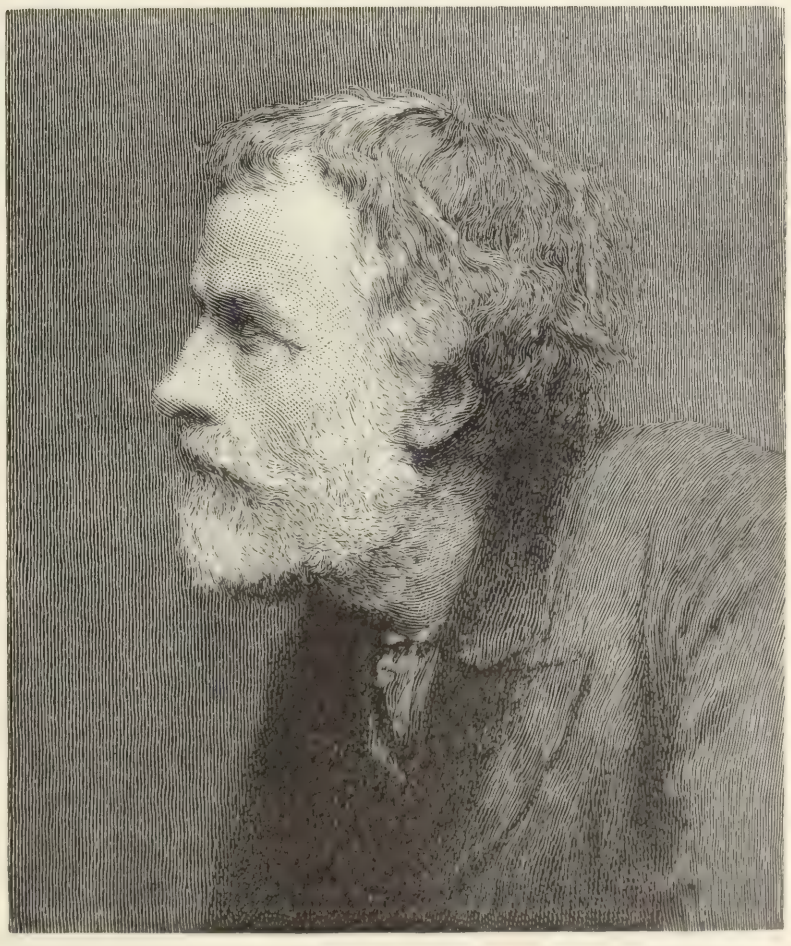
GEORGE MACDONALD.
From a photograph.

tist strong in plot and incident, in a story of extraordinary conception, *One Traveller Returns.*

Mr. H. Rider Haggard is one of the very few men who have come to the front within the past decade, sharing with the late F. J. Fargus ("Hugh Conway") that distinction, and the success which awaits fiction of striking incident and vigorous passion —the "sensational novel." Mr. Haggard is a Norfolkshire man, little past thirty, living during the winter in Kensington, but really at home at Ditchingham House, Bungay, in his native county. Before he was twenty he went to Natal with Sir Henry Bulwer as his secretary, and after the annexation of the Transvaal was appointed Master of the High Court for the new colony. In this South African service he had some stirring personal adventures, which probably gave direction to his fiction later. He began writing, however, with a book of political history on *Cetywayo and his White Neighbors*, published in 1882. His own preference is for work of this solid, matter-of-fact order; but desiring to adopt the profession of literature in addition to that of barrister, he learned promptly that this did not meet the market, or afford the physical basis of the literary life, and so addressed himself to fiction, his own theory of work being, as he once put it in a letter to a friend, that "the more closely you stick to the main facts and salient passions of human nature, with which all the world is familiar, the better it will be for your work; and the more you can contrive to throw a veil of beauty and romance over the crudities and cruelties of the tragedy of our lives, by so much the more will it be pleasant, acceptable, and perhaps in some degree instructive to others." Mr. Haggard is a hard worker, though writing as well as talking with rapid fluency, and he both gleans and invents the incidents of his stories. Probably the criticisms of plagiarism brought against his earlier books have caused him to be careful to credit the authorities he uses, since his recent story, *Allan Quatermain*, is prefaced by a statement of what may be called his prefatory course of reading. The use or adaptation of actual incident is scarcely to be accounted a literary sin, and how closely different minds may run in invention is illustrated by Mr. Besant's statement that Rice and himself used as a central incident in *When the Ship comes Home* a situation which they afterward found was identically the leading one of so well known a book as Charles Reade's *Foul Play*, though no charge of plagiarism was ever brought against them. Mr. Haggard made his first score in his new line of work with *Dawn*, in 1882; but it was *King Solomon's Mines*, published in 1886, which won him his vogue, thirty-one thousand copies being sold in the home country within the first year, while thirteen competing editions appeared (not all to the author's profit) in America. *She*, following soon after, rivalled the sale of its immediate predecessor; and the success of these two recalled attention to his ear-

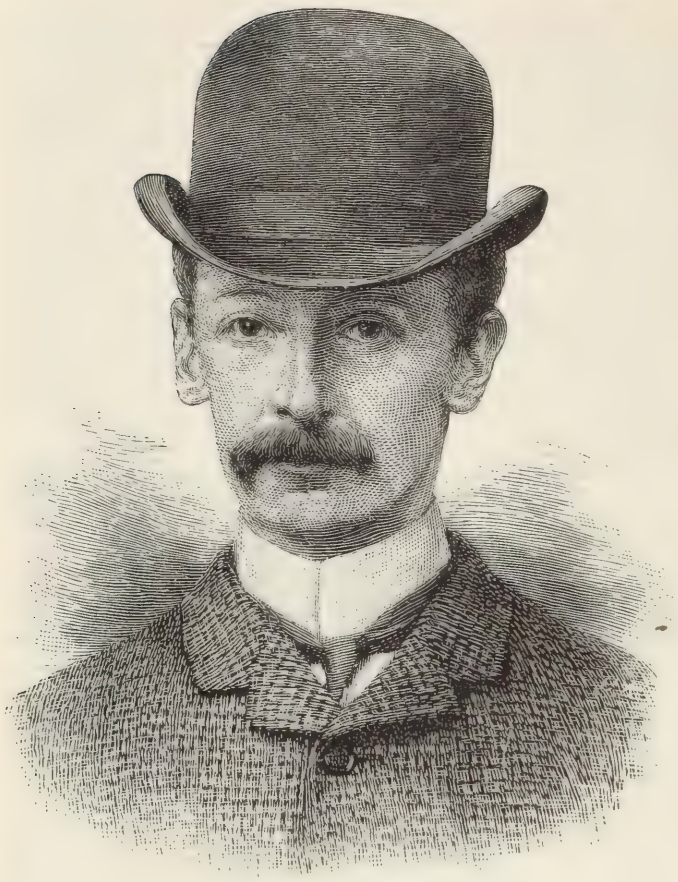
lier novels. Mr. Haggard still practises law as well as writes fiction, and does not propose to permit his head to be turned by his sudden and world-wide success.

Robert Louis Stevenson has among his fellow-authors a place very like that of Abbey among artists: they regard his versatile genius with affectionate delight, and look upon his work as quite of a kind by itself, not in competition or comparison with that of others. He was born in Edinburgh in 1850, and comes of a notable engineering family, not, however, to be confounded with the Stephensons. His father was the distinguished civil engineer Thomas Stevenson, who died not long since; his grandfather was that same Robert Stevenson whom Sir Walter Scott accompanied on one of his surveys before writing *The Lord of the Isles* and *The Pirate*. The boy was educated for the family calling, but "during a dreadful evening walk" owned to his father that he cared for nothing but literature. This being "no profession" in the eyes of this realistic father, he was put at studying law. Two years later, at twenty-three, he met Sidney Colvin, and through him was introduced to his real life work, his first paper, on "Roads," appearing in Mr. Hamerton's *Portfolio* over the anagram of L. S. Stoneven. The range and power and amount of his work in the fifteen years since then—years of persistent illness and of wide travel in search of health—make his career remarkable in literary history, and he is not yet forty. The story of his life has been partly told in his recent *Memories and Portraits*, and in letters to friends, from which I am permitted to quote. "Nobody had ever such pains to learn a trade as I had, but I slogged at it day in and day out, and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world." He does his writing under much physical difficulty, sometimes walking about his study in the whirl of it, at other times forced to lie quietly in his bed and write slowly there, which makes his results the greater marvel. His considerable stories have been done "at two breaks." "I have to leave off and forget a tale for a little; then I can return upon it fresh, and with interest revived." *Treasure Island*, his quickest piece of work, was written in two bursts of about fifteen days each. *Kidnapped*, "to me infinitely my best, and indeed my only good story," required a year, "probably five months' actual writing, and one of these months entirely over the last chapters, which had to be put together without interest or inspiration, almost word for word, for I was entirely worked out." *Prince Otto*, "my hardest effort, for I wished to do something very swell, which did not quite come off," was written over in parts five and six times, and one chapter eight times by him and once by his wife. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* was the flashing inspiration of a dream, worked out, however, not in a flash, but in patient toil. He has been a much-wan-



GEORGE MEREDITH.

From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.



W. E. NORRIS.
From a photograph by P. Moraites, Athens.

dering man in many countries—France, Switzerland, our own California, whence came the material for *The Silverado Squatters*, finished six thousand miles away at Hyères; but of late years he has lived and done his work mostly in the soft air of Bournemouth—a sea-side resort on the delicious south coast of England—coming up to London now and then to the home of his friend Sidney Colvin, at the British Museum. His near friends are necessarily few, for even slight exertion or excitement is apt to bring on a hemorrhage, which results from a lung trouble happily more alarming in its symptoms than immediately dangerous, and he is often forced to deny himself the presence of people, whether admiring pilgrims or welcome friends. It was in search of entire rest and renewed health that he sought, last winter, with his wife and mother, the quiet and the dry air of our own Adirondack "wilderness," whence Americans, repressing their lionizing desires out of love for him, will hope to send him back to England safe and sound.

I recall one day happening in upon James Payn, who is the most appreciative of "readers," and finding him in ecstasies of laughter over a manuscript by a new author, which he declared to be far and away the best humorous story that had been written for years. When *Vice Versa* was published, Mr. Payn's verdict was fully confirmed by the reading and laughing public, and "F. Anstey" became at once a person of distinction. It was for some time a half-secret that behind this name was Mr. F. Anstey Guthrie—a pleasant young fellow from Trinity Hall, Cambridge, which has been the *alma mater* of many authors, grave and gay—well known personally in Kensington circles, where he was born, and recently admitted to the bar from the Middle Temple. His first success developed a vein of clever construction and grotesque humor in story-writing, ingeniously confusing the possibilities with the impossible, which he continued to work, as in *The Giant's Robe*, *The Black Poodle*, and *The Tinted Venus*, and he became a favorite contributor to *Cornhill*, ranking as a sort of English Stockton. But Mr. Guthrie is by no means content with his early success. And as he is as yet but thirty-two, and has definitely turned aside from law to letters, more important work may be expected from him.

W. E. Norris, the author of *Matrimony*, lives usually at Torquay, that most balmy and charming of the south coast sanatoriums which nature kindly provides for English invalids, but he comes up to town for a day or two on occasion, and usually spends June and a part of July in London. He is one of the younger novelists, and his first novel, *Heaps of Money*, was not published until 1876. Mr. Leslie Stephen was then editing *Cornhill*, and it was by his encouragement that Mr. Norris, who had written two or three short stories for that magazine, was induced to essay novel-writing. How well he has succeeded, the readers of his six or eight novels know. He has scarcely been a prolific writer, as work goes now—a fact which is partly owing, it may be, to his peculiar habit of writing only at night.

It is some ten years since *The Wreck*

of the Grosvenor, that enthralling story of misadventure by sea, kept a great part of the American reading public sitting up o' nights to finish the most absorbing book they had had for years, and their enthusiasm communicated itself to English readers, who had at first overlooked the fact that they had the best of modern sea-story *raconteurs* amongst them. There was a bit of poetic justice about this, for Mr. W. Clark Russell, though a subject of Her Majesty, was of American birth, born, in fact, in New York in 1844, while his father, a well-known singer, author of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and others of the best known of our songs, was on a musical tour in this country. The boy led a roving life; he passed the most impressionable part of it at sea, and covered a very great deal of ocean during the few but long voyages he made. There is no part of the globe which he did not visit, and his voyages were made in "the old wooden sailing days," in a class of ships in which the old traditions of the red flag were strenuously perpetuated. Thus he looked very closely into his own experiences for the color, and in many instances the form, of what he has told in his books, where fact is wrapped up in the fiction, veining it as fat does bacon. He attributes whatever success his books have met with to this realism, for he has cherished a studious ambition of accuracy. By profession Mr. Russell is a journalist; he has edited one or two provincial papers, and has been a brilliant contributor, chiefly on sea topics or about sailors, to one of the London dailies. Some of this work he considers better than his novels, though he finds short sea stories and sketches extremely hard to write. "The ocean is a spacious field, but it yields little to the imagination," he says; and he sometimes wonders that so many literary fish, big and little, have come out of it. Of late years Mr. Russell has been so cursed with rheumatism that he has reduced his working hours; he lives near Ramsgate, giving an hour and a half or two hours in the morning to writing, when his enemy permits, and an hour or so more during the evening, and he comes up to London but occasionally.

F. W. Robinson, best known by his novel of *Poor Humanity*, though a man little beyond middle age, has filled the years of a busy life with abundant work, being the author of nearly forty novels. He lives on the Surrey side of London, in Brixton, where, far from the madding crowd of Pall Mall and Piccadilly, he makes practical proof of how much persistent application can accomplish. At times he has kept at his work from seven to two in the day, and from seven to ten at night, steadily for months, Sundays only excepted, though he has also given himself long rests, extending at one time to two years. While at work he is usually a rapid writer: several of his novels have been written in two months, and one (*No Church*) within six weeks.

George Macdonald is, and looks like, a poet-prophet of the old type translated into modern life. All his work, and his



JOSEPH HATTON.
From a photograph by Vander Weyde, London.

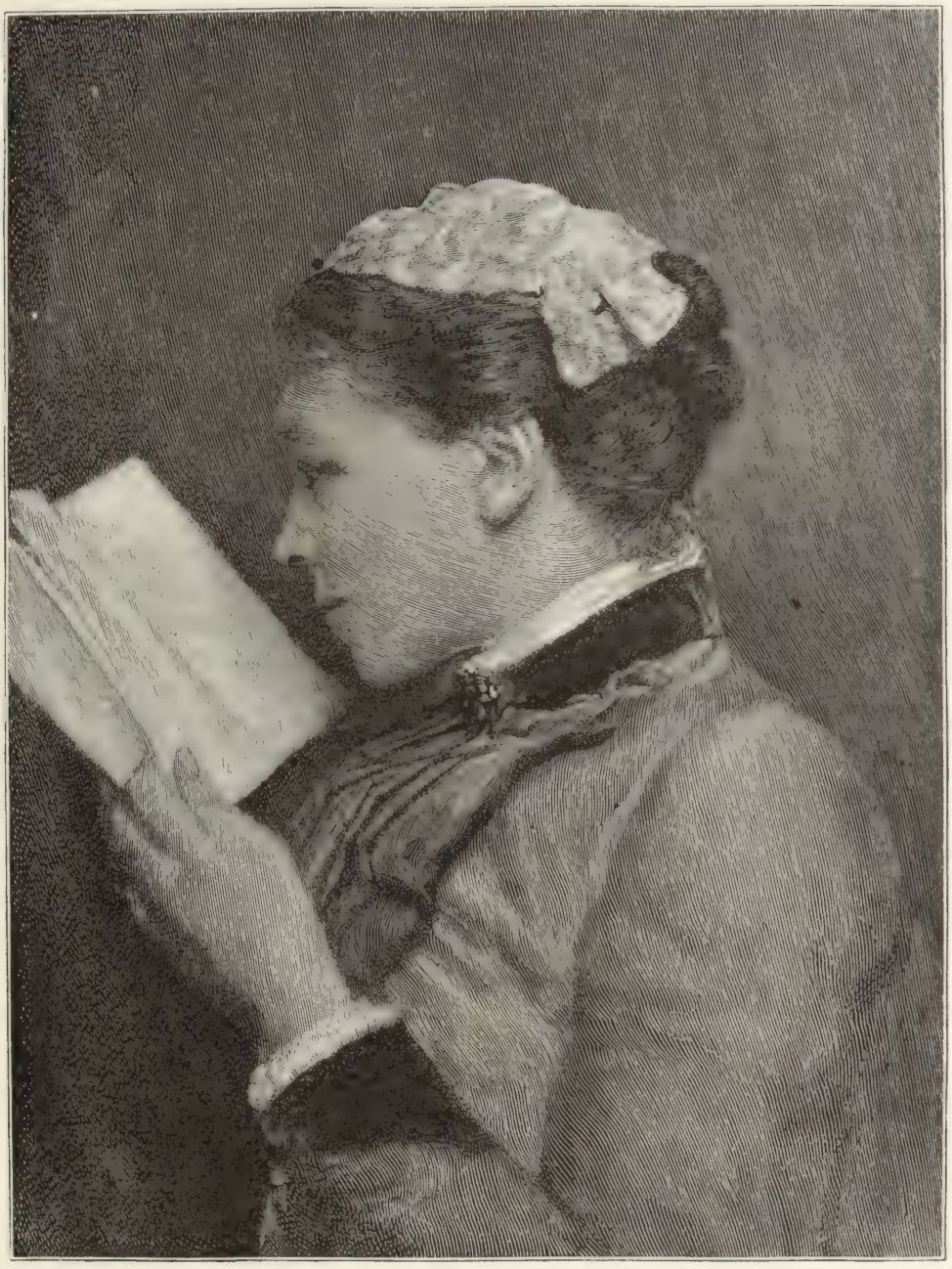
personality as well, is pervaded with a mystic spirituality and tender religious feeling that mark his Scotch origin as distinctively as the strong burr of his speech. He was an Aberdeenshire lad, born at Huntly sixty odd years ago, educated at the University of Aberdeen and afterward at the Independent College in London; but he early left the Independent ministry, and becoming a member of the Church of England, settled down in London to the literary life. Here he and his family, including with his own sons and daughters others whom he had adopted into his great heart and his home, lived for many years, but more recently they have passed the winters at Bordighera, in the Riviera, where amidst the palms they make an English home for English writers. In summer Dr. Macdonald is again seen in London. He has now the world for his parish, for there is scarcely any circle of religious faith or lovers of quiet literature which does not know the *Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood* and *The Seaboard Parish*, or his *Unspoken Sermons*. It was as a poet that he began to write, thirty years ago, with his *Within and Without*, and all through his work the poet re-appears, whether in such strong and deeply religious novels of experience as *David Elginbrod* or *Robert Falconer*, or the charming fantasies of *Phantastes* or *At the Back of the North Wind*, and other books for children.

There is one English novelist not yet fully known by the reading public, but so much thought of among his select circle of readers that one of them, a judge of good literature, said to me once, "There are two novelists whose books, I think, are sure to be read beyond this generation, and one of these is George Meredith." He is a man now sixty years of age, a close associate in his younger days of the Rossettis and their friends—indeed a co-dweller with Dante Rossetti for a time in his Chelsea house—but in these years seldom seen in London, since he lives quietly near Box Hill. He has a singular fascination for other men of his craft. His novels are *sui generis*, a current of bitter experience and strange philosophy running through them, pregnant in thought, but difficult in style. *The Egoist* is a wonderful vivisection from real life of human self-centredness and its results, *The Ordeal of Richard Feveril* is really a *clinique* in moral education, and *The Tragic Comedians* is built upon the life experiences and fate of the German socialist Lasalle. Mr. Meredith was himself partly educated in Germany, which perhaps gave color to his afterwork; he was bred to the law, but preferred to become a poet, in which capacity he made his entrance into literature. In poetry or prose, both of which he continues to write, he invites the keenest intellectuality of his reader, and his eager, fine face, his charm of manner, his brilliant talk, his subtle sympathy, leave a strong impression upon all who come within range of his personality.

But it is beyond the possibilities of a brief magazine paper to do even the poor justice of naming the many men of letters who have achieved more or less distinction as novelists. One must not pass by, however, James Sheridan Le Fanu, whose *Uncle Silas* and *Checkmate* are known to hosts of readers; or George Manville Fenn, with his varied lines of work; or B. L. Farjeon, whose touching *Blade o' Grass* and *Bread-and-Cheese and Kisses* and other Christmas stories caused him to be hailed as a possible successor of Dickens. Edmund Yates, the author of *Black Sheep* and other famous books, a junior contemporary and friend of Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and associate in the Post-office Department with Anthony Trollope, being for years chief of the Bureau of Missing Letters, seems to have retired from book-writing with the completion of his *Personal Reminiscences*, and devoted himself to carrying the *World* newspaper upon his shoulders. His fellow-journalist George Augustus Sala, who has written more books on more subjects than almost any man of the time, now also among the veterans with an *Autobiography* of summing up, has not of late added to his list of novels. Mr. Joseph Hatton, whose *Clytie* and *Cruel London* early gave him position among the novelists, though his experience and work have been wide and varied, and his friendships with Irving and many literary people give him abundant reminiscence of interest, has by no means reached the autobiographic age, but continues to produce with great rapidity a wide variety of books and contributions to the press, including an occasional novel, and to entertain pleasantly at his home near Regent's Park. Charles Gibbon, the author of *For Lack of Gold* and *In Honor*

Bound, has produced nearly a score of novels, of wide range, and has a large circle of readers in America as well as in England. Mr. H. W. Lucy, late editor of the *Daily News*, and one of the inner circle of *Punch*, has written a novel of Parliamentary life, *Gideon Fleyce*, among his other *tours de force*, dictating it, like all his work, to a stenographer. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, whose *John Inglesant* made so great a success, is not a Londoner, but a Birmingham merchant. The anonymous authors of *Mehalah* and of *Mark Rutherford* still preserve a strict *incognito*.

Miss Thackeray, as Mrs. Richmond Ritchie is still affectionately called by some thousands of readers, is perhaps entitled to be named first among the lady novelists, as the daughter of the king.



MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE (ANNE THACKERAY).
From a photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London.

One can in no wise forget that she is Thackeray's daughter: her books, and still more her charming private letters, show often that self-same touch of the hand that is dead; she cherishes her father's memory as a worship, and all about her are tokens of him; and this doughty little lad, running about with his elder sister Hester, is William Thackeray Denis Ritchie (the middle name from *Denis Du-*

val). Mr. and Mrs. Ritchie—he is an official in the India Office, who has himself a keen and clever pen when he lets it play—lived for some years in a delightful little house in Young Street, Kensington, two hundred years old, nearly across from the old Thackeray home. The long, low drawing-room in this pleasant house opened out at the end upon one of those delicious bits of greenery which one finds hidden away in London as in no other city, with a tree here and there, into whose branches the little people could be tossed up; and in-doors and out, of an afternoon, a charming circle of people would occasionally come together. Within were treasures innumerable—the silver *Mr. Punch* presented to Thackeray by citizens of Edinburgh, many of his sketches and autographs, and, most interesting of all, that book of *memorabilia* presented to Thackeray's daughter by his school-mate and life-long chum, Edward Fitzgerald, known in letters as the first translator of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar-Khayyam, who seemed to have an early prescience of his friend's after-fame. "I promised it to you as a legacy," he wrote her some years before he died; "why should you not have it now?" In this precious scrap-book is Thackeray's first work of art—a picture of a real red British soldier, done in wafers with the help of a little pencilling, achieved at the early age of six; his own contemporary sketch of that fight at school in which his nose was literally broken, afterward reproduced with *The Orphan of Pimlico* sketches; and many letters, as a schoolboy and struggling youth, showing much the same touch and quite the same kind of humor that were afterward to become famous the world over.

Of late years Mrs. Ritchie's health has not been strong, and the family have left their dearly beloved London for the suburban home of the Ritchies, not far from town, at Wimbledon Park. She herself, one of the "not pretty but precious" kind of women who are most liked and loved, tall, as becomes her father's daughter, and with a friendly manner, bubbling over with the "generous instincts" her father saw in the child Annie, and a pleased and mobile face, has "the gift of friendship" in an extraordinary degree, and seems in talk to bestow herself in an overflowing and ever-ready sympathy. Most of her stories, she once told me, are worked from suggestions of people, incidents, scenes, associated with her earlier years—in London, in Paris, in Normandy—called out from dim recesses of the memory, and created into full life again with the magic of the pen. *The Village on the Cliff* was the fruit of brief visits in Normandy while a child, and again after her father's death, and the writing of it was a respite from sorrow. Her *Old Kensington* has for background the scenes most familiar to her childhood. How she writes she herself can scarcely tell. "Something strikes me," she said once, "and I write it down, and then patch the little scraps all together." The process of suggestion is even more puzzling to her than to most writers. "It is generally some vague thing, when E—— is playing, or the room is quiet, or somebody says something suggestive." "I remember," she wrote not long since, "reading the first two or three pages of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and putting the book down because I had just invented a story—or rather it had come to me with a flash, the very best, most delightful story I had ever thought of.... How bitterly disappointed I was when, reading a little further, I found it was the very story I had just thought out, and which the opening had suggested—there was just enough difference for me to realize that it was my own, in a way.... It shows how silent and subtle ideas are, and how quickly they come into one's mind." I recall another instance, much in the fashion of her charming modern fairy tales, when, sitting once before the hearth fire in Young Street, I was telling little Hester an Adirondack story of how a poor mouse jumped from his home in a log into the camp fire, whereto her mother, overhearing, gave the pretty ending: "But you know, Hester, that wasn't the end of the little mouse; for a dear white mouse ran out from the fire."

We shall know no more in this life the kindly smile and stately presence of that dear woman "the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*," who has passed from among us since this paper was first written. But who that knew her can ever forget the tall, gray-eyed, silver-haired, motherly woman, gentle and pleasant in speech, yet firm withal and of wholesome resoluteness of purpose, who made her home in the pleasant Kentish country, ten miles southeast of London, a place of pleasant

pilgrimage for so many loving friends. Perhaps it was the association of the name, Dinah Maria Mulock—of late years Mrs. George Lillie Craik—but I often thought of her as the Dinah of *Adam Bede* grown beyond the story, mellowed and matronly with the lapse of years. Indeed the spirit of *John Halifax, Gentleman*, the book which first gave her fame, is the same spirit which wrought in Dinah Morris "the fruit of good living." Though Bristol claims her from her early residence there, she came from the region of *Adam Bede*, where Dinah is a frequent name, having been born in Stoke, Staffordshire, in 1826. Her personality was somewhat hidden behind "the author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*," which name appears on most of her title-pages; but this habit, as it grew to be, came from a publisher's desire to take advantage of the success of that early book. She herself cared less for name or fame than for good works; her novels had always purpose, and the highest purpose, and in all her writing patience had its perfect work. She was a long time "thinking out" her stories, and copied again and again, in that singularly neat and characteristic hand of hers, until her work "just suited her." This was slow fashioning, when, as in her latter days, there was only an hour or so a week free from household and charitable cares. Her stories, in fact, proceed from purpose, growing always from a central principle or thought which she seeks to illustrate, and in view of which she selects or invents characters and the incidents. Thus *John Halifax, Gentleman*, was planned and titled to show how the thought of being a gentleman should carry a man through all circumstances of poverty and adversity, and the incident of the bread riots and the burning of the mill she found in the annual registers of the period which she was studying for *mise en scène*. She gave to all details the most conscientious care. I remember that for a merely incidental conversation in her *King Arthur* she asked for a synopsis of the law of adoption in our States; nor did she forget, years afterward, when the story came to be published, cordial recognition for the trivial help. Her home, "The Corner House," was altogether delightful; and though her husband was a prosperous man of business, a partner in Macmillan and Co., she had, I believe, taken the fancy of building it out of the proceeds of her books. It was set in sunny gardens, where two country roads crossed, and on that side of the house which faced the main garden was a cozy recess in the brick wall, called "Dorothy's Parlor," built for the out-door play-house of the little adopted daughter who made sunshine in the home, and used often in pleasant weather for a work-room by Mrs. Craik. Within it was built into the wall the legend, "Deus hæc otia fecit" (God made this rest), which years ago she selected as the motto for her home, should she ever build one, with on either side the initials of her husband and herself. In



MRS. M. O. W. OLIPHANT.
From a photograph by H. S. Mendelssohn, London.



AMELIA B. EDWARDS.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London.

the mantel of the pleasant dining-room were wrought the mottoes, "East or West, hame is best," and "Give us this day our daily bread"; but the shrine and home-room of the house was the long, pleasant drawing-room, part music-room, part library, filled with books and pictures, where the mistress of the house was seen at her best. When she passed away, suddenly, yet knowingly and very cheerfully—the last words on her lips the desire that the curtains should be lifted, "for I love to look at the trees"—she left a great sorrow in many lives, and yet great joy in the memory of her friendship. The hymn of peaceful content which was sung at her desire at the leave-taking was a true expression of her life.

Mrs. M. O. W. Oliphant, born Margaret Oliphant Wilson, is a Londoner only as the Queen is, her home being at Windsor, under the shadow of the gray old castle. Her readers have good reason to be fond of her, for with a record of literary productiveness vying with, if not exceeding, that of any living writer of English, she has sustained throughout an originality of invention, a careful and sympathetic nicety of detail, and a high literary quality that are remarkable indeed. And all this she has done through sorrows bravely borne and responsibilities cheerfully accepted, which may not be spoken of here, but which, if known, would make her dearer than before to those who know her only through her books, and admired of all who can admire womanly pluck and devotion. But her cheerful presence is a delight to all her friends, and neither hard work nor the wear of life seems to dim her spirit. Mrs. Oliphant is now a woman of nearly sixty, having been born in 1828, near Musselburgh, in Midlothian, not in Liverpool, as is in some places stated. Her first work, *Pages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside*, which won instant approval for its tender humor and deep insight into Scottish character, appeared in 1849, when she was not yet twenty-one, but it was the several novels in the series of "Chronicles of Carlingford," published between 1862 and 1866, that gave her permanent fame. In the thirty-nine years of her literary life scarcely a year has passed without its novel, and in some there have been more than one, for she has written more than forty novels; besides this, her biographies alone—of *St. Francis d'Assisi*, of *Edward Irving*, of *The Makers of Florence*, and *The Makers of Venice*—would have sufficed to give her name in letters; and she has also edited the series of "Foreign Classics for English Readers," writing herself the volumes on *Dante* and *Cervantes*. prepared the voluminous *Literary History of England*, and done much periodical work. Of late years the fresh and tender vein of *The Little Pilgrim*, and the ghostly element of her *Beleaguered City* and *The Wizard's Son*, have surprised her old readers with a quite new development. This enormous productiveness has been attained by persistent steadfastness of application,

and it is perhaps because she set herself a high standard of workmanship from the beginning that under great pressure of work she has done everything so well.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, author of *My Brother's Wife*, *Debenham's Vow*, and *Lord Brackenbury;* Miss M. Betham Edwards, her cousin, author of *Dr. Jacob* and *Kitty;* and Mrs. Annie Edwardes, no relative of the other two, author of *Archie Lovell* and *Ought We to Visit Her?*—are often confused in name, and no wonder. The three have written more than forty novels, and much else—Miss Betham Edwards, *Poems*, books of travel in Algeria and France, and articles in the periodicals; Miss Amelia Edwards, *Ballads*, books of travel among the Dolomites and up the Nile, and articles in the periodicals. The literary method of Miss Amelia Edwards is interesting and indeed remarkable. She comes to London for part of the year, usually with her friend Miss North, the well-known traveller and botanical painter, but for the most part lives and works at a quiet, semi-country home near Bristol. In its grounds a walk is carefully measured off, twenty-two turns of which make a mile. Summer or winter, in rain or sun or snow, Miss Edwards does her half-mile before and half-mile after breakfast, previous to beginning work, touching an index dial at the bottom of the path to make sure of her record. When tired at her desk she also takes a few turns. After luncheon, in the afternoon, a carriage drive of a couple of hours and an incidental walk give further recreation, and at dinner-time she repeats the morning walk. Otherwise than this she works all the time, forenoon, afternoon, and evening, giving to the cause of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, of which she is the founder and one of the honorary secretaries, in the writing of letters and articles, time and work worth some hundreds of pounds a year. In starting a novel, which she never expects to complete under two years, Miss Edwards maps out an elaborate plot, chapter by chapter, most conscientiously. Then she begins to write, and writes something entirely different. A new plot is evolved out of the *débris* of the old in a few brief memoranda, and this serves. She never describes scenery nor buildings which she has not seen and studied, though her interiors are furnished by the imagination to suit the situation. Thus a special visit to Cheshire laid the ground for *Lord Brackenbury*, and some of the illustrations for it were redrawn from her own sketches. The blockade-running into Charleston Harbor in *Debenham's Vow* required a special education, with maps and pictures of the place, charts showing high and low water in the channels, actual bills of lading to show what kind of goods were shipped, talks with officers and sailors of experience at the time, and a careful study of seamanship by help of the late Admiral Sir Thomas Hastings, who, when the *Saturday* critic declared the story to be full of "woman's seaman-



MRS. E. LYNN LINTON.
From a photograph by Friese Greene, London.

ship," indignantly declared that he would vouch for every word of it. Her characters are almost never real people, but they are often suggested by glimpses of real people, in travel or society, which give more hints to the imagination than the more thorough and more commonplace acquaintanceship with near friends. Once the novel is under way, the story tells itself. She sees pictures, and describes them; observes people, and reports them; overhears conversations, and writes them out—with a sense as of being author, actor, scene-painter, and stage-manager, and audience also, all in one. This is exhausting, especially as most of the work is rewritten, and the more careful portions written three or more times. Other work is more recreation, and Miss Edwards's hobby of late years has been Egyptology. Travel up the Nile made Egypt real to her, and she returned fired with the thoughts of the great mounds covering buried cities, and indignant at the destructive vandalism of the native *fellaheen*. A circular letter which she sent to a number of people was the real start of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, which, with the help of Mr. Stuart Poole, who became the other honorary secretary, Sir Erasmus Wilson, and others, and in America of Rev. Dr. Winslow, has uncovered Tanis, and showed us in its ruins Israel's Zoan. Miss Edwards is now an authority on hieroglyphics, and in her home the favorite corner is "Little Egypt," with its transferred antiquities. Her scholarship has been acknowledged in several degrees from American colleges, notably LL.D. from Smith College, and L.H.D. from Columbia at its centenary. Miss Edwards, with her strong, keen, fine face, is a fitting type of the woman scholar, a scholar made by hard study, but a writer born, since she wrote her first novel "before she could write," when four years old, printing the letters and making pictures; printed a long poem at eleven; and at twelve wrote an elaborate historical novel, which was published serially in a London penny weekly.



MRS. T. R. MACQUOID.
From a photograph by Fradelle, London.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton, whose incisive and aggressive work in the periodicals has made her one of the most noteworthy writers of the day, aside from her achievements as a novelist, though now sixty-six years old, never lets her pen flag, and is, like Mrs. Oliphant, one of the busiest of writers. Ever since she was twenty-three, when injudicious investments swept away her patrimony, she has earned her own living with her pen, and it is a favorite boast with her that she has never once kept the press waiting. While in London she is one of the cityful of people housed in that great apartment-house overlooking St. James's Park. But Mrs. Linton has been and is much of a traveller, and spends much of her time in Scotland or abroad. She was the daughter of the clergyman of a Lake Country parish, born on the shores of Derwent-Water, at Keswick. Her early novels showed the tendency of

her mind as an explorer, the first being a story of ancient Egypt, the second one of ancient Greece. In the third, *Realities*, written at about thirty, she dealt with modern life; and becoming soon after a writer for the press, she began also to deal with it unsparingly as a critic and Radical. In 1858 Miss Lynn became the wife of W. J. Linton, reformer, writer, and engraver, well known in America, where he is now a resident and citizen, and together they made a book, she as author, he as artist, on her native Lake Country; for some years past, however, Mr. and Mrs. Linton have lived apart. The "Girl of the Period" articles, which made the *Saturday Review* so much talked of in their day, were from her pen, though unacknowledged till collected into volume form in 1883. Besides the many novels she has written, two books, part philosophy, part fiction, part personal experience or criticism, *The True History of Joshua Davidson, Communist* (a name which translates Jesus, David's son, into modern speech), and *The Autobiography of Christopher Kirkland*, are particularly notable. Mrs. Linton's experience has given her thoroughly professional habits of work; her stint used to be nine hours, but is now only five, always after breakfast, which is restricted to bread and strong coffee, and she never lets herself get too ill or lazy for her duties of the pen. She loves her work, and is fond of saying that she would rather be a poor woman and write than a rich one idle; it is this delight in work itself that sustains her in rewriting again and again, always in her own hand, her long stories, two or three and sometimes five times, never copying without altering; her shorter work, almost to infinity. It is said that Mr. Dickens, when he once had occasion to make out a list of contributors to *All the Year Round* for the use of a new working editor, wrote at the head, "Mrs. Lynn Linton, good for all kinds of work, and thoroughly reliable"—a compliment few men could have earned.

Mrs. Katherine S. Macquoid, the wife of the artist Thomas R. Macquoid, is one of the pleasant hostesses of London, in the comfortable home, hidden with its garden space and trees behind a long brick wall on the King's Road, Chelsea, where her husband was born, and where for twenty-five years they have lived. In that time great London has crept out and swallowed up the once country suburb, and even this quaint nook is likely soon to be devoured by "progress." She is a sweet-faced, gray-haired, motherly little woman, proud of having her two sons the one an artist, the other a writing barrister, and with many friends. She showed tendencies toward the literary life at the early age of twelve, when she translated a French children's play, and wrote a love sonnet after the Italian! but she was laughed away from her pen by her brothers and sisters, and it was not till years after her marriage, when her babies were getting



MISS CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.
From a photograph by Alexander Bassano, London.

to be big boys, that, at the encouragement of her husband, she took seriously to writing. George Henry Lewes advised her to look for material in the strong impressions of youth, and having sunny memories of a visit in France, she placed her third or fourth novel in that country, and set herself a precedent which she has since pleasantly followed. As the author of *Patty* and other novels she has achieved pleasant success, and many of her stories have been the fruit of travel, of which she and her husband are fond. Together they have made also several books of description, such as *Through Normandy* and *In the Ardennes*. Real people sometimes, but not often, furnish characters for her fiction. She is an indefatigable worker, despite headaches and frequent illnesses, and she takes much delight in her work. She has an easy, agreeable style, and it is interesting to note that the first recognition of it in *At the Red Glove*, published anonymously in this Magazine, came from a correspondent in California, who placed the authorship at once.

The catalogue of successful women novelists is even greater in England than that of men, and mere mention is but poor apology to the reader or to them in lack of more adequate attention. Miss Braddon, now Mrs. John Maxwell, whose stories of *Lady Audley's Secret* and *Aurora Floyd* have steadily held that extraordinary success which they won nearly thirty years ago, is first among women novelists and vies with Wilkie Collins among the men as a writer of strong sensational novels; she lives at Richmond, up the Thames, dispensing hospitality from Lichfield House, the old seat of the bishops of Lichfield, and adds yearly to the long list of works of fiction, of which each one whets the appetite of her readers for the next. "Ouida" is her rival in popularity. Though a resident in Florence, Miss De la Ramée is also a Londoner in the season, taking up her residence for the time being at the Langham Hotel. Miss Rhoda Broughton, author of *Cometh up as a Flower*, lives at Oxford, but comes up to London occasionally; Helen Mather, better known as Mrs. Reeve, author of *Comin' thro' the Rye*, is a London resident: both these writers have obtained wide popularity within little more than ten years. In quite another field was the work of Miss Margaret Veley, who became a favorite novelist with *Cornhill* readers. Miss Veley, who began to write as a small child, came up to London from an Essex country town a few years ago, and with only a provincial experience like the Brontës, wrote the strong story of *For Percival*, and afterward turned to a sunnier vein in her charming tale of *A Garden of Memories*. Her poems, particularly "The Level Land," showed a deep poetic gift, and her recent death has been a sad loss to literature, and to the many friends who honored and loved her brave, strong, and tender spirit. Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, who lives in Hampshire, just out of London, now past sixty-five, has been a most prolific writer, winning hosts of loving readers by her *Daisy Chain*, from which profits of £2000 are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand, and by *The Heir of Redcliffe*, whose proceeds fitted out *The Southern Cross* missionary schooner for the use of Bishop Selwyn, and adding to such books as these, admirable work in history, juvenile literature, and missionary biography. Mrs. Cashel Hoey, an Irish lady living in Kensington, of pleasant hospitality, author of *A House of Cards*, *The Question of Cain*, and other novels, is also an indefatigable worker in other fields, an accomplished translator who has "done into English" many of the most important French and Italian books of the day, a writer for the periodical press, and a "reader" whose judgment commands respect among publishers. "Theo Gift" is the *nom de plume* scarcely concealing Miss Theodora Havers, now the wife of Professor D. C. Boulger, himself a writer and an authority on Chinese subjects; she has a most interesting personal history, having passed her childhood in one of the smaller islands of Oceanica, where her parents were living when she was born, and her *Pretty Miss Bellew* and succeeding novels have won for her a pleasant reputation. Mrs. A. F. Hector, better known to readers of *The Wooing o't* and *Her Dearest Foe* as Mrs. Alexander, has returned from long residence abroad, and settled down as a London resident in Maida Vale. These are but a few among those of whom readers would, I am sure, gladly hear more, that those who are friends through their books might know something of their personality.



VIEW OF VESUVIUS FROM CAPRI.

SKETCHES OF CAPRI.

BY MARY E. VANDYNE.

IT is a curious bit of land, this ancient "Island of Goats." Geologists tell us that away back in the ages when the world was young, Capri was a part of the promontory of Ateneo, now called Massa, and formed the terminating point of one great spur of the Apennines. Then there came a day when the earth was rent and the mountains torn by the volcanic forces that are ever sporting with the shores of



LIGHT-HOUSE OF TIBERIUS.

the Bay of Naples, and Capri was left like a sentinel rock far out at sea, separated forever from the main-land to which it belongs.

Capri is not an Italian island, save that it was broken from the Italian main-land, that it stands close by the Italian shore, and that its inhabitants speak the soft tongue of Italy. "Stands" is the right word, for Capri does not lie like a green oasis on a waste of waves, but stands with its mountain-steeps bolt-upright in the air. There are grassy slopes where the orange blooms and the vine clings, but three-quarters of the island are grim, precipitous rock which defies the foot of man or beast to scale it.

One is struck most of all by the Eastern appearance of the island. Its two villages and the roads leading to them are distinctly different in architecture and plan from the villages on the neighboring main-land. Capri and Anacapri would not be out of place if they were in Palestine or in the Land of the Nile.

Augustus Cæsar built a villa here, to which he occasionally retired when weary of the cares of empire. But the name of all others which is most intimately connected with Capri is that of the infamous Tiberius. So deep an impress has the tyrant left upon the island that after the lapse of eighteen centuries his name is still familiar to the inhabitants, who even call their children after him. The word, however, is usually corrupted into Timberio. Tiberius built twelve palaces on various parts of the island. These he named after the twelve particular divinities whose favor he most desired. Suetonius gives us a wonderful account of the splendors of these edifices, their marble walls and columns, and the feasts and orgies that they saw. Mangoni has given the larger part of a volume to the scenes enacted upon the island during the tyrant's long sojourn; but many of the chapters are filled with stories either too disgusting or too terrible to read.

After the death of Tiberius the Senate ordered his palaces to be destroyed, and this accounts for the ruined condition of edifices that might have excelled in stability and grandeur any of the ancient palaces which still stand upon the neighboring main-land. Of each of the villas, as they are called, traces still remain; but the ruins which are most worthy a visit are those of the great Villa of Jove, located on the eastern extremity of the island, and on a height which commands a view of the main-land, of the island itself, and of the beautiful bay for miles about. Of the extensive edifice wherein Tiberius held his famous orgies, and where he held the tribunals which nearly always ended in the condemnation of his victims, little remains now save a number of vaulted chambers, the use of which can only be guessed at. Some of them have been converted into cow stables, and patient kine find themselves sheltered in halls where an emperor once dwelt. On the highest point of the mountain is a little chapel called Santa Maria del Soccorso, and here an old hermit invites the visitor to inscribe his name upon the register, while a printed sign in French, English, and German requests him to leave a small sum for the benefit of this guardian of the height. From the chapel it is but a moment's walk to what is called the Salto of Tiberius. This is a point near an ancient beacon-light, where, according to tradition, the tyrant had the victims whom he had condemned to death thrown down upon the rocks below, whence their mangled bodies were dragged into the sea by soldiers armed with iron picks. It was this beacon-light that gave the augury of the death of Tiberius. During his last illness a portion of the tower fell, and the seers foretold the death of the Emperor of Rome.

The highest point upon Capri is Monte Solaro, which rises 1980 feet above the level of the sea. This mountain stands opposite and commands the western part of the island, as La Capo, the site of the

Villa of Jove, does the eastern. The lazy visitor to Capri usually neglects Monte Solaro, thinking that enough may be enjoyed from lower heights, but the energetic one is richly repaid by the sensation which comes when he stands upon the rocky height and looks down at the little island beneath his feet. It seems so small, with its three miles of length, and its average width of less than one, while the



GRAND MARINA.

elevation is so great, and the view around so vast and magnificent. The path up the mountain is also beautiful and interesting.

The view from Monte Solaro embraces in its range the whole of the Bay of Naples, as well as that of Salerno, as far as the ruins of Pæstum.

The inhabitants of Capri say that their island is built upon grottos and supported by natural arches, like the structures of men. This is perhaps an exaggeration, but all along the rocky shores there are beautiful grottos, and in the centre of the island a descent may be made for hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth in the Grotto of the Stalactites. The sea grottos we visit in making the "giro," or circuit of the island, which is an excursion that brings the traveller into contact with some of the rarest effects of natural scenery known. Nowhere in the world is there aught resembling the famous Blue Grotto of the island of Capri.

The entrance to the Blue Grotto, situated in the rocky cliff which faces the north at the western extremity of the island, is perhaps three feet in height, and not more than five in width. When the sea is high it cannot be entered at all. The marinaro who conducts the party through this aperture—and there must be but three in the boat—has all that he can do to effect an entrance without having his frail craft dashed in pieces. The visitors are obliged to lie upon their backs in the bottom of the boat, while the marinaro, taking advantage of the wave as it rises, and holding on to the rock, guides her by a dexterous shove into the cavern. Here for a moment the eyes are dazzled by a strange light, but soon they accommodate themselves to it, and then the visitor finds himself in a lake of limpid water, whose blue is that of the sky, and whose sheen is that of molten silver. The effect is indescribable. Objects dipped in the water, the boat and oars, are covered with this silvery sheen, while the ma-



THE BLUE GROTTO.

rinaro, who plunges in for the amusement of visitors, rises clad in a garment of flashing light. The whole extent of the grotto is 100 feet by 175, and the roof of ribbed and groined natural arches shares the blue effulgence of the water beneath.

Besides the Blue Grotto of Capri, there are along its coasts a series of others, each of which seems to take the blue waters of the Mediterranean and convert them into a tint peculiar to itself. The Green Grotto, on the south side of the island, with its waters of the purest emerald hue, ranks next in beauty to the Blue Grotto. It can, however, be entered without difficulty through a lofty archway, and the effect, though grand and beautiful, is not marvellous. There is the White Grotto, where the water seems like milk; and the Red Grotto, where the roof is spangled with red crystals in the limestone rock. There is also the Grotto of Ferns, and along the shore as well as in the centre of the island are grottos where in some places the crystal stalactites hang like great pointed columns, and in others like a delicate fringe, above the visitor's head.

The Arco Naturale is, perhaps, after the grottos, the next greatest wonder of natural scenery that Capri affords. Just by the beautiful valley of Mitromania two great pointed rocks rise from the sea to the height of more than a hundred feet, and in one is a natural arch so regular and symmetrical in its proportions as to suggest the hammer and chisel of the mason.

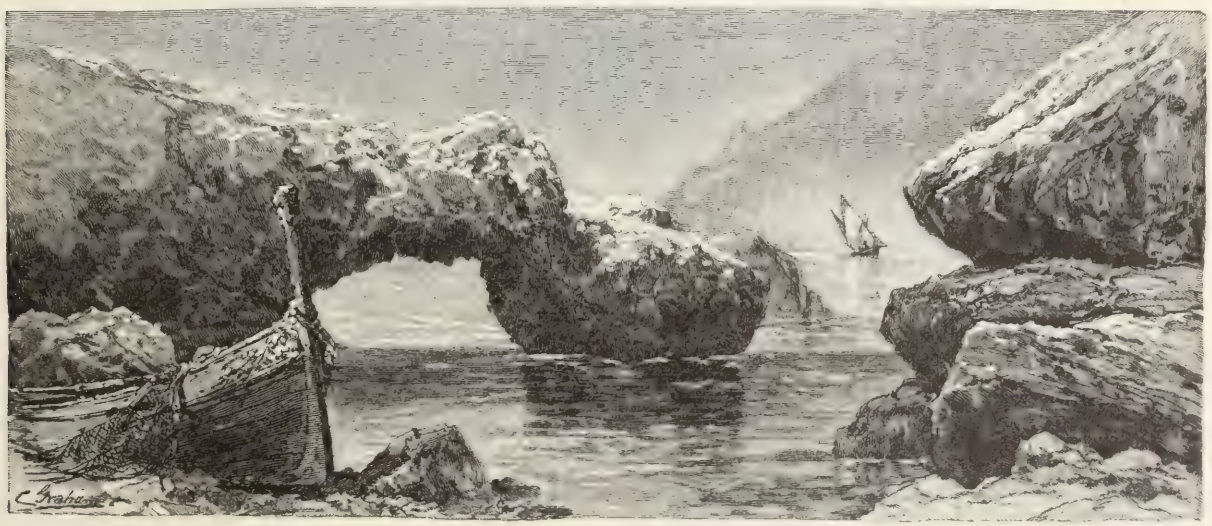
The number of inhabitants of Capri is well proportioned to the limited area of the little isle. There are perhaps between four and five thousand souls. These are not quite equally divided between the towns of Capri and Anacapri, the former boasting a population of 2400, while the latter has but 1800. Capri is to a great extent the most active and important of the two villages, for the Grand Marina,

where all the boats land, lies at the foot of the height whereon it stands, and nearly all the business of the island is transacted here. Capri architecturally is a grand old relic of the past. Churches and monasteries are piled together with private dwellings; the narrow streets, scarcely wide enough for a donkey with loaded panniers to pass, run under arches and into the very interior of buildings, terminating sometimes in a *cul-de-sac* of impenetrable wall, which obliges the traveller to retrace his steps.

The piazza or public square of Capri is a pleasant lounging-place on the afternoon of a summer day, or rather on the afternoon of any day, for rarely in winter is it so cold that one cannot sit out-of-doors, and as for rain, there are weeks and weeks when no drop falls, or else it comes in swift brilliant showers, which soon make way for renewed sunshine.

The town of Anacapri has not the interest of Capri, but it is a picturesque village, and the road to it lies along a terraced mountain-side, whence a most beautiful view is obtained. There is one attraction, however, that has taken many a youth along the road to Anacapri. At a cozy little *café* there used to be a young Caprian maid who was known throughout the island, and indeed far beyond it, as La Bella Margherita. This young lady dispensed wine and other luxuries, and in return the visitor was allowed to gaze upon the famous beauty of Capri. La Bella Margherita has now entered into the bonds of matrimony, and it is said that the rider of the coal-black steed who claims the young lady as his wife does not approve of the admiration that visitors to Anacapri are disposed to bestow upon her.

The native inhabitants of Capri, as we see them to-day, are a simple and a gentle people. When irritated or aroused, the fierce anger and jealousy of the Italian character will sometimes show themselves, but their usual attitude is that of admiring wonder and patient subservience toward the well-dressed strangers who have chosen to make the island their home. Capri is in some degree one of the "Happy Islands." All classes of society are represented, but there is a mingling of ranks and grades that seems strange to the dwellers in large cities. The island has no native aristocracy, the people belonging nearly all to the peasant or shopkeeping class. But there have been marriages by which the peasant maids of Capri are entitled to rank themselves among ladies of birth and station. One of the handsomest private residences on the island boasts of a prince for its master, and the fair lady that he has made his wife is the daughter of an employé of the telegraph company, which, by means of optical signals, enables the inhabitants of Capri to communicate, in the case of an emergency, with the main-land. Artists have frequently been drawn into the toils of matrimony by the soft glances of their fair models. A beautiful villa, built in Pompeiian style, and not far from the Grand Marina, is ruled over by a Caprian girl, wife of the celebrated artist Cherubino, of Rome. Here and there about the island new and handsome villas appear, and one and another is pointed out to the



NATURAL ARCH.



FISHER PEOPLE OF CAPRI.

stranger as the house where a German or an Italian or an English signore dwells with his Caprian wife.

There is very little of mystery in these marriages when one comes to know well these fair Caprian girls. They have the rich beauty of the South, the soft lustrous eyes and glowing color, the languor and the swaying grace. At the same time their constant journeys over the mountain roads of their native island at the heels of their patient donkeys make them lithe and strong. They are quick and appreciative, and it requires little imagination to realize that a world-wearied man might find it sweet to make his home on this fair island, with one of these gentle girls to share his life. There seems to be no evidence to show that any of these marriages have resulted unhappily or brought disappointment in their train.

Nearly all the laborious work, such as is performed by men elsewhere, is done at Capri by women. The men are on the sea as marinari or fishermen, or they have been conscripted into the Italian army. Women are the masons and the builders, the farmers, and in some instances the mechanics. It seems strange to an American from the land of machinery to observe the awkward and primitive fashion in which work of all kinds is done here. Fields are cultivated and houses are built with implements such as were familiar to our grandfathers, but of which we have almost forgotten the use. The houses of Capri, constructed now of the same material and in the same manner as were the dwellings of buried Pompeii in the first century of the Christian era, are built of stone and plaster. Rough stones are piled together after the manner in which farmers build fences to divide their fields in our country, and which is also common here. The crevices are filled in with sand and coarse cement, over which is laid plaster, and thus the walls and arched roofs of the dwellings—the former sometimes two to three feet in thickness—are constructed. Every part of the work is done in the most primitive and laborious manner. The earth, for instance, that is dug from the proposed site of some new wall, is scratched with a rude hoe, gathered up by the hands, and thrown into a basket, which, when filled, is carried away upon the head. All this will be done by women, assisted occasionally by some youth who has escaped conscription through mental or physical incapacity, or by a graybeard too old for military service and unfit for life upon the sea. All the stone from the quarries upon the mountain-side is carried to the building site upon the head, and we have frequently seen girl children of not more than ten years carrying in this way stones that must have weighed twenty to thirty

pounds. The head is protected by a coarse turban, upon which the load is mounted. The Caprians seem to have no idea that anything can be carried any distance in the hand.

One of the industries of the island is coral fishing. Most of the coral fishers live at Anacapri, and in the spring they take their boats to different parts of the Mediterranean, usually to the coast of Africa, to secure a load of coral, which on their return they land at the town of Torre del Greco, where are the great coral manufactories that supply the world. A principal dependence of the natives is the fish they take from the sea, which with a little black bread and a few beans make up their diet.

There can be no question but that the Caprians lead a life of which want and privation make up a large share. Families are divided; sons and brothers are in the army or upon the sea, and at home even the black bread and the beans are wanting. At the same time they have their pleasures. The old men smoke their clay pipes, the old women gossip and find consolation in telling their troubles while



VIEW IN THE ISLE OF CAPRI.

they twirl the strange and primitive distaff by which all their spinning is done, and the young men and maidens, when the boats are home, do their love-making, and enjoy it as well as the more favored youths of other climes, who are not, like the poor Caprians, often compelled to part for months as soon as the marriage vows are spoken. One of the prettiest sights of Capri is the tarantella danced upon the plateau on the northern side of the island, with the cliff above the dancers' heads, the blue sea beneath them, and the shore of Naples, with the great volcano smoking, in the distance. The beauty of this national dance of Italy depends upon the grace and intelligence of the dancers; and the Caprians do it well, though not like the trained companies which have degraded the pretty peasant dance into an elaborate exhibition for money.

Of late years Capri has become exceedingly popular as a resort for strangers from all parts of Europe. They find in the deep blue sky, pure air, and mountain heights a refuge from bronchial difficulties, fevers, and many other physical ills.

TWILIGHT.

BY MRS. COMYNS CARR.

THROUGH silent air, o'er miles on miles of gray,
No sound is heard,
Where to the quiet plain the waning day
Whispers her latest word.

Beyond the dim wide land serene, the sea
Kisses the shore,
Where tired waves but now made fretful plea,
Tossing the pebbles o'er.

Ah, sweet the calm when back into the blue
Wild clouds sink home,
Nor longer mar the pure undying hue
Deep'ning o'er heaven's dome.

Like dusky phantoms bred of earth's dark breast,
The cattle lie
Where once they wandered, now content to rest,
Still as the earth and sky.

So great the silence is, it seems to grow
Into a sound.
Ah, surely now our reverent hearts shall know
The secret earth has found?

More eloquent the burthened stillness cries
Than sounds at noon,
And deep'ning brown of land and blue of skies,
Soft with the rising moon,

Reveal at last the tender bond that binds
Great Nature's whole,
As patient through life's eager day love finds
Soul bound at last to soul.

Thou dost not speak, who standest at my side
At waning of the day,
Where we have often watched the eventide
Steal into mystic gray.

But yet, though thou art dumb, I hear thy speech,
Thy heart I hear,
That scarcely in the troublous day could reach
Unto my deafened ear;

And sweeter words than all the words I know
Thy silence brings.
So let the silence to thee murmur low
The song my spirit sings.



BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY;

OR, THE

YOUNG MAN'S TRAGEDY.

With *Barbara Allen's* Lamentation for her Unkindness to her Lover and herself.

To the tune of "*Barbara Allen.*"

IN *Scarlet* Town, where I was bound,
there was a fair Maid dwelling,
Whom I had chosen to be my own,
and her name was *Barbara Allen.*

All in the merry Month of May,
when green leaves they was springing,
This young man on his Death-bed lay,
for the love of *Barbara Allen.*



"YOUNG MAN, I THINK YOU ARE A DYING."

He sent his man unto her then,
in the Town where she was dwelling:
You must come to my Master dear,
if your name be *Barbara Allen.*

For Death is printed in his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,
And you must come to my Master dear,
if your name is *Barbara Allen.*

If Death be printed on his face,
and Sorrow's in him dwelling,
Then little better shall he be
for Bonny *Barbara Allen.*

So slowly, slowly she got up,
and so slowly she came to him,
And all she said when she came there,
young Man, I think you are a dying.

He turned his face unto her then,
if you be *Barbara Allen,*
My dear, said he, come pitty me,
as on my Death-Bed I am lying.

If on your Death-Bed you be lying,
what is that to *Barbara Allen?*
I cannot keep you from Death,
so farewell, said *Barbara Allen.*



"AND AS SHE WAS WALKING ON A DAY, SHE HEARD THE BELL A RINGING."

He turn'd his face unto the Wall,
and Death came creeping to him:
Then adieu, adieu, and adieu to all,
and adieu to *Barbara Allen.*

And as she was walking on a day,
she heard the Bell a Ringing,
And it did seem to ring to her,
unworthy *Barbara Allen.*

She turn'd herself round about,
and she spy'd the Corps a coming:
Lay down, Lay down the Corps of Clay,
that I may look upon him.

And all the while she looked on,
so loudly she was laughing;
While all her Friends cry'd amain,
unworthy *Barbara Allen.*



"O MOTHER! MOTHER! MAKE MY BED, FOR HIS DEATH HATH QUITE UNDONE ME."

When he was dead & laid in Grave,
then Death came creeping to she.
O Mother! Mother! make my Bed,
for his Death hath quite undone
me.

A hard hearted Creature that I was,
to slight one that loved me so dearly,
I wish I had been more kinder to him,
the time of his Life, when he was near
me.

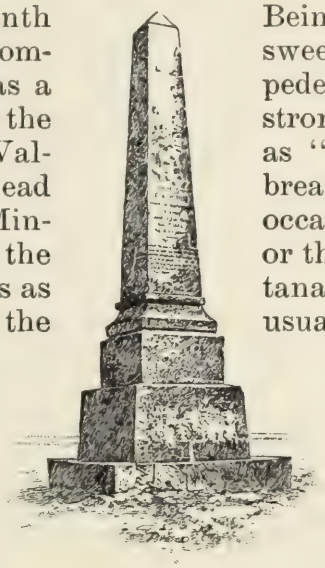
So this Maid she then did dye,
and desired to be buried by him,
And repented herself before she dy'd
that ever she did deny him.

THE CENTRAL STATE.

ITS PHYSICAL FEATURES AND RESOURCES.

BY ROBERT HAY, U.S.G.S.

THE State of Kansas, the seventh in size of the thirty-eight composing the American Union, has a remarkable situation. Lying in the western half of the Mississippi Valley, it is midway between the head waters of the great river, in Minnesota, and its embouchure in the Gulf. Its eastern frontier, too, is as far removed from the bottom of the basin as its western limits are distant from the culminating ridge of the Rocky Mountains, which forms the western boundary of the drainage area. Of the region of the "Great Plains," then, Kansas is *central*. It is also central with regard to the whole country. The Red River of Manitoba and the Gulf of Mexico are equally distant from it, and it is as far from the Atlantic coast as from the Pacific shore. A spot in Davis County, near Fort Riley, marked by a monument to the memory of Major Ogden, who located that military post, is within a few rods of the geographical centre of the United States. Her citizens affectionately speak of Kansas as the "Sunflower State," but when they think of her pivotal position in history and her geographical situation, then Kansas is the "Central State."



OGDEN MONUMENT.

This central position has much to do with the population—shall we say *popularity*?—of the State. The climate, though sharing in the extremes of its intracontinental position, has never a long continuance of great heat or cold. The days of any winter during which the thermometer indicates below zero may be counted on the ten fingers; the heats of July are broken every few days by a cooler régime. Being a prairie State, the winds sweep most of its surface unimpeded. Its people speak of its strongest gales in jocular phrase as "Kansas zephyrs." Few airs breathe that are not welcome. An occasional hot wind from Arizona, or the edge of a blizzard from Montana, suggests thankfulness for the usual winds that blow. Cyclonic storms are less common than in other parts of the great valley, or even in Atlantic States.

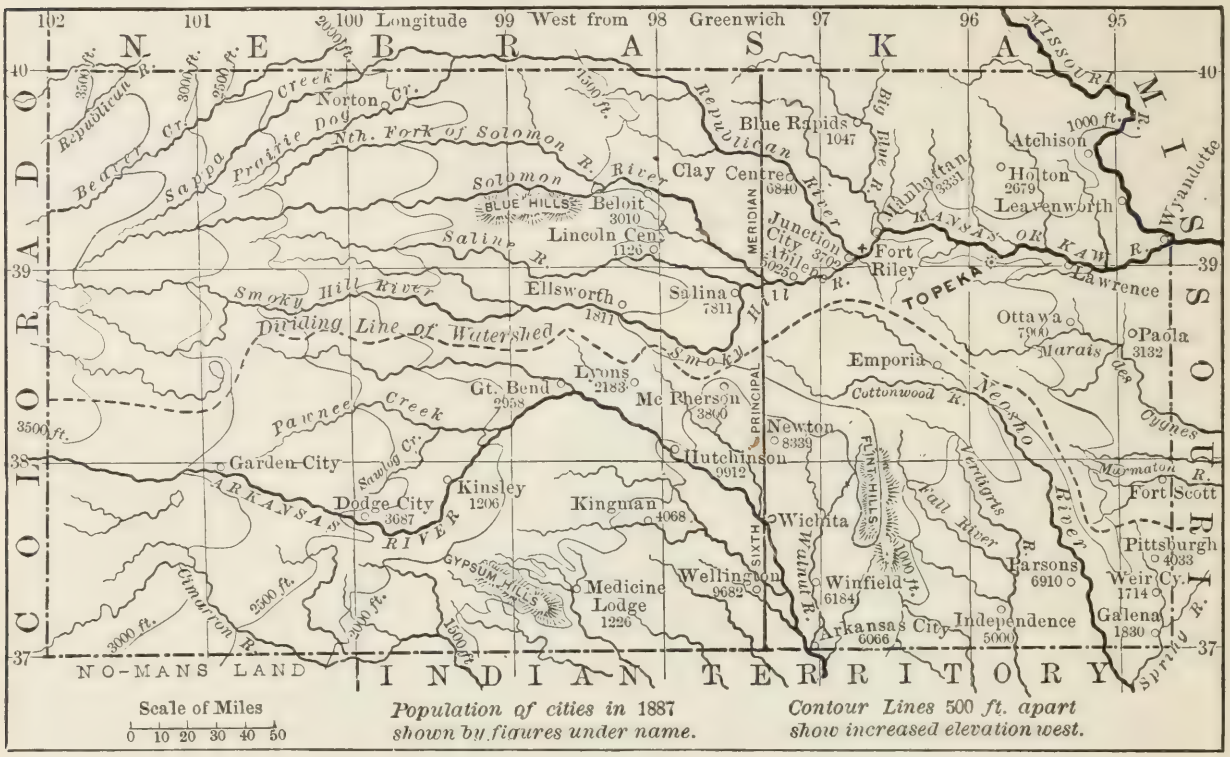
The topography of Kansas is typical of the Great Plains. An important feature of it is the moderate elevation above sea-level, and the gradual increase of that elevation westward. Rivers cross the eastern frontier of the State less than eight hundred feet above tide-water; the northwestern part of the State is over four thousand feet. This is as high as Ben Nevis or the Adirondacks; but there are no mountains in Kansas. There are valleys relatively deep, whose sides are cut into ridges and isolated mounds, but few regions of any extent where the term *hilly* is justifiable. Three districts only are thus definitely named: the Blue Hills in the north, the Flint Hills and Gypsum Hills in the south.

The hills and valleys of Kansas are alike the product of one geological cause —erosion. The dead level of the prairie through untold ages has been cut by the action of the rivers, rains, wind, heat, and frost, till valleys have been formed with steep sides and rich alluvial bottoms, and high level prairies with a *sedentary* soil several feet deep. Probably the high

prairie is nowhere more than four hundred feet above any contiguous valley. No isolated ridges or mounds are more than two or three hundred feet above their bases. But among them there are dells of great beauty, precipices of dangerous height, and gorges of much wildness. Regions of this kind are sufficiently numerous to give variety to the scenery, not so extensive as to interfere with the economic value of the land. Monk's Cañon in Norton County, the cañons of the Gypsum Hills, the mound regions on the Marmaton and Verdigris, the level limestone ridges of the Kaw Valley, the pulpit rocks along the Solomon, Saline, and Smoky Hill rivers, are examples of a gentle wildness that lifts the scenery of Kansas out of commonplace. The mounds of the southeast are mostly flat-topped; those of the west are rounder or of more conical outline. Their occurrence in pairs is common. The name "Twin Mounds" occurs on Fall River, on the Solomon, and elsewhere.

Recent geological formations—mainly clays and marls—cover large areas in all parts of the State. Those of the east are of post-glacial age, those of the west are late tertiary. These formations give smoothness of outline to the greater part of the surface of the State. They give easy ascent from deep valleys to high prairie, but in places they have been weathered into fantastic forms.

The streams of Kansas, with unimportant exceptions, have an easterly course. The greater number of them also incline southerly. This means that most of them have their bed on the southern side of their drainage area. The northern sides of the river valleys are long and the slope



MAP OF KANSAS SHOWING CONTOUR AND DRAINAGE.

The streams may be grouped into two drainage areas, which may be named, from their trunk rivers, the Missouri and the Arkansas systems. The broken line on the map shows the water-shed. Some streams, draining about one-fifth of the State, though belonging to these systems, pass out of the State before uniting with the main river. Among this class of the Missouri group is the Marais des Cygnes, the scene of Whittier's "Lament."

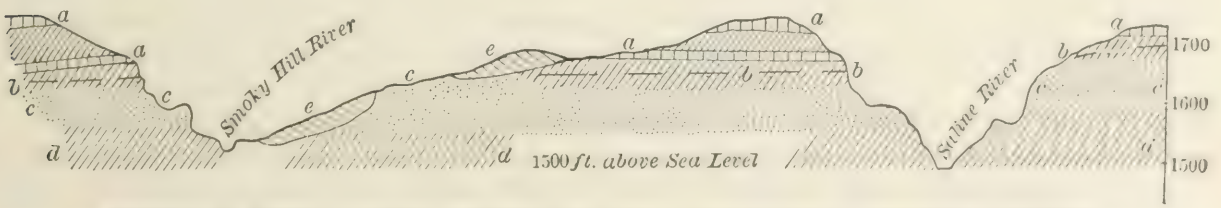
The Missouri, though running for a hundred miles along the boundary of the State, and navigable, is less of a Kansas



THE GYPSUM HILLS.

river than its tributary the Kaw. This, with its numerous affluents, makes the drainage of nearly half the State. Its course, including that of its most southern feeder, the Smoky Hill River, is, through the entire length of the State, near the line of the 39th parallel of latitude, except about the middle of the State, where it makes a southerly bend near the northerly push of the Arkansas, so narrowing the space between the rivers to about thirty miles. The Smoky heads in the prairie of eastern Colorado, and while a mere sandy arroyo enters Kansas just south of the parallel mentioned, and cuts its valley deeper as it descends the slope of the State. After a while it acquires a fringe of timber; in its lower course this becomes a belt. Sometimes it sweeps under precipices of greenish or yellow shales, and again of red clay, or with ridges of buff or white limestone in its bounding hills. About the 99th meridian it begins to cut the sandstones, yellow or brown or red, of the lowest cretaceous (Dakota) formations, and its side ravines have fantastic pulpit rocks and pinnacles. Cutting deep its own alluvion across the magnificent plain of Saline County, it breaks into the harder rocks of the "Permo-carboniferous" formations, which gradually narrow its valley, and hedge it in with abrupt steps of limestone, whose level ledges, bounding the valley, suggest walls built by giants or "Druids of eld."

A few miles east of the 97th meridian the Republican joins the Smoky, and together they have forced the passage of the ridge of hardest rock in the State, which, far to the south, is known as the Flint Hills. The Saline and Solomon, from the northwest, have previously added their waters to those of the Smoky. The former has wild cañons among the Dakota sandstones, and the latter away in the northwest has deep cañons in tertiary marls, and precipices of blue shale, and cliffs of white, yellow, and orange chalk, brilliant in the sunlight as a landscape by Constable. The Republican has its origin near that of the Smoky in Colorado, but flinging itself northward across the corner of the State into Nebraska, it reenters Kansas at the 98th meridian, bending southerly through the Benton limestones, and more easterly through the easier Dakota, and again south among the carboniferous limestones which, ledge on ledge, bound its valley and wall in its beautiful timbered affluents, its broad meadows, its fruitful fields, till, reaching the low promontory of Fort Riley, it makes its



SECTION IN RUSSELL COUNTY SHOWING GEOLOGICAL FORMATIONS AND SURFACE CONTOUR.

a. Benton limestones (magnesian) and shales. *b*. Dakota shales with lignite. *c*. Dakota sandstones. *d*. Dakota shales. *e*. Tertiary formations (small areas).



VIEW ON THE SMOKY.

confluence with the Smoky, and the united streams, bursting the barrier, lose their identity and name in the Kaw River, the result of their union, which flings itself like a mighty snake in voluminous meanderings through one of the finest valleys in America. The distance of one hundred and thirty-five miles from Fort Riley to Kansas City is increased nearly threefold by the windings of the river. One hundred and sixty years ago De Bourgmont, the Frenchman, spoke of this valley as of a "landskip of which the beauties are never cloying" (translation of 1763). It has recently been thus described: "Beginning at Fort Riley, the geographical centre of the United States, the river sweeps away northeast, past peaks where Fremont has left his name and fame, past Manhattan, where the waters of the Big Blue come round rocky hills to lose themselves in the river, and where the State trains its youths and maidens to intellectual and industrial pursuits at the agricultural college. Here the river is curbed by its first bridges. Then away over pleasant Wabaunsee, great stones rounded and red and polished telling in places of ice-drifts that ages ago blocked and dammed old Kaw; past Wamego; past Topeka, where halls of legislation and domes of state o'erlook its flood; past Lawrence, whence classic Oread views the broadened stream; past villages and dales of tributary streams; past orchards and corn lands; past groves of maple and woods of oak—to its confluence with the great Missouri."

The Arkansas River Valley is essentially different from that of the Kaw, the Smoky, or the Republican. It is everywhere in Kansas broader. Only at a few points does its water wash the foot of a rocky precipice, as at the Point of Rocks, twenty miles east of Dodge City, and at Hartland, further west. In places, however, tertiary and cretaceous bluffs, as at Syracuse and Dodge City, Dakota sandstones, as at Larned and Pawnee Rock, stand out into the valley with some boldness. Still, the valley is one of long, gentle slopes, with timber decidedly scarce in the higher part. The river is broad (1000 to 1500 feet) and shallow, and numerous islands form a striking—almost romantic—feature of the scene. The sandy alluvion is the most fertile of soils, and in the

lower part of the valley the groves are sufficiently numerous, and a fringe of timber, mostly cottonwood, is sufficiently developed to give a pleasing variety to the landscape. Formerly the countless herds of buffalo, more recently the "endless herds of kine," demonstrated the infinite capacity of this region for grazing purposes. Now the orchards at Garden City, forest groves at Wichita and Hutchinson, the endless acres of maize and sorghum, show agricultural and horticultural possibilities too vast to imagine, but whose realization has already begun. Then the urbiculture—the cities mentioned and many others—indicates that this wide valley must have a prominent place in the progress of civilization. In the upper reach of the valley, on its south side, is a region of sand-hills. They are a prominent feature of the topography. They were avoided by the early settlers because it was hard to make roads through them, and they were thought to be barren agriculturally. All this is changed now. In only a very limited region are the sand-hills bare of herbage. Elsewhere the wild grasses are so abundant and nutritious that the cattle fatten amongst them, and the farmers are finding the sand-hills are fertile soil.

The valley of the Cimarron is that of the Arkansas on a diminished scale; but where it re-enters the State it becomes essentially different. It is there, in Clarke County, similar in character to that of the Medicine River, which is one of the wildest, the most beautiful, the most fertile, of the State. This is the "red rock region," the district of the Gypsum Hills. A geological series of rocks, termed provisionally Jura-Trias, has been laid bare by immense erosion, and carved into the most fantastic forms of capped pinnacles, Mansard-roofs, and frowning precipices. The same rocks are shown with milder outline further north and east, but south of the Medicine River they culminate. Arenaceous limestones, of a dull red or rich brown, are alternated with beds of red clay or greenish shale glistening with crystals of selenite, and in the precipitous fronts banded with white satin spar for hundreds of yards continuously. Near the top, a massive layer of white gypsum, from eight to eighteen feet thick, makes a prominent ledge for miles, capping the red precipices with a glaring light. In the higher dales fragments of the tertiary formations attest their former presence, and account for the sand in the alluvium of the valley. This alluvium is all *red.* Masses of red clay of quaternary age seem formed from the red rock itself, and banks of red clay of recent date are formed from the two older reds. The whole region is red, and the fertility is equal to the redness. Nowhere is soil more prolific, and the products ally themselves to those of the semi-tropical South.



A GLIMPSE OF GARDEN CITY.

Between the Arkansas and the eastern boundary of the State are the deepest valleys of Kansas. The Walnut cuts down from the Flint Hills ridge, 1600 feet high, to below 1100 feet, where it enters the Arkansas. In its erosion it has laid bare magnificent ledges of building stone—the so-called magnesian limestone—which stretch across the State, being worked alike in the valleys of the Walnut, the Cottonwood, the Neosho, the Kaw, the Republican, and the Big Blue. The valleys of the Fall River and Verdigris drop from heights of 1400 feet to below 800, cutting through shales and sandstones, hard limestones, and coal seams of the coal measures. The mounds of this region are a striking and picturesque feature, and the timber belts—oak, walnut, maple—add to the charm of the valleys.



STREET SCENE IN WICHITA.

The Neosho Valley is in important respects different from those of the Kaw and the Arkansas. Rising in depressions of the high limestone plateau, the thick ledges are a feature of its upper course. Its alluvium, though deep and rich, has little or no sand. Its timber belt widening, becomes in its lower part veritable forest. Having a descent within the State of five or six hundred feet, in one part of its course it falls little over a foot per mile, struggling with thick hard limestones of the coal measures, which in places wall its channel with vertical rocks, as at Humboldt.

Spring River, in the southeast corner of the State, cuts below the coal measures into the hard cherty limestones of the subcarboniferous series, laying bare by its affluents the brecciated formations which are rich in lead and zinc. The Marmaton, dropping down nearly four hundred feet in little more than thirty miles, cuts through rough limestones and fine sandstones, and has a valley fertile and romantic, with bluffs both rugged and smooth, timber of oak, elm, sassafras, pecan, maple, sycamore, and mounds in whose steep sides drifts are made in the outcrop of coal seams. The valleys of the Little Osage and the Marais des Cygnes are like that of the Marmaton in main features, and like it are of historic interest, having stirring associations with the time of the Kansas war and the names of John Brown, Montgomery, and other leaders of that epoch. All the valleys east of the Flint Hills have less sand and more timber than those in the western part of the State.

The valleys of streams tributary to the Kaw on the north side have few abrupt features, except that of the Big Blue. The slopes are more gentle, the ledges not so prominent. In this region the continental glaciers of the ice age did their work, and left a smoother contour. Valleys a hundred feet deep are eroded entirely in the loess. In some counties you may travel a dozen miles without an outcrop of rock. And yet there is a difference in the general contour from the parts of the Arkansas Valley where the same privation occurs. Rounded hills and rugged "kames" and true moraines are found, giving character to the scenery for long distances.

Thus much for the hills and valleys. But the *largest* feature in the topography of the State is the glorious upland, the "high prairie," of Kansas. The Arkansas Valley proper is from four to twelve miles wide. The Kaw bottom and second bottom are from two to four miles in width. The valleys of the Smoky, the Solomon, the Republican, Neosho, and Medicine are from one to two miles broad. Their confluences give greater expanses in localities, but the other streams have all narrower strips of bottom-lands. The high

prairie is *the* feature of Kansas. Everything on the prairies is bright and breezy and healthful and inspiring. The elevation westward is in places marked by distinct steps, as on the Marmaton, the Verdigris, the Smoky, and Solomon. Above the step the country rolls upward with long wavy slope. Back from the rivers the plough in some counties may run ten miles without being lifted, and these uplands are fertile. In places the sedentary soil is formed from underlying limestone; in others it is a thin humus scarcely altered from the deep marly subsoil of tertiary or quaternary formations; but everywhere its capacity for plant life is limitless. On the uplands, as in the bottoms, it is true that "the soil tickled by the plough laughs into harvests."

An examination of the contour lines on the map shows that the increment of elevation westward is more rapid near the Colorado line than on the eastern frontier. For a long distance one of the steps mentioned above is nearly coincident with the eastern State line, and travellers on the north and south railways in Kansas and Missouri are struck with the appearance of the numerous mounds, which are outliers of the higher level of prairie to the west.

In a few places of the valleys old riverbeds form narrow lakes, homes of fish and wild-fowl, but there are no areas of swamp land. In the western half of the State there is little natural timber. In parts of the eastern counties the forest land amounted in early days to one-twelfth of the area. Now, though the belts of timber are narrowed and thinned, yet the quantity planted is in excess of the former natural forest, and counting orchards, very greatly so. Since prairie fires have ceased, the natural growth in the Missouri region has largely increased, and groves are common on the high prairie as far as the sixth principal meridian,* and only less frequent to the hundredth meridian. Apples and peaches are ripened over three hundred miles from the Missouri River.

"The mighty Missouri" forms the northeastern boundary of the State for almost exactly one degree of latitude. The famous act of Congress which in 1820 constituted Missouri a State prescribed that its western boundary should be the meridian passing through the middle of the Kaw (or Kansas) River at its confluence with the Missouri. This meridian (94° 37′ west), therefore, at a later date, became the eastern boundary of Kansas from that point south to the 37th parallel of latitude. The 37th parallel is the southern line of the State, the 40th parallel its northern boundary west from the Missouri River; its western limit is the 102d meridian, beyond which is Colorado. These boundaries give an extreme length (on the south line) of 408 miles, and a breadth of nearly 208 from north to south, and enclose an area of over 81,000 square miles. This surface is about equal to that of the island of Great Britain; it is one-fourth larger than all New England; it is more than

* This meridian is shown on the map by a heavy line crossing the Arkansas near Wichita.



FIRST AVENUE, HUTCHINSON, LOOKING EAST FROM MAIN STREET.



THE CAPITOL, TOPEKA.

double the size of Kentucky or Ohio or Indiana; it is nearly twice as large as New York, Pennsylvania, or Tennessee. Its natural resources are as great as those of almost any State in the Union. There is not a single square mile on some part of which the plough cannot be used. There are very few miles in the aggregate that are untillable. Simply as an agricultural State, with one family of five persons on every quarter section, it would support a population of over 1,600,000. Its capacity for crops is endless. Its southern counties now produce cotton. The yield of maize is enormous. The middle uplands are so prolific of wheat that Kansas is now in the front rank of States producing that cereal. A single county has harvested in one season over 2,000,000 bushels. The fruits of Kansas—apples, pears, peaches, plums—have won premiums at Paris and Philadelphia. Its capacity for raising live-stock is simply unlimited. If the present population of horned cattle were destined for the supply of the city of New York, and they were started five abreast, the heads of one rank being just a rod in advance of the next, and they were driven through Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the Empire State, the head of the herd would be crossing the High Bridge over Harlem River before the tail of it had crossed the Missouri at Atchison. Of hogs and horses, mules and sheep, the story is similar, and the dairy products also suggest like conclusions. The bees love Kansas flowers, and honey is in increasing abundance. Another insect has been recently added to the productive powers of Kansas. The Russian mulberry has been introduced by the Mennonites, and

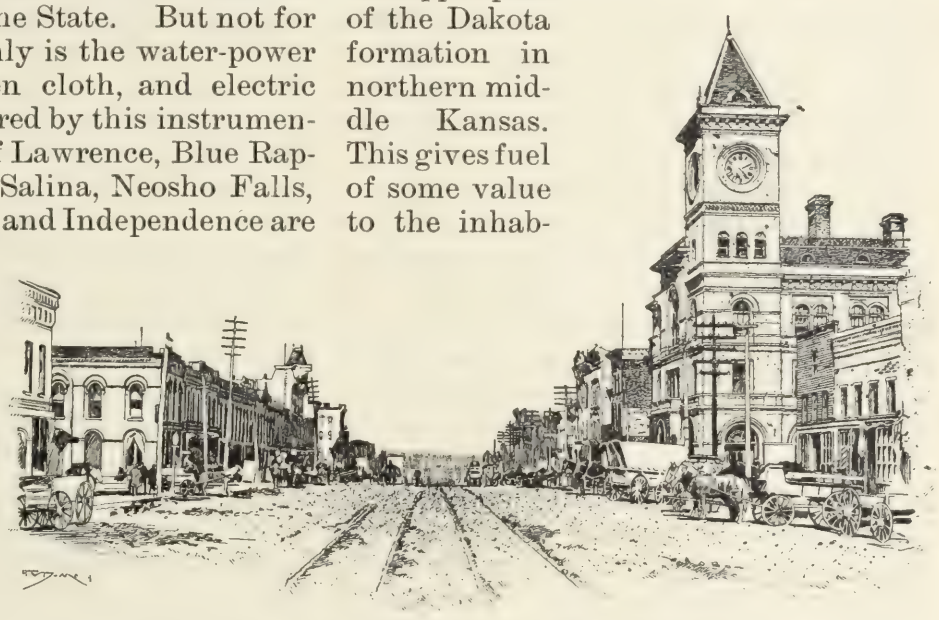
the silk-worm thrives upon it. Silk reeling is one of the industries. The recent experiments at Fort Scott, conducted by the United States Department of Agriculture, show that sugar can be profitably made from sorghum. The sorghum cane is already one of the staple productions of Kansas.

But Kansas is not to be simply an agricultural State. This is seen in the fact that its present population, with only one-fourth of its area cultivated, has reached the limit of four families to the section of land. Though the streams of Kansas are not rapid, yet the water-power is immense, and it is being utilized for driving mills. These send much flour out of the State; others have cut up much of the timber of the eastern part of the State. But not for flour and lumber only is the water-power used; paper, woollen cloth, and electric light are manufactured by this instrumentality. The cities of Lawrence, Blue Rapids, Junction City, Salina, Neosho Falls, Humboldt, Chetopa, and Independence are among those that have utilized the larger streams of the State, and almost every creek, from the Prairie Dog to the Labette, has its local mill.

The development of coal-mining in the eastern part of the State has not only made that industry of importance, but has also developed important manufactures by the application of steam-power. The places where coal is mined in quantity are in the east border tier of counties, except Osage and Shawnee. These counties have developed mining communities around the towns of Leavenworth, Fort Scott, Pittsburgh, Weir, La Cygne, Osage City, Burlingame, and Topeka; and at these and some other cities are manufactures of furniture, crackers, stoves, sashes and doors, harness, cement, wagons, carriages, soap, canned fruits, chemicals, castor-oil, pottery, and some other important operations which will be mentioned further on.

The coal of eastern Kansas is mined under different conditions at different places. At Leavenworth three mines work a valuable seam at a depth of over seven hundred feet. One of these is the property of the State, and gives employment to the convicts of the penitentiary, and supplies fuel to all the State institutions. In Linn County there are shaft mines at less depth. Again, shaft mines from forty to one hundred and fifty feet in depth are worked in Osage, Crawford, and Cherokee counties. In these, as well as in Labette, Bourbon, and Woodson, much coal is obtained by "stripping," and by drifts made into the sides of mounds and bluffs.

Besides this coal of the carboniferous period, there is an inferior variety—brown coal, or lignite—worked by shallow shafts and drifts in the upper part of the Dakota formation in northern middle Kansas. This gives fuel of some value to the inhabitants of that part of the valleys of the Republican, the Saline, and the Smoky Hill rivers, and it will probably also be found in counties of the southwest. This lignite will also have value in the newly developed sugar industry, as, according to Professor Swenson, it is used in the best method of "carbonatation" of the saccharine juice.



KANSAS AVENUE, TOPEKA, SHOWING POST-OFFICE.

To coal as a manufacturing energy has recently been added rock-gas. At Wyandotte several wells yield quantities that have displaced a considerable amount of coal at flouring and planing mills, and at the pressed-brick works. But it is at Fort Scott and Paola, where wells are situate which yield a pressure of from seventy to one hundred and fifty pounds to the inch, that the greatest impetus has been given by the fluid fuel, and by its means the

manufacture of glass has become an important industry in the State.

There are only two metals whose ores are obtained in Kansas in such quantities as to be of importance. But these are of great value, though found in a limited area in the southeast corner of the State. Along the line of Spring River, lead, in the form of the well-known sulphuret, galena, and zinc, as blende, or black-jack and amber-jack, are abundant. The city of Galena is the centre of a mining population of about 5000, and products of the crushers and smelters to the value of $400,000 are annually exported. The ores of zinc are sent into the coal region to be smelted and rolled at Pittsburgh (Kansas) and Weir City, at which places there are 23 furnaces, capable of producing 10,500 tons annually.* These cities, which ten years ago were mere hamlets, have now populations of between three and four thousand each.

Among the mineral resources of Kansas its building stones are of great and increasing value. A belt of country across the State from the entrance of the Big Blue to the exit of the Arkansas, from ten to forty miles wide, yields abundantly beds of massive magnesian limestone. It belongs geologically to the Permo-carboniferous period, and it gives cubical blocks four to six feet thick, and heavy slabs from six to sixteen feet square. It is white or of a warm cream-color, soft to the tools, but hardening on exposure. The Capitol and the Post-office at Topeka, the Agricultural College at Manhattan, the Court-house at Wellington, and business blocks all over the State, show the beauty and utility of this material. Rougher limestones are abundant, and much used in buildings, as in the State University at Lawrence, and elsewhere. The ledges of the mid-cretaceous limestones have beds of very beautiful building stone, utilized in Cloud, Lincoln, Russell, Meade, Hodgeman, and Hamilton counties. Some of the thinner of these beds, silicified by infiltration, form a kind of marble, which is used for ornamental purposes—console tables, panels, and monuments. Sandstones are not so widely distributed as the limestones, but in the valleys of the Verdigris and Fall River, the Solomon and the Sawlog, there are valuable beds now being extensively worked, while the valleys of the Marmaton, the Spring River, and their tributaries yield fine qualities of arenaceous flags, which are being extensively used in the pavement of cities.

The deposits of massive gypsum lying across the State just west of the magnesian limestone belt are in some localities of compact and durable texture, yielding mottled and semi-translucent beds that make a handsome, marble-like building stone.

The making of brick is an increasingly important industry in Kansas. The material for it exists in the alluvium of nearly every valley, and the yellow marl of the eastern and the tertiary marl of the western counties. Pressed brick of quality rivalling the best of the Eastern States has for years been made in Wyandotte County, and now the valleys of the Republican, the Smoky Hill, the Arkansas, the Verdigris, and the Marmaton, as well as those of the Kaw, the Blue, and the Neosho, have their pure air tainted with the smoke of brick-kilns.

Every deep boring in Kansas—and there are many of more than a thousand feet—shows the presence of salt, mostly in the form of strong brine. In the northern part of middle Kansas, affluents of the Solomon and Republican run through salt marshes where strong brine issues from springs in a black ooze, and in dry weather an efflorescence of crystalline salt from a quarter to half an inch thick covers the ground in abundance. Two hundred miles to the southwest, the valley of the Cimarron has this crystalline efflorescence in greater quantity. The cakes are from one to three inches thick, and a wagon may be filled in a few minutes without being moved. Recently the drill, exploring for natural gas, has penetrated beds of rock-salt from seventy to one hundred and forty feet thick, at depths of seven to nine hundred feet. This has occurred at Ellsworth, Hutchinson, Kingman, and Lyons, all lying between the localities of surface salt above mentioned. Geologists have always expected a salt industry to be developed. The recent discoveries assure us that it will be of great extent.

The value of material resources, whether pertaining to agriculture, mining, or manufactures, depends on the people who have access to them, having relation both to their numbers and their enterprise.

* See *Mineral Resources of the United States.* By A. Williams. Government Printing-office, Washington, 1883.

The first settlers of Kansas, who brought its political life through the pangs of maternity, were the most energetic and pushing of the two political parties to which they belonged. A sort of chemical affinity has continued the same characteristics in more recent immigrants. They came from all States—from all foreign countries. They came from civilization, they brought civilization, and they have advanced civilization. Their number is constantly increasing. They need the resources around them. They have begun to use them. Kansas first appears in the census of the United States in 1860. Consider this table:

	1860.	1870.	1880.
Native	94,515	316,007	886,010
Foreign born	12,691	48,392	110,086
Total population	107,206	364,399	996,096

A State return for March 1, 1887, gives the total at that date as 1,518,255, and a more recent compilation gives 1,610,000 for the close of that year. As the State is now more than a quarter of a century old, many of these were born here. They are native Kansans of mixed blood, with the vigor of the Norse and Irish, the solidity of the Scotch and Germans, the loyalty to law of the English and American stocks from which they are derived. They have determined to exploit all their resources, use all their material wealth. They have explored all their territory. One hundred and three counties are laid out. Ninety-nine are organized. Twelve were organized in 1886, four more in 1887. The population west of the 100th meridian is now 85,000, being an increase of 18,000 in the last year. The year preceding State organization was a dry year (1860). An opinion grew therefrom that drought was a normal condition. This has been lived down. In 1874 a visitation of locusts held the State back so that for two consecutive years (1875, 1876) the population was stationary at 528,000. But the material advantages of the State are such—climate, soil, vigor—that those periods are forgotten, and it is demonstrated that growth is the normal condition of Kansas.

A superstition has been prevalent in Atlantic States to the effect that many Kansans are Indians. The figures of the census of 1880 dispel this illusion. There were then in Kansas four Indians fewer than in New York, and five hundred fewer than in New England.

The railways of Kansas are in evidence as to its development. In 1865 not a mile of road in the State; in December, 1883, 4170 miles; in December, 1887, 8198 miles; 2535 miles built in a single year (1887). Four trunk lines extend from east to west through the length of the State. Three cut her southern boundary, and head for Texas, the Gulf, and the Southwest. As many leave her western frontier for the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific shore. At ten points on the northern line connections are made with Nebraska roads, and the eastern frontier is cut in twelve places by railroads to Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, and the Atlantic ports.

In no way is the growth of Kansas more manifest than in the development of the cities of the State—their increase in size, population, and number. The United States census of 1870 only assigns five cities of Kansas to the list of towns of over four thousand inhabitants, viz., Atchison, Fort Scott, Leavenworth, Lawrence, and Topeka; and at that time Leavenworth was the only one whose population exceeded ten thousand. In 1880 the list is increased by the addition of the names of Emporia, Ottawa, Parsons, Wichita, and Wyandotte; and three—Leavenworth, Topeka, and Atchison—had each more than fifteen thousand. A recent State return gives eight cities over ten thousand each:

Wichita	31,760	Atchison	15,599
Leavenworth	31,210	Lawrence	10,829
Topeka	29,973	Fort Scott	10,620
Wyandotte	25,066	Emporia	10,319

Hutchinson and Wellington, not founded in 1870, have each over nine thousand, and twelve others are in the four thousand list. There are thirty-five other towns of more than two thousand inhabitants, and fifty-seven others that exceed one thousand. The sites of many of these five years ago were naked prairie.

The growth of some of these cities is phenomenal. That a Western town should grow fast is nothing. That it should continue to grow is a sign of persistence of force not to be doubted.

The three largest cities merit a brief notice. Leavenworth is the oldest. Its position near a military post on the Missouri River when Indians were a factor in Western population gave it importance from the first. Its business enterprise and public spirit kept it at the head of Kansas cities till last year (1887). Topeka, from

the admission of the State, has been the capital. Its political importance gave it a start. Recently the manufacturing enterprise of its citizens and the convergence of railways have lifted it to a place amongst "the first three," and this it is likely to keep. The part of the Capitol which is completed (Senate-chamber, House of Representatives, Library, Historical Society, etc.), the United States Courts, the City Library, churches, colleges, schools, pavements, car lines, electric lights, telephones—all combine to make a metropolis of which the State is justly proud. Wichita, which now leads in population, is of very rapid growth. The Arkansas was first bridged here. Now the convergence of railways, the establishment of manufactures, the use of all civilized appliances, and the pluck of its people assure its future as the metropolis of the Southwest.

There is a city over the line in Missouri which is also a product of Kansas energy. It has over one hundred thousand people. Kansas products are its staple merchandise, and Kansas railways carry them. It is at the mouth of the Kaw River; its name is Kansas City, and Kansans consider it an adjunct to Wyandotte.

The people of Kansas have all along provided for education. In 1861, 217 school districts were organized; in 1874 there were 4395 in existence; in 1886, 7520. There is a fully equipped State University at Lawrence, a Normal School at Emporia, an Agricultural College at Manhattan, and some thirty denominational and other colleges. Provision is made by the State for the sustenance of well-appointed asylums for the blind, for deaf-mutes, and for the insane. There are over seven hundred newspapers.

Kansans like their climate. We have incidentally noticed already some of the facts that help to constitute climate. One or two more claim some attention. The division of the State by the great water-shed marks two climatic districts. It is, on the whole, cooler north of that line. Wellington, in the Arkansas Valley, has a mean annual temperature one-fifth of a degree higher than Fort Riley, whose elevation is about the same in the Kaw Valley. South of the divide, peaches are more rarely injured by frost. Along the water-shed and to the north the wheat is at its best. The rainfall decreases westerly. As far west as the 96th meridian the precipitation is about the same as in England. West of the 100th meridian there is less than twenty inches per annum. More than half the rain falls in the five months, April to August. The autumn and winter are therefore sunny and dry. It is, however, fully believed that the culture of thirty years has modified the climate, mainly in the distribution of the rain and the force of the winds. There are fewer storms and floods, and more rainy days. This modification of rainfall is noticed throughout the State, as much in the west as the east. In the west now the June uplands are glorious with wheat, the August valleys rich with sorghum and corn. The tempering



FIFTH STREET, LEAVENWORTH, LOOKING NORTH FROM CHEROKEE STREET.

of the winds is remarkable. The gales become breezes in the neighborhood of numerous orchards, the planted groves, the growing corn. The "American Desert" of the old maps, and which early Kansans "allowed" might be found beyond the 99th meridian, has been pushed bodily from the State. *Non est inventus.*

One thing more: the spirit of the people. That has made the State. All newcomers become Kansans. As soon as they have been here a year they say, "*We* did it." Looking at what has been accomplished, they feel that it is not bragging to use the words of Eugene Ware, and say:

"We have made the State of Kansas,
And to-day she stands complete,
First in freedom, first in wheat;
And her future years shall meet
Ripened hopes and richer stanzas."

[The writer gladly expresses his acknowledgments for material used in this paper, and in the map and drawings illustrating it, to Hon. E. B. Allen, Secretary of State; Hon. William Sims, Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture; Hon. James Humphrey, Railroad Commissioner; Professor Gannett, Chief Geographer of the United States Geological Survey; the engineers of several railway companies, and other citizens in various parts of the State. The published reports of the Board of Agriculture, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, and other officials have also been freely used.]

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER X.

HITHER AND THITHER.

THIS answer that she had already constructed was pitilessly clear and logical, and was designed to convince him that difference of creed put an insurmountable barrier between them, and that he would best consult the happiness of both by abandoning forthwith what could only prove a futile fancy. But all the while that she was formulating this argument (during many an anxious and silent hour that caused her sister Agnes to wonder why Alison had come back from the Highlands so preoccupied and thoughtful) she could not conceal from herself that it was based, not so much upon any convictions of her own, as upon the convictions of her friends and relatives, and of the people among whom she lived. For what was her own attitude toward the Catholic Church, when she came to consider it dispassionately, and as she strove to free herself from those mists of prejudice in which she had been brought up? In former days, when she had been first alarmed by Paley's *Evidences*, she had sought refuge in authority. Who was she, she naturally asked herself, to set up her private judgment, and question truths that had been accepted by those who had devoted their lives to the investigation of these supreme matters? What learning or knowledge or critical faculty had she, that she should question, for example, the conclusions arrived at by the Westminster Assembly of Divines? And now, when she came to regard the Catholic faith, if authority was to be her safeguard and chief good, what more august authority could she find than in the religion that had held Christendom for century after century, dowered with the majesty of unbroken tradition, and ever ready to receive into its haven any poor wandering soul that had been tossed about on the seas of perplexity and doubt? In that haven the greatest intellects of many lands had found security and rest and consolation: why should she hesitate to believe what they had believed? No, it was not her own attitude toward the Catholic Church that caused her answer to Ludovick Macdonell to shape itself so clearly into a refusal; it was the knowledge that if she married a Catholic her nearest relations would be shocked to the heart, her friends and acquaintances would consider her as one abandoned and lost, while the congregation that sat and listened to her father's preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath would be astounded that the Minister should have been so failing in his private duties as to allow one of his own household to stray away into the camp of the enemy.

And yet when Ludovick Macdonell's letter did arrive she tore it open in haste, and glanced over its contents with a breathless anxiety. To her extreme surprise she found there was nothing argu-

* Begun in January number, 1888.

mentative or polemical in it; he appeared to have taken it for granted that that was all gone and finished—that the representations he had made to her in the railway carriage would prove to be sufficient when she had time to consider them calmly; and now his appeal was all to her heart instead of to her head. Certainly he did once revert to the fact of their belonging to different faiths, or to different versions of the same faith, but only to repeat what he had said before, that in these days of religious toleration and of individual liberty difference of creed was a wholly minor matter, that need never dislocate the relations between two persons who otherwise were at one. He did not seem in the least to understand the situation in which she found herself placed. All he wanted was that she should say yes, and forthwith and joyfully he would begin to make preparations at Oyre for the reception of the bride. What more simple? His father would be delighted, he said. He put his hopes and plans before the old gentleman, who, he confessed, was at first inclined to rebel, for there had been another project in his mind; but the Herr Papa was won over at last, was forced to admit that he had been greatly charmed with the young lady who had visited Oyre that autumn, and finally said, "Bring her home as soon as you like, Ludovick, and I will take the rooms overlooking the kitchen-garden, so that practically you'll have the whole house to yourselves."

"But that's not my scheme at all," continued Captain Ludovick. "Fancy, now, this morning I had to go out in search of my pa, having some business to talk over; and where do you think I found him? All by himself up at the edge of the plantations, engaged in clearing the dried leaves and weeds out of the surface drains with his stick—you remember the stick with the panther's claw set in silver? That's a fine occupation for the old laird of Oyre, isn't it? But I could imagine something much better than that for him. I could imagine him, on a warm afternoon, walking up and down the little avenue, under the shade of the sycamores; a young lady with him and clinging to his arm—a very pretty young lady, with the clearest and kindest of gray eyes, and the demurest of dimples in her cheek, and the most bewitching smile, and dark hair so neatly and nicely braided under a white Tam o' Shanter—and him telling her splendid and awful lies about the jungle, and her listening and believing every word, and pleasing him mightily. Can you guess who she was? I could see her quite clearly. Yes, and I could see Flora and Hugh come driving up in a dog-cart, and get down with their rackets in their hands; then the young lady in the white Tam o' Shanter must needs fly away and get a cigar, and the *Inverness Courier*, and some whiskey and water, for the old gentleman, and put them on a small table in front of the house; and then she joined the others, all determined to get three sets of tennis played before going in to dinner. And if the old gentleman, in the heat of the afternoon, let his cigar go out, and fell asleep behind the newspaper, at all events he was in good company, and more comfortably occupied than in pottering about all by himself and clearing dried leaves out of drains."

Alison turned from this letter with a sigh, and took up its fellow that had arrived by the same post. It was from Flora—sent at Ludovick's urgent request. And it was written in a very different key, for Flora seemed to perceive a great deal more clearly than the headstrong lover the difficulties with which Alison was surrounded, though, to be sure, she made light of them also, in her happy-go-lucky fashion.

"Dear Alison,—I hate you. You have turned the best fellow in the world into a bore. I try to shunt him on to Hugh, who is quite sympathetic and agrees; for I am not sympathetic and don't agree, and decline to believe that you are the most wonderful creature that ever came into this wearyfu' world. However, that's neither here nor there. My lord has given me his orders. I am to write at once and convince you that there is nothing to hinder a Protestant and a Catholic from marrying each other. He says you didn't know he was a Catholic until the very day you left—when he played us that pretty trick by cutting across through the Black Mount Forest—and that you seemed quite upset by the discovery. But what does it amount to, if you two pretty dears really care for each other? Here's my solution of the difficulty: If you think that husband and wife must necessarily be of the same faith, why don't both of you agree to join the Church of England, which is a nice,

convenient Half-way House between Protestantism and Catholicism? Isn't that sensible? At the same time, I see no reason why you shouldn't marry and remain Protestant and Catholic just as you are; I don't believe the difference would come into your actual lives at all; and there's one very certain thing, you need have no fear about the priests interfering with your domestic affairs or relations. Oh no; my worshipful gentleman has a *tolerably stiff neck*, and he has a kind of notion that his house is to be his own, and himself undisputed master of it. There won't be any cowled monk coming out from a sliding-panel at Oyre, or any kind of foreign dictation or interference, you may depend on that. Indeed, so far as your being a Protestant and his being a Catholic is concerned, I don't see why there should be any trouble at all—any more than the same difference affected your friendly relations with him when you were here, and when you didn't even guess at its existence—and if you were only to consider your two selves, everything would be clear enough.

"But oh, Alison Blair, when I think of you forsaking all the preachings and teachings of your forefathers, and bidding defiance to the amazement and horror and bewailing of your friends and family, then it's quite another matter, and I'm not going to advise you, however Ludovick may beg and implore. For he doesn't understand, and that's the truth, or else he's so headstrong that he won't pay any heed. My goodness! the ghosts of all the Blairs of Moss-end would rise from their graves, and point their snaky finger at you, and sing psalms of lamentation (tune, *Coleshill*). And then the congregation, and the elders, and the elders' wives, and Agnes too—what would she say? Your joining hands at the Half-way House would be no kind of concession to them. What? the daughter of Mr. Blair of East Street Church gone away and become an Episcopalian!—you might just as well become a Catholic at once. Of course Ludovick won't hear of all this, but I know more than he does about the Free Kirk folk here—I hear plenty about them from my father; and if you mean to do this thing, you will have to pull yourself together to face the consequences.

"Well, now, my dear Miss Dimity, this is all I have to say by way of warning, and I've freed my conscience. No doubt it has all been present to your own mind; for you know the conditions far better than I do, and no doubt you have been considering. But at the same time I must honestly tell you that if this affair between Ludovick and you is *very, very* serious—and he *appears* to take it seriously—I wouldn't be frightened of these dire consequences if I were in your position. No, I wouldn't. If I cared for a man, I wouldn't pay much attention to what the East Street elders and their wives said about either him or me. But then I should have to care for him *a good lot;* and if your interesting little entanglement with Captain Ludovick was only a bit of summer flirtation—natural enough too, for he's very good-looking, and good-natured, and quite as clever as you want a man to be, for you don't want them to be *too sharp*—well, you'd save yourself a great deal of trouble if you'd drop it at once. When men get an idea into their head, they hold on to it; and they never see a joke or take a hint, they're so frightfully serious; and in fact Ludovick is so completely *entêté* that I was afraid to suggest to him that perhaps you had only been having a little fun. Only a *perhaps*, my dear; and after all I don't think that is your line; but you kept so very quiet about it that Ludovick considerably astonished me when he came to me with his full-blown confession. And I hope I did not hurt your feelings by anything I said on board the steamer when you were leaving Fort William. I thought you looked rather cut up; and I really did think Ludovick was treating you shabbily, after the attention he had paid you; so I thought I would restore your nerve by giving you a good wholesome dose of worldly wisdom. Did I say anything that too fearfully shocked your sensitive soul? At all events, if I uttered a single word against that incomparable man-creature, Captain Ludovick, I hereby withdraw it, and make my humble apology on my two bended knees, and will never do so again.

"That's all. At present I prefer to keep a neutral attitude, in spite of Mr. Ludovick's fine speeches. I would advise you to consult Aunt Gilchrist before doing anything serious. At one time I know she entertained the idea that Ludovick was the scheming son of an impecunious

old Highland laird, and that both of them were conspiring to improve their impoverished estate with her money; but perhaps that was a passing whim of Periphery. Anyway, you won't do anything without consulting her—if she's going to give you the money that ought to come to me, you cat!

"I suppose you were already revelling in dreams of future wealth when you went and tipped that horrid boy Johnny? Do you know what he did? His first exploit wasn't so bad; he merely got his photograph taken—for threepence; and when I said it was very like him, he chose to grin a very sarcastic grin, and say, 'Oh, they can mek anybody look pretty, them things!' giving me to understand that he was far above being vain of his personal appearance. But with part of the rest of the money the fiend bought an old flint-pistol, and now you are never safe for five minutes—there's a *bang* just close behind you, and you jump up to find that John has been firing at a cat for scratching up the garden, he says. But I know better. It's because he thinks they do him mischief when they turn to witches; and he wants to take them unawares when they are only cats. Master John has been so kind as to ask more than once about your health and general welfare.

"Now good-by. I consider this *is* a letter, and that you're greatly indebted to me. Your affectionate cousin,

"FLORA.

"P.S.—Let me know; and don't forget about Aunt Gilchrist. Although you have robbed me, I don't bear you any ill-will."

Alison read this long epistle twice through, and with an ever-increasing gratitude, for she easily recognized the aim of it. It was all meant to give her courage. If she said yes, then she was to face the consequences with a stout heart, and with the assurance that difference of creed was not such a terrible thing after all; if she said no, then a summer flirtation was a thing to be easily forgotten, and nobody the worse. A good deal of the careless gayety of the letter, Alison could see, was assumed for this very purpose of cheering her up in the difficult position in which she found herself: otherwise she might have been a little surprised by its apparent lack of womanly sympathy. Yet she could hear Flora's voice in it all the way through; and it was an honest voice, frank and straightforward, and most well-intentioned and friendly. And perhaps she could not help envying her cousin her confidence and high spirits, and admiring them too: light-heartedness of that kind was not a common thing in Kirk o' Shields.

But not for a moment did she hesitate about the answer she was to send to Ludovick Macdonell, though, to be sure, when she came to put it down on paper, it did not seem to be quite so conclusive as when she argued it out in her own mind. There seemed something wanting. She grew to think that if she wrote a hundred letters she would never get him to understand the atmosphere in which she had been brought up, nor the opinions and sentiments of the people by whom she was surrounded. To him it did not seem to matter whether a human being was a Catholic or a Protestant; to them far smaller things, both as regards doctrine and practice, were of vital and transcendent importance, as affecting nothing less than their eternal salvation. Nay, she told him frankly that although she might reason herself into his way of thinking, it could hardly be expected that she should have been brought up all her life to hear Roman Catholics described as dangerous enemies and Jesuits and persecutors, and the Roman Catholic Church denounced as the Mother of Iniquity and the arch-plotter against men's lives and liberties, without imbibing some kind of prejudice. The Roman Catholics in Kirk o' Shields were the Irish laborers in the iron-works, and they were a terror to the rest of the population. If a priest were seen in the streets, the children would leave the pavement to let him pass, and look after him with fear on their faces. The Roman Catholics were popularly believed to be capable of committing any crime, for all they had to do was to go and purchase absolution; and were supposed to be secretly looking forward to the overthrow of the Protestant Church and the revival of heretic-burning. Fox's *Book of Martyrs* was in every cottage, side by side with the Bible; and the imagination of children, from their earliest years, was stirred by hideous pictures of the sufferers tied to the stake and writhing among flames, with a scowling priest looking on and pressing a crucifix on the sight of the

dying man. And even if she could effectually clear her mind of the results of all this training, she would have to remember that her immediate relations and friends regarded Roman Catholics with an aversion and mistrust which they might possibly find it difficult to explain; while, as for the bulk of her father's congregation, they would regard her as having done something worse than merely imperil her own soul—as having betrayed a high trust, and brought disgrace on a family long renowned for its piety and its devoted constancy to the true faith.

This, or something like this, she hinted to him as clearly and yet as gently as she could; and then she read the letter over and over again, feeling more and more that it was useless, that he would not understand, that he would not accept it as a reason for her refusal. Nay, she began to imagine, as she brooded over these inadequate sentences, that if at this very moment she were in Lochaber, she would not be thinking in this fashion at all. What she had written seemed cold and narrow; seemed to be raking up an obsolete and despicable bigotry and intolerance; to have no honest concern with any human being's life. Oh, for one of those bright and clear and buoyant days, with a brisk wind ruffling the blue waters of Loch Linnhe, with the sun hot on the garden flowers and on the gray beach with its yellow fringe of sea-weed, with Flora laughing, and Hugh listening amused, and Ludovick begging of them to hurry down to the boat: she would not be thinking this way at all! But here, amidst a gloom of smoke and rain, with the incessant mournful throb and murmur of the iron-works all around her, and opposite her, visible through the streaming panes, the sombre black walls and closed door of East Street Free Church, all the future seemed hopeless enough, and her heart was heavy, and she knew not how to say good-by in a simple and natural way. For what was the use of considering these narrow prejudices, these ignorant bigotries, these contemptible aversions and suspicions, when all she had to say was good-by? She tore up the paper, and went to the rain-beaten window and stood there, gazing blankly out into the wet street.

But this had to be done, and the sooner the better; so she resolutely went back to her desk again, and wrote as follows:

"Dear Ludovick,—It cannot be. I think Flora will be able to tell you better than I can. I had written a long letter to you, but it seemed so heartless, and I don't want you to think me that. If you knew how I am situated, you would understand how this must be the last word, and I am sure, when I ask you, you will accept it as such. If we should ever meet again, I hope you will let me be always to you what I should like to consider myself now—your sister and friend.

Alison."

She cried a little; but when she had put the letter in an envelop and addressed it, and got the maid-servant, under shelter of an umbrella, to carry it to the post-office, her heart felt considerably lighter. It was over and done with now; she had to face the future as best she might; and in time she hoped this episode in her life would come to be regarded only as a kind of pleasant fancy, something to be remembered with a certain wistful tenderness, perhaps, but without any too serious pang.

Meanwhile she set about her busy and multifarious duties as house-mistress, as member of the Dorcas Society, as Sunday-school teacher, and all the rest of it, with a cheerful assiduity, convinced that this was the surest way toward forgetfulness. That was all she wanted now. Of her own accord she had locked the door of the Beautiful Land and thrown away the key. Here were her true interests and cares—superintending her father's household, taking her share of the charitable work that was going, and making herself agreeable to the members of the congregation. She tried to think the best of them, and of their narrow views and rather mean and envious dispositions. They were what nature and circumstances had made them, she strove to remember. Their wretched, spiteful little tittle-tattle, especially directed against any one who was in any way prominent or prosperous, was perhaps but a pathetic confession of inferiority, or perhaps, on the other hand, it served as a check upon vainglory and pretence. One thing she always could and did respect about them, and that was the earnestness and sincerity of their faith. There was no make-believe about that. If they were rather inclined to dwell on the fact that the rest of the human race were on the broad road

to perdition, that was merely what they had been taught. And if their temperaments were sombre and melancholy even to moroseness, what else could be expected as the result of their stern repression of all human affections, of their rigid renunciation of all natural enjoyment, of that routine of monotonous and grimy toil, of sordid cares and anxieties, amid surroundings plague-stricken of smoke and ashes and gloom?

Sometimes, when the two sisters had a quiet evening to themselves, Alison would sit and discourse of all the wonderful things she had seen during her stay in the north, and of the kindness of the people there; and Agnes had a vivid imagination, and could easily construct pictures out of what she heard. She had only seen her cousins Flora and Hugh on one occasion, and then they rather overawed this shy little lass, for they talked (as she imagined) beautiful English, and they had fine clothes, and a freedom of manner with which she was quite unaccustomed. They remained strangers to her—creatures belonging to a different sphere; but she could well understand how her sister Alison, who was so capable and clever in all ways, and used to be treated with respect, could go among them and not only hold her own, but be welcomed as an equal and friend. But of all the people that Agnes heard of, the one she was most interested in was Captain Macdonell; and indeed she heard a great deal about him, for Alison was schooling herself in this direction, and was making believe to herself that she could talk about him without any heart-tremor whatsoever. To Agnes the young Highland laird seemed the very heart and soul of all this wonderful life that her sister was describing—to be the central figure in all these imaginative pictures; and she was naturally curious about him.

"Was he so very handsome, Ailie?" she said, thoughtfully, on one occasion.

"Handsome!" said Alison, but with her face suddenly mantling red—"what has handsomeness to do with it? You would never think of his being handsome if you were with him; you would think of his happy disposition, and of his being able to do anything that was wanted, and of the way he seems to make the people round him pleased and light-hearted."

"Yes," said Agnes (apparently still contemplating her imaginary hero), "that is ever so much better—isn't it, Ailie?—to have a nice disposition than to be good-looking. Of course I thought he was good-looking; I don't know why; but now I can fancy him all you say, and quite plain as well—"

"But I never said he was plain, Agnes," Alison said, with her face burning redder than ever. "No, not *plain*. I only said it wasn't his good looks you would think of first, or make the most of; but if it came to that—well, I—I think he is the handsomest and manliest-looking man I ever saw."

"Is he?—is he really?" Agnes exclaimed, with her eyes wide. "Oh, I think that's far pleasanter to think about! And I was sure he was handsome, somehow; tell me exactly what he is like, Ailie."

But this Alison, who was greatly embarrassed, managed to evade; and in order to escape from her invidious position she wandered off into a description of the general appearance of the young Highlanders she had met, especially of the manner in which they turned out their feet in walking, giving them a certain proud step and air. But Agnes was still thinking.

"Is he going to marry Flora?" she asked.

Alison started somewhat; but instantly she recollected that that had been her own natural deduction from the intimacy she had found existing between Ludovick Macdonell and the Munros.

"I don't know," she answered, absently; "perhaps he may some day."

During these confidences Alison scrupulously avoided all mention of what had happened between herself and Captain Macdonell. That was all over and done with, she argued; it was nothing now; it had only to be forgotten. Besides, she knew that Agnes would be inexpressibly shocked at the possibility of her sister marrying a Roman Catholic; and what was the use of alarming her, now that the possibility no longer existed? In all these recitals of her adventures in the north, Ludovick figured merely as the light-hearted companion, the master-spirit of their expeditions, the ever-considerate brother and friend. Agnes sat and listened with a vivid fancy that magnified and glorified. She heard of the wonders of the dawn flaming along the crests of

the mountains of Lochiel and Ardgour; she could see the bright-colored garden, the white road, the shore, the calm loch, and Hugh's sailing boat lying at her moorings; she went fishing with them on those magical twilight evenings, while the northern glow hung high in the heavens far into the night; she went climbing with them up the sterile altitudes of Ben-Nevis, with all the land below in darkness, and Hugh and Flora singing:

"*The stars are all burning cheerily, cheerily—*
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!
The sea-mew is mourning drearily, drearily—
Ho ro, Mairi dhu, turn to me!"

She even transformed poor Johnny into a Scandinavian troll, possessed of supernatural gifts, and holding mysterious converse with the unseen powers. Aunt Gilchrist became a beneficent fairy godmother; for Alison had rather glossed over those little attacks of temper that were really the result of peripheral rheumatism. And one evening she said:

"Well, they seem to have been very kind to you, Ailie, and to have made much of you; and surely they cannot have forgotten you already. Have you not heard from any of them?"

"Oh yes, I had a letter from Flora," Alison answered; and then she honestly added, after a moment's hesitation, "And one from Captain Macdonell."

"I wish you had shown it to me," the younger sister said, unsuspectingly. "It would be like hearing him speak; and you get to understand people better that way. Did you answer them?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Well, I hope you let them know you were sensible of their kindness to you. For I think you are sometimes too stiff, Ailie, and dignified—but perhaps that's only with some people."

"Not with them, anyway," Alison said, promptly. "You couldn't be stiff with them."

So the days went by; and she strove to put her whole heart and mind into the duties and occupations immediately surrounding her; and she hoped that ere long she would be able to regard the time she had spent in Lochaber as a tale that had been told. Still, sometimes, and in spite of her strenuous endeavors at forgetfulness, she wondered that he had not sent the briefest line or word in acknowledgment of her letter. It needed no reply, certainly—nay, she had begged of him to accept it as the last word between them; he was only obeying her own injunctions in remaining silent. No doubt he knew, with herself, that that was best. Nevertheless, at odd moments, when some wandering fancy had gone straying back to the Highlands, she said to herself that surely he might have written just a line to say that her letter had been received. That would involve nothing. She wanted to know that he was not offended with her; that they were still friends. More than once she caught herself thinking too long about this matter, and growing sick at heart, so that tears would steal into her eyes when she was alone; and then she would get angry with herself, and dry her eyelashes with a proud impatience, and set to work more resolutely than ever at all those things that were expected of the Minister's daughter. Her sister did not even suspect.

One morning Alison happened to be alone in the house, save for the maid-servant Katie, and she was in her own room, busy with some dress-making performance. She heard the bell ring below, but paid little heed, for there were a good many callers at the Minister's house, and Katie would simply have to tell the visitor that Mr. Blair was not at home. Presently, however, the buxom, black-eyed wench appeared, and informed her young mistress that a gentleman wished to see her. Even then Alison was not surprised, for it was a common thing for members of the congregation to leave messages with her.

"Who is it?" she said, carelessly.

Katie looked round about her on the floor.

"He gied me a caird, miss, but I maun hae left it below."

"Oh, never mind," Alison said, and with much composure she went downstairs and opened the parlor door.

And then she stood transfixed, the color suddenly forsaking her face, her fingers tightly grasping the door-handle. For the stranger was no other than Ludovick Macdonell — Ludovick Macdonell, with very visible satisfaction and kindness shining in his eyes, and betraying no kind of hesitation or embarrassment whatever on finding himself in Kirk o' Shields and in the Minister's parlor, with Alison confronting him and almost shrinking back from his frankly outstretched hand.

CHAPTER XI.

A VISITOR.

"ALISON!" he said, in a tone of remonstrance, and he went boldly forward and seized the hand that quite unconsciously she seemed inclined to withhold from him. For whither had fled all her clear reasonings about Catholicism, and her conviction that she at least was free from the common prejudices amid which she had been brought up? His sudden appearance had startled her into her other self. She only knew—in a kind of rapid bewilderment—that here was a dangerous person come into her father's house; that she might be accused of harboring an enemy; that she had concealed from her people the fact that this Ludovick Macdonell, with whom she had been on more than friendly terms, was a Roman Catholic; and that unless he could be got away instantly, a terrible discovery would ensue. The young man looked at her with surprise, and with a sort of good-humored reproach: what could he, with his happy-go-lucky assurance, know of these vague and wild alarms?

"Alison," he said, "you don't seem very glad to see me. I suppose I should have written to tell you I was coming. Of course you knew why I did not answer your letter: I saw that writing was of no use; I thought it better to wait until I could see yourself; and so here I am. But I hope I haven't put you about—"

"Oh no, Captain Macdonell—no—" she stammered.

He dropped her hand in wonderment.

"'Captain Macdonell!'" he exclaimed. "It was 'Ludovick' in your letter."

"Yes," she said, rather breathlessly. "Yes—I—I was writing hurriedly—and—it was like saying good-by—and perhaps I did not notice."

(And all the while her heart, that was beating quickly enough, was longing to cry aloud to him, "Oh, if we two were only in Lochaber, I could speak to you there; but here I cannot speak to you; here there are people who would shudder to think that a Roman Catholic had made his way into the Minister's house, and was talking alone with the Minister's daughter: if only we two were in Lochaber, it would be all different then!")

"Alison," said he, "aren't you going to ask me to sit down?"

This somewhat recalled her to her senses.

"I beg your pardon," she said, with the color mantling in her face; and she shut the door behind her, and went forward to the window, where there chanced to be two chairs conveniently placed. "But it was such a surprise to find you here—"

"Oh yes," he said, in a very kindly fashion (for he was not one to take offence readily). "And of course I should have written. Or I should have waited till the afternoon; but the fact is, as soon as I got into the town I was so anxious to make sure you were here that I came along at once. And you needn't be afraid, Alison; I'm not going to plague you. I only wanted to see yourself, to tell you that I went to Flora, as you asked me, and she explained to me your probable reasons for saying no. But, Alison, they weren't reasons at all! If other people delight in fighting over sectarian differences, and in making their theological squabbles so many little gods to be worshipped, what has that got to do with you and me? Here I am; there you are; why should there be interposed between us this impalpable stuff that doesn't concern us? If you yourself were a bigot, I could understand it; but you are not; and why should you let the bigotry of other people interfere between you and me? Of course," he said, altering his tone, and speaking with much less confidence, "you will see what I am assuming. I am assuming that this is your only reason for saying no. Tell me, Alison—tell me honestly—supposing I were a member of your Church, you might then be persuaded to say yes?"

Her eyes were downcast.

"My people would have no objections against you then," she said, in rather a low voice.

"But that is not it," he urged, though quite gently. "You yourself, what would you say?"

Her voice was lower still.

"What is the use of speaking of it?" was all she said; but it was the telltale color in her face that was for him sufficient answer.

He rose and took her hand, and held it for a moment; there was a proud and kind look in his eyes.

"I'm not going to press you further, Alison. I know enough now. You have

told me quite enough; and now you must leave me to conquer all these tremendous difficulties that you seem to think so formidable. And first of all," he continued, in a very cheerful fashion, "I'm coming along this afternoon to show your father and your sister that I'm not a desperate man-eating ogre; that's what I've got to do."

Now she had gradually grown accustomed to the sound of his voice, and his very presence seemed to have lent her something of his own happy self-confidence; but this abrupt proposal recalled her first alarms, and she looked up startled.

"Oh yes," said he—and she could not help admiring the robust unconscious audacity he exhibited, even while she looked forward to this contemplated interview with a good deal of dismay—"that is the best plan, to show yourself and give people an opportunity of judging what you are. The house-maid told me your father would be in about four o'clock. I asked for him first—no, don't be frightened! not to say anything serious—only to say that I knew relatives of his in the Highlands, and that I had met you there, and that I wanted to make his acquaintance, as I happened to be in the neighborhood. Will your sister be in then too?"

"Oh yes," said Alison, though she was still rather aghast. "Agnes will be back for dinner at two o'clock, and will be in all the afternoon."

"So much the better," said the young man, who seemed very well content after having received that assurance from Alison's downcast face. "I want your sister to be on my side; and I think I shall be able to manage that. But how I am to get at the whole congregation—how I am to win over the elders' wives—I don't quite see at present; and Flora seemed to fancy you would consider their opinion as of some importance. I shouldn't have thought so myself; but still perhaps you know best. Well, good-by just now, Alison. You have made me very happy, though you have not said much; and I'm not going to torment you in saying more; I'm well content to wait."

So presently he was gone, and she was once more alone, and entirely confused and disconcerted by this bold and unexpected intrusion. She could not understand it at all as yet. Mechanically she began to put things straight about the little parlor, wondering if he had paid any attention to these small matters; and she was mortified to think that she had that very morning postponed putting up clean curtains until the following day. Then she went to the mirror over the mantelpiece, and rather anxiously smoothed her hair—as if that was of any use now! Moreover, her mind was all in a turmoil about this forth-coming visit in the afternoon: as to how Agnes would regard him; as to how her father would receive him; what he might think of the family as a whole. These were the immediate things that concerned her: as for his arguments, if arguments they could be called, she paid little heed to them. He had not in the least upset her conviction that it was all over between them: she understood what he could not be brought to understand; and there was an end of that. But she thought of Oyre, and of the old laird there, and of his great kindness and courtesy and gentleness to her, a stranger; and she hoped that Ludovick would bear away with him no unpleasant impression of her family and of her friends if he should happen to meet any of them. And then she remembered having seen in a certain shop window a very neat small collar—an upstanding collar, blue-striped, such as those Flora was used to wearing; and she thought she would quickly slip out and purchase that little bit of adornment before Agnes should be home for dinner.

But this town of Kirk o' Shields seemed now to be full of all kinds of sudden surprises and bewilderments. She had not put on her bonnet and left the house over a couple of minutes when she found herself once more confronted by Captain Ludovick, who was coming sauntering along the pavement, staring about him as if he were owner of the whole place. And while his eyes lighted up with pleasure at sight of her, it was with the greatest coolness that he inquired whither she was going, and proceeded to walk with her in that direction. To be going along the main street of Kirk o' Shields with Ludovick Macdonell by her side—this was a strange thing; and she hoped she was giving coherent answers to his many questions, for she felt that the eyes of all the neighbors were upon her; and she was profoundly grateful to him for affecting to take a friendly interest in this small town. She did not understand that his friendly

interest, his more than friendly interest, was due to the fact that this was her birthplace; that he was regarding these squalid pavements only to think that now and again she had to trip along them; and that it was the influence of Alison's own eyes that caused his eyes to see something very fine and picturesque in the white masses of steam intertwisting themselves among the darker clouds of smoke. She was forlornly saying to herself that she had never seen Kirk o' Shields look so squalid and grimy; while he, on the other hand, was declaring that there was a distinct glimmering of sunlight that would soon break through the murky skies. And when they came to a certain large frontage—a large frontage it seemed among these small two-storied houses of dirty gray—she was quite ashamed. This had been a theatre, the only effort of gayety ever made in Kirk o' Shields; and now the windows were all broken and battered in, and the dismal walls were plastered over with rain-beaten and bedraggled placards, and the words of the Royal License over the doorway were no longer to be made out by mortal eyes.

"Poor devils!" said Macdonell, contemplating this sorry sight; "the last lot who had to forsake that place must have had a bad time of it; for a provincial company will hold on so long as there's a single penny coming into the treasury."

"Please don't say anything about it to my father," Alison hinted, rather anxiously. "They are rather proud of having shut up the theatre."

"Oh, you may trust me!" he said, confidently. "You may trust me. You've no idea of the amount of discretion I have."

"Perhaps not," Alison said—and she ventured to look up with a bit of a smile—"for I haven't seen much of it, have I?"

And behold! at this moment who should come along the street but the Rev. James Cowan, who, as he drew near, stared and better stared at this stranger, even in summoning up courage to raise his cap to Alison. Ludovick bestowed upon the young probationer but the briefest glance.

"Who's that?" he said to his companion, when the pallid-faced young man in the loose black clothes had passed.

"He is a young friend of ours," Alison made answer, and she appeared a little embarrassed. "A young minister—but he has not got a church yet."

"His trousers would make a dog laugh," Macdonell said, indifferently, and as if that were the only comment that was necessary.

And not only did Captain Ludovick walk all the way to the shop with her, but he remained outside until she had finished her purchases, and proceeded to accompany her home again. It did not seem to occur to him that the neighbors might be wondering who was this unknown young man walking with the Minister's daughter. Indeed he paid but little heed to any one whom they chanced to meet; and although he did catch another glimpse of the Rev. James Cowan—who was furtively watching them from a distant corner—he made no comment about either him or his trousers this time, but went on talking to Alison. She could not get him to walk quick. He appeared to like this leisurely strolling along the gray pavement with Alison by his side. And when at length he left her at the Minister's house, and the door was shut, he turned away in a lingering sort of fashion, as if his occupation were gone, and he knew not now what to do.

But she had plenty to do and to think over about his coming back in the afternoon. A hundred times would she rather have had him stay away; but how could she hint any such thing, after the kindness and hospitality she had received in the Highlands? No; all she could do now was to make everything as tidy as possible about the little parlor; and when Agnes came home she got her help in putting up smart lace curtains—Agnes, meanwhile, being filled with wonderment over the unheralded appearance of this stranger from the far country she had heard so much about. Again and again Alison strove to tell her sister that Ludovick Macdonell was a Roman Catholic, but invariably her heart failed her; she was extremely anxious—she did not ask herself why—that Agnes should think well of him; and there was no time to combat prejudices now.

As it chanced, when the Minister returned home he was accompanied by Mr. Todd, the Precentor; and when they had laid aside their hats and entered the par-

lor, they resumed the subject that had been occupying them as they walked along. The Precentor was a little, elderly, gray-whiskered man, who spoke in a soft and suave fashion, as if he was carefully guarding his voice for his musical duties on the Sabbath; and his manner was of a studied humility, as if he was well aware that pride of office was inconsistent with the character of a Christian. It appeared that a number of the younger members of the congregation had signed and forwarded to him a memorial, begging him to introduce into his repertory a few of the more modern tunes, of a somewhat lighter cast than the old-established Bangor, York, Balerma, and the like; and the Precentor would not presume to settle this serious question by himself; he would rather have the Minister's advice.

"For maself, Mr. Blair," he was saying (as Alison sat and listened intently for the door-bell), "I consider it quite natural that the younger folk should like a pleasant and lightsome tune like New Lydia or Devizes, even if they could hardly expeck me to go the length o' Desert or Violet Grove; for mony o' them practise psalm tunes at home, and they're better employed that way than in singing idle or worse than idle things that come frae theatres and sic places. But then, on the other hand, there's the older folk that have been accustomed a' their lives to Martyrdom and Coleshill and Dundee; they're sair put about by what they ca' fal-de-rals; and there's more than one o' them would say that tunes like Merksworth or Walmer, where there is pairt-singing, are not respectful to the Psalms, in throwing bits of them this way and that, as they would say."

"Surely," answered the Minister, "the younger people must remember that we enter the Lord's house for the purposes of prayer and worship, and not to exercise any personal gift of voice; and surely those tunes are the best that all are familiar with, and that exclude none from singing to the praise of God in His own tabernacle."

"Yes, Mr. Blair, that's true enough," the Precentor said, scratching his head in his perplexity; "but I'm afraid they'll no think o' that when they hear that the Precentor o' the U. P. Kirk has been giving out such tunes as Shrewsbury and Cornhill. I would not like to dictate; I hope I am a person of reasonable judgment and moderation—"

Alison heard no more. The bell rang. She could hear the house-maid go along the lobby; then there were other footsteps; presently the parlor door opened; and there was Ludovick Macdonell, hat in hand. The Minister rose.

"Father," said Alison, rather breathlessly, "this is Captain Macdonell, who is a friend of the Munros in Fort William—and of Aunt Gilchrist too—and—and—"

"And I thought, as I was passing through Kirk o' Shields," said this young man, with the easiest assurance in the world, "I might as well call and see how Miss Blair was, so that I might tell her friends in the north. She made a good many while she was there."

The Minister received this unexpected guest with a grave courtesy, and bade Alison see that tea was brought in. At first the conversation was of a vague and general kind—about the war rumors, of which the newspapers happened then to be full, and the young Highlander had plenty of information to impart; for he seemed to have travelled all over Europe, and besides, he had a sort of semi-professional interest in the question. The little Precentor remained mute; Bangor and Coleshill were lost in the discussion of these wide affairs; while Agnes sat and all unconsciously stared at Alison's hero, and not without some little secret elation of heart. For surely he was fit to be a hero, this young person said to herself, so good-looking and gallant as he was; and he talked to her father in a gay and frank fashion that somewhat astonished her; and Alison had never told her that he had so pleasant a smile. And he was going to marry Flora? No wonder Alison had talked a great deal about him—so handsome he looked, so winning and gentle was his manner. She would listen with a far keener interest now (if that was possible) to Alison's stories of her experiences and adventures in the far northern land.

Meanwhile tea had been brought in, and the Precentor had taken advantage of this break to resume his discussion of the merits of the various psalm tunes, and of the advisability of his listening to the prayer of his humble petitioners. Macdonell listened for a few minutes, and then he turned to Agnes, who sat next

him, and began talking about music generally, and asking her whether there were any concerts in Kirk o' Shields, and so forth.

"I was up at Fort Augustus this autumn," said he, in a casual way, "at the performances given by the school-boys at the Benedictine Abbey, just before they left for the holidays; and the way they presented a little comic opera—I forget the name—was really admirable. For an amateur performance, it was as clever a thing as ever I saw done."

Alison quaked to hear these dreadful sounds. The Benedictine Abbey! This was a specimen of his discretion, then? But fortunately the Precentor was engaging the Minister's sole attention at this moment; while as for Agnes, her heart was so well inclined toward this young man that suspicion of his true character never entered her head.

Indeed for Alison this visit was a severely trying ordeal; and despite all her remembrances of Highland hospitality and kindness, she could not help wishing that this young man was well out of the house. She knew not but that any moment the disclosure that she dreaded might be made; and she could imagine her father's look of astonishment, and perhaps some other kind of look directed to herself; she could foresee her sister's sudden disappointment and reproach; she knew that the Precentor would have a wonderful story to spread about among the members of the congregation. As for Ludovick Macdonell, he appeared to be quite at his ease. When the Minister, returning to his stranger guest, began to speak of the position of the Free Church in the Highlands, and its representative pastors there, and their doings, Macdonell smilingly observed,

"Yes, sir, I believe the 'Highland host' is a formidable contingent when you have any delinquent to punish."

The Minister raised his heavy eyebrows for a second, for the "Highland host" is generally so described by scoffers and frivolous persons; but he merely went on to say, in his grave and deliberate manner:

"They have done us good service, and that at a time when a tenacious clinging to the truth, and a constant battling for it, is of the first moment. For what do we find all around us—a disposition to slacken the bonds of belief; a tendency to soften and break down those demarcations which our forefathers erected, and which are now our only safeguard against an indifferentism that is but the first step on the steep road to infidelity. Oh yes, I hear the talk that is going on! 'It is time to forget old conflicts,' they say. High time indeed it is to forget old conflicts, if we are willing to forget why they were fought, and who fought them, and the stronghold they gave us as a possession for ourselves and our children and our children's children. Yes, I hear what they say!" he continued, with a deepening scorn. "Let brotherly love continue —between the wolf and the lamb! All things are ready for it. England is leaning toward synodical church government; Scotland has hankerings for a liturgical worship; and the beginning is surely simple enough—merely a junction between the Presbyterians and the Episcopalians, or rather not a junction, but an absorption, for how could we deprive the poor craytures of their ordinance of confirmation and their other rites and ceremonies? Has not the movement begun? Have we not got here and there in our own Presbyterian churches organs and floral services; and why should we not go on to crucifixes, and high mass, and mummeries of processions?"

"Bless us a', do they say that!" exclaimed Mr. Todd, in a soft, awe-struck voice.

"But the fusion, as they call it, is not yet," the Minister resumed. "There are some of us who still remember that there was such a thing as the Solemn League and Covenant. There are still a few of us who are not to be deluded by Episcopalian Gallios into surrendering one jot or tittle of our protest against the debased and idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome."

"Father," said Alison, in helpless haste, and with her forehead blushing pitifully, "Aunt Gilchrist said that—that she might perhaps come through to Kirk o' Shields this winter; she will be quite surprised to hear that Captain Macdonell has been to see us."

Feeble as this interposition seemed to be, it proved effectual; for Captain Ludovick, noticing her embarrassment, quickly came to her relief, and began to say some very nice and good-humored things about Aunt Gilchrist and her ways—to all of which the Minister listened in silence,

his face having resumed its ordinary expression of profound and resigned melancholy. And then, as the Precentor, after a few final observations about Comfort, French, and Artaxerxes, rose to go, the other guest had no good excuse for remaining, and both proceeded to take their leave. Macdonell said pleasantly enough that he was very glad to have had the chance of making the Minister's acquaintance, and hoped to see them all again, should he revisit Kirk o' Shields. There was an abundant kindness in his look as he bade good-by to Agnes; and then Alison, following the custom of most small Scotch households, herself escorted her guests to the outer door, which Ludovick Macdonell opened. Having allowed the Precentor to go on a step or two, he paused for a second as he took her hand, and then he said, regarding her upturned face:

"I want to see you again, Alison, for a minute, before I go back home. You are not terrified now, are you? You see no one has eaten me alive. Well, good-by for the present—mind, I shall be looking out for you." And with that he was gone.

So he had not left for good, after all, she said to herself, when she found an opportunity for a little half-frightened self-communion. He was still in this very town, under this dull canopy of a sky; perhaps only a street or two off; perhaps wandering about the bit of a hill on which stands the Established Church; perhaps down at the canal wharves, regarding the grimy work going on there. And he was still bent upon seeing her again—looking forward to some casual meeting, which might easily be construed into a clandestine meeting, should any one happen to pass by. She assured herself that she would not go forth from the house until she knew that he had finally quitted the town; and yet she could not keep herself from thinking of all the various thoroughfares and districts, and wondering in which of them he might be, and how Kirk o' Shields was looking in his eyes. Had he not even attempted to praise the picturesqueness of these wreathing clouds of steam and smoke? He was well disposed toward the place, she thought. And she was glad that he seemed to have taken no manner of offence at what her father had said about the Church of Rome.

All the rest of that day she did not go out at all, and half the following night she passed in wondering whether she dared venture forth the next morning. Next morning came; dark and lowering it was, with the mighty forges flashing their orange flames into the heavy rain-empurpled skies; and she began to think it would be cowardly of her to remain within-doors. Why should she keep him hanging about this dull place on so dismal a morning, if he was bent on seeing her? Finally, having disposed of her household duties, she put on her bonnet and ulster (for the weather was getting cold now), and having fixed in her mind certain errands which might serve as an excuse, if need were, she left the house.

Now there were two ways of getting down to the centre of Kirk o' Shields—one by the main street of the town, the other by a less frequented thoroughfare that overlooked a branch of the canal and also the wide extent of plain on which the iron-works stood. She chose the latter, thinking it quite probable he might be strolling about there, watching the barges coming and going far below him, or waiting to see the molten metal of the furnaces run out like crimson serpents into the grooves of the sand-beds. But there was nobody at all in this silent and deserted thoroughfare; and she was thinking she might just as well return to the main street of the town, when she found herself overtaken. Without turning, she knew who this was; she was not surprised when she heard her name; she stopped and welcomed him with a kind look and with hardly any embarrassment. Even in that brief glance, however, she could see that his face was much graver than usual.

"Alison," he said, "I have been thinking over all that Flora told me, and I believe I understand your position a little better now, and all the difficulties that surround you. Well, there is but the one way out of it: come away from among these people altogether!"

She shook her head, rather sadly.

"I could not do that."

"Why not?"

"There are duties one can't throw over merely to please one's self," she said. "But even if I were willing to leave my own family and the people among whom I have lived, it isn't my going away merely that would hurt and shock them. I

suppose it is a common thing for a young woman to have to leave her own people. But this is different. You don't know what is expected of a Minister's daughter. Ever since you have been here I have been in terror lest any one should find out you were a Catholic: I dare not even tell my own father or sister."

"I guessed as much," said he, rather grimly, "from one or two expressions your father used; and my own inclination was to tell them there and then and brave it out, only I thought it might worry you, and so I let the thing drop. However, I don't see that it matters much whether they know that I am a Catholic or not. I don't want to convert them; I suppose they would consider it hopeless to try and convert me. But that's neither here nor there. My being a Catholic doesn't concern them: it concerns you and me only—"

"Ludovick," she said, and she turned her honest, clear eyes toward him with an appeal which he could not withstand, "let this be the end! Perhaps I have said more than I meant to say. But you cannot understand how I am situated. And—and you won't press me any further—don't make it too hard for me to say good-by—"

Tears sprang to her eyes.

"Of course," she said, still regarding him with that look of appeal, "we shall be friends—always, always, always!"

"Alison," said he, slowly, "you mean this—that I am to say no more?"

She nodded her head.

"Very well," said he, after a moment's hesitation; "my mouth is shut. But we shall be friends, as you say, always. And you want me to say good-by, here and now?"

"Yes—yes," she murmured.

"Very well. Good-by, and God bless you, my darling," he said; and then, before she knew what was happening, he had stooped and kissed her, pressed her hand once more, and she was left in this solitary thoroughfare—regarding that retreating figure through a blinding mist of tears, and with a heart that yearned and yearned to call him back again, in spite of all her strength of will. Then she too turned away, and slowly got back to her father's house, and shut herself up in her own room, concealing herself from the light of day, and hiding what she deemed her unmaidenly grief. For it was all over now; and these bitter and passionate tears and this aching sickness of heart were but a merited punishment meted out to her for having listened to idle promptings and dreamed idle dreams.

Then, in the very midst of this utter prostration of misery, she bethought her of the hour at which the next train would pass through Kirk o' Shields for Stirling, Callander, and the north; and it seemed to her that she might steal along to the station, with some despairing notion, not of speaking to him again, but of being able, herself unseen, to wish him a last farewell. So she hurriedly arose, and removed as well as she could the traces of her tears; then she quickly walked along the deserted thoroughfare she had left but half an hour before, and managed to reach the railway line just as the train was about to start. Stealthily as a ghost, and white-faced, she passed underneath the tunnel, up a wooden staircase, and on to the platform, but so concealing herself that no one in the train could see her. Alas! what was the need of concealment? He was not looking out for her; he had no thought of her being there; these strangers about were all indifferent to her. The great black engine, throwing up clouds of steam that were a bewildering white against the lowering heavens, began to draw away from the station; more and more rapidly it went, dwindling and dwindling the while, until it disappeared altogether; and before her there was nothing but the empty track of black ashes and the shining lines of rail that went away out narrowing and narrowing until they were lost in the haze that seemed to fill this dismal and hopeless day. She stood there, absent-eyed and heavy of heart—perhaps with wistful visions before her of the fairer and happier scenes whither he was bound; then the Minister's daughter, still pale-faced, and somewhat worn and tired in look, but with a touch of resolution about her lips, walked with firm enough step through the dull streets of Kirk o' Shields, back to her father's house. She was grave and silent, that was all, as she set about her ordinary duties; not even her sister had any suspicion of what had happened.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SURPLICED CHOIRS IN NEW YORK.

BY H. E. KREHBIEL.

I.

HAS the growth of ritualism in the Protestant Episcopal Church revived a mild form of the conviction preached by St. Bernard, that woman is an instrument of the devil? Is the ungracious Pauline doctrine, *Taceat mulier in ecclesia*, recovering its old-time authority? Or is the movement which seems destined soon to put surpliced choirs into all the Episcopal churches in New York city merely the product of a predilection for a certain style of ecclesiastical service, which has justification and explanation at once in a discoverable tendency in modern music?

The questions are not easy of answer. It would be against the liberality of the age (setting aside an appeal to its gallantry) to urge either the first or second proposition, while assent to the third is tantamount to saying that we are experiencing a revival of a taste in church music which is two centuries old, and emphatically different from that exhibited in our opera-houses and concert-rooms. Moreover, it is obvious that such a revival, to be sincere, consistent, and intelligent, would have to go much beyond the simple exclusion of women from the choir; and there are no evidences of a disposition to take the longer step. We are restoring an old apparatus and employing it in a new fashion—putting new wine into old bottles. More than one-third of the vestries in New York city have committed the choral service to the care exclusively of boys and men, yet I am unable to name a single church or chapel in which the choral music is confined to compositions written for boys and men. Selections from the masses and oratorios of classical and modern composers are extensively used; and when choir-masters, following their tastes or paying tribute to tradition, make drafts on the music of the old English cathedral school, they only add to the perplexities of the problem. Very much of this music, more particularly that composed in the period of the Restoration, compels the employment of the male adult alto, whom I find it impossible to look upon except as a relic of a debased age, and from every point of view a musical monstrosity. Nor have I exhausted the complications of the case. Surpliced choirs are obviously the creations of ritualism, and to some extent serve to indicate its progress, yet in some of the establishments which intrench the High-Church party in New York, priests and choir-masters have set up a variant reading of St. Paul's maxim: they apply to women an inversion of the bachelor axiom concerning the proper conduct of children in company, and permit women to be heard but not seen, in the chancel.

History has but little explicit information to give as to the genesis of surpliced choirs in New York. Trinity Church was the cradle of choral culture in New York, not only in its ecclesiastical phase, but also its secular, and the beginnings of the movement are to be sought in its annals, notwithstanding that it had no surpliced choir until the year 1860, and that it was less an artistic and ecclesiastical than a social and political impulse which gave us the institution. When Trinity made the change, one church at least—the chapel in Madison Street—had already maintained a surpliced choir for some time; but as all roads lead to Rome, so all inquiries touching the cultivation of choral music in New York eventually discover Trinity Church as its fountain-head. In the early part of the eighteenth century Trinity Church was the most powerful agency at work in New York for the advancement of music. Indeed, until it became a factor in the social and intellectual life of the city, church music seemed without hope. New England Puritanism, though the offspring of a spirit which tried to destroy every organ and choir-book in England, put a slighter barrier in the way of artistic music than the Calvinism brought here by the Dutch and Huguenot colonists. These people were not artistically minded, and Calvin's injunction that neither words nor notes of the Genevan Psalter should be altered, retained a restrictive power over their descendants for a long time. New York had to be anglicized before the love for an artistic church service could show itself.

It has been surmised that the first organ brought to the colonies stood in Trinity Church. Certain it is that the unbroken record of Trinity's organists runs back to 1741. Boys were used in the choir a full century before they were per-

mitted to wear surplices and sit in the chancel, but, so far as I have been able to discover, this was only on special occasions, and the boys were those of the Charity School. An English school-master and music-teacher, William Tuckey, seems to have been exceedingly energetic in building up the service in the middle of the last century. Mr. Tuckey, according to his own description of himself, was "Professor of the Theory and Practice of Vocal Music, Vicar chosen of the Cathedral Church of Bristol, and Clerk of the Parish of St. Mary's Port in said city." It was this gentleman who, in January, 1761, composed an anthem "On the Death of his late Sacred Majesty" George II., and sang the solo part at its performance in Trinity Church, while the charity boys provided the chorus. It is possible that the beginnings of a choral service were due to this same useful man, for in the issues of the New York *Gazette* of September 16 and 23, 1762, appeared a long advertisement informing the residents of New York that "William Tuckey has obligated himself to teach a sufficient number of persons to perform the 'Te Deum.' ....Performers to pay nothing,....but it is expected that they will....be kind enough to join the choir on any particular occasion, especially at the opening of the new organ." Mr. Tuckey desired "all persons, from lads of ten years old," etc., "as well as all other persons of good repute that have good voices....to be speedy in their application."

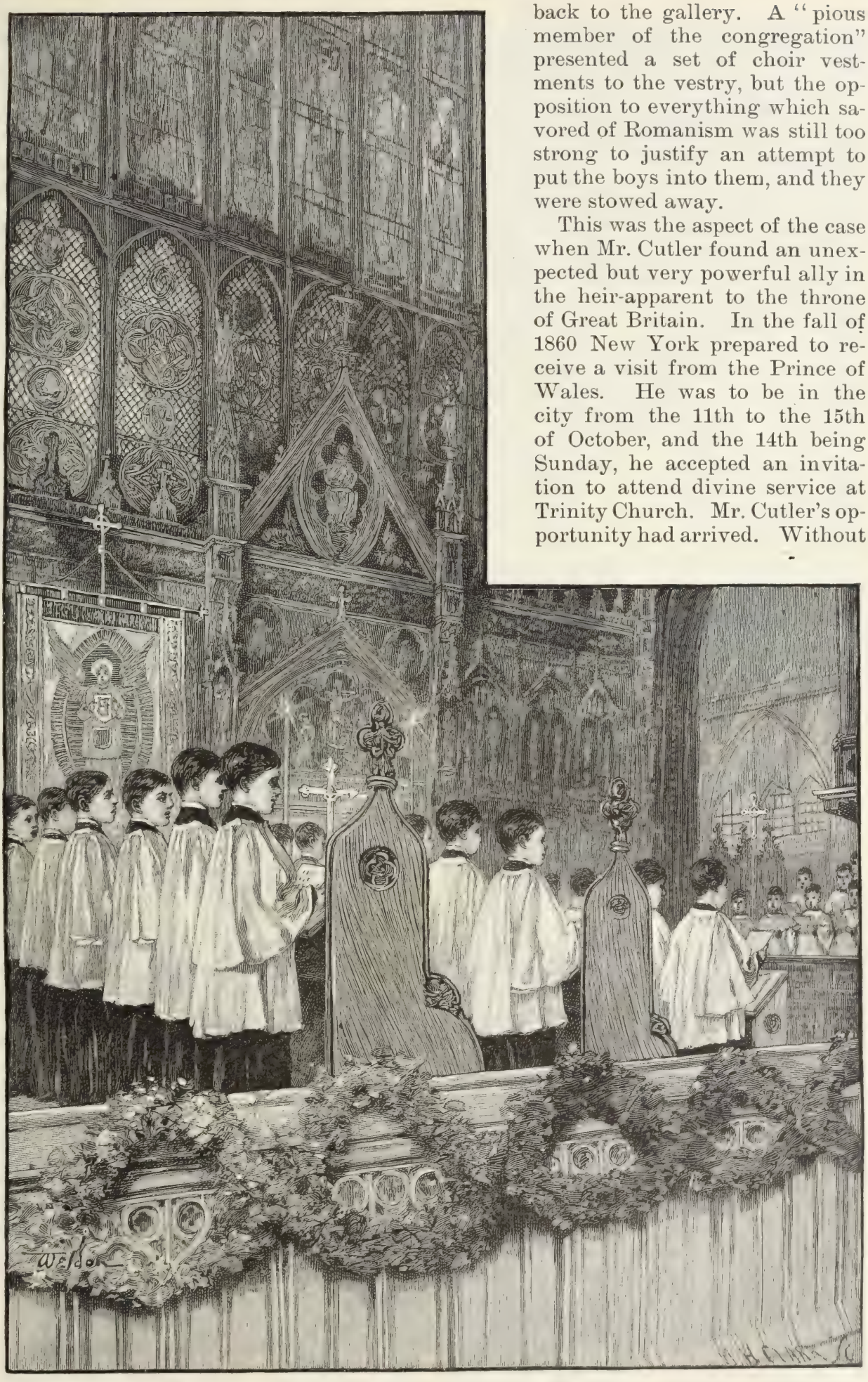
II.

Ninety-eight years after Mr. Tuckey undertook to teach all comers to "perform" the "Te Deum," Trinity was yet without a vested choir. During the last two decades of this time an English cathedral musician, Dr. Edward Hodges, was organist. Early in this century it may be assumed that the patriotic feeling left by the war of the Revolution had something to do with creating a prejudice against the adoption of English customs; later, perhaps, the opposition to the Tractarian movement exerted a restrictive influence. Puseyism in England was a powerful quickener of the artistic elements in the Episcopal form of worship. Trinity has always been a little back of the skirmish line in the battle between High-Church and Low-Church, but that there was a strong feeling in the church favorable to the introduction of a surpliced choir is proved by the circumstance that the vestments were on hand before the vestry gave its consent to their use, and that the change was made within a short time after a really determined effort to achieve it. This event took place within two years after the English organist yielded up his position to an American.

Dr. Hodges's services in behalf of the music of Trinity Church are yet remembered with much gratitude. After nineteen years of zealous labor, he returned, in 1858, to his native England, to recover from the effects of a second stroke of paralysis. In his absence Henry Stephen Cutler was invited to come from Boston and act as his substitute. Mr. Cutler had been in charge of a vested choir in the Church of the Advent in the New England capital, and the ritualistic party in Trinity found in him an enthusiastic and determined leader. While he was Dr. Hodges's substitute he could not effect a change, but in 1859, it being found that Dr. Hodges could not resume his duties, Mr. Cutler was appointed to succeed him. There were boys in the choir at this time, but none capable of singing the solos, and until such were secured Mr. Cutler continued the mixed quartette to whom Dr. Hodges had been wont to intrust his solo work. Not long afterward, however, he found two lads, one named Robjohn, who had recently come from England, and the other Henry Eyre Browne, and placed them respectively at the head of the Decani and Cantoris sides of the choir, which had been thus divided though it sat in the organ gallery at the east end of the church. I mention the names of these two lads chiefly because the advantages of a choir boy's education, which have so often been praised in England, had splendid illustration in both instances. Robjohn is now known as Caryl Florio, and he and his companion have made their mark as church musicians in the metropolis. When Mr. Cutler found them he dismissed all his women singers, and the first decisive step toward a surpliced choir was taken. The next step followed quickly. With the consent of the vestry, he moved his choir into the seats reserved for the scholars of the Sunday-school, between the congregation and the clergy, and when it was found that here they were much in the way, they were moved into the chancel rather than

back to the gallery. A "pious member of the congregation" presented a set of choir vestments to the vestry, but the opposition to everything which savored of Romanism was still too strong to justify an attempt to put the boys into them, and they were stowed away.

This was the aspect of the case when Mr. Cutler found an unexpected but very powerful ally in the heir-apparent to the throne of Great Britain. In the fall of 1860 New York prepared to receive a visit from the Prince of Wales. He was to be in the city from the 11th to the 15th of October, and the 14th being Sunday, he accepted an invitation to attend divine service at Trinity Church. Mr. Cutler's opportunity had arrived. Without



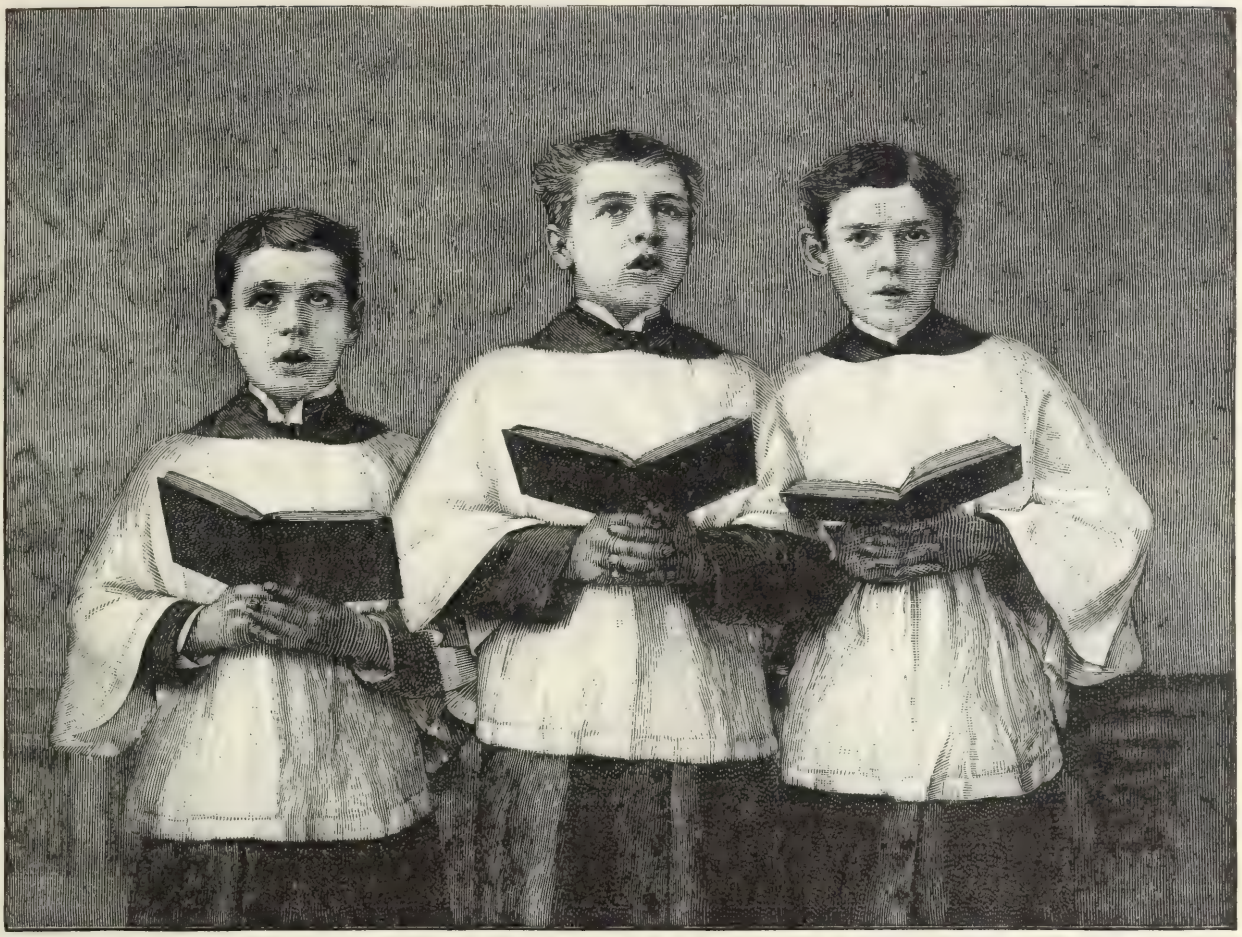
IN TRINITY CHANCEL.

delay he and his associates in the cause laid before the church authorities a request for permission to use the idle vestments. Their argument was as simple as it was effective. They represented that the spectacle of a lot of boys in roundabouts and neck-gear of assorted styles and colors sitting in the chancel would be disturbing to the Prince's sense of propriety. Forthwith Mr. Cutler was instructed to put the boys in the new-fangled frocks for the edification of the Prince, and lest the wearers should mar the solemnity of the occasion by awkward movements in them (they were plain white robes reaching to the floor, with black ribbon ties for the neck—"very like a night-gown," said one of the choir, in relating the story, "and we were afraid we would stumble in them"), they were donned two or three Sundays before the Prince's visit, for rehearsal. Concerning this first vested service a few additional facts may not be deemed amiss. The choir numbered twenty-three voices, distributed as follows: ten soprani, four alti, three tenori, and six bassi. The service was chanted, save the "Te Deum" and "Benedictus," from a service by Mr. Cutler in B-flat, and an anthem by Marcello, in which the solos were sung by Dr. Guilmette, a much-admired bass singer of the period, and Master James Little, soprano. Concerning the latter, a programme of exercises furnished to the press reporters stated that he had "a voice of extraordinary power and splendor."

It had taken a long time to get the choir into vestments, but once in, it was not taken out. Surpliced choirs had come to stay in Trinity parish. The fashionable choirs in the other Episcopal churches at this time were mixed quartettes. These cultivated a sentimental and secular style of music, largely consisting of arrangements for four voices of popular opera airs and ballads. Religious aspirations took wings with Abt's migratory swallows, and were lulled to rest with the languishing strains of Flotow's "Mezzanotte." Mr. Cutler's tastes were different. We have seen that an anthem by Marcello was chosen to edify the Prince of Wales, and the motets of Palestrina and Bach were not strangers to his programme. St. John's Chapel was promptly in the movement, and ever since 1876, when the present organist, Mr. George F. Le Jeune, was called to the post, the chapel in Varick Street has contested supremacy with the parent church in the performance of the choral service. Meanwhile many of the churches that were unwilling to make the change, encouraged by the example of George William Warren in Brooklyn, and it may be also stimulated by the better part-writing to be found in the original and adapted music which Joseph Mosenthal gave out, organized choruses of mixed voices to co-operate with the solo quartettes. For a quarter of a century Mr. Mosenthal's popularity was a powerful check on the surplice movement, but it continued to wax steadily, if slowly, and only a few months ago it carried him out of Calvary Church, after twenty-seven years of eminent service, as it had cost him his post at St. John's twenty-eight years previous. Grace Church, whose walls echoed to the music of Malibran's voice Sunday after Sunday, sixty-two years ago, has adhered to its old traditions, and it seems as if the waves of fashion would continue to dash against it in vain. Mr. Cutler's pride in his choir, especially after he found a solo soprano in a lad named Richard Coker, who had a voice of phenomenal range, flexibility, and quality, led him to utilize it in secular concerts, which circumstance is said to have caused the severance of his relations with Trinity Church in 1865. Less than two years later Mr. Arthur H. Messiter was appointed organist, and has occupied the post ever since.

III.

If I were disposed to deny all merit to the boy choirs of New York I could easily win acceptance for my contention among musicians here and abroad, by pointing out the inadequacy of the facilities for securing and training singers in America. Even in England, where surpliced choirs have been an institution for centuries, their maintenance in a satisfactory state of efficiency is attended with so many difficulties that distinguished church musicians have advocated their abolition. No choir is so poor as a poor boy choir, and no choir so costly in money and care as a good boy choir. This is a truism which will receive the assent of every educated choir-master. If it were possible to introduce a system of selection, care, and training like that which obtains in the Chapel Royal and the chief cathedrals of



THE FAIRLAMB BROTHERS, ST. IGNATIUS.

England, there is no doubt that the choirs in the larger American churches might in time become potent agencies in the development of a national school of music, and justify the declaration of the late Sir George Macfarren, that "a cathedral choir is the best cradle for a musician our country affords." The most lustrous names in the history of English music have figured on the rolls of the "Children of the Chapel Royal," and though that venerable institution plays a less significant part now than it did during the reigns of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, yet Sir Arthur Sullivan is with us to testify to the value of the education which it still affords. The efficiency of the Chapel Royal and the cathedral choir, however, is purchased at a cost which not even so wealthy a corporation as Trinity is willing to assume. Now the "Children of the Chapel Royal" live with their "Master of Songe" in a private house in St. George's Square, Pimlico, but originally they were boarded and lodged at the Royal Palace, and, say the old records, the eight had amongst them daily "two loaves, one messe of greate meate, and ij gallones of ale," besides fourpence horse hire when on a journey with the King's Chapel. They were also allowed a servant to "trusse and beare their harnesse and lyverey in Courte." Nor did the royal care cease with their usefulness as singers, for it was provided that, on the breaking of their voices, then, "yf they will assente, the King assynethe them to a College of Oxford or Cambridge of his foundatione, there to be at fynding and studye both suffytyently tylle the King may otherwise advaunce them." At present there is comparatively little difference between the treatment which the "Children of the Chapel Royal" and the boys of the cathedral receive. The former live with their master, and are sent to the Church Middle Class school at Vauxhall for an education, while the boys of Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, for instance, live in the choir-houses, and are educated by resident school-masters. In each case musical instruction is imparted daily by the organist or his assistant, and the lessons, lasting an hour and a half,

embrace the principles of harmony and composition, as well as scale practice, sight reading, exercises in agility, etc. Westminster Abbey supports twenty boys, twelve of them full choristers and eight probationers. St. Paul's choir-house, in Doctors' Commons, domiciles no less than forty of the tuneful youngsters, all of whom receive education and "keep" in return for their services. Dr. Bridge, of Westminster Abbey, and Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's, are both grown-up choir-boys.

Of the New York churches, none supports choir schools of the English kind. Trinity comes the nearest to it, but its care over the boys ceases with the musical instruction and the appointment of one of the assistant ministers to look after their religious welfare. The boys are paid for their services, as they are in all the other churches, and discipline is enforced by means of trifling fines; they are obtained chiefly from the public schools, and the number of them who are sons of communicants of the Episcopal Church is so small as to be scarcely worth mentioning. This marks another great difference between the boy choirs of the United States and England. In the latter country most of the boys come from well-to-do and refined families. Indeed, in some cathedrals and churches gentleness of birth and breeding is considered so essential a qualification for the post that a class line is drawn, and no boys admitted to the choir save the sons of professional men. To shut out artisans' or tradesmen's sons here would make the organization of a choir impossible, and the English choir-masters in New York profess a hearty admiration for the democratic character of the choirs, looking upon the unsubdued energy of the rough-and-ready American public-school boy as a quality of excellent utility worth the extra expenditure of patience and care called for in the choir-room. Goody-goody boys are not prized as a rule, the prevalent feeling among choir-masters being that a "little devil in the boys is desirable," as one of them has expressed it. Choir-room discipline insures decorous behavior in church, and the outward transformation accomplished by a surplice does the rest. In ancient times it was customary to receive singers into their office with a solemn ceremonial, they standing toward the church in the relation of "clerks in minor orders," but this has been lost sight of by all except very High-Church people. In Grace Church, Chicago, which has, I believe, the largest surpliced choir in America, the organist, Mr. Henry B. Roney, makes the boys sign a pledge promising to be punctual and regular in attendance, abstain from the use of tobacco, intoxicating liquors, improper and profane language, to be gentlemanly, and reverence the house of God.

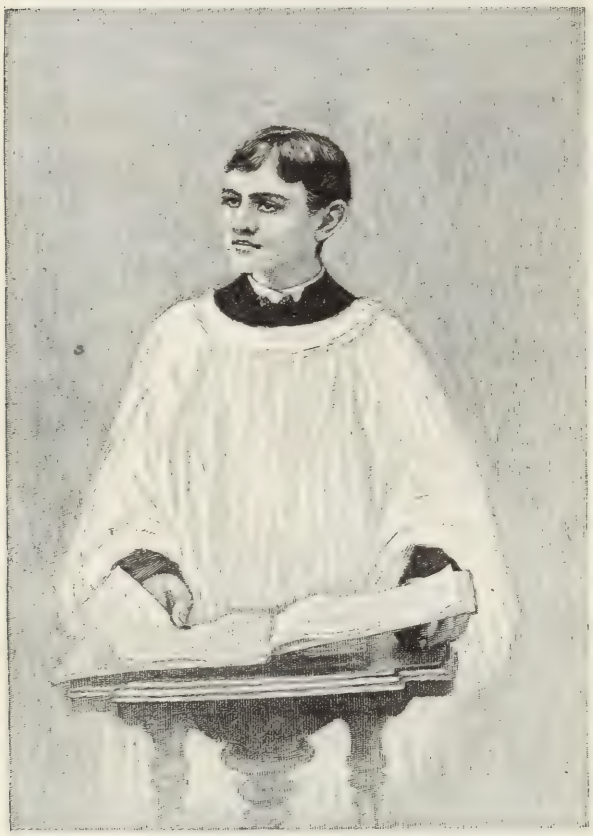
The difficulty in finding boys with really good voices is very great, and choir-masters are kept on a sharp lookout for them. Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb, of St. Ignatius, is choir-master as well of a church in Orange, New Jersey, where he has a choir of forty voices. He is an enthusiast on the subject, being willing at any time to run down any boy who exhibits "a good whistle" in the street; a melodious whistle is indicative of musical talents, he thinks. Mr. Fairlamb is, however, more fortunate than his colleagues in having a complete trio of voices in his own family. Mr. Frank Treat Southwick is of the opinion that "in no town of less than 50,000 people, with the present condition of culture, can a male choir be rendered anything better than an ordinary makeshift." The experience of choir-masters would seem to indicate that, as applied to New York, one choir to 100,000 inhabitants would be a likelier proportion. It is partly due to Trinity's location, perhaps, that Mr. Messiter is obliged for his choir to depend almost wholly on Jersey City and Brooklyn. His best boys come from the former city—a fact which the tonic sol-faists may set down to the credit of their system, which is used in the public schools across North River. German boys are much sought after—a circumstance which is, of course, explained by the significant part which music plays in the family life of the children of the fatherland. There are few solo boys in New York, or the country for that matter, whose reputation extends beyond the churches in which they are employed. The foremost boy of the few is Harry Brandon, of the Church of the Holy Spirit. He was born in England, but reared in this country, and got his musical training from his mother, an accomplished amateur. Master Brandon comes as near as any boy that I have ever heard to proving Caryl Florio's assertion that "there is no top to a boy's voice." He can soar into realms where few living prime donne can follow him, and his voice is natural-



CHORAL PROCESSION, ST. IGNATIUS.

ly so flexible that he sings the most florid music without difficulty. He has passed, by several years, the period at which, as a rule, the change takes place in a boy's voice.

The regular choir of Trinity Church contains twenty boys, and is recruited from an elementary class which varies in size from six to fifteen. For training purposes the choir is divided into three classes, namely, senior trebles, junior trebles, and altos. Each of these classes meets once



HARRY BRANDON, CHURCH OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

a week, for separate instruction, at No. 90 Trinity Place. On the fourth study day the trebles are brought together, and on the fifth day the choir has a full rehearsal with the chancel organ in the church. The parish schools supported by Trinity Church have been of no service so far as the development of choristers is concerned, but it is hoped, if the cathedral project is carried out, that the old (endowed) Trinity School may be transformed into a choir school of the English type. To St. John's Chapel Mr. Le Jeune has directed a great deal of attention, more particularly through the choral festivals which for six years past have taken place monthly from October to June. At these festivals whole oratorios have been given with organ accompaniment, the vested choir singing all the choruses.

The vast amount of work which Mr. Le Jeune has accomplished with two and three rehearsals a week will be made obvious by a glance at the following list of works which have been sung at the festivals: *The Creation*, *Elijah*, *St. Paul*, *The Prodigal Son* (Sullivan), *The Holy City* (Gaul), *Lauda Sion*, *Abraham* (Molique), *The Last Judgment*, *Jubilee Cantata* (Weber), *Gallia* (Gounod), *Ruth* (Gaul), and a number of lesser compositions. Mr. Le Jeune holds his rehearsals in a cramped choir-room scarcely large enough to hold the desks of the singers, placed to the right and left of a grand piano-forte, at which he sits while training the boys. His method differs from that of the majority of the choir-masters in the city in that he does not permit the use of the chest tones at all by the boys. This is not because he believes that the chest tones of boys cannot be used effectively, but because he holds that it is impossible to bridge over the break between the registers in the three or four hours' study a week which the appropriation for choir purposes enables him to have. Mr. Edwards, of Christ Church, and Mr. Messiter, hold decidedly to the opposite opinion; and on this vexed question there are, of course, about as many diverse views as there are choir-masters. As a rule, the practice is to train the head voice downward, and to prohibit the use of chest tones above G on the second line of the treble staff, or the semitone below it. Those who, like Arthur E. Crook, of Calvary, split up the voice into more than two registers, believe also in cultivating the medium tones, on the ground that while sweetness and purity of tone are gained by developing the head tones downward, the singing of the choir trained on this plan will lack brilliancy and vim.

While mezzo-soprano voices are common enough among singing boys, a real alto is extremely scarce, and this fact is urged, in addition to a necessity caused by the character of some of the old English cathedral music, as a reason for the continued employment of the adult male alto, or of a falsetto-singing barytone, into which the adult male alto, once common in England, has degenerated. Two explanations have been offered for the introduction of the adult alto into the ca-



CHOIR-ROOM, ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL.

thedral choirs of England. The music shows that the voice came in soon after the restoration of Charles II., the bent of whose taste in church music can be read in the fact that he sent the precocious boy Pelham Humphreys to Lully to study the French style of composition, and that the compositions of Humphreys and his contemporaries, in their frequent trios for alto, tenor, bass, employ a voice in the first part which does not exist in a boy's larynx. The argument seems obvious that the parts were written to humor a taste of the King's, cultivated during his exile on the Continent. The other theory is that the employment of men to sing the alto part was caused by the abandonment of choir-boy training during the Protectorate. But this does not seem to me to meet the case, inasmuch as the same reason would have called for the use of adult male soprani. Soprano falsettists were once common enough in France, and especially in Spain, from which country the Papal Chapel used to draw its most admired singers. I cannot bring myself to believe that the retention of a few old services is worth the pain which the singing of the few adult male alti in New York causes to a sensitive ear. It is true that alto boys cannot be made effective when choirmasters prohibit the use of the chest register; but the spirit of the movement which brought in vested choirs is quite elastic, and there seems to be no reason why female voices should not be used, in this part at least, or why, in fact, we should not have vested female choirs. The ritualists in the churches of St. Mary the Virgin and St. Ignatius, as I intimated at the outset, if they say *taceat mulier in ecclesia* at all, mean it in a Pickwickian sense; and there is much soundness in what Mr. George B. Prentice, organist of St. Mary's, urges in defence of his practice. "I find," he says, "that a few ladies give a certain finish to the tone, especially to the high notes, which cannot be obtained from boys alone. We have never used boys for soloists, on account of a lack of expression, and a want of comprehension of the meaning of the words of the service." In St. Mary's the mass is sung in Latin.



LIFE WITH YON LAMBS.—From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.

LIFE WITH YON LAMBS.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



IFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,
Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide.
Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide;
And sullenness avoid, as now they shun
Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun
Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied;
Or gambol, each with his shadow at his side,
Varying its shape wherever he may run.
As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew
All turn, and court the shining and the green,
Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen,
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,
And so, His gifts and promises between,
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

IMPRESSIONS IN BURNOOSE AND SADDLE.

BY EDWARD P. SANGUINETTI.

"BAYLAK! Baylak!" I rub my eyes, and wondering for the moment at the strange cry, as, half asleep, I turn out of my bed in the hotel, and looking out of the French window, take my first view of real Oriental color in the city of Constantine. The sun shone down from a sky of speckless azure, and never can the impression pass from my mind as my eye wandered over the scene. Once more arose from the narrow streets resonant cries of "Baylak!" to give warning of the approach of a caravan, yelled by the lips of some wild Bedouin loudly asserting his right of way, while his handsome bronzed spouse sits astride of her camel with all the dignity of Cleopatra. Then there totters along with heavy burdens a pensive string of donkeys, which with studied politeness give the room to all comers, and pick their humble way. What an endless variety of costumes as the crowd solemnly glides along! Here and there women, covered except the eyes, move like animated shrouds as they flit by, rarely stopping to converse; Jews and Jewesses, distinguished by their bright colors and uncovered faces; swarthy negroes arrayed in orange and red, with the bloom of a plum; and modernized Arabs, with light visage, in Turkish turbans of gold brocade; then a true Bedouin, mounted on a wiry unkempt Arabian, with his long flint-lock gun in his hand, his head bound up with the dark brown "corde de chameaux," the true sign of the Bedouin, and worn by all. I dressed myself quickly, and descending into the streets, was borne along in an aimless way past stalls vending everything, and so small that every article was within the vender's reach; past mosques; quaint doorways, with the impress of the palm of the hand in blue or red paint, whether or not to keep off the evil-eye I could never clearly discover; through the market-place; visiting the old palace of the Bey, containing one of the most exquisitely carved doors of ancient date; through the marble court-yard, with orange-trees and tinkling fountains; past gold and silver workers damascening stirrups and spurs, and using their bare toes as a third hand; then past stalls with gold, precious stones, and old clothes, an *olla podrida* of everything, while the occupants, their impassiveness in striking contrast with the restlessness of Americans, hardly give me a passing glance from their pipes and calm stare into vacancy. I strolled on till I

was out of the city; but not until you arrive some little distance from the town does a view of Constantine open upon you, seemingly poised on the top of a gigantic rock, the remains of a Titanic upheaval, and impressive from its barbaric grandeur.

On leaving for Batna, one of the French military outposts, I take the train on the railroad. As I happened to be the first first-class passenger, I was accorded much attention from the native officials. Onward we went at a snail's pace, the steep grade of the mountain preventing quicker travel, the air becoming keener every mile of our progress. At Batna there is military everywhere, and nothing but the bugle and the drum is heard. Engaging a seat in a crazy old diligence, I start for a two days' journey to the last military outpost of any importance.

We pass nothing but clumps of poor tents and miserable droves of goats, which suggested to me the reason for the barrenness of the country, for not a tree or bush is to be met with, as these animals eat up everything, and do not give the hardiest shrub or sapling a chance to survive. Arriving at the mouth of the gorge El-Kantara, half-way to my destination—a grand spot, a steep range of mountains and upheaved rocks based with miles of cactus—we pass an old Roman bridge of a few colossal stones with inscriptions,



DOORWAY IN THE PALACE OF THE BEY OF CONSTANTINE.



SI MOHAMMED BEN GANA, CAÏD OF BISKRA.

and then on once more, the atmosphere becoming gradually uncomfortably warmer as we begin to descend into the valley. We pass plains entirely whitened with alkali and salts, the water partaking so strongly of their qualities that the bread made about here is unpalatable. Still warmer, still dustier, we grow as we enter the edge of the desert, the plains studded with green oases and date-palms, while the horizon seemed more like the sea than the land. After presenting a letter from the Minister of War at Paris, I was most cordially welcomed by "le vieux colonel" and officers of the garrison. They took me to pay my respects to Si Mohammed ben Gana, the caïd or chief magistrate of Biskra, who was governor of the entire province of Constantine before the French conquered it. He was a very handsome man, with a harem of seven wives. His four sons were all remarkably handsome, over six feet in height, and with their fine features and magnificent eyes would make a sensation even in our ungraceful modern dress. After stopping some days at the Hôtel de Sahara—rightly so named, for it was a des-



ARAB FANTASIA.

ert where nothing could be had—I was provided with an escort of Arab cavalry, or spahis, and every facility for transportation. With this escort, in company with a party of French officers and a lady, I visited the tomb of Sidi Okbar, about twenty miles distant, there and back. We went at a hand-gallop, and were received by the sheik of this oasis, and by him escorted to the tomb of this ancient warrior, who wellnigh overran and conquered northern Africa with comparatively but a handful of followers. We enter the building, in the centre of which is a small room, which the priest unlocked with an air of mystery; in the interior was the tomb, covered with a fine Arab rug, but on the ground were one or two of the commonest European manufacture, on which the natives seemed to put a high value. While the attendant turned to call our attention to something in the mosque, the lady of our party, with the curiosity of Eve's daughter, stepped in and lifted the cover, only to see a structure of common masonry. In traversing the village the women and children hurried after her, and kissed the hem of her garments. After being regaled in a garden of palms on some milk and dates, we remounted our horses.

This was my first experience in a wooden Arab saddle on a genuine Arab steed. Their gait is entirely different from that of the horse of European training, with short and mincing steps. What fiery, proud restlessness, and yet what gentleness withal! Their large eyes in their clean-cut heads were almost human in their expression, and although amongst themselves they are continually neighing and biting, to man they are anything but vicious. For endurance they are wonderful. I have taken a two days' ride, with nothing to give my horse but a handful of chopped straw contained in the many-colored nose-bag which every horseman carries at the pommel of his saddle, and yet at the end of the journey it was as eager as when we started. I must say a word here on the ornamentation of the saddles and headstalls, which are highly decorated with gold and silver wire, and show the status of the Arab in the same way as fine carriages and harness do with us. The sun is setting as we canter homeward. To the right of us a long range of mauve-colored hills, to the



CARAVAN CROSSING STREAM IN THE SAHARA.

left a sapphire-like horizon, while coming toward us is a train of camels, moving to and fro their long necks; a little ass heads it as an advance-guard. Some of the camels bear a kind of bower made of brocaded silks stretched over hoops, and as we near them, from the inside ring out peals of merry voices. By watching closely you may get a casual glimpse of a sweet oval face with liquid almond eyes, but most of the ladies are hidden with the impenetrable yashmak. It is a sheik on a journey. As they cross a stream that meanders along, some dogs and camels stop to quench their resistless thirst in the brackish water.

I had the good fortune to see a grand Arab wedding. The caïd had planned the marriage of his daughter to a sheik—frankly one of the ugliest men I have ever seen—who was already the possessor of four wives. From what whispers could be heard from the mysterious recesses of the harem, the bride was a lovely girl of fourteen, her repugnance having delayed the marriage some ten days. After the ceremony, while the bride was being con-

veyed to the bridegroom's home in a sort of howdah of brocaded silk, her cries and lamentations could plainly be heard above the din of the pistols and matchlocks and the voices of some thirty maidens, who, surrounding the camel that bore her, gave utterance to a strange noise made by tapping the mouth with the open hand while crying out, the effect produced being somewhat like the cry of an Indian. These maidens had on this occasion yashmaks made mostly of light green gauze studded with golden stars, which partly concealed the faces of some of the loveliest women and girls. Their eyes, indeed, equalled those of the gazelle, but seemed to have a mournful vacancy, and to be anything but windows of the soul. Arab etiquette prevented me from advancing too near. What with the embroidery, the gold, and the colored garments, it made up a whole of a bizarre but most striking effect. On went the procession to make a tour on the desert, surrounded by this frenzied band of relatives, while the marriage feast—kids and sheep roasted whole—was being cooked. On their return, preparations were made for what I had so much longed to see, the celebrated "*fantaisie arabe.*" Imagine about forty Arabs, superbly mounted and armed, casting aside the burnoose of every day to appear in their holiday jackets of every hue and texture imaginable; horse housings of velvet and gold, with tassels and embroidery everywhere; the heels of their long red leather boots decked with the Arab spur, five inches long, which is really only an ornament; flashing arms, a long gun, two long carved daggers, a brace of pistols attached to a cord round the neck, so that they can be flung over the shoulder after being discharged, a long sword, damascened with gold, fastened to the saddle-bow—in such guise they career headlong at a great burst of speed, the rein held loosely by the little finger, using gun, pistols, and sword in turn in mimic warfare. Cries of defiance arise from the men, and loud approbation from the women, as some skilful cavalier performs some more daring feat than any of his comrades, till finally, amid a whirlwind of dust, horses and men, half mad with excitement, stop by degrees from the sheer violence of their exertions.

At the feast I was placed beside the caïd, who looked approvingly at me as I squatted down cross-legged, and followed the others in tearing, strip by strip, the meat from the steaming animal. As a *bonne bouche*, my host crammed his hand down the animal's throat, tearing out the tongue, and sharing it with me. After sundry dishes, highly spiced with pimento and pepper, there came the cous-cous, the great national dish that is eaten every day. It is taken by the hand and thrown into the mouth. We finished with dates, sweetmeats, and coffee of a delicious flavor. Their manner of preparing the beverage is, after roasting the berry and beating it into a powder, to put it into a tin pot with water enough for one; after being made to boil, it is served, grounds and all; but the aroma is perfection.

A market scene which takes place once a fortnight is worthy of mention before I leave them far behind. Conceive a throng of four hundred Arabs mingled with groups of horses being tried; meek oppressed-looking camels being laden and unladen in careless haste as they utter plaintive roars; sheep and kids tied together by the scores, which accept as a matter of course frequent handling and punching, proving clearly that they have been sharing the Arab tent; men gesticulating and yelling as if it would end in bloodshed; picturesque piles of leeks, dried dates, pease, melons, green figs, and small mandarin-oranges—a moving mass impossible to describe, everything seeming rather a picture than a bit of prosaic every-day life. One thing I missed, however: it was the pig—an unclean beast! Here a heap of rags, pieces of rope, and a mass of indescribable nothings. Yet what is this? An empty sardine box! a gaudy coat of arms peering, curiously and out of place, from the heap. I ask the price—twenty sous. I return again. The possessor's imagination is fired; it must be of great value; the price rises to forty sous. Later on I found myself where you have to accept what an Arab chooses to sell you, be it a pet aged rooster, or a tough ram, or dishes of a hash-like consistency wherein may dwell the remains of worn-out donkey or emaciated camel.

In pushing on to Taggurt I travel now under Bedouin hospitality, so much spoken of, but only half believed; it stands, however, a bright example. We pass a grand range of hills which catch the glory of the departing sun in hues which I can



AN ARAB HAWKING PARTY.

but faintly describe as mauve gilt, and which I found it impossible to reproduce in color. My escort consisted of spahis, or Arab cavalry, one of whom described himself as *l'interprète*, but who could scarcely be made to understand anything by the aid of a little Arabic, French, and signs. It is too long a task to describe the various villages of baked mud bricks, mixed with chopped-up straw, and tumble-down tents. They all resemble each other as they lie in small oases, whose feathery palms give a charming background. At the village where we are to spend the night we met a most patriarchal reception, the Arabs coming out in crowds, and kissing the end of my burnoose. The sheik led me into his tent of rough brown camel's-hair canvas, striped with black, which contained his family. The interior was handsomely decorated with Arab rugs, which from the loom in the corner proved

to be the handiwork of the household. One of the wives was making the inevitable cous-cous in a wooden bowl, while the favorite mare, with a gentle expression, was playing with the children. She was hobbled, to my notions, much too near the bed, which was composed of a low pile of rugs, with the high-peaked saddle lying on it. Here, then, I was to sleep, and ensconcing myself in my burnoose, I lay down amidst some fifteen Arabs, whose shrouded forms lying in all directions in the gloom had a most phantom effect.

In our second day's journey we met our two falconers, who had been sent on in advance to find and mark the game. Now for a hunt with the falcons! Ah, royal sport of kings, nothing can compare with it! In front, scanning every bush-side, the falconers, each with one bird on his gauntleted left hand, and another perched on his turban. Both hawks are hooded and jessed exactly as in the old knightly days. We make up a party of eight or ten cavaliers, while the rear is brought up by two or three servants armed with guns for defence as well as offence against the eagles, who sometimes pounce on the falcons. Suddenly rises the cry "Wah!" from one of the falconers, as a hare darts from its form. Up soars one falcon unhooded, while the other is drawn from its uncertain perch on the head of the Arab to join the others. We rein in our impatient horses, that bound and snort to join the chase, for it is imperative to keep behind the falconers, so as not to interfere with the birds that are now dashing at the head of the hare, which doubles, and marvellously, considering its headlong flight, evades the beaks of its enemies. The chase is now at its height; every one is trying to be in the first flight; the sunlight plays on the rich dresses, the bright arms, the glossy coats of the superb horses, whose elasticity of movement and aristocratic gait imprint on my mind a scene unrivalled. Onward hurries the hare as she bravely runs for her life, in and out of the high hillocks of sand tufted with brush, which our horses take, one after the other, without a stumble. Urged on by the cries of the falconer, a hawk fiercely swoops down again. Ah, she is touched by the remorseless beak, and rolls over and over, showing her white furred belly! 'Tis nothing; she regains her footing, and darts onward once more. I gladly give rein to my Arab, the momentary check having brought him on his haunches, as with arched neck and starting veins he crunches the bit with rage. I find the heat now terrific; the hare is still travelling with seemingly undiminished speed. The two falcons now swoop from opposite directions; they meet almost above the head of the hare; one falls with a broken neck, amid frenzied cries from the falconer. In a moment a fresh bird is unhooded and cast off, and at the first dash at the now exhausted hare rolls her over dead. I dismounted with the rest, men and beasts sweltering and foaming; the falconers rehooded their hawks, which had settled on the carcass, and made preparations to feed them with the entrails mixed with tufts of hair, which was said to assist digestion. Our attendants now produced some kid and dried dates, which, washed down with water and a touch of absinthe, formed our meal. Getting into as much shadow as the hillocks afforded, and thus gaining some relief from the piercing rays of the sun, we lit our pipes and cigarettes, while a pleasant languor overtook us, followed by a profuse perspiration. An Arab began to play on a flute an air of a barbaric yet melodious character, the notes being often sustained for a long time, and producing a most delicious soothing effect. After our siesta we commenced our afternoon march, with very little change in the character of the desert, but late in the day we entered into a superb oasis, verdant and refreshing.

Passing many months in like manner, hunting being the every-day amusement of the natives, and not wishing to recapitulate any wild-beast stories, having no wish of being suspected of drawing the long-bow, I tear a leaf from my chronicle, with brief mention of the extensive shooting of leopards, hyenas, lynx, jackals, and sometimes lions, which follow from the heart of the desert the herds which are driven north by the Arabs to pasture on the vegetation which springs up more abundantly in the winter. It was a short time for the study of a race. But now that I have turned my face again to the prosaic world, the desire often takes me to break through the veneer of civilization, and to return and share the nomadic existence of this people, escaping from the conventionalities of life to their strange and more picturesque world.

TWO COUNTRIES.

BY HENRY JAMES.

I.

WHEN he reached the hotel, Macarthy Grice was apprised, to his great disappointment, of the fact that his mother and sister were absent for the day, and he reproached himself with not having been more definite in announcing his arrival to them in advance. It was a little his nature to expect people to know things about himself that he had not told them, and to be vexed when he found they didn't know them. I will not go so far as to say that he was inordinately conceited, but he had a general sense that he himself knew most things without having them pumped into him. He had been uncertain about his arrival, and since he disembarked at Liverpool had communicated his movements to the two ladies who, after spending the winter in Rome, were awaiting him at Cadenabbia, only by notes as brief as telegrams, and on several occasions by telegrams simply. It struck his mother that he spent a great deal of money on these latter missives—which were mainly negative—to say that he couldn't yet say when he should be able to start for the Continent. He had had business in London, and had been apparently a good deal vexed by the discovery that, most of the people it was necessary for him to see being out of town, the middle of August was a bad time for transacting it. Mrs. Grice gathered that he had had annoyances and disappointments, but she hoped that by the time he should join them his serenity would have been restored. She had not seen him for a year, and her heart hungered for her boy. Family feeling was strong among these three (though Macarthy's manner of showing it was sometimes peculiar), and her affection for her son was jealous and passionate; but she and Agatha made no secret between themselves of the fact that the privilege of being his mother and his sister was mainly sensible when things were going well with him. They were a little afraid they were not going well just now, and they asked each other why he couldn't leave his affairs alone for a few weeks anyway, and treat his journey to Europe as a complete holiday—a course which would do him infinitely more good. He took life too hard, and was overworked and overstrained. It was only to each other, however, that the anxious and affectionate women made these reflections, for they knew it was of no use to say such things to Macarthy. It was not that he answered them angrily; on the contrary, he never noticed them at all. The answer was in the very essence of his nature: he was indomitably ambitious.

They had gone on the steamboat to the other end of the lake, and couldn't possibly be back for several hours. There was a *festa* going on at one of the villages—in the hills, a little way from the lake—and several ladies and gentlemen had gone from the hotel to be present at it. They would find carriages at the landing, and they would drive to the village, after which the same vehicles would bring them back to the boat. This information was given to Macarthy Grice by the secretary of the hotel, a young man with a very low shirt collar, whose nationality puzzled and even defied him by its indefiniteness (he liked to know whom he was talking to, even when he couldn't have the satisfaction of feeling that it was an American), and who suggested to him that he might follow and overtake his friends in the next steamer. As, however, there appeared to be some danger that in this case he should cross them on their way back, he determined simply to lounge about the lake-side and the grounds of the hotel. The place was lovely, the view magnificent, and there was a coming and going of little boats, of travellers of every nationality, of itinerant venders of small superfluities. Macarthy observed these things as patiently as his native restlessness allowed—and indeed that quality was re-enforced to-day by an inexplicable tendency to fidget. He changed his place twenty times; he lighted a cigar and threw it away; he ordered some luncheon, and when it came didn't care to eat it. He felt nervous, and he wondered what he was nervous about; whether he were afraid that during their excursion an accident had occurred to his mother or to Agatha. He was not usually a prey to small timidities, and indeed it cost him a certain effort to admit that a little Italian lake could be deep

enough to drown a pair of Americans, or that Italian horses could have the high spirit to run away with them. He talked with no one, for the Americans seemed to him all taken up with each other, and the English all taken up with themselves. He had a few elementary principles for use in travelling (he had travelled little, but he had an abundant supply of theory on the subject), and one of them was that with Englishmen an American should never open the conversation. It was his belief that in doing so an American was exposed to be snubbed, or even insulted, and this belief was unshaken by the fact that Englishmen very often spoke to him, Macarthy, first.

The afternoon passed, little by little, and at last, as he stood there, with his hands in his pockets, and his hat pulled over his nose to keep the western sun out of his eyes, he saw the boat that he was waiting for round a distant point. At this stage the little annoyance he had felt at the trick his relations had unwittingly played him passed completely away, and there was nothing in his mind but the eagerness of affection, the joy of reunion—of the prospective embrace. This feeling was in his face, in the fixed smile with which he watched the boat grow larger and larger. If we watch the young man himself as he does so we shall perceive him to be a tallish, lean personage, with an excessive slope of the shoulders, a very thin neck, a short light beard, and a bright, sharp, expressive eye. He almost always wore his hat too much behind or too much in front; in the former case it showed a very fine high forehead. He looked like a man of intellect whose body was not much to him, and its senses and appetites not importunate. His feet were small, and he always wore a double-breasted frock-coat, which he never buttoned. His mother and sister thought him very handsome. He had this appearance especially, of course, when, making them out on the deck of the steamer, he began to wave his hat and his hand to them. They responded in the most demonstrative manner, and when they got near enough, his mother called out to him over the water that she couldn't forgive herself for having lost so much of his visit. This was a bold proceeding for Mrs. Grice, who usually held back. Only she had been uncertain—she hadn't expected him that day in particular. "It's my fault!—it's my fault!" exclaimed a gentleman beside her, whom our young man had not yet noticed, raising his hat slightly as he spoke. Agatha, on the other side, said nothing, but only smiled at her brother. He had not seen her for so many months that he had almost forgotten how pretty she was. She looked lovely, under the shadow of her hat and of the awning of the steamer, as she stood there, with happiness in her face and a big bunch of familiar flowers in her hand. Macarthy was proud of many things, but on this occasion he was proudest of having such a charming sister. Before they all disembarked he had time to observe the gentleman who had spoken to him—an extraordinarily fair, clean-looking man, with a white waistcoat, a white hat, a glass in one eye, and a flower in his button-hole. Macarthy wondered who he was, but only vaguely, as it explained him sufficiently to suppose that he was a gentleman staying at the hotel, who had made acquaintance with his mother and sister, and taken part in the excursion. The only thing Grice had against him was that he had the air of an American who tried to look like an Englishman—a definite and conspicuous class to the young man's sense, and one in regard to which he entertained a peculiar abhorrence. He was sorry his relatives should associate themselves with persons of that stamp; he would almost have preferred that they should become acquainted with the genuine English. He happened to perceive that the individual in question looked a good deal at him; but he disappeared, instantly and discreetly, when the boat drew up at the landing, and the three Grices—I had almost written the three Graces—pressed each other in their arms.

Half an hour later Macarthy sat between the two ladies at the *table d'hôte*, where he had a hundred questions to answer and to ask. He was still more struck with Agatha's improvement; she was older, handsomer, brighter: she had turned completely into a young lady, and into a very accomplished one. It seemed to him that there had been a change for the better in his mother as well, the only change of that sort of which the good lady was susceptible, an amelioration of health, a fresher color, and a less frequent cough. Mrs. Grice was a gentle, sallow, serious little woman, the main principle of whose being was the habit of insisting that no-



"SHE LOOKED LOVELY AS SHE STOOD THERE, WITH HAPPINESS IN HER FACE."

thing that concerned herself was of the least consequence. She thought it indelicate to be ill, and obtrusive even to be better, and discouraged all conversation of which she herself was in any degree the subject. Fortunately she had not been able to prevent her children from discussing her condition sufficiently to agree —it took but few words, for they agreed easily, that is, Agatha always agreed with her brother—that she must have a change of climate, and spend a winter or two in the south of Europe. Mrs. Grice kept her son's birthday all the year, and knew an extraordinary number of stitches in knitting. Her friends constantly received from her, by post, offerings of little mats for the table, done up in an envelop, usually without any writing. She could make little mats in forty or fifty different ways. Toward the end of the dinner, Macarthy, who up to this moment had been wholly occupied with his companions, began to look about him, and to ask questions about the people opposite. Then he leaned forward a little, and turned his eye up and down the row of their fellow-tourists on the same side. It was in this way that he perceived the gentleman who had said from the steamer that it was *his* fault that Mrs. Grice and her daughter had gone away for so many hours, and who now was seated at some distance below the younger lady. At the moment Macarthy leaned forward, this personage happened to be looking toward him, so that he caught his eye. The stranger smiled at him and nodded, as if an acquaintance might be considered to have been established between them, rather to Macarthy's surprise. He drew back and asked his sister who he was—the fellow who had been with them on the boat.

"He's an Englishman—Sir Rufus Chasemore," said the girl. Then she added, "Such a nice man."

"Oh, I thought he was an American making a fool of himself!" Macarthy rejoined.

"There's nothing of the fool about him," Agatha declared, laughing; and in a moment she added that Sir Rufus's usual place was beside hers, on her left hand. On this occasion he had moved away.

"What do you mean by this occasion?" her brother inquired.

"Oh, because you are here."

"And is he afraid of me?"

"Yes, I think he is."

"He doesn't behave so, anyway."

"Oh, he has very good manners," said the girl.

"Well, I suppose he's bound to do that. Isn't he a kind of nobleman?" Macarthy asked.

"Well, no, not exactly a nobleman."

"Well, some kind of a panjandarum. Hasn't he got one of their titles?"

"Yes, but not a very high one," Agatha explained. "He's only a K.C.B. And also an M.P."

"A K.C.B. and an M.P.? What the deuce is all that?" And when Agatha had elucidated these mystic signs, as to which the young man's ignorance was partly simulated, he remarked that the Post-office ought to charge her friend double for his letters—for requiring that amount of stuff in his address. He also said that he owed him one for leading them astray at a time when they were bound to be on hand to receive one who was so dear to them; to which Agatha replied:

"Ah, you see, Englishmen are like that. They expect women to be so much honored by their wanting them to do anything. And it must always be what *they* like, of course."

"What the men like? Well, that's all right, only they mustn't be Englishmen," said Macarthy Grice.

"Oh, if one is going to be a slave, I don't know that the nationality of one's master matters!" his sister exclaimed. After which his mother began to ask him if he had seen anything during the previous months of their Philadelphia cousins—some cousins who wrote their name Gryce, and for whom Macarthy had but a small affection.

After dinner the three sat out on the terrace of the hotel, in the delicious warmth of the September night. There were boats on the water, decked with colored lanterns; music and song proceeded from several of them, and every influence was harmonious. Nevertheless, by the time Macarthy had finished a cigar it was judged best that the old lady should withdraw herself from the evening air. She went into the *salon* of the hotel, and her children accompanied her, against her protests, so that she might not be alone. Macarthy liked better to sit with his mother in a drawing-room which the lamps made hot than without her under the stars. At the end of a quarter of an hour

he became aware that his sister had disappeared, and as some time elapsed without her returning, he asked his mother what had become of her.

"I guess she has gone to walk with Sir Rufus," said the old lady, candidly.

"Why, you seem to do everything Sir Rufus wants, down here!" her son exclaimed. "How did he get such a grip on you?"

"Well, he has been most kind, Macarthy," Mrs. Grice returned, not appearing to deny that the Englishman's influence was considerable.

"I have heard it stated that it's not the custom, down here, for young girls to walk round—at night—with foreign lords."

"Oh, he's not foreign, and he's most reliable," said the old lady, very earnestly. It was not in her nature to treat such a question, or indeed any question, as unimportant.

"Well, that's all right," her son remarked, in a tone which implied that he was in good-humor, and didn't wish to have his equanimity ruffled. Such accidents, with Macarthy Grice, were not light things. All the same, at the end of five minutes more, as Agatha did not reappear, he expressed the hope that nothing of any kind had sprung up between her and the K.C.B.

"Oh, I guess they are just conversing by the lake. I'll go and find them if you like," said Mrs. Grice.

"Well, haven't they been conversing by the lake—and on the lake—all day?" asked the young man, without taking up her proposal.

"Yes, of course we had a great deal of bright talk while we were out. It was quite enough for me to listen to it. But he is most kind—and he knows everything, Macarthy."

"Well, that's all right!" exclaimed the young man again. But a few moments later he returned to the charge, and asked his mother if the Englishman were paying any serious attention—she knew what he meant—to Agatha. "Italian lakes, and summer evenings, and glittering titles, and all that sort of thing—of course you know what they may lead to."

Mrs. Grice looked anxious and veracious, as she always did, and appeared to consider a little. "Well, Macarthy, the truth is just this. Your sister is so attractive and so admired that it seems as if, wherever she went, there was a great interest taken in her. Sir Rufus certainly does like to converse with her, but so have many others—and so would any one in their place. And Agatha is full of conscience. For me that's her highest attraction."

"I'm very much pleased with her—she's a lovely creature," Macarthy remarked.

"Well, there's no one whose appreciation could gratify her more than yours. She has praised you up to Sir Rufus," added the old lady, simply.

"Dear mother, what has *he* got to do with it?" her son demanded, staring. "I don't care what Sir Rufus thinks of me."

Fortunately the good lady was left only for a moment confronted with this inquiry, for Agatha now re-entered the room, passing in from the terrace by one of the long windows, and accompanied precisely by the gentleman whom her relatives had been discussing. She came toward them smiling, and perhaps even blushing a little, but with an air of considerable resolution, and she said to Macarthy, "Brother, I want to make you acquainted with a good friend of ours, Sir Rufus Chasemore."

"Oh, I asked Miss Grice to be so good." The Englishman laughed, looking easy and genial.

Macarthy got up and extended his hand, with a "Very happy to know you, sir," and the two men stood a moment looking at each other, while Agatha, beside them, bent her regard upon both. I shall not attempt to translate the reflections which rose in the young lady's mind as she did so, for they were complicated and subtle, and it is quite difficult enough to reproduce our own more casual impression of the contrast between her companions. This contrast was extreme and complete, and it was not weakened by the fact that both the men had the signs of character and ability. The American was thin, dry, fine, with something in his face which seemed to say that there was more in him of the spirit than of the letter. He looked unfinished, and yet somehow he looked mature, though he was not advanced in life. The Englishman had more detail about him, something stippled and retouched, an air of having been more artfully fashioned in conformity with traditions and models. He wore old clothes which looked new, while his

transatlantic brother wore new clothes which looked old. He thought he had never heard the American tone so marked as on the lips of Mr. Macarthy Grice, who on his side found in the accent of his sister's friend a strange, exaggerated, even affected, variation of the tongue in which he supposed himself to have been brought up. In general he was much irritated by the tricks which the English played with the English language, and he deprecated especially their use of familiar slang.

"Miss Grice tells me that you have just crossed the ditch, but I'm afraid you are not going to stay with us long," Sir Rufus remarked, with much pleasantness.

"Well, no, I shall return as soon as I have transacted my business," Macarthy replied. "That's all I came for."

"You don't do us justice; you ought to follow the example of your mother and sister, and take a look round," Sir Rufus went on, with another laugh. He was evidently of a mirthful nature.

"Oh, I have been here before; I've seen the principal curiosities."

"He has seen everything thoroughly," Mrs. Grice murmured over her crochet.

"Ah, I dare say you have seen much more than we poor natives. And your own country is so interesting. I have an immense desire to see that."

"Well, it certainly repays observation," said Macarthy Grice.

"You wouldn't like it at all; you would find it awful," his sister remarked, sportively, to Sir Rufus.

"Gracious, daughter!" the old lady exclaimed, trying to catch Agatha's eye.

"That's what she's always telling me, as if she were trying to keep me from going. I don't know what she has been doing over there that she wants to prevent me from finding out." Sir Rufus's eyes, while he made this observation, rested on the young lady in the most respectful yet at the same time the most complacent manner.

She smiled back at him, and said, with a laugh still clearer than his own, "I know the kind of people who will like America and the kind of people who won't."

"Do you know the kind who will like *you*, and the kind who won't?" Sir Rufus Chasemore inquired.

"I don't know that in some cases it particularly matters what people like," Macarthy interposed, with a certain severity.

"Well, I must say I like people to like my country," said Agatha.

"You certainly take the best way to make them, Miss Grice!" Sir Rufus exclaimed.

"Do you mean by dissuading them from visiting it, sir?" Macarthy asked.

"Oh dear no; by being so charming a representative of it. But I shall most positively go on the first opportunity."

"I hope it won't be while we are on this side," said Mrs. Grice, very civilly.

"You will need us over there to explain everything," her daughter added.

The Englishman looked at her a moment with his glass in his eye. "I shall certainly pretend to be very stupid." Then he went on, addressing himself to Macarthy: "I have an idea that you have some rocks ahead, but that doesn't diminish—in fact it increases—my curiosity to see the country."

"Oh, I suspect we'll scratch along all right," Macarthy replied, with rather a grim smile, in a tone which conveyed that the success of American institutions might not altogether depend on Sir Rufus's judgment of them. He was on the point of expressing his belief, further, that there were European countries which would be glad enough to exchange their "rocks" for those of the United States; but he kept back this reflection, as it might appear too pointed, and he didn't wish to be rude to a man who seemed on such sociable terms with his mother and sister. In the course of a quarter of an hour the ladies took their departure for the upper regions, and Macarthy Grice went off with them. The Englishman looked for him again, however, as something had been said about their smoking a cigar together before they went to bed; but he didn't turn up, and Sir Rufus puffed his own weed in solitude, strolling up and down the terrace without mingling with the groups that remained, and looking much at the starlit lake and mountains.

II.

The next morning, after breakfast, Mrs. Grice had a conversation with her son in her own room. Agatha had not yet appeared, and she explained that the girl was sleeping late, having been much fatigued by her excursion the day before, as well as by the excitement of her brother's

arrival. Macarthy thought it a little singular that she should bear her fatigue so much less well than her mother, but he understood everything in a moment, as soon as the old lady drew him toward her, with her little conscious, cautious face, taking his hand in hers. She had a long and important talk with Agatha the previous evening after they went upstairs, and she had extracted from the girl some information which she had within a day or two begun very much to desire.

"It's about Sir Rufus Chasemore. I couldn't but think you would wonder—just as I was wondering myself," said Mrs. Grice. "I felt as if I couldn't be satisfied till I had asked. I don't know how you will feel about it. I am afraid it will upset you a little; but anything that you may think—well, yes, it *is* the case."

"Do you mean she is engaged to be married to your Englishman?" Macarthy demanded, with a face that suddenly flushed.

"No, she's not engaged. I presume she wouldn't take that step without finding out how you'd feel. In fact that's what she said last night."

"I feel like—well, I feel like thunder!" Macarthy exclaimed, "and I hope you'll tell her so."

Mrs. Grice looked frightened and pained. "Well, my son, I'm glad you've come, if there is going to be any trouble."

"Trouble—what trouble should there be? He can't marry her if she won't have him."

"Well, she didn't say she wouldn't have him; she said the question hadn't come up. But she thinks it would come up if she were to give him any sort of opening. That's what I thought, and that's what I wanted to make sure of."

Macarthy looked at his mother for some moments in extreme seriousness; then he took out his watch and looked at that. "What time is the first boat?" he asked.

"I don't know — there are a good many."

"Well, we'll take the first—we'll quit this." And the young man put back his watch and got up with decision.

His mother sat looking at him rather ruefully. "Would you feel so badly if she were to do it?"

"She may do it without my consent; she shall never do it with," said Macarthy Grice.

"Well, I could see last evening, by the way you acted—" his mother murmured, as if she thought it her duty to try and enter into his opposition.

"How did I act, ma'am?"

"Well, you acted as if you didn't think much of the English."

"Well, I don't," said the young man.

"Agatha noticed it, and she thought Sir Rufus noticed it too."

"They have such thick hides in general that they don't notice anything. But if he is more sensitive than the others, perhaps it will keep him away."

"Would you like to wound him, Macarthy?" his mother inquired, with an accent of timid reproach.

"Wound him? I should like to kill him! Please to let Agatha know that we'll move on," the young man added.

Mrs. Grice got up as if she were about to comply with this injunction, but she stopped in the middle of the room, and asked of her son, with a quaint effort of conscientious impartiality which would have made him smile if he had been capable of smiling in such a connection, "Don't you think that in some respects the English are a fine nation?"

"Well, yes; I like them for pale ale, and note-paper, and umbrellas; and I got a first-rate trunk there the other day. But I want my sister to marry one of her own people."

"Yes, I presume it would be better," Mrs. Grice remarked. "But Sir Rufus has occupied very high positions in his own country."

"I know the kind of positions he has occupied; I can tell what they were by looking at him. The more he has done of that, the more intensely he represents what I don't like."

"Of course he would stand up for England," Mrs. Grice felt herself compelled to admit.

"Then why the mischief doesn't he do so, instead of running round after Americans?" Macarthy demanded.

"He doesn't run round after us; but we knew his sister, Lady Bolitho, in Rome. She is a most sweet woman, and we saw a great deal of her; she took a great fancy to Agatha. I surmise she mentioned us to him pretty often when she went back to England, and when he came abroad for his autumn holiday, as he calls it—he met us first in the Engadine, three or four weeks ago, and came

down here with us—it seemed as if we already knew him and he knew us. He is very talented, and he is quite well off."

"Mother," said Macarthy Grice, going close to the old lady, and speaking very gravely, "why do you know so much about him? Why have you gone into it so?"

"I haven't gone into it; I only know what he has told us."

"But why have you given him the right to tell you? How does it concern you whether he is well off?"

The poor woman began to look flurried and scared. "My son, I have given him no right; I don't know what you mean. Besides, it wasn't he who told us he is well off; it was his sister."

"It would have been better if you hadn't known his sister," said the young man, gloomily.

"Gracious, Macarthy, we must know some one!" Mrs. Grice rejoined, with a flicker of spirit.

"I don't see the necessity of your knowing the English."

"Why, Macarthy, can't we even *know* them?" pleaded his mother.

"You see the sort of thing it gets you into."

"It hasn't got us into anything. Nothing has been done."

"So much the better, mother darling," said the young man. "In that case we will go on to Venice. Where is he going?"

"I don't know, but I suppose he won't come on to Venice if we don't ask him."

"I don't believe any delicacy would prevent him," Macarthy rejoined. "But he loathes me; that's an advantage."

"He *loathes* you—when he wanted so to know you?"

"Oh yes, I understand. Well, now he knows me! He knows he hates everything I like, and I hate everything he likes."

"He doesn't imagine you hate your sister, I suppose!" said the old lady, with a little vague laugh.

"Mother," said Macarthy, still in front of her, with his hands in his pockets, "I verily believe I should hate her if she were to marry him."

"Oh, gracious! my son! don't! don't," cried Mrs. Grice, throwing herself into his arms with a shudder of horror, and burying her face on his shoulder.

Her son held her close, and as he bent over her he went on: "Dearest mother, don't you see that we must remain together—that at any rate we mustn't be separated by different ideas, different associations and institutions? I don't believe any family has ever had more of the feeling that holds people closely together than we have had; therefore, for Heaven's sake, let us keep it, let us find our happiness in it, as we always have done. Of course Agatha will marry some day, but why need she marry in such a way as to make a gulf? You and she are all I have, and—I may be selfish—I should like very much to keep you."

"Of course I will let her know the way you feel," said the old lady, a moment later, rearranging her cap and her shawl, and putting away her pocket-handkerchief.

"It's a matter she certainly ought to understand. She would wish to, unless she is very much changed," Macarthy added, as if he saw all this with high lucidity.

"Oh, she isn't changed—she'll never change!" his mother exclaimed, with rebounding optimism. She thought it wicked not to take cheerful views.

"She wouldn't if she were to marry an Englishman," he declared, as Mrs. Grice left him to go to her daughter.

She told him an hour later that Agatha would be quite ready to start for Venice on the morrow, and that she said he need have no fear that Sir Rufus Chasemore would follow them. He was naturally anxious to know from her what had passed between her and the girl, but the only very definite information he extracted was to the effect that Agatha had declared, with infinite feeling, that she would never marry an enemy of her country. When he saw her, later in the day, he thought she had been crying; but there was nothing in her manner to show that she resented any pressure her mother might have represented to her that he had put upon her, or that she was making a reluctant sacrifice. Agatha Grice was very fond of her brother, whom she knew to be upright, distinguished, and exceedingly mindful of the protection and support that he owed her mother and herself. He was perverse and obstinate, but she was aware that in essentials he was supremely tender, and he had always been very much the most eminent figure in her horizon.

No allusion was made between them to Sir Rufus Chasemore, though the silence on either side was rather a conscious one, and they talked of the prospective pleasures of Venice, and of the arrangements Macarthy would be able to make in regard to his mother's spending another winter in Rome. He was to accompany them to Venice and spend a fortnight with them there, after which he was to return to London, to terminate his business, and then take his way back to New York. There was a plan of his coming to see them again later in the winter, in Rome, if he should succeed in getting six weeks off. As a man of energy and decision, though indeed of a somewhat irritable stomach, he made light of the Atlantic voyage; it was a rest and a relief, alternating with his close attention to business. That the disunion produced by the state of Mrs. Grice's health was a source of constant regret, and even of much depression to him, was well known to his mother and sister, who would not have broken up his home by coming to live in Europe if he had not insisted upon it. Macarthy was in the highest degree conscientious, and capable of suffering the extremity of discomfort in a cause which he held to be right. But his mother and sister *were* his home, all the same, and in their absence he was perceptibly desolate. Fortunately it had been hoped that a couple of southern winters would quite set Mrs. Grice up again, and that then everything, in America, would be as it had been before. Agatha's affection for her brother was very nearly as great as his affection for herself; but it took the form of wishing that his loneliness might be the cause of his marrying some thoroughly nice girl, inasmuch as, after all, her mother and she might not always be there. Fraternal tenderness in Macarthy's bosom followed a different logic. He was so fond of his sister that he had a secret hope that she would never marry at all. He had spoken otherwise to his mother, because that was the only way not to seem offensively selfish; but the bottom of his thought, as the French say, was that on the day Agatha should marry she would throw him over. On the day she should marry an Englishman she would not throw him over—she would betray him. That is, she would betray her country, and it came to the same thing. Macarthy's patriotism was of so intense a hue that, to his own sense, the national life and his own life flowed in an indistinguishable current.

The particular Englishman he had his eye upon now was not, as a general thing, visible before luncheon. He had told Agatha, who mentioned it to her brother, that in the morning he was immersed in work—in letter-writing. Macarthy wondered what his work might be, but did not condescend to inquire. He was enlightened, however, by happening by an odd chance to observe an allusion to Sir Rufus in a copy of the London *Times* which he took up in the reading-room of the hotel. This occurred in a letter to the editor of the newspaper, the writer of which accused Agatha's friend of having withheld from the public some information to which the public was entitled. The information had respect to "the situation in South Africa," and Sir Rufus was plainly an agent of the British government, the head of some kind of department or sub-department. This didn't make Macarthy like him any better. He was displeased with the idea of England's possessing colonies at all, and considered that she had acquired them by force and fraud, and held them by a frail and unnatural tenure. It appeared to him that any man who occupied a place in this unrighteous system must have false, detestable views. Sir Rufus Chasemore turned up on the terrace in the afternoon, and bore himself with the serenity of a man unconscious of the damaging inferences that had been formed about him. Macarthy neither avoided him nor sought him out—he even relented a little toward him mentally when he thought of the loss he was about to inflict on him; but when the Englishman approached him and appeared to wish to renew their conversation of the evening before, it struck him that he was wanting in delicacy. There was nothing strange in that, however, for delicacy and tact were not the strong point of one's transatlantic cousins, with whom one had always to dot one's i's. It seemed to Macarthy that Sir Rufus Chasemore ought to have guessed that he didn't desire to keep up an acquaintance with him, though indeed the young American would have been at a loss to say how he was to guess it, inasmuch as he would have resented the imputation that he himself had been rude enough to make such a fact patent. The American ladies were in their apartments, occupied

in some manner connected with their intended retreat, and there was nothing for Macarthy but to stroll up and down for nearly half an hour with the personage who was so provokingly the cause of it. It had come over him now that he should have liked extremely to spend several days on the lake of Como. The place struck him as much more delicious than it had done while he chafed the day before at the absence of his relations. He was angry with the Englishman for forcing him to leave it, and still more angry with him for showing so little responsibility, or even perception, in regard to the matter. It occurred to him while he was in this humor that it might be a good plan to make himself so disagreeable that Sir Rufus would take to his heels and never reappear, fleeing before the portent of such an insufferable brother-in-law. But this plan demanded powers of execution which Macarthy did not flatter himself that he possessed; he felt that it was impossible to him to divest himself of his character of a polished American gentleman.

If he found himself dissenting from most of the judgments and opinions which Sir Rufus Chasemore happened to express in the course of their conversation, there was nothing perverse in that; it was a simple fact, apparently, that the Englishman had nothing in common with him, and was predestined to enunciate propositions to which it was impossible for him to assent. Moreover, how could he assent to propositions enunciated in that short, off-hand, clipping tone, with the words running into each other, and the voice rushing up and down the scale? Macarthy, who spoke very slowly, with great distinctness, and in general with great correctness, was annoyed not only by his companion's intonation, but by the odd and, as it seemed to him, licentious application that he made of certain words. He struck him as wanting in reverence for the language, which Macarthy had an idea, not altogether unjust, that he himself deeply cherished. He would have admitted that these things were small and not great, but in the usual relations of life the small things count more than the great, and they sufficed, at any rate, to remind him of the essential antipathy and incompatibility which he had always believed to exist between an Englishman and an American. They were, in the very nature of things, disagreeable to each other, both mentally and physically irreconcilable. In cases where this want of correspondence had been bridged over, it was because the American had made weak concessions, had been shamefully accommodating. That was a kind of thing the Englishman, to do him justice, never did; he had at least the courage of his prejudices. It was not unknown to Macarthy that the repugnance in question appeared to be confined to the American male, as was shown by a thousand international marriages, which had transplanted as many of his countrywomen to unnatural British homes. That variation had to be allowed for, and the young man felt that he was allowing for it when he reflected that very likely his own sister liked the way Sir Rufus Chasemore spoke. In fact he was intimately convinced she liked it, which was a reason the more for their quitting Cadenabbia the next morning.

Sir Rufus took the opposite point of view quite as much as himself, only he took it gayly and familiarly and laughed about it, as if he were amused at the preferences his companion betrayed, and especially amused that he should hold them so gravely, so almost gloomily. This sociable jocosity, as if they had known each other for three months, was what appeared to Macarthy so indelicate. They talked no politics, and Sir Rufus said nothing more about America; but it stuck out of the Englishman at every pore that he was a resolute and consistent conservative, a prosperous, accomplished, professional, official Tory. It gave Macarthy a kind of palpitation to think that his sister had been in danger of associating herself with such arrogant theories; not that a woman's political creed mattered, but that of her husband did. He had an impression that he himself was a passionate democrat, an unshrinking radical. It was a proof of how far Sir Rufus's manner was from being satisfactory to his companion that the latter was unable to guess whether he already knew of the sudden determination of his American friends to leave Cadenabbia, or whether their intention was first revealed to him in Macarthy's casual mention of it, which apparently didn't put him out at all, eliciting nothing more than a frank, cheerful expression of regret. Macarthy somehow mistrusted a man who could

conceal his emotions like that. How could he have known they were going unless Agatha had told him, and how could Agatha have told him, since she couldn't as yet have seen him? It did not even occur to the young man to suspect that she might have conveyed the unwelcome news to him by a letter. And if he hadn't known it, why wasn't he more startled and discomfited when Macarthy dealt the blow? The young American made up his mind at last that the reason why Sir Rufus was not startled was that he had thought in advance it would be no more than natural that the newly arrived brother should wish to spoil his game. But in that case why wasn't he angry with him for such a disposition? Why did he come after him and insist on talking with him? There seemed to Macarthy something impudent in this incongruity—as if to the mind of an English statesman the animosity of a Yankee lawyer were really of too little account.

III.

It may be intimated to the reader that Agatha Grice had written no note to her English friend, and she held no communication with him of any sort, till after she had left the *table d'hôte* with her mother and brother in the evening. Sir Rufus had seated himself at dinner in the same place as the night before; he was already occupying it, and he simply bowed to her, with a smile, from a distance, when she came into the room. As she passed out to the terrace, later, with her companions, he overtook her, and said to her, in a lower tone of voice than usual, that he had been exceedingly sorry to hear that she was leaving Cadenabbia so soon. Was it really true? couldn't they put it off a little? shouldn't they find the weather too hot in Venice, and the mosquitoes too numerous? Agatha saw that Sir Rufus asked these questions with the intention of drawing her away, engaging her in a walk, in some talk to which they should have no listeners, and she resisted him at first a little, keeping near the others, because she had made up her mind that morning, in deep and solitary meditation, that she would force him to understand that further acquaintance could lead to nothing profitable for either party. It presently came over her, however, that it would take some little time to explain this truth, and that the time might be obtained by their walking a certain distance along the charming shore of the lake together. The windows of the hotel and of the little water-side houses and villas projected long shafts of lamp-light over the place, which shimmered on the water, broken by the slow-moving barges, laden with musicians, and gave the whole region the air of an illuminated garden surrounding a magnificent pond. Agatha made the further reflection that it would be only common kindness to give Sir Rufus an opportunity to say anything he wished to say, that is, within the limits she was prepared to allow; they had been too good friends to separate without some of the forms of regret, without a backward look at least, since they might not enjoy a forward one. In short, she had taken in the morning a resolution so virtuous, founded on so high and large a view of the whole situation, that she felt herself entitled to some reward, some present liberty of action. She turned away from her relatives with Sir Rufus—she observed that they paid no attention to her—and in a few moments she was strolling by his side at a certain distance from the hotel.

"I will tell you what I should like to do," he said, as they went; "I should like to turn up in Venice—about a week hence."

"I don't recommend you to do that," the girl replied, promptly enough, though as soon as she had spoken she bethought herself that she could give him no definite reason why he should not follow her; she could give him no reason at all that would not be singularly wanting in delicacy. She had a movement of vexation with her brother for having put her in a false position; it was the first, for in the morning, when her mother repeated to her what Macarthy had said, and she perceived all that it implied, she had not been in the least angry with him—she sometimes, indeed, wondered why she was not—and she didn't propose to become so for Sir Rufus Chasemore. What she had been was sad, and touched, too, with a sense of horror—horror at the idea that she might be in danger of denying, under the influence of an insinuating alien, the pieties and sanctities in which she had been brought up. Sir Rufus *was* a tremendous conservative, though perhaps that didn't matter so much, and he had let her know at an early stage of their

acquaintance that he had never liked Americans in the least as a people. As it was apparent that he liked her—all American, and very American, as she was—she had regarded this shortcoming only in its minor bearings, and it had even entertained her to form a private project of converting him to a friendlier view. If she hadn't found him a charming man, she wouldn't have cared what he thought about her country people; but, as it happened, she did find him a charming man, and it grieved her to see a mind that was really worthy of the finest initiations (as regarded the American question) wasting itself on poor prejudices. Somehow, by showing him how nice she was herself, she could make him like the people better with whom she had so much in common, and as he admitted that his observation of them had, after all, been very restricted, she would also make him know them better. This prospect drew her on till suddenly her brother sounded the note of warning. When it came she understood it perfectly; she couldn't pretend that she didn't. If she didn't look out, she would give her country away; and in the privacy of her own room she had colored up to her hair at the thought. She had a lurid vision in which the chance seemed to be greater that Sir Rufus Chasemore would bring her over to his side than that she should make him like anything he had begun by disliking; so that she resisted, with the conviction that the complications which might arise from allowing a prejudiced Englishman to possess himself, as he evidently desired to do, of her affections, would be much greater than a sensitive girl with other loyalties to observe might be able to manage. A moment after she had said to her companion that she didn't recommend him to come to Venice she added that of course he was free to do as he liked; only why should he come if he was sure the place was so uncomfortable? To this Sir Rufus replied that he didn't care how uncomfortable it was if she should be there, and that there was nothing he wouldn't put up with for the sake of a few days more of her society.

"Oh, if it's for that you are coming," the girl replied, laughing, and feeling nervous—feeling that something was in the air which she had wished precisely to keep out of it—"Oh, if it's for that you are coming, you had very much better not take the trouble; you would have very little of my society. While my brother is with us, all my time will be given up to him."

"Confound your brother!" Sir Rufus exclaimed. Then he went on: "You told me yourself he wouldn't be with you long. After he's gone you will be free again, and you will still be in Venice, sha'n't you? I do want to float in a gondola with you."

"It's very possible my brother may be with us for weeks."

Sir Rufus hesitated a moment. "I see what you mean—that he won't leave you so long as I am about the place. In that case, if you are so fond of him, you ought to take it as a kindness of me to hover about." Before the girl had time to make a rejoinder to this ingenious proposition he added, "Why in the world has he taken such a dislike to me?"

"I know nothing of any dislike," Agatha said, not very honestly. "He has expressed none to me."

"He has to me, then. He quite loathes me."

She was silent a little. Then she inquired, "And do you like him very much?"

"I think he's immense fun! He's very clever, like most of the Americans I have seen, including yourself. I should like to show him I like him, and I have salaamed and kowtowed to him whenever I had a chance; but he won't let me get near him. Hang it, it's cruel!"

"It's not directed to you, in particular, any dislike he may have. I have told you before that he doesn't like the English," Agatha remarked.

"Bless me! no more do I! But my best friends have been among them."

"I don't say I agree with my brother, and I don't say I disagree with him," Sir Rufus's companion went on. "I have told you before that we are of Irish descent, on my mother's side. Her mother was a Macarthy. We have kept up the name, and we have kept up the feeling."

"I see—so that even if the Yankee were to let me off, the Paddy would come down! That's a most unholy combination. But you remember, I hope, what I have also told you—that I am quite as Irish as you can ever be. I had an Irish grandmother—a beauty of beauties, a certain Lady Laura Fitzgibbon, *qui vaut bien la vôtre.* A charming old woman she was."

"Oh, well, she wasn't of our kind," the girl exclaimed, laughing.

"You mean that yours wasn't charming? In the presence of her granddaughter permit me to doubt it."

"Well, I suppose that those hostilities of race—transmitted and hereditary, as it were—are the greatest of all." Agatha Grice uttered this sage reflection by no means in the tone of successful controversy, and with the faintest possible tremor in her voice.

"Good God! do you mean to say that a hostility of race, a legendary feud, is to prevent you and me from meeting again?" The Englishman stopped short as he made this inquiry, but Agatha continued to walk, as if that might help her to elude it. She had come out with a perfectly sincere determination to prevent Sir Rufus from saying what she believed he wanted to say, and if her voice had trembled just now, it was because it began to come over her that her preventive measures would fail. The only tolerably efficacious one would be to turn straight round and go home. But there would be a rudeness in this course, and even a want of dignity; and besides, she didn't wish to go home. She compromised by not answering her companion's question, and though she couldn't see him, she was aware that he was looking after her with an expression in his face of high impatience momentarily baffled. She knew that expression, and thought it handsome; she knew all his expressions, and thought them all handsome. He overtook her in a few moments, and then she was surprised that he should be laughing, as he exclaimed, "It's too absurd!—it's too absurd!" It was not long, however, before she understood the nature of his laughter, as she understood everything else. If she was nervous, he was scarcely less so; his whole manner now expressed the temper of a man wishing to ascertain rapidly whether he may enjoy or must miss great happiness. Before she knew it he had spoken the words which she had flattered herself he should not speak; he had said that since there appeared to be a doubt whether they should soon meet again, it was important he should seize the present occasion. He was very glad, after all, because for several days he had been wanting to speak. He loved her as he had never loved any woman, and he besought her earnestly to believe it. What was this crude stuff about disliking the English and disliking the Americans? what had questions of nationality to do with it any more than questions of ornithology? It was a question simply of being his wife, and that was rather between themselves, wasn't it? He besought her to consider it, as *he* had been turning it over from almost the first hour he met her. It was not in Agatha's power to go her way now, because he had laid his hand upon her in a manner that kept her motionless, and while he talked to her in low, kind tones, touching her face with the breath of supplication, she stood there in the warm darkness, very pale, looking as if she were listening to a threat of injury rather than to a declaration of love. "Of course I ought to speak to your mother," he said; "I ought to have spoken to her first. But your leaving at an hour's notice, and apparently wishing to shake me off, has given me no time. For God's sake, give me your permission, and I will do it to-night."

"Don't—don't speak to my mother," said Agatha, mournfully.

"Don't tell me to-morrow, then, that she won't hear of it!"

"She likes you, Sir Rufus," the girl rejoined, in the same singular, hopeless tone.

"I hope you don't mean to imply by that that you don't!"

"No; I like you, of course; otherwise I should never have allowed myself to be in this position, because I hate it." The girl uttered these last words with a sudden burst of emotion, and an equally sudden failure of sequence, and turning round quickly, began to walk in the direction from which they had come. Her companion, however, was again beside her, close to her, and he found means to prevent her from going as fast as she wished. History has lost the record of what at that moment he said to her; it was something that made her exclaim, in a tone which seemed on the point of breaking into tears: "Please don't say that, or anything like it, again, Sir Rufus, or I shall have to take leave of you forever, this instant, on the spot." He strove to be obedient, and they walked on a little in silence; after which she resumed, with a slightly different manner: "I am very sorry you have said this to-night. You have troubled and distressed me; it isn't a good time."

"I wonder if you would favor me with your idea of what might be a good time?"

"I don't know. Perhaps never. I am greatly obliged to you for the honor you have done me. I beg you to believe me when I say this. But I don't think I shall ever marry. I have other duties. I can't do what I like with my life."

At this Sir Rufus made her stop again, to tell him what she meant by such an extraordinary speech. What overwhelming duties had she, pray, and what restrictions upon her life that made her so different from other women? He couldn't, for his part, imagine a woman more free. She explained that she had her mother, who was terribly delicate, and who must be her first thought and her first care. Nothing would induce her to leave her mother. She was all her mother had except Macarthy, who was absorbed in his profession.

"What possible question need there be of your leaving her?" the Englishman demanded. "What could be more delightful than that she should live with us, and that we should take care of her together? You say she is so good as to like me, and I assure you I like her—most uncommonly."

"It would be impossible that we should take her away from my brother," said the girl, after a hesitation.

"Take her away?" And Sir Rufus Chasemore stood staring. "Well, if he won't look after her himself—you say he is so taken up with his work—he has no earthly right to prevent other people from doing so."

"It's not a man's business—it's mine—it's her daughter's."

"That's exactly what I think, and what in the world do I wish but to help you? If she requires a mild climate, we will find some lovely place in the south of England, and be as happy there as the day is long."

"So that Macarthy would have to come *there* to see his mother? Fancy Macarthy in the south of England—especially as happy as the day is long! He would find the day very long," Agatha Grice continued, with the strange little laugh which expressed—or rather which disguised—the mixture of her feelings. "He would never consent."

"Never consent to what? Is what you mean to say that he would never consent to your marriage? I certainly never dreamed that you would have to ask him. Haven't you defended to me again and again the freedom, the independence, with which American girls marry? Where is the independence when it comes to your own case?" Sir Rufus Chasemore paused a moment, and then he went on, with bitterness: "Why don't you say outright that you are afraid of your brother? Miss Grice, I never dreamed that that would be your answer to an offer of everything that a man—and a man of some distinction, I may say, for it would be affectation in me to pretend that I consider myself a nonentity—can lay at the feet of a woman."

The girl did not reply immediately; she appeared to think over intently what he had said to her, and while she did so she turned her white face and her charming serious eyes upon him. When at last she spoke it was in a very gentle, considerate tone. "You are wrong in supposing that I am afraid of my brother. How can I be afraid of a person of whom I am so exceedingly fond?"

"Oh, the two things are quite consistent," said Sir Rufus Chasemore, impatiently. "And is it impossible that I should ever inspire you with a sentiment which you would consent to place in the balance with this intense fraternal affection?" He had no sooner spoken those somewhat sarcastic words than he broke out, in a different tone, "Oh, Agatha, for pity's sake, don't make difficulties where there are no difficulties!"

"I don't make them; I assure you they exist. It is difficult to explain them, but I can see them, I can feel them. Therefore we mustn't talk this way any more. Please, please don't," the girl pursued, imploringly. "Nothing is possible to-day. Some day or other very likely there will be changes. Then we shall meet; then we shall talk again."

"I like the way you ask me to wait ten years. What do you mean by 'changes'? Before Heaven, I shall never change," Sir Rufus declared.

Agatha Grice hesitated. "Well, perhaps you will like us better."

"Us? Whom do you mean by 'us'? Are you coming back to that beastly question of one's feelings—real or supposed it doesn't matter—about your great and glorious country? Good God, it's too monstrous! One tells a girl one adores her, and she replies that she doesn't

care so long as one doesn't adore her compatriots. What do you want me to do to them? What do you want me to say? I will say anything in the English language, or in the American, that you like. I'll say that they're the greatest of the great, and have every charm and virtue under heaven. I'll go down on my stomach before them, and remain there forever. I can't do more than that."

Whether this extravagant profession had the effect of making Agatha Grice ashamed of having struck that note in regard to her companion's international attitude, or whether her nerves were simply upset by his vehemence, his insistence, is more than I can say: what is certain is that her rejoinder to this last speech was a sudden burst of tears. They fell for a moment rapidly, soundlessly, but she was quicker still in brushing them away. "You may laugh at me, or you may despise me," she said, when she could speak, "and I dare say my state of mind is deplorably narrow, but I couldn't be happy with you if you hated my country."

"You would hate mine back, and we should pass the liveliest, jolliest days!" returned the Englishman, gratified, softened, enchanted, by her tears. "My dear girl, what is a woman's country? It's her house and her garden, her children, and her social world. You exaggerate immensely the difference which that part of the business makes. I assure you that if you were to marry me, it would be the last thing you would find yourself thinking of. However, to prove how little I hate your country, I am perfectly willing to go there and live with you."

"Oh, Sir Rufus Chasemore!" murmured Agatha Grice, protestingly.

"You don't believe me?"

She didn't believe him, and yet to hear him make such an offer was sweet to her, for it gave her a sense of the reality of his passion. "I shouldn't ask that — I shouldn't even like it," she said; and then he wished to know what she would like. "I should like you to let me go—not to press me, not to distress me any more now. I shall think of everything—of course you know that. But it will take me a long time. That's all I can tell you now, but I think you ought to be content." He was obliged to say that he was content, and they resumed their walk, in the direction of the hotel. Shortly before they reached it Agatha exclaimed, with a certain irrelevance, "You ought to go there first; then you would know."

"Then I should know what?"

"Whether you would like it."

"Like your great country? Good Lord! what difference does it make whether I like it or not?"

"No—that's just it—you don't care," said Agatha; "yet you said to my brother that you wanted immensely to go."

"So I do; I am ashamed not to have been; that's an immense drawback today in England to a man in public life. Something has always stopped me off, tiresomely, from year to year. Of course I shall go the very first moment I can take the time."

"It's a pity you didn't go this year, instead of coming down here," the girl observed, rather sententiously.

"I thank my stars I didn't!" he responded, in a very different tone.

"Well, I should try to make you like it," she went on. "I think it very probable I should succeed."

"I think it very probable you could do with me exactly whatever you might attempt."

"Oh, you hypocrite!" the girl exclaimed; and it was on this that she separated from him and went into the house. It soothed him to see her do so, instead of rejoining her mother and brother, whom he distinguished at a distance sitting on the terrace. She had perceived them there as well, but she would go straight to her room; she preferred the company of her thoughts. It suited Sir Rufus Chasemore to believe that those thoughts would plead for him and eventually win his suit. He gave a melancholy, lover-like sigh, however, as he walked toward Mrs. Grice and her son. He couldn't keep away from them, though he was so interested in being and appearing discreet. The girl had told him that her mother liked him, and he desired both to stimulate and to reward that inclination. Whatever he desired he desired with extreme definiteness and energy. He would go and sit down beside the little old lady (with whom hitherto he had no very direct conversation), and talk to her and be kind to her and amuse her. It must be added that he rather despaired of the success of these arts as he saw Macarthy Grice, on becoming aware of his approach, get up and walk away.

IV.

"It sometimes seems to me as if he didn't marry on purpose to make me feel badly." That was the only fashion, as yet, in which Lady Chasemore had given away her brother to her husband. The words fell from her lips some five years after Macarthy's visit to the lake of Como —two years after her mother's death—a twelvemonth after her marriage. The same idea came into her mind—a trifle whimsically, perhaps, only this time she didn't express it—as she stood by her husband's side on the deck of the steamer, half an hour before they reached the wharf at New York. Six years had elapsed between the scenes at Cadenabbia and their disembarkation in that city. Agatha knew that Macarthy would be on the wharf to meet them, and that he should be there alone was natural enough. But she had a prevision of their return with him—she also knew he expected that —to the house, so narrow, but fortunately rather deep, in Thirty-seventh Street, in which such a happy trio had lived in the old days, before this unexpressed but none the less perceptible estrangement. As her marriage had taken place in Europe (Sir Rufus coming to her at Bologna, in the very midst of the Parliamentary session, the moment he heard, by his sister, of her mother's death: this was really the sign of devotion that had won her)— as the ceremony of her nuptials, I say (it was a very quiet one), had been performed in Paris, so that her absence from her native land had had no intermission, she had not seen the house since she left it with her mother for that remedial pilgrimage in the course of which poor Mrs. Grice, travelling up from Rome in the spring, after her third winter there (two had been so far from sufficing), was to succumb, from one day to the other, to inflammation of the lungs. She saw it over again now, even before she left the ship, and felt in advance all that it would imply to find Macarthy living there as a bachelor, struggling with New York servants, unaided and unrelieved by the sister whose natural place might by many people have been thought to be the care of his establishment, as her natural reward would have been the honors of such a position. Lady Chasemore was prepared to feel pang upon pang when she should perceive how much less comfortably he lived than he would have lived if she had not quitted him. She knew that their second cousins in Boston, whose sense of duty was so terrible (even her poor mother, who never had a thought for herself, used to try as much as possible to conceal her life from them), considered that she had, in a manner almost immoral, deserted him for the sake of an English title. When they went ashore and drove home with Macarthy, Agatha received exactly the impression she had expected: her brother's life struck her as bare, ungarnished, helpless, socially and domestically speaking. He didn't know how to keep house, naturally, and in New York, unless one had a larger fortune than his, it was very difficult to do that sort of thing by deputy. But Lady Chasemore made to her husband no further allusion to the idea that he remained single out of perversity. The situation was too serious for that or for any other flippant speech.

It was a delicate matter for the brothers-in-law to spend two or three weeks together, not, however, because, when the moment for her own real decision came, Macarthy had protested in vivid words against her marriage. By the time he arrived from America, after his mother's death, the Englishman was in possession of the field, and it was too late to save her. He had had the opportunity to show her kindness, for which her situation made her extremely grateful—he had, indeed, rendered her services which Macarthy himself, though he knew they were the result of an interested purpose, could not but appreciate. When her brother met her in Paris he saw that she was already lost to him, she had ceased to struggle, she had accepted the fate of a Briton's bride. It appeared that she was much in love with her Briton, and that was the end of it. Macarthy offered no opposition, and she would have liked it better if he had, as it would have given her a chance to put him in the wrong a little more than, formally at least, she had been able to do. He knew that she knew what he thought and how he felt, and there was no need of saying any more about it. No doubt he would not have accepted a sacrifice from her, even if she had been capable of making it (there were moments when it seemed to her that even at the last, if he had appealed to her directly and with tenderness, she would have renounced); but it was none the less clear to her that he was deeply disappoint-

ed at her having found it in her heart to separate herself so utterly. And there was something in his whole attitude which seemed to say that it was not only from him that she separated herself, but from all her fellow-countrymen besides, and from everything that was best and finest in American life. He regarded her marriage as an abjuration, an apostasy, a kind of moral treachery. It was of no use to say to him that she was doing nothing original or extraordinary, to ask him if he didn't know that in England, at the point things had come to, American wives were as thick as blackberries, so that if she were doing wrong she was doing wrong with—well, almost the majority; for he had an answer to such cheap arguments, an answer according to which it appeared that the American girls who had done what she was about to do were notoriously poor specimens, the most frivolous and rattle-brained young persons in the country. They had no conception of the great meaning of American institutions, no appreciation of their birthright, and they were doubtless very worthy recruits to a debauched and stultified aristocracy. The pity of Agatha's desertion was that *she* had been meant for better things, she had appreciated her birthright, or, if she hadn't, it had not been the fault of a brother who had taken so much pains to form her mind and character. The sentiment of her nationality had been cultivated in her; it was not a mere brute instinct or customary prejudice, but a responsibility, a faith, a religion. She was not a poor specimen, but a remarkably fine one; she was intelligent, she was clever, she was sensitive, she could understand difficult things and feel great ones.

Of course, in those days of trouble, in Paris, when it was arranged that she should be married immediately (as if there had really been an engagement to Sir Rufus from the night before their flight from Cadenabbia), of course she had had a certain amount of talk with Macarthy about the matter, and at those moments she had almost wished to drive him to protest articulately, so that she might as explicitly reassure him, endeavor to bring him round. But he had never said to her personally what he had said to her mother at Cadenabbia—what her mother, frightened and distressed, had immediately repeated to her. The most he said was that he hoped she was conscious of all the perfectly different and opposed things she and her husband would represent when they should find themselves face to face. He hoped she had measured in advance the strain that might arise from the fact that in so many ways her good would be his evil, her white his black, and *vice versa*—the fact, in a word, that by birth, tradition, convictions, she was the product of a democratic society, while the very breath of Sir Rufus's nostrils was the denial of human equality. She had replied, "Oh yes, I have thought of everything"; but in reality she had not thought that she was, in any very aggressive manner, a democrat, or even that she had a representative function. She had not thought that Macarthy, in his innermost soul, was a democrat either; and she had even wondered what would happen if, in regard to some of those levelling theories, he had suddenly been taken at his word. She knew, however, that nothing would have made him more angry than to hint that anything could happen which would find him unprepared, and she was ashamed to repudiate the opinions, the general character, her brother attributed to her, to fall below the high standard he had set up for her. She had, moreover, no wish to do so. She was well aware that there were many things in English life that she shouldn't like, and she was never a more passionate American than the day she married Sir Rufus Chasemore.

To what extent she remained one, an observer of the deportment of this young lady would at first have had considerable difficulty in judging. The question of the respective merits of the institutions of the two countries came up very little in her life. Her husband had other things to think of than the great republic beyond the sea, and her horizon, social and political, became for the time exclusively English. Sir Rufus was immersed in politics and in administrative questions; but these things belonged wholly to the domestic field; they were embodied in big blue-books with terrible dry titles (Agatha had tried conscientiously to acquaint herself with the contents of some of them), which piled themselves up on the table of his library. The Conservatives had come into power just after his marriage, and he had held honorable, though not supereminent, office. His duties had nothing to do with foreign re-

lations; they were altogether of an economical and statistical kind. He performed them in a manner which showed, perhaps, that he was conscious of some justice in the reproach usually addressed to the Tories—the taunt that they always came to grief in the department of industry and finance. His wife was sufficiently in his confidence to know how much he had it at heart to prove that a Conservative administration could be strong on that side. He never spoke to her of her own country—they had so many other things to talk about—but if there was nothing in his behavior to betray the assumption that she had given it up, so, on the other hand, there was nothing to show that he doubted of her having done so. What he had said about a woman's country being her husband and children, her house and garden and visiting list, was very considerably verified; for it was certain that her ladyship's new career gave her, though she had no children, plenty of occupation. Even if it had not, however, she would have found a good deal of work to her hand in loving her husband, which she continued to do with the most commendable zeal. He seemed to her a very magnificent person, and he didn't bully her half so much as she expected. There were times when it even occurred to her that he really didn't bully her enough, for she had always had an idea that it would be agreeable to be subjected to this probation by some one she should be very fond of.

After they had been married a year he became a permanent official, in succession to a gentleman who was made a peer on his retirement from the post to which Sir Rufus was appointed. This gave Lady Chasemore an opportunity to reflect that she might some day be a peeress, it being reasonable to suppose that the same reward would be meted out to her husband on the day on which, in the fulness of time and of credit, he also should retire. She was obliged to admit to herself that the reflection was unattended with any sense of horror; it exhilarated her indeed to the point of making her smile at the contingency of Macarthy's finding himself the brother of a member of the aristocracy. As a permanent official, her husband was supposed to have no active political opinions; but she could not flatter herself that she perceived any diminution of his Conservative zeal. Even if she had, it would have made little difference, for it had not taken her long to discover that she had married into a tremendous Tory "set"—a set in which people took for granted she had feelings that she was not prepared to publish on the house-tops. It was scarcely worth while, however, to explain at length that she had not been brought up in that way, partly because the people wouldn't have understood, and partly because really, after all, they didn't care. Of how little it was possible, in general, to care, her career in England helped her gradually to discover. The people who cared least appeared to be those who were most convinced that everything in the national life was going to the dogs. Lady Chasemore was not struck with this tendency herself; but if she had been, the belief would have worried her more than it seemed to worry her friends. She liked most of them extremely, and thought them very kind, very easy to live with; but she liked London much better than the country, rejoiced much when her husband's new post added to the number of months he would have annually to spend there (they ended by being there as much as any one), and had grave doubts as to whether she would have been able to "stand" it if her lot had been cast among those members of her new circle who lived mainly on their acres. All the same, though what she had to bear she bore very easily, she indulged in a good deal of private meditation on some of the things that displeased and distressed her. She didn't always mention them to her husband, but she always intended to. She desired he should not think that she swallowed his country whole, that she was stupidly undiscriminating. Of course he knew that she was not stupid, and of course, also, he knew that she could not fail to be painfully impressed by the misery and brutality of the British populace. She had never, anywhere else, seen anything like that. Of course, furthermore, she knew that Sir Rufus had given, and would give in the future, a great deal of thought to legislative measures directed to elevating gradually the condition of the lower orders. It came over Lady Chasemore at times that it would be well if some of these measures might arrive at maturity with as little delay as possible.

The night before she quitted England with her husband they slept at a hotel

at Liverpool, in order to embark early on the morrow. Sir Rufus went out to attend to some business, and the evening being very close, she sat at the window of their sitting-room, looking out on a kind of square which stretched in front of the hotel. The night was muggy, the window was open, and she was held there by a horrible fascination. Dusky forms of vice and wretchedness moved about in the stuffy darkness, visions of grimy, half-naked, whining beggary hovered before her, curses and the sound of blows came to her ears; there were young girls, frowzy and violent, who evidently were drunk, as every one seemed to be, more or less, which was little wonder, as four public-houses flared into the impure night, visible from where Lady Chasemore sat, and they appeared to be gorged with customers, half of whom were women. The impression came back to her that the horrible place had made upon her and upon her mother when they landed in England years before, and as she turned from the window she liked to think that she was going to a country where, at any rate, there would be less of that sort of thing. When her husband came in he said it was of course a beastly place, but much better than it used to be—which she was glad to hear. She made some allusion to the confidence they might have that they should be treated to no such scenes as that in *her* country; whereupon he remonstrated, jocosely expressing a hope that they should not be deprived of a glimpse of the celebrated American drinks and bar-room fights.

It must be added that in New York he made of his brother-in-law no inquiry about these phenomena—a reserve, a magnanimity even, keenly appreciated by his wife. She appreciated altogether the manner in which he conducted himself during their visit to the United States, and felt that if she had not already known that she had married a perfect gentleman, the fact would now have been revealed to her. For she had to make up her mind to this, that after all (it was vain to shut one's eyes to it) Sir Rufus personally didn't like the United States: he didn't like them, yet he made an immense effort to behave as if he did. She was grateful to him for that; it assuaged her nervousness (she was afraid there might be "scenes" if he should break out with some of his displeasures)—so grateful that she almost forgot to be disappointed at the failure of her own original intent, to be distressed at seeing, or rather at guessing (for he was reserved about it even to her), that a nearer view of American institutions had not had the effect which she once promised herself a nearer view should have. She had married him partly to bring him over to an admiration of her country (she had never told any one this, for she was too proud to make the confidence to an English person, and if she had made it to an American, the answer would have been so prompt, "What on earth does it signify what he thinks of it?" no one, of course, being obliged to understand that it might signify to *her*); she had united herself to Sir Rufus in this missionary spirit, and now not only did her proselyte prove unamenable, but the vanity of her enterprise became a fact of secondary importance. She wondered a little that she didn't suffer more from it, and this is partly why she rejoiced that her husband kept most of his observations to himself: it gave her a pretext for not being ashamed. She had flattered herself before that in general he had the manners of a diplomatist (she did not suspect that this was not the opinion of all his contemporaries), and his behavior during the first few weeks at least of their stay in the Western world struck her as a triumph of diplomacy. She had really passed from caring whether he disliked American manners to caring primarily whether he showed he disliked them—a transition which, on her own side, she was very sensible it was important to conceal from Macarthy. To love a man who could feel no tenderness for the order of things which had encompassed her early years, and had been intimately mixed with her growth, which was a part of the conscience, the piety, of many who had been most dear to her, and whose memory would be dear to her always—that was an irregularity which was, after all, shut up in her own breast, where she could trust her dignity to get, some way or other, the upper hand of it. But to be pointed at as having such a problem as that on one's back was quite another affair; it was a kind of exposure of one's sanctities, a surrender of private judgment. Lady Chasemore had by this time known her husband long enough to enter into the logic of his preferences; if he disliked or disapproved of what he saw in America,

his reasons for doing so had ceased to be a mystery. They were the very elements of his character, the joints and vertebration of his general creed. All the while she was absent from England with him (it was not very long, their whole tour, including the two voyages, being included in ten weeks) she knew more or less the impression that things would have made upon him; she knew that both in the generals and in the particulars American life would have gone against his grain, contradicted his traditions, violated his taste.

V.

All the same, he was determined to see it thoroughly, and this is doubtless one of the reasons why, after the first few days, she cherished the hope that they should be able to get off at the end without any collision with Macarthy. Of course it was to be taken into account that Macarthy's own behavior was much more that of a man of the world than she had ventured to hope. He appeared for the time almost to have smothered his national consciousness, which had always been so acute, and to have accepted his sister's perfidious alliance. She could see that he was delighted that she should be near him again—so delighted that he neglected to look for the signs of corruption in her, or to manifest any suspicion that in fact, now that she was immersed in them again, she regarded her old associations with changed eyes. So, also, if she had not already been aware of how much Macarthy was a gentleman, she would have seen it from the way he rose to the occasion. Accordingly they were all superior people, and all was for the best, in Lady Chasemore's simple creed. Her brother asked her no questions whatever about her life in England, but his letters had already enlightened her as to his determination to avoid that topic. They had hitherto not contained a single inquiry on the subject of her occupations and pursuits, and if she had been domiciled in the moon he could not have indulged in less reference to public or private events in the British Islands. It was a tacit form of disapprobation of her being connected with that impertinent corner of the globe; but it had never prevented her from giving him the fullest information on everything he didn't ask about. He never took up her allusions, and when she poured forth information to him now, in regard to matters concerning her in her new home (on these points she was wilfully copious and appealing), he listened with a sort of exaggerated dumb deference, as if she were reciting a lesson, and he must sit quiet till she should come to the end. Usually, when she stopped, he simply sighed, then directed the conversation to something as different as possible. It evidently pleased him, however, to see that she enjoyed her native air and her temporary reunion with some of her old familiars. This was a graceful inconsistency on his part: it showed that he had not completely given her up. Perhaps he thought Sir Rufus would die, and that in this case she would come back and live in New York. She was careful not to tell him that such a calculation was baseless, that with or without Sir Rufus she should never be able to settle in her native city as Lady Chasemore. He was scrupulously polite to Sir Rufus, and this personage asked Agatha why he never by any chance addressed him save by his title. She could see what her husband meant, but even in the privacy of the conjugal chamber she was loyal enough to Macarthy not to reply, "Oh, it's a mercy he doesn't say simply 'Sir.'"

The English visitor was immensely active; he desired to leave nothing unexplored, unattempted; his purpose was to inspect institutions, to collect statistics, to talk with the principal people, to see the workings of the political machine, and Macarthy acquitted himself scrupulously, even zealously, in the way of giving him introductions and facilities. Lady Chasemore reflected with pleasure that it was in her brother's power to do the honors of his native land very completely. She suspected, indeed, that as he didn't like her husband (he *couldn't* like him, in spite of Sir Rufus's now demeaning himself so sweetly), it was a relief to him to pass him on to others—to work him off, as it were, into penitentiaries and chambers of commerce. Sir Rufus's frequent expeditions to these establishments, and long interviews with local worthies of every kind, kept him constantly out of the house, and removed him from contact with his host, so that as Macarthy was extremely busy with his own profession (Sir Rufus was greatly struck with the way he worked; he had never seen a gentleman work so hard, without any shoot-

ing or hunting or fishing), it may be said, though it sounds odd, that the two men met very little directly—met scarcely more than in the evening, or, in other words, always in company. During the twenty days the Chasemores spent together in New York they either dined out or were members of a party given at home by Macarthy, and on these occasions Sir Rufus found plenty to talk about with his new acquaintance. His wife flattered herself he was liked, he was so hilarious and so easy. He had a most appreciative manner, but she really wished sometimes that he might have subdued his hilarity a little; there were moments when perhaps it looked as if he took everything in the United States as if it were more than all else amusing. She knew exactly how it must privately affect Macarthy, this implication that it was merely a comical country; but, after all, it was not very easy to say how Macarthy would have preferred that a stranger, or that Sir Rufus in particular, should take the great republic. A cheerful view, yet untinged by the sense of drollery—that would have been the right thing if it could have been arrived at. At all events (and this was something gained), if Sir Rufus was in his heart a pessimist in regard to things he didn't like, he was not superficially sardonic. And then he asked questions by the million; and what was curiosity but a homage?

It will be inferred, and most correctly, that Macarthy Grice was not personally in any degree, for his brother-in-law, the showman of the exhibition. He caused him to be conducted, but he didn't conduct him. He listened to his reports of what he had seen (it was at breakfast mainly that these fresh intimations dropped from Sir Rufus's lips), with very much the same cold patience (as if he were civilly forcing his attention) with which he listened to Agatha's persistent anecdotes of things that had happened to her in England. Of course, with Sir Rufus, there could be no question of persistence; he didn't care whether Macarthy cared or not, and he didn't stick to this everlasting subject of American institutions either to entertain him or to entertain himself—all he wanted was to lead on to further researches and discoveries. Macarthy always met him with the same response: "Oh, So-and-So is the man to tell you all about that. If you wish, I will give you a letter to him." Sir Rufus always wished, and certainly Macarthy wrote, a prodigious number of letters. The inquiries and conclusions of his visitor (so far as Sir Rufus indulged in the latter) all bore special points; he was careful to commit himself to no crude generalizations. He had to remember that he had still the rest of the country to see, and after a little discussion (which was confined to Lady Chasemore and her husband) it was decided that he should see it without his wife, who would await his return among her friends in New York. This arrangement was much to her taste, but it gives again the measure of the degree to which she had renounced her early dream of interpreting the Western world to Sir Rufus. If she was not to be at his side at the moment, on the spot, of course she couldn't interpret—he would get a tremendous start of her. In short, by staying quietly with Macarthy during his absence she almost gave up the great advantage she had hitherto had of knowing more about America than her husband could. She liked, however, to feel that she was making a sacrifice—making one, indeed, both to Sir Rufus and to her brother. The idea of giving up something for Macarthy (she only wished it had been something more) did her great good—sweetened the period of her husband's absence.

The whole season had been splendid, but at this moment the golden days of the Indian summer descended upon the shining city, and steeped it in a kind of fragrant haze. For two or three weeks New York seemed to Lady Chasemore poetical; the marble buildings looked yellow in the sleeping sunshine, and her native land exhibited, for the occasion, an atmosphere; vague memories came back to her of her younger years, of things that had to do, somehow, with the blurred brightness of the late autumn in the country. She walked about, she walked irresponsibly for hours; she didn't care, as she had to care in London. She met friends in the streets and turned and walked with them; and pleasures as simple as this acquired an exaggerated charm for her. She liked walking, and as an American girl had indulged the taste freely; but in London she had no time but to drive—besides which, there were other tiresome considerations. Macarthy came home from his office earlier, and she went to meet him in

Washington Square, and walked up the Fifth Avenue with him in the rich afternoon. It was many years since she had been in New York, and she found herself taking a kind of personal interest in changes and improvements. There were houses she used to know, where friends had lived in the old days, and where they lived no more (no one in New York seemed to her to live where they used to live), which reminded her of incidents she had long ago forgotten, which it pleased and touched her now to recall. Macarthy became very easy and sociable; he even asked her a few questions about her arrangements and habits in England, and struck her (though she had never been particularly aware of it before) as having had an immense deal of American humor. On one occasion he staid away from work altogether and took her up the Hudson, on the steamer, to West Point—an excursion in which she found a peculiar charm. Every day she lunched intimately with a dozen ladies at the house of one or other of them.

In due time Sir Rufus returned from Canada, the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, and California; he had achieved marvels in the way of traversing distances and seeing manners and men with rapidity and facility. Everything had been settled in regard to their sailing for England almost directly after his return; there were only to be two more days in New York, then a rush to Boston, followed by another rush to Philadelphia and Washington. Macarthy made no inquiry whatever of his brother-in-law touching his impression of the great West; he didn't even ask him if he had been favorably impressed with Canada. There would not have been much opportunity, however, for Sir Rufus, on his side, was extremely occupied with the last things he had to do. He had not even time, as yet, to impart his impressions to his wife, and she forbore to interrogate him, feeling that the voyage close at hand would afford abundant leisure for the history of his adventures. For the moment almost the only light that he threw upon them was by saying to Agatha (not before Macarthy) that it was a pleasure to him to see a handsome woman again, as he had not had that satisfaction in the course of his travels. Lady Chasemore wondered, exclaimed, protested, and elicited the declaration that, to his sense, and in the interior at least, the beauty of the women was, like a great many other things, a gigantic American fraud. Sir Rufus had looked for it in vain—he went so far as to say that he had, in the course of extensive wanderings about the world, seen no female type on the whole less to his taste than that of the ladies in whose society, in hundreds (there was no paucity of specimens), in the long, hot, heaving trains, he had traversed a large part of the American continent. His wife inquired whether by chance he preferred the young persons they had (or at least she had) observed at Liverpool the night before their departure; to which he replied that they were no doubt sad creatures, but that the looks of the woman mattered only so long as one lived with her, and he didn't live, and never should live, with the daughters of that grimy seaport. With the women in the American cars he had been living—oh, tremendously! and they were deucedly plain. Thereupon Lady Chasemore wished to know whether he didn't think Mrs. Eugene had beauty, and Mrs. Ripley, and her sister Mrs. Redwood, and Mrs. Long, and several other ornaments of the society in which they had mingled during their stay in New York. "Mrs. Eugene is Mrs. Eugene, and Mrs. Redwood is Mrs. Redwood," Sir Rufus retorted; "but the women in the cars weren't either, and all the women I saw were like the women in the cars." "Well, there may be something in the cars," said Lady Chasemore, pensively; and she mentioned that it was very odd that during her husband's absence, as she roamed about New York, she should have made precisely the opposite reflection, and been struck with the number of pretty faces. "Oh, pretty faces, pretty faces, I dare say!" But Sir Rufus had no time to develop this vague rejoinder.

When they came back from Washington to sail, Agatha told her brother that he was going to write a book about America; it was for this he had made so many inquiries and taken so many notes. She hadn't known it before; it was only while they were in Washington that he told her he had made up his mind to it. Something he saw or heard in Washington appeared to have brought this resolution to a point. Lady Chasemore privately thought it rather a formidable fact; her husband had startled her a good deal in

announcing his intention. She had said, "Of course it will be friendly—you'll say nice things?" And he had replied, "My poor child, they will abuse me like a pickpocket." This had scarcely been reassuring, and she had had it at heart to probe the question further, in the train, after they left Washington. But as it happened, in the train, all the way, Sir Rufus was engaged in conversation with a Democratic Representative, whom he had picked up she didn't know how—very certain he hadn't met him at any respectable house in Washington. They sat in front of her in the car, with their heads almost touching, and although she was a better American than her husband, she shouldn't have liked hers to be so close to that of the Democratic Representative. Now of course she knew that Sir Rufus was taking in material for his book. This idea made her uncomfortable, and she would have liked immensely to separate him from his companion—she scarcely knew why, after all, except that she couldn't believe the Representative represented anything very nice. She promised herself to ascertain thoroughly, after they should be comfortably settled in the ship, the animus with which the book was to be written. She was a very good sailor, and she liked to talk at sea; there her husband would not be able to escape from her, and she foresaw the manner in which she should catechise him. It exercised her greatly in advance, and she was more agitated than she could easily have expressed by the whole question of the book. Meanwhile, however, she was careful not to show her agitation to Macarthy. She referred to her husband's project as casually as possible, and the reason she referred to it was that this seemed more loyal—more loyal to Macarthy. If the book, when written, should attract attention by the severity of its criticism (and that by many qualities it would attract attention of the widest character Lady Chasemore could not doubt), she should feel more easy not to have had the air of concealing from her brother that such a work was in preparation, which would also be the air of having a bad conscience about it. It was to prove (both to herself and Macarthy) that she had a good conscience that she told him of Sir Rufus's design. The habit of detachment from matters connected with his brother-in-law's activity was strong in him, nevertheless he was not able to repress some sign of emotion—he flushed very perceptibly. Quickly, however, he recovered his appearance of considering that the circumstance was one in which he could not hope to interest himself much; though the next moment he observed, with a certain inconsequence, "I am rather sorry to hear it."

"Why are you sorry?" asked Agatha. She was surprised, and indeed gratified, that he should commit himself even so far as to express regret. What she had supposed he would say, if he should say anything, was that he was obliged to her for the information, but that if it was given him with any expectation that he might be induced to read the book, he must really let her know that such an expectation was positively vain. Sir Rufus's printed ideas could have no more value for him than his spoken ones.

"Well, it will be rather disagreeable for you," he said, in answer to her question. "Unless, indeed, you don't care what he says."

"But I do care. The book will be sure to be very able. Do you mean if it should be severe—that would be disagreeable for me? Very certainly it would; it would put me in a false, in a ridiculous, position, and I don't see how I should bear it," Lady Chasemore went on, feeling that her candor was generous, and wishing it to be. "But I sha'n't allow it to be severe. To prevent that, if it's necessary, I will write every word of it myself."

She laughed as she made this declaration, but there was nothing in Macarthy's face to show that *he* could lend himself to a mirthful treatment of the question. "I think an Englishman had better look at home," he said, "and if he does so I don't easily see how the occupation should leave him any leisure or any assurance for reading lectures to other nations. The self-complacency of your husband's countrymen is colossal and imperturbable. Still, with the tight place they find themselves in to-day, and with the judgment of the rest of the world upon them being what it is, it's grotesque to see them still sitting in their old judgment-seat, and pronouncing upon the shortcomings of people who are full of the life that has so long since left *them*." Macarthy Grice spoke slowly, mildly, with a certain dryness, as if he were delivering himself once for all, and would not return to the subject. The quietness of his manner made

the words solemn for his sister, and she stared at him a moment, wondering, as if they pointed to strange things, which she had hitherto but imperfectly apprehended.

"The judgment of the rest of the world—what is that?"

"Why, that they are simply finished; that they don't count."

"Oh, a nation must count which produces such men as my husband," Agatha rejoined, with another laugh. Macarthy was on the point of retorting that it counted as the laughing-stock of the world (that, of course, was something), but he checked himself, and she, moreover, checked him by going on: "Why, Macarthy, you ought to come out with a book yourself about the English. You would steal my husband's thunder."

"Nothing would induce me to do anything of the sort; I pity them too much."

"You pity them!" Lady Chasemore exclaimed. "It would amuse my husband to hear that."

"Very likely, and it would be exactly a proof of what is so pitiable—the contrast between their gross pretensions and the real facts of their condition. They have pressing upon them at once every problem, every source of weakness, every danger, that can threaten the life of a people, and they have nothing to meet the situation with but their classic stupidity."

"Well, that has been useful to them before," said Lady Chasemore, smiling. Her smile was a little forced, and she colored, as her brother had done when she first spoke to him. She found it impossible not to be impressed by what he said, and yet she was vexed that she was, because she didn't wish to be.

He looked at her as if he saw some warning in her face, and continued: "Excuse my going so far. In this last month that we have spent together, so happily for me, I had almost forgotten that you are one of them."

Lady Chasemore said nothing, and she didn't deny that she was one of them. If her husband's country was denounced—after all, he hadn't written his book yet—she felt as if this would be a repudiation of one of the responsibilities she had taken in marrying him.

VI.

The postman was at the door in Grosvenor Crescent when she came back from her drive; the servant took the letters from his hand as she passed into the house. In the hall she stopped to see which of the letters were for her; the butler gave her two, and retained those that were for Sir Rufus. She asked him what orders Sir Rufus had given about his letters, and he replied that they were to be forwarded up to the following night. This applied only to letters, not to parcels, pamphlets, and books. "But would he wish this to go, my lady?" the man asked, holding up a small packet; he added that it appeared to be a kind of document. She took it from him; her eye had caught a name printed on the wrapper, and though she made no great profession of literature she recognized the name as that of a distinguished publisher, and the packet as a roll of proof-sheets. She turned it up and down while the servant waited; it had quite a different look from the bundles of printed official papers which the postman was perpetually leaving, and which, when she scanned the array on the hall table in her own interest, she recognized even at a distance. They were certainly the sheets, at least the first, of her husband's book—those of which he had said to her, on the steamer, on the way back from New York a year before, "My dear child, when I tell you that you shall see them—every page of them—that you shall have complete control of them!" Since she was to have complete control of them, she began with telling the butler not to forward them—to lay them on the hall table. She went upstairs to dress—she was dining out in her husband's absence—and when she came down to re-enter her carriage, she saw the packet lying where it had been placed. So many months had passed that she had ended by forgetting that the book was on the stocks; nothing had happened to remind her of it. She had believed, indeed, that it was not on the stocks, and even that the project would die a natural death. Sir Rufus would have no time to carry it out—he had returned from America to find himself more than ever immersed in official work—and if he didn't put his hand to it within two or three years, at the very most, he would never do so at all, for he would have lost the freshness of his impressions, on which the success of the whole thing would depend. He had his notes, of course, but none the less a delay would be fatal to the production of the volume (it was to be only a volume, and not a big one), inasmuch as by the time it

should be published it would have to encounter the objection that everything changed in America in two or three years, and no one wanted to know anything about a dead past.

Such had been the reflections with which Lady Chasemore consoled herself for the results of those inquiries she had promised herself in New York to make when once she should be ensconced in a sea chair by her husband's side, and which she had in fact made, to her no small discomposure. Meanwhile, apparently, he had stolen a march upon her, he had put his hand to *The Modern Warning* (that was to be the title, as she had learned on the ship), he had worked at it in his odd hours, he had sent it to the printers, and here were the first-fruits of it. Had he had a bad conscience about it—was that the reason he had been so quiet? She didn't believe much in his bad conscience, for he had been tremendously, formidably explicit when they talked the matter over; had let her know as fully as possible what he intended to do. Then it was that he relieved himself, that in the long, unoccupied hours of their fine voyage (he was in wonderful "form" at sea) he took her into the confidence of his real impressions —made her understand how things had struck him in the United States. They had not struck him well; oh no, they had not struck him well at all! But at least he had prepared her, and therefore, since then, he had nothing to hide. It was doubtless an accident that he appeared to have kept his work away from her, for sometimes, in other cases, he had paid her intelligence the compliment (was it not for that, in part, he had married her?) of supposing that she could enter into it. It was probable that in this case he had wanted first to see for himself how his chapters would look in print. Very likely, even, he had not written the whole book, nor even half of it; he had only written the opening pages, and had them "set up": she remembered to have heard him speak of that as a very convenient system. It would be very convenient for her as well, and she should also be made interested in seeing how they looked. On the table, in their neat little packet, they seemed half to solicit her, half to warn her off.

They were still there, of course, when she came back from her dinner, and this time she took possession of them. She carried them upstairs, and in her dressing-room, when she had been left alone, in her wrapper, she sat down with them under the lamp. The packet lay in her lap a long time, however, before she decided to detach the envelop. Her hesitation came not from her feeling in any degree that this roll of printed sheets had the sanctity of a letter, a seal that she might not discreetly break, but from an insurmountable nervousness as to what she might find within. She sat there for an hour, with her head resting on the back of her chair, and her eyes closed; but she had not fallen asleep; Lady Chasemore was very wide-awake indeed. She was living for the moment in a kind of concentration of memory, thinking over everything that had fallen from her husband's lips after he began, as I have said, to relieve himself. It turned out that the opinion he had formed of the order of society in the United States was even less favorable than she had reason to fear. There were not many things of which he had thought well, and the few exceptions related to the matters that were the most characteristic of the country, not idiosyncrasies of American life. The idiosyncrasies he had held to be one and all detestable. The whole spectacle was a colossal warning, a consummate illustration of the horrors of democracy. The only thing that had saved the misbegotten republic as yet was its margin, its geographical vastness; but that was now discounted and exhausted. For the rest, every democratic vice was in the ascendant, and could be studied there *sur le vif;* he couldn't be too thankful that he had not delayed longer to go over and study it. He had come back with a head full of lessons and a heart fired with the resolve to enforce them upon his own people, who, as Agatha knew, had begun to move in the same lamentable direction. As she listened to him she perceived the mistake she had made in not going to the West with him, for it was from that part of the country that he had drawn his most formidable anecdotes and examples. Of these he produced a terrific array; he spoke by book, he overflowed with facts and figures, and his wife felt herself submerged by the deep, bitter waters. She even felt what a pity it was that she had not dragged him away from that common little Congressman whom he had stuck to so in the train coming from Washing-

ton; yet it didn't matter—a little more or a little less—the whole affair had rubbed him so the wrong way, exasperated his taste, confounded his traditions. He proved to have disliked quite unspeakably things that she supposed he liked, to have suffered acutely on occasions when she thought he was really pleased. It would appear that there had been no occasion, except once, sitting at dinner between Mrs. Redwood and Mrs. Eugene, when he was really pleased. Even his long chat with the Pennsylvania Congressman had made him almost ill at the time. His wife could be none the less struck with the ability which had enabled him to master so much knowledge in so short a time; he had not only gobbled up facts, he had arranged them in a magnificent order, and she was proud of his being so clever, even when he made her bleed by the way he talked. He had had no intention whatever of this, and he was as much surprised as touched when she broke out into a passionate appeal to him not to publish such horrible misrepresentations. She defended her country with exaltation, and so far as was possible in the face of his own flood of statistics, of anecdotes of "lobbying," of the corruption of public life, for which she was unprepared, endeavoring to gainsay him in the particulars as well as in the generals. She maintained that he had seen everything wrong, seen it through the distortion of prejudice, of a hostile temperament, in the light—or rather in the darkness—of wishing to find weapons to worry in England the opposite party. Of course America had its faults, but on the whole it was a much finer country than any other, finer even than his clumsy, congested old England, where there was plenty to do to sweep the house clean, if he would give a little more of his time to that. Scandals for scandals she had heard more since she came to England than all the years she had lived at home. She didn't quote Macarthy to him (she had reasons for not doing so), but something of the spirit of Macarthy flamed up in her as she spoke.

Sir Rufus smiled at her vehemence; he took it in perfectly good part, though it evidently left him not a little astonished. He had forgotten that America was hers—that she had any allegiance but the allegiance of her marriage. He had made her his own, and being the intense Englishman that he was, it had never occurred to him to doubt that she now partook of his quality in the same degree as himself. He had assimilated her, as it were, completely, and he had assumed that she had also assimilated him, and his country with him—a process which would have for its consequence that the other country, the ugly, vulgar, superfluous one, would be, as he mentally phrased it to himself, "shunted." That it hadn't been was the proof of a rather morbid sensibility, which tenderness and time would still assuage. Sir Rufus was tender, he reassured his wife on the spot, in the first place by telling her that she knew nothing whatever about the United States (it was astonishing how little many of the people in the country itself knew about them), and in the second by promising her that he would not print a word to which her approval should not be expressly given. She should countersign every page before it went to press, and none should leave the house without her *visé*. She wished to know if he possibly could have forgotten—so strange would it be—that she had told him long ago at Cadenabbia how horrible it would be to her to find herself married to a man harboring evil thoughts of her father-land. He remembered this declaration perfectly, and others that had followed it, but was prepared to ask if she, on her side, recollected giving him notice that she should convert him into an admirer of transatlantic peculiarities. She had had an excellent opportunity, but she had not carried out her plan. He had been passive in her hands, she could have done what she liked with him (hadn't he offered, that night by the lake of Como, to throw up his career and go and live with her in some beastly American town? and he had really meant it—upon his honor he had!), so that if the conversion hadn't come off, whose fault was it but hers? She hadn't gone to work with any sort of earnestness. At all events, now it was too late; he had seen for himself—the impression was made. Two points were vivid beyond the others in Lady Chasemore's evocation of the scene on the ship; one was her husband's insistence on the fact that he had not the smallest animosity to the American people, but had only his own English brothers in view, wished only to protect and save them, to point a certain moral as it never had been pointed before; the other was his pledge that nothing should be made public without



"MY DEAR GIRL, DO YOU THINK ME AN AWFUL BRUTE?"

her assent. As at last she broke the envelop of the packet in her lap she wondered how much she should find to assent to. More, perhaps, than a third person, judging the case, would have expected; for after what had passed between them, Sir Rufus must have taken great pains to tone down his opinions—or at least the expression of them.

VII.

He came back to Grosvenor Place the next evening, very late, and on asking for his wife, was told that she was in her apartments. He was furthermore informed that she was to have dined out, but had given it up, countermanding the carriage at the last moment, and despatching a note instead. On Sir Rufus asking if she were ill, it was added that she had seemed rather poorly, and had not left the house since the day before. A minute later he found her in her own sitting-room, where she appeared to have been walking up and down. She stopped when he entered, and stood there, looking at him; she was in her dressing-gown, very pale, and she received him without a smile. He went up to her, kissed her, saw something strange in

her eyes, and asked, with eagerness, if she had been suffering. "Yes, yes," she said, "but I have not been ill," and the next moment flung herself upon his neck and buried her face there, sobbing, yet at the same time stifling her sobs. Inarticulate words were mingled with them, and it was not till after a moment he understood that she was saying, "How could you? ah, how *could* you?" He failed to understand her allusion, and while he was still in the dark, she recovered herself and broke away from him. She went quickly to a drawer and possessed herself of some papers, which she held out to him, this time without meeting his eyes. "Please take them away—take them away forever. It's your book—the things from the printers. I saw them on the table—I guessed what they were—I opened them to see. I read them—I read them. Please take them away."

He had by this time become aware that, even though she had flung herself upon his breast, his wife was animated by a spirit of the deepest reproach, an exquisite sense of injury. When he first saw the papers he did not recognize his book: it had not been in his mind. He took them from her with an exclamation of wonder, accompanied by a laugh which was meant in kindness, and turned them over, glancing at page after page. Disconcerted as he was at the condition in which Agatha presented herself, he was still accessible to that agreeable titillation which a man feels on seeing his prose, and still more his verse, "set up." Sir Rufus had been quoted and reported by the newspapers, and had put into circulation several little pamphlets, but this was his first contribution to the regular literature of his country, and his publishers had given him a very handsome page. Its striking beauty held him a moment, then his eyes passed back to his wife, who, with her grand, cold, wounded air, was also very handsome. "My dear girl, do you think me an awful brute? have I made you ill?" he asked. He declared that he had no idea that he had gone so far as to shock her; he had left out such a lot; he had tried to keep the sting out of everything; he had made it all butter and honey. But he begged her not to get into a state; he would go over the whole thing with her if she liked—make any changes she should require. It would spoil the book, but he would rather do that than spoil her lovely temper. It was in a highly jocular manner that he made this allusion to her temper, and it was impressed upon her that he was not too much discomposed by her discomposure to be able to joke. She took notice of two things: the first of which was that he had a perfectly good conscience, and that no accusing eye that might have been turned upon him would have made him change color. He had no sense that he had broken faith with her, and he really thought his horrible book was very mild. He spoke the simple truth in saying that for her sake he had endeavored to qualify his strictures, and strange as it might appear, he honestly believed he had succeeded. Later, at other times, Agatha wondered what he would have written if he had felt himself free. What she observed in the second place was that though he saw she was much upset, he didn't in the least sound the depth of her distress, or, as she herself would have said, of her shame. He never would—he never would; he couldn't enter into her feelings, because he couldn't believe in them; they could only strike him as exaggerated and factitious. He had given her a country, a magnificent one, and why in the name of commonsense was she making him a scene about another? With the simplest form of the national consciousness a woman had more than the tenor of the feminine existence and the scope of her responsibilities demanded: what, therefore, was this morbid fancy of his wife's to give it in her own case an indefinite extension?

When he accused her of being morbid, it was very simple for her to deny it utterly, and to express her astonishment at his being able to allow so little for her just susceptibility. He couldn't take it seriously that she had American feelings; he couldn't believe that it would make a terrible difference in her happiness to go about the world as the wife, the cynical, consenting wife, of the author of a blow dealt with that brutality at a breast to which she owed filial honor. She didn't say to him that she should never hold her head up before Macarthy again (her strength had been that hitherto, as against Macarthy, she was perfectly straight), but it was in a great degree the prefigurement of her brother's cold, life-long scorn that had kindled in her, while she awaited her husband's return, the passion with which she now protested. He would never read

The Modern Warning, but he would hear all about it, he would meet it in the newspapers, in every one's talk; the very voices of the air would distil the worst pages into his ear, and make the scandal of the participation even greater than—as Heaven knew—it would deserve to be. She thought of the month of renewed tenderness, of happy, pure impressions, that she had spent a year before in the midst of American kindness and memories more innocent than her visions of to-day, and the effect of this retrospect was galling in the face of her possible shame. Shame—shame. She repeated that word to Sir Rufus in a tone which made him stare, as if it dawned upon him that her reason was perhaps deserting her. That shame should attach itself to his wife in consequence of any behavior of *his* was an idea that he had to make a very considerable effort to embrace, and while his candor betrayed it, his wife was touched, even through her resentment, by seeing that she had not made him angry. He thought she was strangely unreasonable, but he was determined not, on his own side, to fall into that vice. She was silent about Macarthy, because Sir Rufus had accused her before her marriage of being afraid of him, and she had then resolved never again to incur such a taunt; but before things had gone much further between them she reminded her husband that she had Irish blood, the blood of the people, in her veins, and that he must take that into account in measuring the provocation he might think it safe to heap upon her. She was far from being a fanatic on this subject, as he knew, but when America was made out to be an object of holy horror to virtuous England, she could not but remember that millions of her Celtic cousins had found refuge there from the blessed English dispensation, and be struck with his recklessness in challenging comparisons which were better left to sleep.

When his wife began to represent herself as Irish, Sir Rufus evidently thought her "off her head" indeed; it was the first he had heard of it since she communicated the mystic fact to him on the lake of Como. Nevertheless he argued with her for half an hour as if she were sane, and before they separated he made her a liberal concession, such as only a perfectly lucid mind would be able to appreciate. This was a simple indulgence, at the end of their midnight discussion; it was not dictated by any recognition of his having been unjust; for though his wife reiterated this charge, with a sacred fire in her eyes which made them more beautiful than he had ever known them, he took his stand, in his own stubborn opinion, too firmly upon piles of evidence, revelations of political fraud and corruption, and the "whole tone of the newspapers" to speak only of that. He remarked to her that, clearly, he must simply give way to her opposition. If she were going to suffer so inordinately, it settled the question. The book should not be published, and they would say no more about it. He would put it away, he would burn it up, and *The Modern Warning* should be as if it had never been. Amen! amen! Lady Chasemore accepted this sacrifice with eagerness, although her husband (it must be added) did not fail to place before her the exceeding greatness of it. He didn't lose his temper, he was not petulant nor spiteful, he didn't throw up his project and his vision of literary distinction in a huff; but he called her attention very vividly and solemnly to the fact that in deferring to the feelings she so uncompromisingly expressed he renounced the dream of rendering a signal service to his country. There was a certain bitterness in his smile as he told her that *her* wish was the only thing in the world that could have made him throw away such a golden opportunity. The rest of his life would never offer him such another; but patriotism might go to the dogs if only it were settled that she shouldn't have a grudge. He didn't care what became of poor old England, if once that precious result were obtained; poor old England might pursue impure delusions and rattle down hill as fast as she chose, for want of the word his voice would have spoken—really inspired, as he held it to be, by the justice of his cause.

Lady Chasemore flattered herself that they did not part that night in acrimony; there was nothing of this in the long kiss which she took from her husband's lips, with wet eyes, with a grateful, comprehensive murmur. It seemed to her that nothing could be fairer or finer than their mutual confidence; her husband's concession was gallant in the extreme; but even more than this was it impressed upon her that her own affection was perfect, since it could accept such a renunciation without a fear of the after-taste. She had

been in love with Sir Rufus from the day he sought her hand at Cadenabbia, but she was never so much in love with him as during the weeks that immediately followed his withdrawal of his book. It was agreed between them that neither of them would speak of the circumstance again, but she at least, in private, devoted an immense deal of meditation to it. It gave her a tremendous reprieve, lifted a nightmare off her breast, and that, in turn, gave her freedom to reflect that probably few men would have made such a graceful surrender. She wanted him to understand, or at any rate she wanted to understand herself, that in all its particulars too she thoroughly appreciated it; if he really couldn't conceive how she could feel as she did, it was all the more generous of him to comply blindly, to take her at her word, little as he could make of it. It did not become less obvious to Lady Chasemore, but quite the contrary, as the weeks went on, that *The Modern Warning* would have been a masterpiece of its class. In her room, that evening, her husband had told her that the best of him, intellectually, had gone into it, that he believed he had uttered certain truths there as they never would be uttered again —contributed his grain of gold to the limited sum of human wisdom. He had done something to help his country, and then —to please her—he had undone it. Above all it was delightful to her that he had not been sullen or rancorous about it, that he didn't make her pay for his magnanimity. He didn't sigh or scowl, or take on the air of a domestic martyr; he came and went with his usual step and his usual smile, and remained to all appearance the same fresh-colored, decided, accomplished high official.

Therefore it is that I find it difficult to explain how it was that Lady Chasemore began to feel at the end of a few months that their difficulties had, after all, not become the mere reminiscence of a flurry, making present security more deep. What if the flurry continued, impalpably, insidiously, under the surface? She thought there had been no change, but now she suspected that there was at least a difference. She had read Tennyson, and she knew the famous phrase about the little rift within the lute. It came back to her with a larger meaning, it haunted her at last, and she asked herself whether, when she accepted her husband's relinquishment, it had been her happiness and his that she staked and threw away. In the light of this fear she struck herself as having lived in a fool's paradise—a misfortune from which she had ever prayed to be delivered. She wanted in every situation to know the worst, and in this case she had not known it; at least she knew it only now, in the shape of the formidable fact that Sir Rufus's outward good manners misrepresented his real reaction. At present she began, anxiously, broodingly, to take this reaction for granted, and to see signs of it in the very things which she had regarded at first as signs of resignation. She secretly watched his face; she privately counted his words. When she began to do this it was no very long time before she made up her mind that the latter had become much fewer, that Sir Rufus talked to her very much less than he had done of old. He took no revenge, but he was cold, and in his coldness there was something horribly inevitable. He looked at her less and less, whereas formerly his eyes had had no more agreeable occupation. She tried to teach herself that her suspicions were woven of air, and were an injury to a just man's character; she remembered that Sir Rufus had told her she was morbid, and if the charge had not been true at the time, it might very well be true now. But the effect of this reflection was only to suggest to her that Sir Rufus himself was morbid, and that her behavior had made him so. It was the last thing that would be in his nature, but she had subjected that nature to a most unnatural strain. He was feeling it now; he was feeling that he had failed in the duty of a good citizen: a good citizen being what he had ever most earnestly proposed to himself to be. Lady Chasemore pictured to herself that his cheek burned for this when it was turned away from her—that he ground his teeth with shame in the watches of the night. Then it came over her with unspeakable bitterness that there had been no real solution of their difficulty; that it was too great to be settled by so simple an arrangement as that—an arrangement too primitive for a complicated world. Nothing was less simple than to bury one's gold and live without the interest. It is a singular circumstance, and suggesting perhaps a perversion of the imagination under the influence of distress, but Lady Chasemore at this time found

herself thinking with a kind of baffled pride of the merits of *The Modern Warning* as a literary composition, a political essay. It would have been dreadful for her, but at least it would have been superb, and that was what was, naturally enough, present to the defeated author as he tossed through the sleepless hours. She determined at last to question him, to confess her fears, to make him tell her whether his weakness—if he considered it a weakness—really did rankle; though when he made the sacrifice months before (nearly a year had come round), he let her know that he wished the subject buried between them for evermore. She approached it with some trepidation, and the manner in which he looked at her as she stammered out her inquiry was not such as to make the effort easier. He waited in silence till she had expressed herself as she best could, without helping her, without showing that he guessed her trouble, her need to be assured that he didn't feel her to have been cruel. Did he?—*did* he? that was what she wanted to be certain of. Sir Rufus's answer was in itself a question; he demanded what she meant by imputing to him such hypocrisy, such bad faith. What did she take him for, and what right had he given her to make a new scene, when he flattered himself the last pretext had been removed? If he had been dissatisfied, she might be very sure he would have told her so; and as he hadn't told her, she might pay him the compliment to believe he was honest. He expressed the hope—and for the first time in his life he was stern with her—that this would be the last endeavor on her part to revive an odious topic. His sternness was of no avail; it neither wounded her nor comforted her; it only had the effect of making her perfectly sure that he suffered, and that he regarded himself as a kind of traitor. He was one more in the long list of those whom a woman had ruined, who had sold themselves, sold their honor and the commonwealth, for a fair face, a quiet life, a show of tears, a bribe of caresses. The vision of this smothered pain, which he tried to carry off as a gentleman should, only ministered to the love she had ever borne him, the love that had the power originally to throw her into his arms in the face of an opposing force. As month followed month, all her nature centred itself in this feeling; she loved him more than ever, and yet she had been the cause of the most tormenting thing that had ever happened to him. This was a tragic contradiction, impossible to bear, and she sat staring at it with tears of rage.

One day she had occasion to tell him that she had received a letter from Macarthy, who announced that he should soon sail for Europe, even intimated that he should spend two or three weeks in London. He had been overworked, it was years since he had had a proper holiday, and the doctor threatened him with nervous prostration if he didn't very soon break off everything. His sister had a vision of his reason for offering to let her see him in England; it was a piece of appreciation, on Macarthy's part, a reward for their having behaved—that is, for Sir Rufus's having behaved—apparently under her influence, better than might have been expected. He had the good taste not to bring out his insolent book, and Macarthy gave this little sign, the most mollified thing he had done as yet, that he noticed. If Lady Chasemore had not at this moment been thinking of something else, it might have occurred to her that nervous prostration in her brother's organism had already set in. The prospect of his visit held Sir Rufus's attention very briefly, and in a few minutes Agatha herself ceased to dwell upon it. Suddenly, illogically, fantastically, she could not have told why, at that moment and in that place, for she had had no such intention when she came into the room, she broke out: "My own darling, do you know what has come over me? I have changed entirely—I see it differently; I want you to publish that grand thing." And she stood there smiling at him, expressing the transformation of her feeling so well that he might have been forgiven for not doubting it.

Nevertheless he did doubt it, especially at first. But she repeated, she pressed, she insisted; once she had spoken in this sense, she abounded and overflowed. It went on for several days (he had begun by refusing to listen to her, for even in touching the question she had violated his solemn injunction), and by the end of a week she persuaded him that she had really come round. She was extremely ingenious and plausible in tracing the process by which she had done so, and she drew from him the confession (they kissed a great deal after it was made)

that the manuscript of *The Modern Warning* had not been destroyed at all, but was safely locked up in a cabinet, together with the interrupted proofs. She doubtless placed her tergiversation in a more natural light than her biographer has been able to do; he, however, will spare the reader the exertion of following the impalpable clew which leads to the heart of the labyrinth. A month was still to elapse before Macarthy would show himself, and during this time she had the leisure and freedom of mind to consider the sort of face with which she should meet him, her husband having virtually promised that he would send the book back to the printers. Now, of course, she renounced all pretension of censureship; she had nothing to do with it; it might be whatever he liked; she gave him formal notice that she should not even look at it after it was printed. It was his affair altogether now—it had ceased to be hers. A hard crust had formed itself, in the course of a year, over a sensibility that was once so tender; this she admitted was very strange, but it would be stranger still if (with the value that he had originally set upon his opportunity) he should fail to feel that he might throw his weight upon it. In this case the morbidness would be on *his* side. Several times, during the period that preceded Macarthy's arrival, Lady Chasemore saw on the table in the hall little packets which reminded her of the roll of proofs she had opened that evening in her room. Her courage never failed her, and an observer of her present relations with her husband might easily have been excused for believing that the solution which at one time appeared so illusory was now substantial and complete. Sir Rufus was immensely taken up with the resumption of his task; the revision of his original pages went forward the more rapidly that in fact, though his wife was unaware of it, they had repeatedly been in his hands since he put them away. He had retouched and amended them, by the midnight lamp, disinterestedly, platonically, hypothetically, and the alterations and improvements which suggest themselves when a work is laid by to ripen, like a row of pears on a shelf, started into life and liberty. Sir Rufus was as happy as a man who, after having been obliged for a long time to entertain a passion in secret, finds it recognized and legitimated, finds that the obstacles are removed, and he may conduct his beloved to the altar.

Nevertheless, when Macarthy Grice alighted at the door of his sister's house—he had assented at the last to her urgent request that he would make it his habitation during his stay in London—he stepped into an atmosphere of sudden alarm and dismay. It was late in the afternoon, a couple of hours before dinner, and it so happened that Sir Rufus drove up at the moment the American traveller issued from the carriage that had been sent for him. The two men exchanged greetings on the steps of the house, but in the next breath Macarthy's host asked what had become of Agatha, whether she had not gone to the station to meet him, as she had announced at noon, when Sir Rufus saw her last, that she intended.

It appeared that she had not accompanied the carriage; Macarthy had been met only by one of the servants, who had been with the Chasemores to America, and was therefore in a position to recognize him. This functionary said to Sir Rufus that her ladyship had sent him down word, an hour before the carriage started, that she had altered her intention, and he was to go on without her. By this time the door of the house had been thrown open; the butler and the other footman had come to the front. They had not, however, their usual perpendicular demeanor, and the master's eye immediately saw that there was something wrong in the house. This apprehension was confirmed by the butler on the instant, before he had time to ask a question. "We are afraid her ladyship is ill, sir; rather seriously, sir; we have but this moment discovered it, sir; her maid is with her, sir, and the other women."

Sir Rufus started; he paused but a single instant, looking from one of the men to the other. Their faces were very white; they had a strange, scared expression. "What do you mean by rather seriously?—what the devil has happened?" But he had sprung to the stairs—he was half-way up before they could answer.

"You had better go up, sir, really," said the butler, to Macarthy, who was planted there, and had turned as white as himself; "we are afraid she has taken something."

"Taken something?"

"By mistake, sir, you know, sir," qua-

vered the footman, looking at his companion. There were tears in the footman's eyes. Macarthy felt sick.

"And there's no doctor? You don't send? You stand gaping?"

"We are going, sir—we have already gone!" cried both the men together. "He'll come from the hospital, round the corner; he'll be here by the time you're upstairs. It was but this very moment, sir, just before you rang the bell," one of them went on. The footman who had come with Macarthy from Euston dashed out of the house, and he himself followed the direction his brother-in-law had taken. The butler was with him, saying he didn't know what—that it was only while they were waiting—that it would be a stroke for Sir Rufus. He got before him, on the upper landing; he led the way to Lady Chasemore's room, the door of which was open, revealing a horrible hush, and, beyond the interior, a flurried, gasping flight of female domestics. Sir Rufus was there, he was at the bed still; he had cleared the room; two of the women had remained, they had hold of Lady Chasemore, who lay there passive, with a lifeless arm that caught Macarthy's eye—calling her, chafing her, pushing each other, saying that she would come to in a minute. Sir Rufus had apparently been staring at his wife in stupefaction and horror, but as Macarthy came to the bed he caught her up in his arms, pressing her to his bosom, and the American visitor met his face, glaring at him over her shoulder, convulsed and transformed. "She has taken something, but only by mistake;" he was conscious that the butler was saying that again, behind him, in his ears.

"My God, you have killed her! it's *your* infernal work!" cried Sir Rufus, in a voice that matched his terrible face.

"*I* have killed her?" answered Macarthy, bewildered and appalled.

"Your d——d fantastic opposition—the fear of meeting you," Sir Rufus went on. But his words lost themselves, as he bent over her in violent kisses and imprecations, in demands whether nothing could be done, why the doctor wasn't there, in clumsy, passionate attempts to arouse, to revive.

"Oh, I am sure she wanted you to come. She was very well this morning, sir," the lady's-maid broke out, to Macarthy, contradicting Sir Rufus in her fright, and protesting again that it was nothing; that it was a faint—for the very pleasure—that her ladyship would come round. The other woman had picked up a little phial. She thrust it at Macarthy with the boldness of their common distress, and as he took it from her mechanically he perceived that it was empty, and had a strange odor. He sniffed it, and with a shout of horror flung it away. He rushed at his sister, and for a moment almost had a struggle with her husband for the possession of her body, in which, as soon as he touched it, he felt the absence of life. Then she was in the bed again, beautiful, irresponsive, inanimate, and they were both beside her for an instant, after which Sir Rufus broke away, and staggered out of the room. It seemed an eternity to Macarthy while he waited, though it had already come over him that he was waiting only for something still worse. The women talked, tried to tell him things; one of them said something about the pity of his coming all the way from America on purpose. Agatha was beautiful; there was no disfigurement. The butler had gone out with Sir Rufus, and he came back with him, reappearing first, and with the doctor. Macarthy didn't even heed what the doctor said. By this time he knew it all for himself. He flung himself into a chair, overwhelmed, covering his face with the cape of his ulster. The odor of the little phial was in his nostrils. He let the doctor lead him out without resistance, scarcely with consciousness, after some minutes.

Lady Chasemore had taken something—the doctor gave it a name—but it was not by mistake. In the hall, down-stairs, he stood looking at Macarthy, kindly, soothingly, tentatively, with his hand on his shoulder. "Had she—a—had she some domestic grief?" Macarthy heard him ask. He couldn't stay in the house—not with Chasemore. The servant who had brought him from the station took him to a hotel, with his luggage, in the carriage, which was still at the door—a horrible hotel, where in a dismal, dingy back room, with chimney-pots outside, he spent a night of unsurpassable anguish. He could not understand, and he howled to himself, "Why, *why*, just now?" Sir Rufus, in the other house, had exactly such another vigil; it was plain enough that this was the case when, the next morning, he came to the hotel. He held out his hand to Macarthy—he appeared to take back his

monstrous words of the evening before. He made him come back to Grosvenor Crescent; he made him spend three days there, three days during which the two men scarcely exchanged a word. But the rest of the holiday that Macarthy had undertaken for the benefit of his health was passed upon the Continent, with little present evidence that he should find what he had sought. *The Modern Warning* has not yet been published, but it may still appear. This doubtless will depend upon whether, this time, the sheets have really been destroyed—buried in Lady Chasemore's grave, or only put back into the cabinet.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

IV.—CHICAGO.

Second Paper.

THE country gets its impression of Chicago largely from the Chicago newspapers. In my observation, the impression is wrong. The press is able, vigorous, voluminous, full of enterprise, alert, spirited; its news columns are marvellous in quantity, if not in quality; nowhere are important events, public meetings, and demonstrations more fully, graphically, and satisfactorily reported; it has keen and competent writers in several departments of criticism—theatrical, musical, and occasionally literary; independence, with less of personal bias than in some other cities; the editorial pages of most of the newspapers are bright, sparkling, witty, not seldom spiced with knowing drollery, and strong, vivid, well-informed and well-written, in the discussion of public questions, with an allowance always to be made for the "personal equation" in dealing with particular men and measures—as little provincial in this respect as any press in the country.

But it lacks tone, elevation of purpose; it represents to the world the inferior elements of a great city rather than the better, under a mistaken notion in the press and the public, not confined to Chicago, as to what is "news." It cannot escape the charge of being highly sensational; that is, the elevation into notoriety of mean persons and mean events by every rhetorical and pictorial device. Day after day the leading news, the most displayed and most conspicuous, will be of vulgar men and women, and all the more expanded if it have in it a spice of scandal. This sort of reading creates a diseased appetite, which requires a stronger dose daily to satisfy. And people who read it lose their relish for the higher, more decent, if less piquant, news of the world. Of course the Chicago newspapers are not by any means alone in this course; it is a disease of the time. Even New York has recently imitated successfully this feature of what is called Western journalism.

But it is largely from the Chicago newspapers that the impression has gone abroad that the city is pre-eminent in divorces, pre-eminent in scandals, that its society is fast, that it is vulgar and pretentious, that its tone is "shoddy," and its culture a sham. The laws of Illinois in regard to divorces are not more lax than in some Eastern States, and divorces are not more numerous there of residents (according to population) than in some Eastern towns; but while the press of the latter give merely an official line to the court separations, the Chicago papers parade all the details, and illustrate them with pictures. Many people go there to get divorces, because they avoid scandal at their homes, and because the Chicago courts offer unusual facilities in being open every month in the year. Chicago has a young, mobile population, an immense foreign brutal element. I watched for some weeks the daily reports of divorces and scandals. Almost without exception they related to the lower, not to say the more vulgar, portions of social life. In several years the city has had, I believe, only two *causes célèbres* in what is called good society—a remarkable record for a city of its size. Of course a city of this magnitude and mobility is not free from vice and immorality and fast living; but I am compelled to record the deliberate opinion, formed on a good deal of observation and inquiry, that the moral tone

in Chicago society, in all the well-to-do industrious classes which give the town its distinctive character, is purer and higher than in any other city of its size with which I am acquainted, and purer than in many much smaller. The tone is not so fast, public opinion is more restrictive, and women take, and are disposed to take, less latitude in conduct. This was not my impression from the newspapers. But it is true not only that social life holds itself to great propriety, but that the moral atmosphere is uncommonly pure and wholesome. At the same time, the city does not lack gayety of movement, and it would not be called prudish, nor in some respects conventional.

It is curious also that the newspapers, or some of them, take pleasure in mocking at the culture of the town. Outside papers catch this spirit, and the "culture" of Chicago is the butt of the paragraphers. It is a singular attitude for newspapers to take regarding their own city. Not long ago Mr. McClurg published a very neat volume, in vellum, of the fragments of Sappho, with translations. If the volume had appeared in Boston it would have been welcomed and most respectfully received in Chicago. But instead of regarding it as an evidence of the growing literary taste of the new town, the humorists saw occasion in it for exquisite mockery in the juxtaposition of Sappho with the modern ability to kill seven pigs a minute, and in the cleverest and most humorous manner set all the country in a roar over the incongruity. It goes without saying that the business men of Chicago were not sitting up nights to study the Greek poets in the original; but the fact was that there was enough literary taste in the city to make the volume a profitable venture, and that its appearance was an evidence of intellectual activity and scholarly inclination that would be creditable to any city in the land. It was not at all my intention to intrude my impressions of a newspaper press so very able and with such magnificent opportunities as that of Chicago, but it was unavoidable to mention one of the causes of the misapprehension of the social and moral condition of the city.

The business statistics of Chicago, and the story of its growth, and the social movement, which have been touched on in a previous paper, give only a half-picture of the life of the town. The prophecy for its great and more hopeful future is in other exhibitions of its incessant activity. My limits permit only a reference to its churches, extensive charities (which alone would make a remarkable and most creditable chapter), hospitals, medical schools, and conservatories of music. Club life is attaining metropolitan proportions. There is on the south side the Chicago, the Union League, the University, the Calumet, and on the north side the Union—all vigorous, and most of them housed in superb buildings of their own. The Women's Exchange is a most useful organization, and the Ladies' Fortnightly ranks with the best intellectual associations in the country. The Commercial Club, composed of sixty representative business men in all departments, is a most vital element in the prosperity of the city. I cannot dwell upon these. But at least a word must be said about the charities, and some space must be given to the schools.

The number of solicitors for far West churches and colleges who pass by Chicago and come to New York and New England for money have created the impression that Chicago is not a good place to go for this purpose. Whatever may be the truth of this, the city does give royally for private charities, and liberally for mission work beyond her borders. It is estimated by those familiar with the subject that Chicago contributes for charitable and religious purposes, exclusive of the public charities of the city and county, not less than five millions of dollars annually. I have not room to give even the partial list of the benevolent societies that lies before me, but beginning with the Chicago Relief and Aid, and the Armour Mission, and going down to lesser organizations, the sum annually given by them is considerably over half a million dollars. The amount raised by the churches of various denominations for religious purposes is not less than four millions yearly. These figures prove the liberality, and I am able to add that the charities are most sympathetically and intelligently administered.

Inviting, by its opportunities for labor and its facilities for business, comers from all the world, a large proportion of whom are aliens to the language and institutions of America, Chicago is making a noble fight to assimilate this material into good citizenship. The popular schools are lib-

erally sustained, intelligently directed, practise the most advanced and inspiring methods, and exhibit excellent results. I have not the statistics of 1887; but in 1886, when the population was only 703,000, there were 129,000 between the ages of six and sixteen, of whom 83,000 were enrolled as pupils, and the average daily attendance in schools was over 65,000. Besides these there were about 43,000 in private schools. The census of 1886 reports only 34 children between the ages of six and twenty-one who could neither read nor write. There were 91 school buildings owned by the city, and two rented. Of these three are high-schools, one in each division, the newest, on the west side, having 1000 students. The school attendance increases by a large per cent. each year. The principals of the high-schools were men; of the grammar and primary schools, 35 men and 42 women. The total of teachers was 1440, of whom 56 were men. By the census of 1886 there were 106,929 children in the city under six years of age. No kindergartens are attached to the public schools, but the question of attaching them is agitated. In the lower grades, however, the instruction is by object lessons, drawing, writing, modelling, and exercises that train the eye to observe, the tongue to describe, and that awaken attention without weariness. The alertness of the scholars and the enthusiasm of the teachers were marked. It should be added that German is extensively taught in the grammar-schools, and that the number enrolled in the German classes in 1886 was over 28,000. There is some public sentiment for throwing out German from the public schools, and generally for restricting studies in the higher branches. The argument against this is that very few of the children, and the majority of those girls, enter the high-schools; the boys are taken out early for business, and get no education afterward. In 1885 were organized public elementary evening schools (which had, in 1886, 6709 pupils), and an evening high-school, in which book-keeping, stenography, mechanical drawing, and advanced mathematics were taught. The School Committee also have in charge day schools for the education of deaf and dumb children.

The total expenditure for 1886 was $2,060,803; this includes $1,023,394 paid to superintendents and teachers, and large sums for new buildings, apparatus, and repairs. The total cash receipts for school purposes were $2,091,951. Of this was from the school tax fund $1,758,053 (the total city tax for all purposes was $5,368,409), and the rest from State dividend and school fund bonds and miscellaneous sources. These figures show that education is not neglected.

Of the quality and efficacy of this education there cannot be two opinions, as seen in the schools which I visited. The high-school on the west side is a model of its kind; but perhaps as interesting an example of popular education as any is the Franklin grammar and primary school on the north side, in a district of laboring people. Here were 1700 pupils, all children of working people, mostly Swedes and Germans, from the age of six years upward. Here were found some of the children of the late anarchists, and nowhere else can one see a more interesting attempt to manufacture intelligent American citizens. The instruction rises through the several grades from object lessons, drawing, writing and reading (and writing and reading well), to elementary physiology, political and constitutional history, and physical geography. Here is taught to young children what they cannot learn at home, and might never clearly comprehend otherwise; not only something of the geography and history of the country, but the distinctive principles of our government, its constitutional ideas, the growth, creeds, and relations of political parties, and the personality of the great men who have represented them. That the pupils comprehend these subjects fairly well I had evidence in recitations that were as pleasing as surprising. In this way Chicago is teaching its alien population American ideas, and it is fair to presume that the rising generation will have some notion of the nature and value of our institutions that will save them from the inclination to destroy them.

The public mind is agitated a good deal on the question of the introduction of manual training into the public schools. The idea of some people is that manual training should only be used as an aid to mental training, in order to give definiteness and accuracy to thought; others would like actual trades taught; and others think that it is outside the function of the State to teach anything but elementary mental studies. The subject would require an essay by itself, and I only al-

lude to it to say that Chicago is quite alive to the problems and the most advanced educational ideas. If one would like to study the philosophy and the practical working of what may be called physico-mental training, I know no better place in the country to do so than the Cook County Normal School, near Englewood, under the charge of Colonel F. W. Parker, the originator of what is known as the Quincy (Massachusetts) System. This is a training school for about 100 teachers, in a building where they have practice on about 500 children in all stages of education, from the kindergarten up to the eighth grade. This may be called a thorough manual training school, but not to teach trades, work being done in drawing, modelling in clay, making raised maps, and wood-carving. The Quincy System, which is sometimes described as the development of character by developing mind and body, has a literature to itself. This remarkable school, which draws teachers for training from all over the country, is a notable instance of the hospitality of the West to new and advanced ideas. It does not neglect the literary side in education. Here and in some of the grammar-schools of Chicago the experiment is successfully tried of interesting young children in the best literature by reading to them from the works of the best authors, ancient and modern, and giving them a taste for what is excellent, instead of the trash that is likely to fall into their hands —the cultivation of sustained and consecutive interest in narratives, essays, and descriptions in good literature, in place of the scrappy selections and reading-books written down to the childish level. The written comments and criticisms of the children on what they acquire in this way are a perfect vindication of the experiment. It is to be said also that this sort of education, coupled with the manual training, and the inculcated love for order and neatness, is beginning to tell on the homes of these children. The parents are actually being educated and civilized through the public schools.

An opportunity for superior technical education is given in the Chicago Manual Training School, founded and sustained by the Commercial Club. It has a handsome and commodious building on the corner of Michigan Avenue and Twelfth Street, which accommodates over two hundred pupils, under the direction of Dr. Henry H. Belfield, assisted by an able corps of teachers and practical mechanics. It has only been in operation since 1884, but has fully demonstrated its usefulness in the training of young men for places of responsibility and profit. Some of the pupils are from the city schools, but it is open to all boys of good character and promise. The course is three years, in which the tuition is $80, $100, and $120 a year; but the club provides for the payment of the tuition of a limited number of deserving boys whose parents lack the means to give them this sort of education. The course includes the higher mathematics, English, and French or Latin, physics, chemistry—in short, a high-school course—with drawing, and all sorts of technical training in work in wood and iron, the use and making of tools, and the building of machinery, up to the construction of steam-engines, stationary and locomotive. Throughout the course one hour each day is given to drawing, two hours to shop-work, and the remainder of the school day to study and recitation. The shops—the wood-work rooms, the foundery, the forge-room, the machine-shop—are exceedingly well equipped and well managed. The visitor cannot but be pleased by the tone of the school and the intelligent enthusiasm of the pupils. It is an institution likely to grow, and perhaps become the nucleus of a great technical school, which the West much needs. It is worthy of notice also as an illustration of the public spirit, sagacity, and liberality of the Chicago business men. They probably see that if the city is greatly to increase its importance as a manufacturing centre, it must train a considerable proportion of its population to the highest skilled labor, and that splendidly equipped and ably taught technical schools would do for Chicago what similar institutions in Zürich have done for Switzerland. Chicago is ready for a really comprehensive technical and industrial college, and probably no other investment would now add more to the solid prosperity and wealth of the town.

Such an institution would not hinder, but rather help, the higher education, without which the best technical education tends to materialize life. Chicago must before long recognize the value of the intellectual side by beginning the foundation of a college of pure learning.

For in nothing is the Western society of to-day more in danger than in the superficial half-education which is called "practical," and in the lack of logic and philosophy. The tendency to the literary side—awakening a love for good books—in the public schools is very hopeful. The existence of some well-chosen private libraries shows the same tendency. In art and archæology there is also much promise. The Art Institute is a very fine building, with a vigorous school in drawing and painting, and its occasional loan exhibitions show that the city contains a good many fine pictures, though scarcely proportioned to its wealth. The Historical Society, which has had the irreparable misfortune twice to lose its entire collections by fire, is beginning anew with vigor, and will shortly erect a building from its own funds. Among the private collections which have a historical value is that relating to the Indian history of the West made by Mr. Edward Ayer, and a large library of rare and scarce books, mostly of the English Shakespeare period, by the Rev. Frank M. Bristoll. These, together with the remarkable collection of Mr. C. F. Gunther (of which further mention will be made), are prophecies of a great literary and archæological museum.

The city has reason to be proud of its Free Public Library, organized under the general library law of Illinois, which permits the support of a free library in every incorporated city, town, and township by taxation. This library is sustained by a tax of one half-mill on the assessed value of all the city property. This brings it in now about $80,000 a year, which makes its income for 1888, together with its fund and fines, about $90,000. It is at present housed in the City Hall, but will soon have a building of its own (on Dearborn Park), toward the erection of which it has a considerable fund. It has about 130,000 volumes, including a fair reference library and many expensive art books. The institution has been well managed hitherto, notwithstanding its connection with politics in the appointment of the trustees by the Mayor, and its dependence upon the city councils. The reading-rooms are thronged daily; the average daily circulation has increased yearly: it was 2263 in 1887—a gain of eleven per cent. over the preceding year. This is stimulated by the establishment of eight delivering stations in different parts of the city. The cosmopolitan character of the users of the library is indicated by the uncommon number of German, French, Dutch, Bohemian, Polish, and Scandinavian books. Of the books issued at the delivery stations in 1887 twelve per cent. were in the Bohemian language. The encouraging thing about this free library is that it is not only freely used, but that it is as freely sustained by the voting population.

Another institution, which promises to have still more influence on the city, and indeed on the whole Northwest, is the Newberry Library, now organizing under an able board of trustees, who have chosen Mr. W. F. Poole as librarian. The munificent fund of the donor is now reckoned at about $2,500,000, but the value of the property will be very much more than this in a few years. A temporary building for the library, which is slowly forming, will be erected at once, but the library, which is to occupy a square on the north side, will not be erected until the plans are fully matured. It is to be a library of reference and study solely, and it is in contemplation to have the books distributed in separate rooms for each department, with ample facilities for reading and study in each room. If the library is built and the collections are made in accordance with the ample means at command, and in the spirit of its projectors, it will powerfully tend to make Chicago not only the money but the intellectual centre of the Northwest, and attract to it hosts of students from all quarters. One can hardly overestimate the influence that such a library as this may be will have upon the character and the attractiveness of the city.

I hope that it will have ample space for, and that it will receive, certain literary collections, such as are the glory and the attraction, both to students and sight-seers, of the great libraries of the world. And this leads me to speak of the treasures of Mr. Gunther, the most remarkable private collection I have ever seen, and already worthy to rank with some of the most famous on public exhibition. Mr. Gunther is a candy manufacturer, who has an archæological and "curio" taste, and for many years has devoted an amount of money to the purchase of historical relics that if known would probably astonish the public. Only specimens of what he has can be displayed in the large apart-

ment set apart for the purpose over his shop. The collection is miscellaneous, forming a varied and most interesting museum. It contains relics—many of them unique, and most of them having a historical value—from many lands and all periods since the Middle Ages, and is strong in relics and documents relating to our own history, from the colonial period down to the close of our civil war. But the distinction of the collection is in its original letters and manuscripts of famous people, and its missals, illuminated manuscripts, and rare books. It is hardly possible to mention a name famous since America was discovered that is not here represented by an autograph letter or some personal relics. We may pass by such mementos as the Appomattox table, a sampler worked by Queen Elizabeth, a prayer-book of Mary, Queen of Scots, personal belongings of Washington, Lincoln, and hundreds of other historical characters, but we must give a little space to the books and manuscripts, in order that it may be seen that all the wealth of Chicago is not in grain and meat.

It is only possible here to name a few of the original letters, manuscripts, and historical papers in this wonderful collection of over seventeen thousand. Most of the great names in the literature of our era are represented. There is an autograph letter of Molière, the only one known outside of France, except one in the British Museum; there are letters of Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Madame Roland, and other French writers. It is understood that this is not a collection of mere autographs, but of letters or original manuscripts of those named. In Germany, nearly all the great poets and writers—Goethe, Schiller, Uhland, Lessing, etc.; in England, Milton, Pope, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Cowper, Hunt, Gray, etc.; the manuscript of Byron's "Prometheus," the "Auld Lang Syne" of Burns, and his "Journal in the Highlands"; "Sweet Home" in the author's hand; a poem by Thackeray; manuscript stories of Scott and Dickens. Among the Italians, Tasso. In America, the known authors, almost without exception. There are letters from nearly all the prominent reformers—Calvin, Melanchthon, Zwingle, Erasmus, Savonarola; a letter of Luther in regard to the Pope's bull; letters of prominent leaders—William the Silent, John the Steadfast, Gustavus Adolphus, Wallenstein. There is a curious collection of letters of the saints—St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Borromeo; letters of the Popes for three centuries and a half, and of many of the great cardinals.

I must set down a few more of the noted names, and that without much order. There is a manuscript of Charlotte Corday (probably the only one in this country), John Bunyan, Izaak Walton, John Cotton, Michael Angelo, Galileo, Lorenzo the Magnificent; letters of Queen Elizabeth, Mary, Queen of Scots, Mary of England, Anne, several of Victoria (one at the age of twelve), Catherine de' Medici, Marie Antoinette, Josephine, Marie Louise; letters of all the Napoleons, of Frederick the Great, Marat, Robespierre, St. Just; a letter of Hernando Cortez to Charles the Fifth; a letter of Alverez; letters of kings of all European nations, and statesmen and generals without number.

The collection is rich in colonial and Revolutionary material; original letters from Plymouth Colony, 1621, 1622, 1623—I believe the only ones known; manuscript sermons of the early American ministers; letters of the first bishops, White and Seabury; letters of John André, Nathan Hale, Kosciusko, Pulaski, De Kalb, Steuben, and of great numbers of the general and subordinate officers of the French and Revolutionary wars; William Tudor's manuscript account of the battle of Bunker Hill; a letter of Aide-de-camp Robert Orhm to the Governor of Pennsylvania relating Braddock's defeat; the original of Washington's first Thanksgiving proclamation; the report of the committee of the Continental Congress on its visit to Valley Forge on the distress of the army; the original proceedings of the Commissioners of the Colonies at Cambridge for the organization of the Continental army; original returns of the Hessians captured at Princeton; orderly books of the Continental army; manuscripts and surveys of the early explorers; letters of Lafitte, the pirate, Paul Jones, Captain Lawrence, Bainbridge, and so on. Documents relating to the Washington family are very remarkable: the original will of Lawrence Washington bequeathing Mount Vernon to George; will of John Custis to his family; letters of Martha, of Mary, the mother of George, of Betty Lewis, his sister, of all his step and grand children of the Custis family.

In music there are the original manuscript compositions of all the leading musicians in our modern world, and there is a large collection of the choral books from ancient monasteries and churches. There are exquisite illuminated missals on parchment of all periods from the eighth century. Of the large array of Bibles and other early printed books it is impossible to speak, except in a general way. There is a copy of the first English Bible, Coverdale's, also of the very rare second Matthews, and of most of the other editions of the English Bible; the first Scotch, Irish, French, Welsh, and German Luther Bibles; the first Eliot's Indian Bible, of 1662, and the second, of 1685; the first American Bibles; the first American primers, almanacs, newspapers, and the first patent, issued in 1794; the first book printed in Boston; the first printed accounts of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia; the first picture of New York city, an original plan of the city in 1700, and one of it in 1765; early surveys of Boston, Philadelphia, and New York; the earliest maps of America, including the first, second, and third map of the world in which America appears.

Returning to England, there are the Shakespeare folio editions of 1632 and 1685; the first of his printed *Poems* and the *Rape of Lucrece;* an early quarto of *Othello;* the first edition of Ben Jonson, 1616, in which Shakespeare's name appears in the cast for a play; and letters from the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's friend, and Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon, and Essex. There is also a letter written by Oliver Cromwell while he was engaged in the conquest of Ireland.

The relics, documents, and letters illustrating our civil war are constantly being added to. There are many old engravings, caricatures, and broadsides. Of oil-portraits there are three originals of Washington, one by Stuart, one by Peale, one by Polk, and I think I remember one or two miniatures. There is also a portrait in oil of Shakespeare which may become important. The original canvas has been remounted, and there are indubitable signs of its age, although the picture can be traced back only about one hundred and fifty years. The owner hopes to be able to prove that it is a contemporary work. The interesting fact about it is that while it is not remarkable as a work of art, it is recognizable at once as a likeness of what we suppose from other portraits and the busts to be the face and head of Shakespeare, and yet it is different from all other pictures we know, so that it does not suggest itself as a copy.

The most important of Mr. Gunther's collection is an autograph of Shakespeare; if it prove to be genuine, it will be one of the four in the world, and a great possession for America. This autograph is pasted on the fly-leaf of a folio of 1632, which was the property of one John Ward. In 1839 there was published in London, from manuscripts in possession of the Medical Society, extracts from the diary of John Ward (1648–1679), who was vicar and doctor at Stratford-on-Avon. It is to this diary that we owe certain facts theretofore unknown about Shakespeare. The editor, Mr. Stevens, had this volume in his hands while he was compiling his book, and refers to it in his preface. He supposed it to have belonged to the John Ward, vicar, who kept the diary. It turns out, however, to have been the property of John Ward the actor, who was in Stratford in 1740, was an enthusiast in the revival of Shakespeare, and played *Hamlet* there in order to raise money to repair the bust of the poet in the church. This folio has the appearance of being much used. On the fly-leaf is writing by Ward and his signature; there are marginal notes and directions in his hand, and several of the pages from which parts were torn off have been repaired by manuscript text neatly joined.

The Shakespeare signature is pasted on the leaf above Ward's name. The paper on which it is written is unlike that of the book in texture. The slip was pasted on when the leaf was not as brown as it is now, as can be seen at one end where it is lifted. The signature is written out fairly and in full, *William Shakspeare*, like the one to the will, and differs from the two others, which are hasty scrawls, as if the writer were cramped for room, or finished off the last syllable with a flourish, indifferent to the formation of the letters. I had the opportunity to compare it with a careful tracing of the signature to the will sent over by Mr. Hallowell-Phillips. At first sight the two signatures appear to be identical; but on

examination they are not; there is just that difference in the strokes, spaces, and formation of the letters that always appears in two signatures by the same hand. One is not a copy of the other, and the one in the folio had to me the unmistakable stamp of genuineness. The experts in handwriting and the microscopists in this country who have examined ink and paper as to antiquity, I understand, regard it as genuine.

There seems to be all along the line no reason to suspect forgery. What more natural than that John Ward, the owner of the book, and a Shakespeare enthusiast, should have enriched his beloved volume with an autograph which he found somewhere in Stratford? And in 1740 there was no craze or controversy about Shakespeare to make the forgery of his autograph an object. And there is no suspicion that the book has been doctored for a market. It never was sold for a price. It was found in Utah, whither it had drifted from England in the possession of an emigrant, and he readily gave it in exchange for a new and fresh edition of Shakespeare's works.

I have dwelt upon this collection at some length, first because of its intrinsic value, second because of its importance to Chicago as a nucleus for what (I hope in connection with the Newberry Library) will become one of the most interesting museums in the country, and lastly as an illustration of what a Western business man may do with his money.

New York is the first and Chicago the second base of operations on this continent—the second in point of departure, I will not say for another civilization, but for a great civilizing and conquering movement, at once a reservoir and distributing point of energy, power, and money. And precisely here is to be fought out and settled some of the most important problems concerning labor, supply, and transportation. Striking as are the operations of merchants, manufacturers, and traders, nothing in the city makes a greater appeal to the imagination than the railways that centre there, whether we consider their fifty thousand miles of track, the enormous investment in them, or their competition for the carrying trade of the vast regions they pierce, and apparently compel to be tributary to the central city. The story of their building would read like a romance, and a simple statement of their organization, management, and business rivals the affairs of an empire. The present development of a belt road round the city, to serve as a track of freight exchange for all the lines, like the transfer grounds between St. Paul and Minneapolis, is found to be an affair of great magnitude, as must needs be to accommodate lines of traffic that represent an investment in stock and bonds of $1,305,000,000.

As it is not my purpose to describe the railway systems of the West, but only to speak of some of the problems involved in them, it will suffice to mention two of the leading corporations. Passing by the great eastern lines, and those like the Illinois Central, and the Chicago, Alton, and St. Louis, and the Atchison, Topeka, and Sante Fe, which are operating mainly to the south and southwest, and the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, one of the greatest corporations, with a mileage which had reached 4921 December 1, 1885, and has increased since, we may name the Chicago and Northwestern, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy. Each of these great systems, which has grown by accretion and extension and consolidations of small roads, operates over four thousand miles of road, leaving out from the Northwestern's mileage that of the Omaha system, which it controls. Looked at on the map, each of these systems completely occupies a vast territory, the one mainly to the north of the other, but they interlace to some extent and parallel each other in very important competitions.

The Northwestern system, which includes, besides the lines that have its name, the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, the Fremont, Elkhorn, and Missouri Valley, and several minor roads, occupies northern Illinois and southern Wisconsin, sends a line along Lake Michigan to Lake Superior, with branches, a line to St. Paul, with branches tapping Lake Superior again at Bayfield and Duluth, sends another trunk line, with branches, into the far fields of Dakota, drops down a tangle of lines through Iowa and into Nebraska, sends another great line through northern Nebraska into Wyoming, with a divergence into the Black Hills, and runs all these feeders into Chicago by another trunk line from Omaha. By the report of 1887 the gross earnings of this system (in round numbers) were over twenty-six millions, expenses over twenty millions,

leaving a net income of over six million dollars. In these items the receipts for freight were over nineteen millions, and from passengers less than six millions. Not to enter into confusing details, the magnitude of the system is shown in the general balance-sheet for May, 1887, when the cost of road (4101 miles), the sinking funds, the general assets, and the operating assets foot up $176,048,000. Over 3500 miles of this road are laid with steel rails; the equipment required 735 engines and over 23,000 cars of all sorts. It is worthy of note that a table makes the net earnings of 4000 miles of road, 1887, only a little more than those of 3000 miles of road in 1882—a greater gain evidently to the public than to the railroad.

In speaking of this system territorially, I have included the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Omaha, but not in the above figures. The two systems have the same president, but different general managers and other officials, and the reports are separate. To the over 4000 miles of the other Northwestern lines, therefore, are to be added the 1360 miles of the Omaha system (report of December, 1886, since considerably increased). The balance-sheet of the Omaha system (December, 1886) shows a cost of over fifty-seven millions. Its total net earnings over operating expenses and taxes were about $2,304,000. It then required an equipment of 194 locomotives and about 6000 cars. These figures are not, of course, given for specific railroad information, but merely to give a general idea of the magnitude of operations. This may be illustrated by another item. During the year for which the above figures have been given the entire Northwestern system ran on the average 415 passenger and 732 freight trains each day through the year. It may also be an interesting comparison to say that all the railways in Connecticut, including those that run into other States, have 416 locomotives, 668 passenger cars, and 11,502 other cars, and that their total mileage in the State is 1405 miles.

The Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy (report of December, 1886) was operating 4036 miles of road. Its only eccentric development was the recent Burlington and Northern, up the Mississippi River to St. Paul. Its main stem from Chicago branches out over northern and western Illinois, runs down to St. Louis, from thence to Kansas City by way of Hannibal, has a trunk line to Omaha, crisscrosses northern Missouri and southern Iowa, skirts and pierces Kansas, and fairly occupies three-quarters of Nebraska with a net-work of tracks, sending out lines north of the Platte, and one to Cheyenne and one to Denver. The whole amount of stock and bonds, December, 1886, was reported at $155,920,000. The gross earnings for 1886 were over twenty-six millions (over nineteen of which was for freight and over five for passengers), operating expenses over fourteen millions, leaving over twelve millions net earnings. The system that year paid eight per cent. dividends (as it had done for a long series of years), leaving over fixed charges and dividends about a million and a half to be carried to surplus or construction outlays. The equipment for the year required 619 engines and over 24,000 cars. These figures do not give the exact present condition of the road, but only indicate the magnitude of its affairs.

Both these great systems have been well managed, and both have been, and continue to be, great agents in developing the West. Both have been profitable to investors. The comparatively small cost of building roads in the West and the profit hitherto have invited capital, and stimulated the construction of roads not absolutely needed. There are too many miles of road for capitalists. Are there too many for the accommodation of the public? What locality would be willing to surrender its road?

It is difficult to understand the attitude of the Western Granger and the Western Legislatures toward the railways, or it would be if we didn't understand pretty well the nature of demagogues the world over. The people are everywhere crazy for roads, for more and more roads. The whole West we are considering is made by railways. Without them the larger part of it would be uninhabitable, the lands of small value, produce useless for want of a market. No railways, no civilization. Year by year settlements have increased in all regions touched by railways, land has risen in price, and freight charges have diminished. And yet no sooner do the people get the railways near them than they become hostile to the companies; hostility to railway corporations seems to be the dominant sentiment in the Western mind, and the one most naturally invoked by any political dema-

gogue who wants to climb up higher in elective office. The roads are denounced as "monopolies"—a word getting to be applied to any private persons who are successful in business—and their consolidation is regarded as a standing menace to society.

Of course it goes without saying that great corporations with exceptional privileges are apt to be arrogant, unjust, and grasping, and especially when, as in the case of railways, they unite private interests and public functions, they need the restraint of law and careful limitations of powers. But the Western situation is nevertheless a very curious one. Naturally when capital takes great risks it is entitled to proportionate profits; but profits always encourage competition, and the great Western lines are already in a war for existence that does not need much unfriendly legislation to make fatal. In fact, the lowering of rates in railway wars has gone on so rapidly of late years that the most active Granger Legislature cannot frame hostile bills fast enough to keep pace with it. Consolidation is objected to. Yet this consideration must not be lost sight of: the West is cut up by local roads that could not be maintained; they would not pay running expenses if they had not been made parts of a great system. Whatever may be the danger of the consolidation system, the country has doubtless benefited by it.

The present tendency of legislation, pushed to its logical conclusion, is toward a practical confiscation of railway property; that is, its tendency is to so interfere with management, so restrict freedom of arrangement, so reduce rates, that the companies will with difficulty continue operations. The first effect of this will be, necessarily, poorer service and deteriorated equipments and tracks. Roads that do not prosper cannot keep up safe lines. Experienced travellers usually shun those that are in the hands of a receiver. The Western roads of which I speak have been noted for their excellent service and the liberality toward the public in accommodations, especially in fine cars and matters pertaining to the comfort of passengers. Some dining cars on the Omaha system were maintained last year at a cost to the company of ten thousand dollars over receipts. The Western Legislatures assume that because a railway which is thickly strung with cities can carry passengers for two cents a mile, a railway running over an almost unsettled plain can carry for the same price. They assume also that because railway companies in a foolish fight for business cut rates, the lowest rate they touch is a living one for them. The same logic that induces Legislatures to fix rates of transportation, directly or by means of a commission, would lead it to set a price on meat, wheat, and groceries. Legislative restriction is one thing; legislative destruction is another. There is a craze of prohibition and interference. Iowa has an attack of it. In Nebraska, not only the Legislature but the courts have been so hostile to railway enterprise that one hundred and fifty miles of new road graded last year, which was to receive its rails this spring, will not be railed, because it is not safe for the company to make further investments in that State. Between the Grangers on the one side and the labor unions on the other, the railways are in a tight place. Whatever restrictions great corporations may need, the sort of attack now made on them in the West is altogether irrational. Is it always made from public motives? The legislators of one Western State had been accustomed to receive from the various lines that centred at the capital trip passes, in addition to their personal annual passes. Trip passes are passes that the members can send to their relations, friends, and political allies who want to visit the capital. One year the several roads agreed that they would not issue trip passes. When the members asked the agent for them they were told that they were not ready. As days passed and no trip passes were ready, hostile and annoying bills began to be introduced into the Legislature. In six weeks there was a shower of them. The roads yielded, and began to give out the passes. After that, nothing more was heard of the bills.

What the public have a right to complain of is the manipulation of railways in Wall Street gambling. But this does not account for the hostility to the corporations which are developing the West by an extraordinary outlay of money, and cutting their own throats by a war of rates. The vast interests at stake, and the ignorance of the relation of legislation to the laws of business, make the railway problem to a spectator in Chicago one of absorbing interest.

In a thorough discussion of all interests it must be admitted that the railways have brought many of their troubles upon themselves by their greedy wars with each other, and perhaps in some cases by teaching Legislatures that have bettered their instructions, and that tyrannies in management and unjust discriminations (such as the Inter-State Commerce Law was meant to stop) have much to do in provoking hostility that survives many of its causes.

I cannot leave Chicago without a word concerning the town of Pullman, although it has already been fully studied in the pages of this Magazine. It is one of the most interesting experiments in the world. As it is only a little over seven years old, it would be idle to prophesy about it, and I can only say that thus far many of the predictions as to the effect of "paternalism" have not come true. If it shall turn out that its only valuable result is an "object lesson" in decent and orderly living, the experiment will not have been in vain. It is to be remembered that it is not a philanthropic scheme, but a purely business operation, conducted on the idea that comfort, cleanliness, and agreeable surroundings conduce more to the prosperity of labor and of capital than the opposites.

Pullman is the only city in existence built from the foundation on scientific and sanitary principles, and not more or less the result of accident and variety of purpose and incapacity. Before anything else was done on the flat prairie, perfect drainage, sewerage, and water supply were provided. The shops, the houses, the public buildings, the parks, the streets, the recreation grounds, then followed in intelligent creation. Its public buildings are fine, and the grouping of them about the open flower-planted spaces is very effective. It is a handsome city, with the single drawback of monotony in the well-built houses. Pullman is within the limits of the village of Hyde Park, but it is not included in the annexation of the latter to Chicago.

It is certainly a pleasing industrial city. The workshops are spacious, light, and well ventilated, perfectly systematized; for instance, timber goes into one end of the long car shop and, without turning back, comes out a freight-car at the other, the capacity of the shop being one freight-car every fifteen minutes of the working hours. There are a variety of industries, which employ about 4500 workmen. Of these about 500 live outside the city, and there are about 1000 workmen who live in the city and work elsewhere. The company keeps in order the streets, parks, lawns, and shade trees, but nothing else except the schools is free. The schools are excellent, and there are over 1300 children enrolled in them. The company has a well-selected library of over 6000 volumes, containing many scientific and art books, which is open to all residents on payment of an annual subscription of three dollars. Its use increases yearly, and study classes are formed in connection with it. The company rents shops to dealers, but it carries on none of its own. Wages are paid to employés without deduction, except as to rent, and the women appreciate a provision that secures them a home beyond peradventure. The competition among dealers brings prices to the Chicago rates, or lower, and then the great city is easily accessible for shopping. House rent is a little higher for ordinary workmen than in Chicago, but not higher in proportion to accommodations, and living is reckoned a little cheaper. The reports show that the earnings of operatives exceed those of other working communities, averaging per capita (exclusive of the higher pay of the general management) $590 a year. I noticed that piece-wages were generally paid, and always when possible. The town is a hive of busy workers; employment is furnished to all classes except the school-children, and the fine moral and physical appearance of the young women in the upholstery and other work rooms would please a philanthropist.

Both the health and the *morale* of the town are exceptional; and the moral tone of the workmen has constantly improved under the agreeable surroundings. Those who prefer the kind of independence that gives them filthy homes and demoralizing associations seem to like to live elsewhere. Pullman has a population of 10,000. I do not know another city of 10,000 that has not a place where liquor is sold, nor a house nor a professional woman of ill repute. With the restrictions as to decent living, the community is free in its political action, its church and other societies, and in all healthful social activity. It has several

ministers; it seems to require the services of only one or two policemen; it supports four doctors and one lawyer.

I know that any control, any interference with individual responsibility, is un-American. Our theory is that every person knows what is best for himself. It is not true, but it may be safer, in working out all the social problems, than any lessening of responsibility either in the home or in civil affairs. When I contrast the dirty tenements, with contiguous seductions to vice and idleness, in some parts of Chicago, with the homes of Pullman, I am glad that this experiment has been made. It may be worth some sacrifice to teach people that it is better for them, morally and pecuniarily, to live cleanly and under educational influences that increase their self-respect. No doubt it is best that people should own their homes, and that they should assume all the responsibilities of citizenship. But let us wait the full evolution of the Pullman idea. The town could not have been built as an object lesson in any other way than it was built. The hope is that laboring people will voluntarily do hereafter what they have here been induced to accept. The model city stands there as a lesson, the wonderful creation of less than eight years. The company is now preparing to sell lots on the west side of the railway tracks, and we shall see what influence this nucleus of order, cleanliness, and system will have upon the larger community rapidly gathering about it. Of course people should be free to go up or go down. Will they be injured by the opportunity of seeing how much pleasanter it is to go up than to go down?

BATYUSHKA.*

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

FROM yonder gilded minaret
Beside the steel-blue Neva set,
I faintly catch, from time to time,
The sweet, aerial midnight chime—
"God save the Tsar!"

Above the ravelins and the moats
Of the grim citadel it floats;
And men in dungeons far beneath
Listen, and pray, and gnash their teeth—
"God save the Tsar!"

The soft reiterations sweep
Across the horror of their sleep,
As if some demon in his glee
Were mocking at their misery—
"God save the Tsar!"

In his Red Palace over there,
Wakeful, he needs must hear the prayer.
How can it drown the broken cries
Wrung from his children's agonies?—
"God save the Tsar!"

Father they called him from of old—
Batyushka!....How his heart is cold!
Wait till a million scourgèd men
Rise in their awful might, and then—
God save the Tsar!

* "Little Father," or "Dear little Father," a term of endearment applied to the Tsar in Russian folk-song.

ANNIE KILBURN.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

I.

AFTER the death of Judge Kilburn his daughter came back to America. They had been eleven winters in Rome, always meaning to return, but staying on from year to year, as people do who have nothing definite to call them home. Toward the last Miss Kilburn tacitly gave up the expectation of getting her father away, though they both continued to say that they were going to take passage as soon as the weather was settled in the spring. At the date they had talked of for sailing he was lying in the Protestant cemetery, and she was trying to gather herself together, and adjust her life to his loss. This would have been easier with a younger person, for she had been her father's pet so long, and then had taken care of his helplessness with a devotion which was finally so motherly, that it was like losing at once a parent and a child when he died, and she remained with the habit of giving herself when there was no longer any one to receive the self-sacrifice. He had married late, and in her thirty-first year he was eighty-three; but the disparity of their ages, increasing toward the end through his infirmities, had not loosened for her the ties of custom and affection that bound them; she had seen him grow more and more fitfully cognizant of what they had been to each other since her mother's death, while she grew the more tender and fond with him. People who came to condole with her seemed not to understand this, or else they thought it would help her to bear up if they treated her bereavement as a relief from hopeless anxiety. They were all surprised when she told them she still meant to go home.

"Why, my dear," said one old lady, who had been away from America twenty years, "*this* is home! You've lived in this apartment longer now than the oldest inhabitant has lived in most American towns. What are you talking about? Do you mean that you are going back to Washington?"

"Oh no. We were merely staying on in Washington from force of habit, after father gave up practice. I think we shall go back to the old homestead, where we've always spent our summers, ever since I can remember."

"And where is that?" the old lady asked, with the sharpness which people believe must somehow be good for a broken spirit.

"It's in the interior of Massachusetts—you wouldn't know it: a place called Hatboro'."

"No, I certainly shouldn't," said the old lady, with superiority. "Why Hatboro', of all the ridiculous reasons?"

"It was one of the first places where they began to make straw hats; it was a nickname at first, and then they adopted it. The old name was Dorchester Farms. Father fought the change, but it was of no use; the people wouldn't have it Farms after the place began to grow; and by that time they had got used to Hatboro'. Besides, I don't see how it's any worse than Hatfield, in England."

"It's very American."

"Oh, it's American. We have Boxboro' too, you know, in Massachusetts."

"And you are going from Rome to Hatboro', Mass.," said the old lady, trying to present the idea in the strongest light by abbreviating the name of the State.

"Yes," said Miss Kilburn. "It will be a change, but not so much of a change as you would think. I was always very happy there, and—it was father's wish to go back."

"Ah, my *dear!*" cried the old lady. "You're letting that weigh with you, I see. Don't do it! If it wasn't wise, don't you suppose that the last thing he could wish you to do would be to sacrifice yourself to a sick whim of his?"

The kindness and interest expressed in the words touched Annie Kilburn. She had a certain beauty of feature; she was near-sighted; but her eyes were brown and soft, her lips red and full; her dark hair grew low, and played in little wisps and rings on her temples, where her complexion was clearest; the bold contour of her face, with its decided chin and the rather large salient nose, was like her father's; it was this, probably, that gave an impression of strength, with a wistful qualification. She was at that time rather thin, and it could have been seen that she would be handsomer when her frame had

rounded out in fulfilment of its generous design. She opened her lips to speak, but shut them again in an effort at self-control before she said:

"But I really wish to do it. At this moment I would rather be in Hatboro' than in Rome."

"Oh, very well," said the old lady, gathering herself up as one does from throwing away one's sympathy upon an unworthy object; "if you really *wish* it—"

"I know that it must seem preposterous and—and almost ungrateful that I should think of going back, when I might just as well stay. Why, I've a great many more friends here than I have there; I suppose I shall be almost a stranger when I get there, and there's no comparison in sympathy and congeniality; and yet I feel that I must go back. I can't tell you why. But I have a longing; I feel that I must try to be of some use in the world —try to do some good—and in Hatboro' I think I shall know how." She put on her glasses, and looked at the old lady as if she might attempt an explanation, but, as if a clearer vision of the veteran worldling discouraged her, she did not make the effort.

"*Oh!*" said the old lady. "If you want to be of use, and do good—" She stopped, as if then there were no more to be said by a sensible person. "And shall you be going soon?" she asked. The idea seemed to suggest her own departure, and she rose after speaking.

"Just as soon as possible," answered Miss Kilburn. Words take on a color of something more than their explicit meaning, from the mood in which they are spoken: Miss Kilburn had a sense of hurrying her visitor away, and the old lady had a sense of being turned out-of-doors, that the preparations for the homeward voyage might begin instantly.

II.

Many times after the preparations began, and many times after they were ended, Miss Kilburn faltered in doubt of her decision; and if there had been any will stronger than her own to oppose it, she might have reversed it, and staid in Rome. All the way home there was a strain of misgiving in her satisfaction at doing what she believed to be for the best, and the first sight of her native land gave her a shock of emotion which was not unmixed joy. She felt forlorn among people who were coming home with all sorts of high expectations, while she only had high intentions.

These dated back a good many years; in fact, they dated back to the time when the first flush of her unthinking girlhood was over, and she began to question herself as to the life she was living. It was a very pleasant life, ostensibly. Her father had been elected from the bench to Congress, and had kept his title and his repute as a lawyer through several terms in the House before he settled down to the practice of his profession in the courts at Washington, where he made a good deal of money. They passed from boarding to house-keeping, in the easy Washington way, after their impermanent Congressional years, and divided their time between a comfortable little place in Nevada Circle and the old homestead in Hatboro'. He was fond of Washington, and robustly content with the world as he found it there and elsewhere. If his daughter's compunctions came to her through him, it must have been from some remoter ancestry; he was not apparently characterized by their transmission, and probably she derived them from her mother, who died when she was a little girl, and of whom she had no recollection. Till he began to break, after they went abroad, he had his own way in everything; but as men grow old or infirm they fall into subjection to their womenkind; their rude wills yield in the suppler insistence of the feminine purpose; they take the color of the feminine moods and emotions; the cycle of life completes itself where it began, in helpless dependence upon the sex; and Rufus Kilburn did not escape the common lot. He was often complaining and unlovely, as aged and ailing men must be; perhaps he was usually so; but he had moments when he recognized the beauty of his daughter's aspiration with a spiritual sympathy, which showed that he must always have had an intellectual perception of it. He expressed with rhetorical largeness and looseness the longing which was not very definite in her own heart, and mingled with it a strain of homesickness poignantly simple and direct for the places, the scenes, the persons, the things, of his early days. As he failed more and more, his homesickness was for natural aspects which had wholly ceased to exist through modern changes and improve-

ments, and for people long since dead, whom he could find only in an illusion of that environment in some other world. In the pathos of this situation it was easy for his daughter to keep him ignorant of the passionate rebellion against her own ideals in which she sometimes surprised herself. When he died, all counter-currents were lost in the tidal revulsion of feeling which swept her to the fulfilment of what she hoped was deepest and strongest in her nature, with shame for what she hoped was shallowest, till that moment of repulsion in which she saw the thickly roofed and many-towered hills of Boston grow up out of the western waves.

She had always regarded her soul as the battle-field of two opposite principles, the good and the bad, the high and the low. God made her, she thought, and He alone; He made everything that she was; but she would not have said that He made the evil in her. Yet her belief did not admit the existence of Creative Evil; and so she said to herself that she herself was that evil, and she must struggle against herself; she must question whatever she strongly wished because she strongly wished it. It was not logical; she did not push her postulates to their obvious conclusions; there was apt to be the same kind of break between her conclusions and her actions as between her reasons and her conclusions. She acted impulsively, and from a force which she could not analyze. She indulged reveries so vivid that they seemed to weaken and exhaust her for the grapple with realities; the recollection of them abashed her in the presence of facts.

With all this, it must not be supposed that she was morbidly introspective, that her life had been ascetic. It had been apparently a life of cheerful acquiescence in worldly conditions; it had been, in some measure, a life of fashion, or at least of society. It had not been without the interests of other girls' lives, by any means; she had sometimes had fancies, flirtations, but she did not think she had been really in love, and she had refused some offers of marriage for that reason.

III.

The industry of making straw hats began at Hatboro', as many other industries have begun in New England, with no great local advantages, but simply because its founder happened to live there, and to believe that it would pay. There was a railroad, and labor of the sort he wanted was cheap and abundant in the village and the outlying farms. In time the work came to be done more and more by machinery, and to be gathered into large shops. The buildings increased in size and number; the single line of the railroad was multiplied into four, and in the region of the tracks several large, ugly, windowy wooden bulks grew up for shoe shops; a stocking factory followed; yet this business activity did not warp the old village from its picturesqueness or quiet. The railroad tracks crossed its main street; but the shops were all on one side of them, with the work-people's cottages and boarding-houses, and on the other were the simple, square, roomy old houses, with their white paint and their green blinds, varied by the modern color and carpentry of French-roofed villas. The old houses stood quite close to the street, with a strip of narrow door-yard before them; the new mansions affected a certain depth of lawn, over which their owners personally pushed a clucking hand-mower every summer evening after tea. The fences had been taken away from the new houses, in the taste of some of the Boston suburbs; they generally remained before the old ones, whose inmates resented the ragged effect that their absence gave the street. The irregularity had hitherto been of an orderly and harmonious kind, such as naturally follows the growth of a country road into a village thoroughfare. The dwellings were placed nearer or farther from the sidewalk as their builders fancied, and the elms that met in a low arch above the street had an illusive symmetry in the perspective; they were really set at uneven intervals, and in a line that wavered capriciously in and out. The street itself lounged and curved along, widening and contracting like a river, and then suddenly lost itself over the brow of an upland which formed a natural boundary of the village. Beyond this was South Hatboro', a group of cottages built by city people who had lately come in—idlers and invalids, the former for the cool summer, and the latter for the dry winter. At chance intervals in the old village new side streets branched from the thoroughfare to the right and the left, and here and there a Queen Anne cottage

showed its chimneys and gables on them. The roadway under the elms that kept it dark and cool with their hovering shade, and swept the wagon-tops with their pendulous boughs at places, was unpaved; but the sidewalks were asphalted to the last dwelling in every direction, and they were promptly broken out in winter by the public snow-plough.

Miss Kilburn saw them in the spring, when their usefulness was least apparent, and she did not know whether to praise the spirit of progress which showed itself in them as well as in other things at Hatboro'. She had come prepared to have misgivings, but she had promised herself to be just; she thought she could bear the old ugliness, if not the new. Some of the new things, however, were not so ugly; the young station-master was handsome in his railroad uniform, and pleasanter to the eye than the veteran baggage-master, incongruous in his stiff silk cap and his shirt sleeves and spectacles. The station itself, one of Richardson's, massive and low, with red-tiled, spreading veranda roofs, impressed her with its fitness, and strengthened her for her encounter with the business architecture of Hatboro', which was of the florid, ambitious New York type, prevalent with every American town in the early stages of its prosperity. The buildings were of pink brick, faced with granite, and supported in the first story by columns of painted iron; flat-roofed blocks looked down over the low wooden structures of earlier Hatboro', and a large hotel had pushed back the old-time tavern, and planted itself flush upon the sidewalk. But the stores seemed very good, as she glanced at them from her carriage, and their show-windows were tastefully arranged; the apothecary's had an interior of glittering neatness unsurpassed by an Italian apothecary's; and the provision-man's, besides its symmetrical array of pendent sides and quarters indoors, had banks of fruit and vegetables without, and a large aquarium with a spraying fountain in its window.

Bolton, the farmer who had always taken care of the Kilburn place, came to meet her at the station and drive her home. Miss Kilburn had bidden him drive slowly, so that she could take in all the changes, and she noticed the new town-hall, with which she could find no fault; the Baptist and Methodist churches were the same as of old; the Unitarian church seemed to have shrunk, as if the architecture had sympathized with its dwindling body of worshippers; just beyond it was the village green, with the soldiers' monument, and the tall white-painted flag-pole, and the four small brass cannon threatening the points of the compass at its base.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Bolton," said Miss Kilburn; and she put her head quite out of the carriage, and stared at the figure on the monument.

It was strange that the first misgiving she could really make sure of concerning Hatboro' should relate to this figure, which she herself was mainly responsible for placing there. When the money was subscribed and voted for the statue, the committee wrote out to her at Rome as one who would naturally feel an interest in getting something fit and economical for them. She accepted the trust with zeal and pleasure; but she overruled their simple notion of an American volunteer at rest, with his hands folded on the muzzle of his gun, as intolerably hackneyed and commonplace. Her conscience, she said, would not let her add another recruit to the regiment of stone soldiers standing about in that posture on the tops of pedestals all over the country; and so, instead of going to an Italian statuary with her fellow-townsmen's letter, and getting him to make the figure they wanted, she doubled the money and gave the commission to a young girl from Kansas, who had come out to develop at Rome the genius recognized at Topeka. They decided together that it would be best to have something ideal, and the sculptor promptly imagined and rapidly executed a design for a winged Victory, poising on the summit of a white marble shaft, and clasping its hands under its chin, in expression of the grief that mingled with the popular exultation. Miss Kilburn had her doubts while the work went on, but she silenced them with the theory that when the figure was in position it would be all right.

Now that she saw it in position she wished to ask Mr. Bolton what was thought of it, but she could not nerve herself to the question. He remained silent, and she felt that he was sorry for her. "Oh, may I be very humble; may I be helped to be very humble!" she prayed under her breath. It seemed as if she could not take her eyes from the figure; it was

such a modern, such an American shape, so youthfully inadequate, so simple, so sophisticated, so like a young lady in society indecorously exposed for a *tableau vivant*. She wondered if the people in Hatboro' felt all this about it; if they realized how its involuntary frivolity insulted the solemn memory of the slain.

"Drive on, please," she said, gently.

Bolton pulled the reins, and as the horses started he pointed with his whip to a church at the other side of the green. "That's the new Orthodox church," he explained.

"Oh, is it?" asked Miss Kilburn. "It's very handsome, I'm sure." She was not sensible of admiring the large Romanesque pile very much, though it was certainly not bad, but she remembered that Bolton was a member of the Orthodox church, and she was grateful to him for not saying anything about the soldiers' monument.

"We sold the old buildin' to the Catholics, and they moved it down 'ont' the side street."

Miss Kilburn caught the glimmer of a cross where he beckoned, through the flutter of the foliage.

"They had to razee the steeple some to git their cross on," he added; and then he showed her the high-school building as they passed, and the Episcopal chapel, of blameless church-warden's Gothic, half hidden by its Japanese ivy, under a branching elm, on another side street.

"Yes," she said, "that was built before we went abroad."

"I disremember," he said, absently. He let the horses walk on the soft, darkly shaded road, where the wheels made a pleasant grinding sound, and set himself sidewise on his front seat, so as to talk to Miss Kilburn more at his ease.

"I d' know," he began, after clearing his throat, with a conscious air, "as you know we'd got a new minister to our church."

"No, I hadn't heard of it," said Miss Kilburn, with her mind full of the monument still. "But I might have heard and forgotten it," she added. "I was very much taken up toward the last before I left Rome."

"Well, come to think," said Bolton; "I don't know's you'd had time to heard. He hain't been here a great while."

"Is he—satisfactory?" asked Miss Kilburn, feeling how far from satisfactory the Victory was, and formulating an explanatory apology to the committee in her mind.

"Oh yes, he's satisfactory enough, as far forth as that goes. He's talented, and he's right up with the times. Yes, he's progressive. I guess they got pretty tired of Mr. Rogers, even before he died; and they kept the supply a-goin' till—all was blue, before they could settle on anybody. In fact they couldn't seem to agree on anybody till Mr. Peck come."

Miss Kilburn had got as far, in her tacit interview with the committee, as to have offered to replace at her own expense the Victory with a Volunteer, and she seemed to be listening to Bolton with rapt attention.

"Well, it's like this," continued the farmer. "He's progressive in his idees, 'n' at the same time he's spiritual-minded; and so I guess he suits pretty well all round. Of course you can't suit everybody. There's always got to be a dog in the manger, it don't matter where you go. But if anybody was to ask me, I should say Mr. Peck suited. Yes, I don't know but what I should."

Miss Kilburn instantaneously closed her transaction with the committee, removed the Victory, and had the Volunteer unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Peck.

"Peck?" she said. "Did you tell me his name was Peck?"

"Yes, ma'am; Rev. Julius W. Peck. He's from down Penobscotport way, in Maine. I guess he's all right."

Miss Kilburn did not reply. Her mind had been taken off the monument for the moment by her dislike for the name of the new minister, and the Victory had seized the opportunity to get back.

Bolton sighed deeply, and continued in a diffusive strain, which at last became perceptible to Miss Kilburn through her own humiliation. "There's some in every community that's bound to complain, I don't care what you do to accommodate 'em; and what I done, I done as much to stop their clack as anything, and give him the right sort of a start off, an' I guess I did. But Mis' Bolton she didn't know but what you'd look at it in the light of a libbutty, and I didn't know but what you *would* think I no business to done it."

He seemed to be addressing a question to her, but she only replied with a dazed frown, and Bolton was obliged to go on.

"I didn't let him room in your part of the house; that is to say, not sleep there; but I thought, as you was comin' home, and I'd better be airin' it up some, anyway, I might as well let him set in the old Judge's room. If you think it was more than I had a right to do, I'm willin' to pay for it. Git up!" Bolton turned fully round toward his horses, to hide the workings of emotion in his face, and shook the reins like a desperate man.

"What *are* you talking about, Mr. Bolton?" cried Miss Kilburn. "*Whom* are you talking about?"

Bolton answered, with a kind of violence, "Mr. Peck; I took him to board, first off."

"You took him to *board?*"

"Yes. I know it wa'n't just accordin' to the letter o' the law, and the old Judge was always pootty p'tic'lah. But I've took care of the place goin' on twenty years now, and I hain't never had a chick nor a child in it before. The child," he continued, partly turning his face round again, and beginning to look Miss Kilburn in the eye, "wa'n't one to touch anything, anyway, and we kep' her in our part all the time; Mis' Bolton she couldn't seem to let her out of her sight, she got so fond of her, and she used to follow me round among the hosses like a kitten. I declare, I *miss* her; and we all do."

Bolton's face, the color of one of the lean ploughed fields of Hatboro', and deeply furrowed, lighted up with real feeling, which he tried to make go as far in the work of reconciling Miss Kilburn as if it had been factitious.

"But I don't understand," she said. "What child are you talking about?"

"Mr. Peck's."

"Was he married?" she asked, with displeasure, she did not know why.

"Well, yes, he *had* been," answered Bolton. "But she'd be'n in the asylum ever since the child was born."

"Oh," said Miss Kilburn, with relief; and she fell back upon the seat from which she had started forward.

Bolton might easily have taken her tone for that of disgust. He faced round upon her once more. "It was kind of queer, his havin' the child with him, an' takin' most the care of her himself; and so, as I *say*, Mis' Bolton and me we took him in, as much to stop folks' mouths as anything, till they got kinder used to it. But we didn't take him into your part, as I *say;* and as *I* say, I'm willin' to pay you whatever you say for the use of the old Judge's study. I presume that part of it *was* a libbutty."

"It was all perfectly right, Mr. Bolton," said Miss Kilburn.

"His wife died anyway, more than a year ago," said Bolton, as if the fact completed his atonement to Miss Kilburn. "*Git* ep! I told him from the start that it had got to be a temporary thing, an' 't I only took him till he could git settled somehow. I guess he means to go to house-keepin', if he can git the right kind of a house-keeper; he wants an old one. If it was a young one, I guess he wouldn't have any great trouble, if he went about it the right way." Bolton's sarcasm was merely a race sarcasm. He was a very mild man, and his thick-growing eyelashes softened and shadowed his gray eyes, and gave his lean face pathos.

"You could have let him stay till he had found a suitable place," said Miss Kilburn.

"Oh, I wa'n't goin' to do *that*," said Bolton. "But I'm 'bliged to you just the same."

They came up in sight of the old square house, standing back a good distance from the road, with a broad sweep of grass sloping down before it into a little valley, and rising again to the wall fencing the grounds from the street. The wall was overhung there by a company of magnificent elms, which turned and formed one side of the avenue leading to the house. Their tops met and mixed somewhat incongruously with those of the stiff dark maples which more densely shaded the other side of the lane.

Bolton drove into their gloom, and then out into the wide sunny space at the side of the house where Miss Kilburn had alighted so often with her father. Bolton's dog, grown now so very old as to be weak-minded, barked crazily at his master, and then, recognizing him, broke into an imbecile whimper, and went back and coiled his rheumatism up in the sun on a warm stone before the door. Mrs. Bolton had to step over him as she came out, formally supporting her right elbow with her left hand as she offered the other in greeting to Miss Kilburn, with a look of question at her husband.

Miss Kilburn intercepted the look, and began to laugh.

All was unchanged, and all so strange;

it seemed as if her father must both get down with her from the carriage and come to meet her from the house. Her glance involuntarily took in the familiar masses and details; the patches of short tough grass mixed with decaying chips and small weeds underfoot, and the spacious June sky overhead; the fine network and blisters of the cracking and warping white paint on the clapboarding, and the hills beyond the bulks of the village houses and trees; the wood-shed stretching with its low board arches to the barn, and the milk-pans tilted to sun against the underpinning of the L, and Mrs. Bolton's pot plants in the kitchen window.

"Did you think I could be hard about such a thing as that? It was perfectly right. Oh, Mrs. Bolton!" She stopped laughing and began to cry; she put away Mrs. Bolton's carefully offered hand, she threw herself upon the bony structure of her bosom, and buried her face sobbing in the leathery folds of her neck.

Mrs. Bolton suffered her embrace above the old dog, who fled with a cry of rheumatic apprehension from the sweep of Miss Kilburn's skirts, and then came back and snuffed at them in a vain effort to recall her.

"Well, go in and lay down by the stove," said Mrs. Bolton, with a divided interest, while she beat Miss Kilburn's back with her bony palm in sign of sympathy. But the dog went off up the lane, and stood there by the pasture bars, barking abstractedly at intervals.

IV.

Miss Kilburn found that the house had been well aired for her coming, but an old earthy and mouldy smell, which it took days and nights of open doors and windows to drive out, stole back again with the first turn of rainy weather. She had fires built on the hearths and in the stoves, and after opening her trunks and scattering her dresses on beds and chairs, she spent most of the first week outside of the house, wandering about the fields and orchards to adjust herself anew to the estranged features of the place. The house she found lower-ceiled and smaller than she remembered it. The Boltons had kept it up very well, and in spite of the earthy and mouldy smell, it was conscientiously clean. There was not a speck of dust anywhere; the old yellowish-white paint was spotless; the windows shone. But there was a sort of frigidity in the perfect order and repair which repelled her, and she left her things tossed about, as if to break the ice of this propriety. In several places, within and without, she found marks of the faithful hand of Bolton in economical patches of the woodwork; but she was not sure that they had not been there eleven years before; and there were darnings in the carpets and curtains, which affected her with the same mixture of novelty and familiarity. Certain stale smells about the place (minor smells as compared with the prevalent odor) confused her; she could not decide whether she remembered them of old, or was reminded of the odors she used to catch in passing the pantry on the steamer.

Her father had never been sure that he would not return any next year or month, and the house had always been ready to receive them. In his study everything was as he left it. His daughter looked for signs of Mr. Peck's occupation, but there were none; Mrs. Bolton explained that she had put him in a table from her own sitting-room to write at. The Judge's desk was untouched, and his heavy wooden arm-chair stood pulled up to it as if he were in it. The ranks of law-books, in their yellow sheep-skin, with their red titles above and their black titles below, were in the order he had taught Mrs. Bolton to replace them in after dusting; the stuffed owl on a shelf above the mantel looked down with a clear solemnity in its gum-copal eyes, and Mrs. Bolton took it from its perch to show Miss Kilburn that there was not a moth on it, nor the sign of a moth.

Miss Kilburn experienced here that refusal of the old associations to take the form of welcome which she had already felt in the earth and sky and air outside; in everything there was a sense of impassable separation. Her dead father was no nearer in his wonted place than the trees of the orchard, or the outline of the well-known hills, or the pink of the familiar sunsets. In her rummaging about the house she pulled open a chest of drawers which used to stand in the room where she slept when a child. It was full of her own childish clothing, a little girl's linen and muslin; and she thought with a throe of despair that she could as well hope to get back into these outgrown garments, which the helpless piety of Mrs. Bolton

had kept from the rag-bag, as to think of re-entering the relations of the life so long left off.

It surprised her to find how cold the Boltons were; she had remembered them as always very kind and willing; but she was so used now to the ways of the Italians and their showy affection, it was hard for her to realize that people could be both kind and cold. The Boltons seemed ashamed of their feelings and hid them; it was the same in some degree with all the villagers when she began to meet them, and the fact slowly worked back into her consciousness, wounding its way in. People did not come to see her at once. They waited, as they told her, till she got settled, before they called, and then they did not appear very glad to have her back.

But this was not altogether the effect of their temperament. The Kilburns had made a long summer always in Hatboro', and they had always talked of it as home; but they had never passed a whole year there since Judge Kilburn first went to Congress, and they were not regarded as full neighbors or permanent citizens. Miss Kilburn, however, kept up her childhood friendships, and she and some of the ladies called one another by their Christian names, but they believed that she met people in Washington whom she liked better; the winters she spent there certainly weakened the ties between them, and when it came to those eleven years in Rome, the letters they exchanged grew rarer and rarer, till they stopped altogether. Some of the girls went away; some died; others became dead and absent to her in their marriages and household cares.

After waiting for one another, three of them came together to see her one day. They all kissed her, after a questioning glance at her face and dress, as if they wanted to see whether she had grown proud or too fashionable. But they were themselves apparently much better dressed, and certainly more richly dressed. In a place like Hatboro', where there is no dinner-giving, and evening parties are few, the best dress is a street costume, which may be worn for calls and shopping, and for church and all public entertainments. The well-to-do ladies make an effect of out-door fashion, in which the poorest shop hand has her part; and in their turn they share her in-door simplicity. These old friends of Annie's wore bonnets and frocks of the latest style and costly material.

They let her make the advances, receiving them with blank passivity, or repelling them with irony, according to the several needs of their self-respect, and talking to one another across her. One of them asked her when her hair had begun to turn, and they each told her how thin she was, but promised her that Hatboro' air would bring her up. At the same time they feigned humility in regard to everything about Hatboro' but the air; they laughed when she said she intended now to make it her home the whole year round, and said they guessed she would be tired of it long before winter; there were plenty of summer folks that passed the winter as long as the June weather lasted.

As they grew more secure of themselves, or less afraid of one another in her presence, their voices rose; they laughed loudly at nothing, and they yelled in a nervous chorus at times, each trying to make herself heard above the others. They showed that they were just the same gay, unaffected village girls that she used to know. Two of them were really women of very good minds; the other was a simpleton; but in these moments of demonstration they were all alike, and collectively they were inferior in mind and manners to the worst of their number.

She asked them about the social life in the village, and they told her that a good many new people had really settled there, but they did not know whether she would like them; they were not the old Hatboro' style. Annie showed them some of the things she had brought home, especially Roman views, and they said now she ought to give an evening in the church parlor with them.

"You'll have to come to our church, Annie," said Mrs. Putney. "The Unitarian doesn't have preaching once in a month, and Mr. Peck is *very* liberal."

"He's 'most *too* liberal for some," said Emmeline Gerrish. Of the three she had grown the stoutest, and from being a slight, light-minded girl, she had become a heavy matron, habitually censorious in her speech. She did not mean any more by it, however, than she did by her girlish frivolity, and if she was not supported in her severity, she was apt to break down

and disown it with a giggle, as she now did.

"Well, I don't know about his being *too* liberal," said Mrs. Wilmington, a large red-haired blonde, with a lazy laugh. "He makes you feel that you're a pretty miserable sinner." She made a grimace of humorous disgust.

"Mr. Gerrish says that's just the trouble," Mrs. Gerrish broke in. "Mr. Peck don't put stress enough on the promises. That's what Mr. Gerrish says. You must have been surprised, Annie," she added, "to find that he'd been staying in your house."

"I was glad Mrs. Bolton invited him," answered Annie, sincerely, but not instantly.

The ladies waited, with an exchange of glances, for her reply, as if they had talked the matter over beforehand, and had agreed to find out just how Annie Kilburn felt about it.

"Oh, I guess he paid his board," said Mrs. Wilmington, jocosely, rejecting the euphuistic implication that he had been the guest of the Boltons.

"I don't see what he expects to do with that little girl of his, without any mother, that way," said Mrs. Gerrish. "He ought to get married."

"Perhaps he will, when he's waited a proper time," suggested Mrs. Putney, demurely.

"Well, his wife's been the same as dead ever since the child was born. I don't know what you call a proper time, Ellen," argued Mrs. Gerrish.

"I presume a minister feels differently about such things," Mrs. Wilmington remarked, indolently.

"I don't see why a minister should feel any different from anybody else," said Mrs. Gerrish. "It's his duty to do it on his child's account. I don't see why he don't have the remains brought to Hatboro' anyway."

They debated this point at some length, and they seemed to forget Annie. She listened with more interest than her concern in the last resting-place of the minister's dead wife really inspired. These old child friends of hers seemed to have lost the sensitiveness of their girlhood without having gained tenderness in its place. They treated the affair with a nakedness that shocked her. In the country and in small towns people come face to face with life, especially women. It means marrying, child-bearing, household cares and burdens, neighborhood gossip, sickness, death, burial, and whether the corpse appeared natural. But ever so much kindness goes with their disillusion; they are blunted, but not embittered.

They ended by recalling Annie to mind, and Mrs. Putney said: "I suppose you haven't been to the cemetery yet? They've got it all fixed up since you went away—drives laid out, and paths cut through, and everything. A good many have put up family tombs, and they've taken away the old iron fences round the lots, and put granite curbing. They mow the grass all the time. It's a perfect garden." Mrs. Putney was a small woman, already beginning to wrinkle, and she had been rather an odd girl. She had married a man whom Annie remembered as a mischievous little boy, with a sharp tongue and a nervous temperament; her father had always liked him when he came about the house, but Annie had lost sight of him in the years that make small boys and girls large ones, and he was at college when she went abroad. She had an impression of something unhappy in her friend's marriage.

"I think it's *too* much fixed up myself," said Mrs. Gerrish. She turned suddenly to Annie: "You going to have your father fetched home?"

The other ladies started a little at the question and looked at Annie; it was not that they were shocked, but they wanted to see whether she would not be so.

"No," she said, briefly. She added, helplessly, "It wasn't his wish."

"I should have thought he would have liked to be buried alongside of your mother," said Mrs. Gerrish. "But the Judge always *was* a little peculiar. I presume you can have the name and the date put on the monument just the same."

Annie flushed at this intimate comment and suggestion from a woman whom as a girl she had never admitted to familiarity with her, but had tolerated because she was such a harmless simpleton, and hung upon other girls whom she liked better. The word "monument" cowed her, however. She was afraid they would begin to talk about the soldiers' monument. She answered hastily, and began to ask them about their families.

Mrs. Wilmington, who had no children, and Mrs. Putney, who had one, spoke of Mrs. Gerrish's large family. She had four

children, and she refused the praises of her friends for them, though she celebrated them herself. "You ought to have seen the two little girls that Ellen lost, Annie," she said. "Ellen Putney, I don't see how you ever got over that. Those two lovely, healthy children gone, and poor little Winthrop left! I always did say it was too hard."

She had married a clerk in the principal dry-goods store, who had prospered rapidly, and was now one of the first business men of the place, and had an ambition to be a leading citizen. She believed in his fitness to deal with the questions of religion and education which he took part in, and was always quoting Mr. Gerrish. She called him Mr. Gerrish so much that other people began to call him so too. But Mrs. Putney's husband held out against it, and had the habit of returning the little man's ceremonious salutations with an easy, "Hello, Billy," "Good-morning, Billy." It was his theory that this was good for Gerrish, who might otherwise have forgotten when everybody called him Billy. He was one of the old Putneys; and he was a lawyer by profession.

Mrs. Wilmington's husband had come to Hatboro' since Annie's long absence began; he had capital, and he had started a stocking-mill in Hatboro'. He was much older than his wife, whom he had married after a protracted widowerhood. She had one of the best houses and the most richly furnished in Hatboro'. She had more mind than either of the others, and she and Mrs. Putney saw Mrs. Gerrish at rare intervals, and in observance of some notable fact of their girlish friendship like the present.

In pursuance of the subject of children, Mrs. Gerrish said that she sometimes had a notion to offer to take Mr. Peck's little girl herself till he could get fixed somehow, but Mr. Gerrish would not let her. Mr. Gerrish said Mr. Peck had better get married himself if he wanted a step-mother for his little girl. Mr. Gerrish was peculiar about keeping a family to itself.

"Well, you'll think *we've* come to board with you *too*," said Mrs. Putney, in reference to Mr. Peck.

The ladies all rose, and having got upon their feet, began to shout and laugh again—like girls, they implied.

They staid and talked a long time after rising, with the same note of unsparing personality in their talk. Where there are few public interests and few events, as in such places, there can be no small-talk, nothing of the careless touch-and-go of larger societies. Every one knows all the others, and knows the worst of them. People are not unkind; they are mutually and freely helpful; but they have only themselves to occupy their minds. Annie's friends had also to distinguish themselves to her from the rest of the villagers, and it was easiest to do this by an attitude of criticism mingled with large allowance. They ended a dissection of the community by saying that they believed there was no place like Hatboro', after all.

They went out on a tide of the most tolerant hilarity and exuberant local pride. Each felt that she had not made a good impression, but blamed the others for it, while she laughed and screamed to keep her spirits up. In the contagion of their perfunctory gayety Annie began to scream and laugh too, as she followed them to the door, and stood talking to them while they got into Mrs. Wilmington's extension-top carry-all. She answered with deafening promises, when they all put their bonnets out of the carry-all and called back to her to be sure to come soon to see them.

V.

Mrs. Bolton made no advances with Annie toward the discussion of her friends; but when Annie asked about their families, she answered with the incisive directness of a country-bred woman. She delivered her judgments as she went about her work, the morning after the ladies' visit, while Annie sat before the breakfast-table, which she had given her leave to clear. As she passed in and out from the dining-room to the kitchen she kept talking; she raised her voice in the further room, and lowered it when she drew near again. She wore a dismal calico wrapper, which made no compromise with the gauntness of her figure; her reddish-brown hair, which grew in a fringe below her crown, was plaited into small tags or tails, pulled up and tied across the top of her head, the bare surfaces of which were curiously mottled with the dye which she sometimes put on her hair. Behind, this was gathered up into a small knob pierced with a single hair-pin; the arrangement left Mrs. Bolton's visage to the unrestricted expression of character. She did not

let it express toward Annie any expectation of the confidential relations that are supposed to exist between people who have been a long time master and servant. She had never recognized her relations with the Kilburns in these terms. She was a mature Yankee single woman, of confirmed self-respect, when she first came as house-keeper to Judge Kilburn, twenty years ago, and she had not changed her nature in changing her condition by her marriage with Oliver Bolton; she was childless, unless his comparative youth conferred a sort of adoptive maternity upon her.

Annie went into her father's study, where she had lit the fire in the Franklin-stove on her way to breakfast. It had come on to rain during the night, after the fine yesterday which Mrs. Gerrish had denounced to its face as a weather-breeder. At first it rained silently, stealthily; but toward morning Annie heard the wind rising, and when she looked out of her window after daylight she found a fierce northeasterly storm drenching and chilling the landscape. Now across the flattened and tangled grass of the lawn the elms were writhing in the gale, and swinging their long lean boughs to and fro; from another window she saw the cuffed and hustled maples ruffling their stiff masses of foliage, and shuddering in the storm. She turned away, with a sigh of the luxurious melancholy which a northeaster inspires in people safely sheltered from it, and sat down before her fire. She recalled the three women who had visited her the day before, in the better-remembered figures of their childhood and young girlhood; and their present character did not seem a broken promise. Nothing was really disappointed in it but the animal joy, the hopeful riot of their young blood, which must fade and die with the happiest fate. She perceived that what they had come to was not unjust to what they had been; and as our own fate always appears to us unaccomplished, a thing for the distant future to fulfil, she began to ask herself what was to be the natural sequence of such a temperament, such mental and moral traits, as hers. Had her life been so noble in anything but vague aspirations that she could ever reasonably expect the destiny of grand usefulness which she had always unreasonably expected? The question came home to her with such pain, in the light of what her old playmates had become, that she suddenly ceased to enjoy the misery of the storm out-of-doors, or the purring content of the fire on the hearth of the stove at her feet; the book she had taken down to read fell unopened into her lap, and she gave herself up to a half-hour of such piercing self-question as only a high-minded woman can endure when the flattering promises of youth have grown vague and few.

There is no condition of life that is wholly acceptable, but none that is not tolerable when once it establishes itself; and while Annie Kilburn had never consented to be an old maid, she had become one without great suffering. At thirty-one she could not call herself anything else; she often called herself an old maid, with the mental reservation that she was not one. She was merely unmarried; she might marry any time. Now, when she assured herself of this, as she had done many times before, she suddenly wondered if she should ever marry; she wondered if she had seemed to her friends yesterday like a person who would never marry. Did one carry such a thing in one's looks? Perhaps they idealized her; they had not seen her since she was twenty, and perhaps they still thought of her as a young girl. It now seemed to her as if she had left her youth in Rome, as in Rome it had seemed to her that she should find it again in Hatboro'. A pang of aimless, unlocalized homesickness passed through her; she realized that she was alone in the world. She rose to escape the pang, and went to the window of the parlor which looked toward the street, where she saw the figure of a young man draped in a long India-rubber gossamer coat fluttering in the wind that pushed him along as he tacked on a southerly course; he bowed and twisted his head to escape the lash of the rain. She watched him till he turned into the lane leading to the house, and then, at a discreeter distance, she watched him through the window at the other corner, making his way up to the front door in the teeth of the gale. He seemed to have a bundle under his arm, and as he stepped into the shelter of the portico, and freed his arm to ring, she discovered that it was a bundle of books. Whether Mrs. Bolton did not hear the bell, or whether she heard it and decided that it would be absurd to

leave her work for it, when Miss Kilburn, who was so much nearer, could answer it, she did not come, even at a second ring, and Annie was forced to go to the door herself, or leave the poor man dripping in the cold wind outside.

She had made up her mind, at sight of the books, that he was a canvasser for some subscription book, such as used to come in her father's time, but when she opened to him he took off his hat with a great deal of manner, and said "Miss Kilburn?" with so much insinuation of gentle disinterestedness that it flashed upon her that it might be Mr. Peck.

"Yes," she said, with confusion, while the flash of conjecture faded away.

"Mr. Brandreth," said her visitor, whom she now saw to be much younger than Mr. Peck could be. He looked not much more than twenty-two or twenty-three; his damp hair waved and curled upon his temples and forehead, and his blue eyes lightened from a beardless and freshly shaven face. "I called this morning because I felt sure of finding you at home."

He smiled at his reference to the weather, and Annie smiled too as she again answered, "Yes?" She did not want his books, but she liked something that was cheerful and enthusiastic in him; she added, "Won't you step into the study?"

"Thanks, yes," said the young man, flinging off his gossamer, and hanging it up to drip into the pan of the hat rack. He gathered up his books from the chair where he had laid them, and held them at his waist with both hands, while he bowed her precedence beside the study door.

"I don't know," he began, "but I ought to apologize for coming on a day like this, when you were not expecting to be interrupted."

"Oh no; I'm not at all busy. But you must have had courage to brave a storm like this."

"No. The truth is, Miss Kilburn, I was very anxious to see you about a matter I have at heart—that I desire your help with."

"He wants me," Annie thought, "to give him the use of my name as a subscriber to his book"—there seemed really to be a half-dozen books in his bundle—"and he's come to me first."

"I had expected to come with Mrs. Munger—she's a great friend of mine; you haven't met her yet, but you'll like her; she's the leading spirit in South Hatboro'—and we were coming together this morning; but she was unexpectedly called away yesterday, and so I ventured to call alone."

"I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Brandreth," Annie said. "Then Mrs. Munger has subscribed already, and I'm only second fiddle, after all," she thought.

"The truth is," said Mr. Brandreth, "I'm the factotum, or teetotum, of the South Hatboro' ladies' book club, and I've been deputed to come and see if you wouldn't like to join it."

"Oh!" said Annie, and with a thrill of dismay she asked herself how much she had let her manner betray that she had supposed he was a book agent. "I shall be very glad indeed, Mr. Brandreth."

"Mrs. Munger was sure you would," said Mr. Brandreth, joyously. "I've brought some of the books with me—the last," he said; and Annie had time to get into a new social attitude toward him during their discussion of the books. She chose one, and Mr. Brandreth took her subscription, and wrote her name in the club book.

"One of the reasons," he said, "why I would have preferred to come with Mrs. Munger is that she is so heart and soul with me in my little scheme. She could have put it before you in so much better light than I can. But she was called away so suddenly."

"I hope for no serious cause," said Annie.

"Oh no! It's just to Cambridge. Her son is one of the Freshman Nine, and he's been hit by a ball."

"Oh!" said Annie.

"Yes; it's a great pity for Mrs. Munger. But I come to you for advice as well as co-operation, Miss Kilburn. You must have met a great many English people in Rome, and heard some of them talk about it. We're thinking, some of the young people here, about getting up some out-door theatricals, like Lady Archibald Campbell's, don't you know. You know about them?" he added, at the blankness in her face.

"I read accounts of them in the English papers. They must have been very—original. But do you think that in a community like Hatboro'— Are there enough who could—enter into the spirit?"

"Oh, yes, indeed!" cried Mr. Brandreth,

ardently. "You've no idea what a place Hatboro' has got to be. You've not been about much yet, Miss Kilburn?"

"No," said Annie; "I haven't really been off our own place since I came. The weather has been very changeable; and I've seen nobody but two or three old friends, and we naturally talked more about old times than anything else. But I hear that there are great changes."

"Yes," said Mr. Brandreth. "The social growth has been even greater than the business growth. You've no idea! People have come in for the winter as well as the summer. South Hatboro', where we live—you must see South Hatboro,' Miss Kilburn!—is quite a famous health resort. A great many Boston doctors send their patients to us now, instead of Colorado or the Adirondacks. In fact, that's what brought *us* to Hatboro'. My mother couldn't have lived, if she had tried to stay in Melrose. One lung all gone, and the other seriously affected. And people have found out what a charming place it is for the summer. It's cool; and it's so near, you know; the gentlemen can run out every night—only an hour and a quarter from town, and expresses both ways. All very agreeable people, too; and cultivated. Mr. Fellows, the painter, makes a long summer; he bought an old farm-house, and built a studio; Miss Jennings, the flower-painter, has a little box there too; Mr. Chapley, the publisher, of New York, has built; the Misses Clevinger, Mrs. Valence, are all near us. There's one family from Chicago—quite nice—New England by birth, you know; and Mrs. Munger, of course; so that there's a very pleasant variety."

"I certainly had no idea of it," said Annie.

"I knew you couldn't have," said Mr. Brandreth, "or you wouldn't have felt any doubt about our having the material for the theatricals. You see, I want to interest all the nice people in it, and make it a whole-town affair. I think it's a great pity for some of the old village families and the summer folks, as they call us, not to mingle more than they do, and Mrs. Munger thinks so too; and we've been talking you over, Miss Kilburn, and we've decided that you could do more than anybody else to help on a scheme that's meant to bring them together."

"Because I'm neither summer folks nor old village families?" asked Annie.

"Because you're both," retorted Mr. Brandreth.

"I don't see that," said Annie; "but we'll suppose the case, for the sake of argument. What do you expect me to do in theatricals, in-doors or out? I never took part in anything of the kind; I can't see an inch beyond the end of my nose without glasses; I never could learn the simplest thing by heart; I'm clumsy and awkward; I get confused."

"Oh, my dear Miss Kilburn, spare yourself! We don't expect you to take part in the play. I don't admit that you're what you say at all; but we only want you to lend us your countenance."

"Oh, is that all? And what do you expect to do with my countenance?" Annie said, with a laugh of misgiving.

"Everything. We know how much influence your name has—one of the old Hatboro' names—in the community, and all that; and we do want to interest the whole community in our scheme. We want to establish a Social Union for the work-people, don't you know, and we think it would be much nicer if it seemed to originate with the old village people."

Annie could not resist an impression in favor of the scheme. It gave definition to the vague intentions with which she had returned to Hatboro'; it might afford her a chance to make reparation for the figure on the soldiers' monument.

"I'm not sure," she began. "If I knew just what a Social Union is—"

"Well, at first," Mr. Brandreth interposed, "it will only be a reading-room, supplied with the magazines and papers, and well lighted and heated, where the work-people—those who have no families especially—could spend their evenings. Afterward we should hope to have a kitchen, and supply tea and coffee—and oysters perhaps—at a nominal cost; and ice-cream in the summer."

"But what have your out-door theatricals to do— But of course. You intend to give the proceeds—"

"Exactly. And we want the proceeds to be as large as possible. We propose to give our time and money to getting the thing up in the best shape, and then we want all the villagers to give their half-dollars and make it a success every way."

"I see," said Annie.

"We want it to be successful, and we want it to be distinguished; we want to make it unique. Mrs. Munger is going

to give her grounds and the decorations, and there will be a supper afterward, and a little dance."

"Such things are a great deal of trouble," said Annie, with a smile, from the vantage-ground of her larger experience. "What do you propose to do—what play?"

"Well, we've about decided upon some scenes from *Romeo and Juliet*. They would be very easy to set, out-doors, don't you know, and everybody knows them, and they wouldn't be hard to do. The ballroom in the house of the Capulets could be made to open on a kind of garden terrace—Mrs. Munger has a lovely terrace in her grounds for lawn-tennis—and then we could have a minuet on the grass. You know Miss Mather introduces a minuet in that scene, and makes a great deal of it. Oh, I forgot. She's come up since you went away."

"Yes; I hadn't heard of her. Isn't a minuet at Verona in the time of the Scaligeri rather—"

"Well, yes, it is, rather. But you've no idea how pretty it is. And then, you know, we could have the whole of the balcony scene, and other bits that we choose to work in—perhaps parts of other acts that would suit the scene."

"Yes, it would be charming; I can see how very charming it could be made."

"Then we may count upon you?" he asked.

"Yes, yes," she said; "but I don't really know what I'm to do."

Mr. Brandreth had risen; but he sat down again, as if glad to afford her any light he could throw upon the subject.

"How am I to 'influence people,' as you say?" she continued. "I'm quite a stranger in Hatboro'; I hardly know anybody."

"But a great many people know *you*, Miss Kilburn. Your name is associated with the history of the place, and you could do everything for us. You *won't* refuse!" cried Mr. Brandreth, winningly. "For instance, you know Mrs. Wilmington."

"Oh yes; she's an old girl-friend of mine."

"Then you know how enormously clever she is. She can do anything. We want her to take an active part—the part of the Nurse. She's delightfully funny. But you know her peculiar temperament—how she hates initiative of all kinds; and we want somebody to bring Mr. Wilmington round. If we could get them committed to the scheme, and a man like Mr. Putney—he'd make a capital Mercutio—it would go like wildfire. We want to interest the churches, too. The object is so worthy, and the theatricals will be so entirely unobjectionable in every respect. We have the Unitarians and Universalists, of course. The Baptists and Methodists will be hard to manage; but the Orthodox are of so many different shades; and I understand the new minister, Mr. Peck, is very liberal. He was here in your house, I believe."

"Yes; but I never saw him," said Annie. "He boarded with the farmer. I'm a Unitarian myself."

"Of course. It would be a great point gained if we could interest him. Every care will be taken to have the affair unobjectionable. You see, the design is to let everybody come to the theatricals, and only those remain to the supper and dance whom we invite. That will keep out the socially objectionable element—the shoe-shop hands and the straw-shop girls."

"Oh," said Annie. "But isn't the—the Social Union for just that class?"

"Yes, it's *expressly* for them, and we intend to organize a system of entertainments—lectures, concerts, readings—for the winter, and keep them interested the whole year round in it. The object is to show them that the best people in the community have their interests at heart, and wish to get on common ground with them."

"Yes," said Annie, "the object is certainly very good."

Mr. Brandreth rose again, and put out his hand. "Then you will help us?"

"Oh, I don't know about that yet."

"At least you won't hinder us?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I consider you in a very hopeful condition, Miss Kilburn, and I feel that I can safely leave you to Mrs. Munger. She is coming to see you as soon as she gets back."

Annie made no motion to detain him. Without regretting him, she found herself sadder when he was gone, and she threw herself upon the old feather-cushioned lounge to enjoy a reverie in keeping with the dreary storm outside. Was it for this that she had left Rome? She had felt, as every American of conscience feels abroad, the drawings of a duty, obscure

and indefinable, toward her country, the duty to come home and do something for it, be something in it. This is the impulse of no common patriotism; it is perhaps a sense of the opportunity which America supremely affords for the race to help itself, and for each member of it to help all the rest.

But from the moment Annie arrived in Hatboro' the difficulty of being helpful to anything or any one had increased upon her with every new fact that she had learned about it and the people in it. To her they seemed terribly self-sufficing. They seemed occupied and prosperous, from her front parlor window; she did not see anybody going by who appeared to be in need of her; and she shrank from a more thorough exploration of the place. Like most amateur humanitarians, she fancied necessity coming to her and taking away her good works, as it were, in a basket; but till Mr. Brandreth appeared with his scheme, nothing had applied for her help. She had always hated theatricals; they bored her; and yet the Social Union was a good object, and if this scheme would bring her acquainted in Hatboro' it might be the stepping-stone to something better, something really or more ideally useful. She wondered what South Hatboro' was like; she would get Mrs. Bolton's opinion, which, if severe, would be just. She would ask Mrs. Bolton about Mrs. Munger too. She would tell Mrs. Bolton to tell Mr. Peck to call to dine. Would it be thought patronizing to Mr. Peck?

The fire from the Franklin-stove diffused a drowsy comfort through the room, the rain lashed the window-panes, and the wind shrilled in the gable. Annie fell off to sleep. When she woke up she heard Mrs. Bolton laying the table for her one o'clock dinner, and she knew it was half past twelve, because Mrs. Bolton always laid the table just half an hour beforehand. She went out to speak to Mrs. Bolton.

There was no want of distinctness in Mrs. Bolton's opinion, but Annie felt that there was a want of perspective and proportion in it, arising from the narrowness of Mrs. Bolton's experience and her ignorance of the world; she was farm-bred, and she had always lived upon the outskirts of Hatboro', even when it was a much smaller place than now. But Mrs. Bolton had her criterions, and she believed in them firmly; in a time when agnosticism extends among cultivated people to every region of conjecture, the social convictions of Mrs. Bolton were untainted by misgiving. In the first place, she despised laziness, and as South Hatboro' was the summer home of open and avowed disoccupation, of an idleness so entire that it had to seek refuge from itself in all manner of pastimes, she held its population in a contempt to which her meagre phrase did imperfect justice. From time to time she had to stop altogether, and vent it in "Wells!" of varying accents and inflections, but all expressive of aversion, and in snorts and sniffs still more intense in purport.

Then she held that people who had nothing else to do ought at least to be exemplary in their lives, and she was merciless to the goings-on in South Hatboro', which had penetrated on the breath of scandal to the elder village. When Annie came to find out what these were, she did not think them dreadful; they were small flirtations and harmless intimacies between the members of the summer community, which in the imagination of the village blackened into guilty intrigue. On the tongues of some, South Hatboro' was another Gomorrah; Mrs. Bolton believed the worst, especially of the women.

"I hear," said Mrs. Bolton, "that them women come up here for *rest*. I don't know what they want to rest *from;* but if it's from doin' nothin' all winter long, I guess they go back to the city poot' near 's tired 's they come."

Perhaps Annie felt that it was useless to try to enlighten her in regard to the fatigues from which the summer sojourner in the country escapes so eagerly; the cares of giving and going to lunches and dinners; the labor of afternoon teas; the late hours and the heavy suppers of evening receptions; the drain of charity-doing and play-going; the slavery of amateur art study, and parlor readings, and *musicales;* the writing of invitations and acceptances and refusals; the trying on of dresses; the calls made and received. She let her talk on, and tried to figure, as well as she could from her talk, the form and magnitude of the task laid upon her by Mr. Brandreth, of reconciling Old Hatboro' to South Hatboro', and uniting them in a common enterprise.

"What sort of person is Mr. Brandreth, Mrs. Bolton?" she asked, finally.

"Well, I suppose I'd ought to apologize to you for not comin' quicker to open the door for him," began Mrs. Bolton.

"You didn't come at all," said Annie, with an amused willingness to let her get at Mr. Brandreth in her own way.

"Well, no; you're right. I don't presume I did, or 't I *should*. I guess I'd let him staid and soaked it out, if I'd had *my* way."

"Why, what is there wrong about him?"

"Wrong? There ain't *any*thing about him. He don't amount to a row of pins. He *is* the greatest— Well, 'f I was his mother I guess I wouldn't stand it long to have him following round with that Mrs. Munger the way he doos."

"Why, Mrs. Bolton, you don't mean to say that Mr. Brandreth and Mrs. Munger are carrying on a flirtation?"

"I don't know what you call it. He's taggin' her round all the while, or her him."

"But, Mrs. Bolton! She's got a son in college! Where *is* her husband?"

"She *says* he's out West somewhere; Sent Paul or Sent Louis. He hain't never troubled Hatboro' any. I guess he ain't never goin' to, either. But she's got plenty of money, and I don't suppose but what it's her money he's after. I guess if she *could* get a divorce she wouldn't let the church hinder her—well, not a great deal."

Annie had heard so much worse talk about very good people in the American colony at Rome that these dark hints of Mrs. Bolton's did not alarm her. "Mrs. Bolton," she said, abruptly leaving the subject of Mrs. Munger, "I've been thinking whether I oughtn't to do something about Mr. Peck. I don't want him to feel that he was unwelcome to me in my house; I should like him to feel that I approved of his having been here."

As this was not a question, Mrs. Bolton, after the fashion of country people, held her peace embarrassingly, and Annie went on:

"Does he never come to see you?"

"Well, he was here last night," said Mrs. Bolton.

"Last *night!*" cried Annie. "Why in the world didn't you let me know?"

"I didn't know as you wanted to know," began Mrs. Bolton, with a sullen defiance mixed with pleasure in Annie's reproach. "He was out there in my settin'-room with his little girl."

"But don't you see that if you didn't let me know he was here it would look to him as if I didn't wish to meet him—as if I had told you that you were not to introduce him?"

Probably Mrs. Bolton believed too that a man's mind was agile enough for these conjectures; but she said she did not suppose he would take it in that way; she added that he staid longer than she expected, because the little girl seemed to like it so much; she always cried when she had to go away.

"Do you mean that she's attached to the place?" demanded Annie.

"Well, yes, she is," Mrs. Bolton admitted. "And the cat."

Annie had a great desire to tell Mrs. Bolton that she had behaved very stupidly. But she knew Mrs. Bolton would not stand that, and she had to content herself with saying, severely, "The next time he comes, let me know without fail, please. What is the child like?" she asked.

"Well, I guess it must favor the mother, if anything. It don't seem to take after him any."

"Why don't you have it here often, then," asked Annie, "if it's so much attached to the place?"

"Well, I didn't know as you wanted to have it round," replied Mrs. Bolton, bluntly.

Annie made a "Tchk!" of impatience with her obtuseness, and asked, "Where is Mr. Peck staying?"

"Well, he's staying at Mis' Warner's till he can get settled."

"Is it far from here?"

"It's down in the north part of the village—Over the Track."

"Is Mr. Bolton at home?"

"Yes, he is," said Mrs. Bolton, with the effect of not intending to deny it.

"Then I want him to hitch up—now—at once—right away—and go and get the child and bring her here to dinner with me." Annie got so far with her severity, feeling that it was needed to mask a proceeding so romantic, perhaps so silly. She added, timidly, "Can he do it?"

"I d' know but what he can," said Mrs. Bolton, dryly, and whatever her feeling really was in regard to the matter, her manner gave no hint of it. Annie did not know whether Bolton was going on her errand or not, from Mrs. Bolton, but in ten or twelve minutes she saw him emerge from the avenue into the street, in the carry-all, tightly curtained against the storm. Half an hour later he return-

ed, and his wife set down in the library a shabbily dressed little girl, with her cheeks bright and her hair curling from the weather, and staring at Annie, and rather disposed to cry. She said, hastily, "Bring in the cat, Mrs. Bolton; we're going to have the cat to dinner with us."

This inspiration seemed to decide the little girl against crying. The cat was equipped with a doily, and actually provided with dinner at a small table apart; but the child did not look at it as Annie had expected she would, but remained with her eyes fastened on Annie herself. She did not stir from the spot where Mrs. Bolton had put her down, but she let Annie take her up and arrange her in a chair, with large books graduated to the desired height under her, and made no sign of satisfaction or disapproval. Once she looked round, when Mrs. Bolton finally went out after bringing in the last dish for dinner, and then fastened her eyes on Annie again, twisting her head shyly round to follow her in every gesture and expression as Annie fitted on a napkin under her chin, cut up her meat, poured her milk, and buttered her bread. She answered nothing to the chatter which Annie tried to make lively and entertaining, and made no sound but that of a broken and suppressed breathing. Annie had forgotten to ask her name of Mrs. Bolton, and she asked it in vain of the child herself, with a great variety of circumlocution; she was so unused to children that she was ashamed to invent any pet name for her; she called her, in what she felt to be a stiff and school-mistressly fashion, "Little Girl," and carried on a one-sided conversation with her, growing more and more nervous herself without perceiving that the child's condition was approaching a climax. She had taken off her glasses, from the notion that they embarrassed her guest, and she did not see the pretty lips beginning to curl, nor the searching eyes clouding with tears; the storm of sobs that suddenly burst upon her astounded her.

"Mrs. Bolton! Mrs. Bolton!" she screamed, in hysterical helplessness. Mrs. Bolton rushed in, and with an instant perception of the situation, caught the child to her bony breast, and fled with it to her own room, where Annie heard its wails die gradually away amid murmurs of comfort and reassurance from Mrs. Bolton.

She felt like a great criminal and a great fool; at the same time she felt vexed with the stupid child which she had meant so well by, and indignant with Mrs. Bolton, whose flight with it had somehow implied a reproach of her behavior. When she could govern herself, she went out to Mrs. Bolton's room, where she found the little one quiet enough, and Mrs. Bolton tying on the long apron in which she cleared up the dinner and washed the dishes.

"I guess she'll get along now," she said, without the critical tone which Annie was prepared to resent. "She was scared some, and she felt kind of strange, I presume."

"Yes, and I behaved like a simpleton, dressing up the cat, I suppose," answered Annie. "But I thought it would amuse her."

"You can't tell how children will take a thing. I don't believe they like anything that's out of the common—well, not a great deal."

There was a sympathy in Mrs. Bolton's manner which encouraged Annie to go on and accuse herself more and more, and then an unresponsive blankness that silenced her. She went back to her own rooms crushed and humiliated; and to get away from her shame, she began to write a letter.

It was to a friend in Rome, and from the sense we all have that a letter which is to go such a great distance ought to be a long letter, and from finding that she had really a great deal to say, she let it grow so that she began apologizing for its length half a dozen pages before the end. It took her nearly the whole afternoon, and she regained a little of her self-respect by ridiculing the people she had met.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUNE COMETH.

BY CHARLES W. COLEMAN, JUN.

O LOVER-BIRD, haste to thy wooing;
Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For the east doth flush with an eager blush,
And June thro' the garden goes.

She is white like the tall white lilies
  That sicken the air with sweet,
And the yellow hair o'er her bosom bare
  Falls down to her sandal'd feet.

Her eyes are as deep as the ocean,
  And calm as a forest pool;
Her breath is as free as the sea-winds be,
  And her lips with the dew are cool.

She comes from the daisied meadows,
  By tender winds o'erblown;
For May, the child who erst ran wild,
  Is now to a woman grown.

Behold! like a queen she cometh,
  So stately and fair and meek;
And the lilies swoon in their own perfume
  To touch her fairer cheek.

O birds, be no cease to your singing;
  Break forth into bloom, red rose;
For day's high-priest cometh out of the east,
  And June thro' the garden goes.

Her eyelids droop with the passion
  Her trembling lips would own;
And the kiss of the sun her brow upon
  A rose in her cheek has blown.

Her long white arms to her lover
  She lifts, and her parted lips
Drink the light of his kiss, as a bee, I wis,
  The sweet of a lily sips.

Sing loud, O ye birds, of loving,
  Till all the world gives ear;
For the sun is in love in the heavens above,
  And June, the queen, is here.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Alpine traveller, in climbing the famous mountains, finds, when he reaches what appears to him to be the summit, that there is still, above him and beyond, a higher point which the lower height concealed. The poet Beattie, or, as the wits would say, the alleged poet Beattie, begins his once famous poem, "The Minstrel," with the familiar lines:

"Ah, who can tell how hard it is to climb
  The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?"

Carlyle, in *Sartor Resartus*, treating of the dandiacal body, states solemnly that according to the gospel of fashion as set forth in the sacred book of *Pelham*, it is permitted to man, under certain conditions, to wear white waistcoats.

These words of Carlyle and Beattie and the fortunes of the Alpine traveller are all recalled by the recent remark asserted to have been made to a reporter that the social elect in the city of New York comprise about four hundred persons. In other words, that is the mystic number of "society," or, as they are now often called, "society people." The word classics is applied to certain works of literature because they are of the first class, or class by distinction—class, indeed, so superior that other classes are not mentioned. "Eclipse first, and the rest nowhere." So with the entrancing word "society." It describes a circle so separately remote, so loftily apart from all other circles, that it absorbs and exhausts the name. You

may have the most accomplished and delightful friends, and in witty, refined, and charming intercourse the golden hours with them may pass, but—"woe is me, Alhama!"—if they are not counted among the chosen four hundred, they do not belong to "society," and your fate is outer darkness and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

This is the very apotheosis of Mrs. Grundy and Br'er Jenkins, and of all current comedies it is the most comical. Here we are, all of us sons and daughters, in nearer or farther removes, of larger or smaller grocers and tailors and weavers and farmers and haberdashers and blacksmiths and clergymen and doctors and lawyers and distillers and tobacconists and sailors—honest people, many of them, turning a shrewd penny whenever they could, plodding, parsimonious, scraping, speculating, saving, and presently, by the rise of land or a happy stroke on 'Change, or an invention, or superior thrift and sagacity and foresight, getting rich, building a fine house, setting up an equipage and an establishment, and lo! we are presently "old families," and "select" and "exclusive" and "aristocratic," and with a coat of arms and a pedigree we enter the blissful realm of the immortals, the unspeakable four hundred.

The French Academy was also composed of immortals, and the biting wit wrote of a peer who could not pass the gate:

"Ci-gît Biron, qui n'était rien,
Pas même académicien."

The other evening a party of amateurs on Staten Island played with charming address and vivacity the amusing little comedy *New Men and Old Acres*. Lady Vavasour was there with refined insolence, elegantly sordid, and Marmaduke her husband, feebly fine and respectably futile. There were Mr. and Mrs. Bunter, frankly vulgar without the Vavasour veneer, and Berthold Blasenburg, the incarnate spirit of mercenary trickery. Samuel Brown, honest British bourgeois, and Bertie Fitz-Urse, the dude of high degree, in a blazer, and Lilian Vavasour, in whom the Vere de Vere has found at last a human heart, and Fanny Bunter—Blanche Amory and Falkland's Julia blended—all lived before our eyes. It was admirably done; but when Bunter, in a neat and timely "gag," disclaimed belonging to ——'s four hundred, he was jesting with sacred things, and we could not encourage him with a smile. But when his Mariar unrolled the Bunter pedigree and coat of arms, we saw ourselves in the faithful mirror, and laughed at our own absurdity.

If the four hundred should be submitted to social analysis, what a droll result we should see! Where and when was it that a king's son came to a republican city, and its Mrs. Grundy was in great agony of soul with surmising whom he would select as his partner in the dance at the selectest ball of welcome, at which the grandchildren of the good grocers and haberdashers were the matrons and graces? and whom, indeed, did he select but the placid and charming belle regnant of the hour? and who was she but the lovely granddaughter of—the shoemaker, was it, or the tailor, or the cabinet-maker? Whoever she was, no princess was fairer nor more a lady to the captivated eye. The more she was the descendant of the grocer or the weaver or the farmer, the more significant and impressive was the spectacle. For here at last was a country in which the rank was but the guinea's stamp, and the haberdasher's daughter was the acknowledged and worthy equal companion of the king's son.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

There are several more than four hundred such hearts, and the pale is broader than such a number would import.

Remorseless analysis would make dreadful havoc of our pedigrees and our old families. In one direction it would bring us very soon to a shabby old miser turning over in the street with his cane every promising scrap of paper or heap of refuse; in another, to a stalwart mechanic, or plain gardener, or money-changer, or apothecary, to a small farm-house on a mortgaged farm, to a shanty with stockings stuffed in the window, to a mill, to a saloon. All this is not so fine to the fancy as an earl at Crecy or Poitiers, or a gentleman on the Field of Cloth of Gold, or a castle from the time of the Conquest, or a noble Elizabethan mansion, or an older home—Penshurst, for instance, with traditions of heroes and poets, of "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother." Here is a poetic glamour which cannot be denied. It is a soft enchantment of the imagination, like that of Marathon and Iona. Those who can trace their lineage into that realm of faery

constitute a freemasonry which we can understand, but which, of course, brethren, we cannot reproduce unless we can count our grandparents backward into those houses.

But not for that reason need we hide the facts of our own families, nor be ashamed of them. We need not try to convert the ancestral grocery into a large West Indian trade, and the smithy whence we sprang into great iron-works, and the thread and needle store into a vast wholesale importing house. Bigness will not cure what we foolishly hold to be the defect of our family tradition, and the man who thinks the fact a defect needing cure has descended in good truth a long, long distance from his manly ancestors. We need not hide the fact. The more widely it is published that the family proceeding from a poor farm of a hundred acres, by thrift, energy, enterprise, ability, courage, persistence, and commanding intelligence, has now advanced to this great estate, and this magnificent fostering of art and science, of religion and letters, the more the family name is honored and the family right to distinction vindicated. The youth who says that his ancestor fought in gold armor at Agincourt is well countered by the youth who replies that his grandfather gave a free library to his native town.

But it appears that it is suppression, rather than assertion, of the truth which opens the golden gates of the four hundred. Patience! when they are more truly American they will be wiser. Let the Grocer family, now master of millions, adopt a hogshead or a loaf of sugar as its cipher and signet—the bee of its Napoleonic splendor. Let the yardstick dispute heraldic honors with the sword, and the cow grazing with the lion rampant, and to golden gules denoting valor, justice, and veneration, add the hammer, the cotton flower, the plough, and the anvil. In every way the lord or the lady in whose veins flows the blood that was shed at Agincourt publishes that heroic fact. If we are made of similar stuff, those who owe their comfort, their opportunity, their riches, to ennobling industry of any kind, will gladly tell the honorable truth.

If four hundred or four thousand of us wish to feel that *noblesse oblige*, let us not try to obliterate from history Grandpa Grocer, but remember that the descendant of that worthy need not hang his head before the heir of the Right Honorable Sir William Kidd, nor of any Norman freebooter and courtier who came over with the earlier William.

ARISTIDES insists that the Easy Chair recently praised the press too warmly. When he wrote he had not seen Matthew Arnold's unsparing arraignment. But he says, with our English critic, whose comments are made at least in perfectly good temper, that our press is not a leader of public or party opinion, but a pander to it, and that far from illustrating or desiring fair play, it seeks only to "down" an opponent. He holds that its course, when apparently most sincere and upright, must be regarded as selfish until proved to be otherwise, and that a vindictive and personal motive may be always safely assumed for its most seemingly virtuous demonstrations. Aristides says further that nothing shows more clearly the debased condition of the public mind than the fact that newspapers which are made the arenas of disgusting personal controversies between the editors make profit of them, and he recalls the day when the proprietor of a paper issued an extra containing a highly colored account of personal indignities offered to himself. He adds to this fact, in further illustration of the disgraceful plight of the press, that a very large, if not the larger, part of its reports of news consists of the most extravagant, detailed, and repulsive descriptions of crimes, making the daily paper as demoralizing a nuisance as the dime novel.

The greater the circulation, the influence, and the power of the press, the greater is the shame of such conduct, says Aristides; and you do wrong, he adds, when you praise it without mention of this betrayal of a great trust and a great opportunity. What party newspaper in the country is manly and fair? he asks. Which of them honestly represents the position or arguments of the other side, or does not in every way, by insinuation, ridicule, and unmitigated lying, try to win by dishonesty? The reluctance of able and decent and honorable men to enter active political controversy as candidates for office is due to their knowledge of the pitiless storm of vituperation and calumny with which they are sure to be assailed. Their demand of simple honesty, and their antipathy to "shaky" and "shady" men

and courses, envelop them in a whirlwind of sneers at their superserviceable conceit and Pharisaic assumption of superiority. The press, contends Aristides, thus becomes a huge battery of malignant blackguardism, which clears the field to make room for those whom it can frighten and drive at its own will, gibing at those who do not care to be spattered with filth as milksops and mollycoddles afraid of the virile contentions of public affairs.

"I know a man," says Aristides, "who, in the proper exercise of his discretion, changed his vote in a nominating convention from one candidate to another, and instantly one of the organs of the candidate whom he discarded announced contemptuously that the vote had been changed dishonestly for a price. The lofty scorn of the public censor of such dishonesty was withering. But a little while afterward the same journal—let us call it," says Aristides, "the *Cato Out-Catoed*—earnestly supported, for a most responsible office, the man who, as it declared, had venally sold his vote in the convention. The *Cato Out-Catoed* is a fine censor of public morality and political honesty, is it not? And when it denounces a man or a movement or a measure, you will credit it with public spirit and an unselfish interest in probity and progress and reform, will you?" asks Aristides. "You may if you choose. I shall not.

"Or, again," he persists, "I know another paper which vehemently demands criminal proceedings against an unquestionable offender. Indignant *Virtue* flares upon its editorial page to light the world to honesty. The culprit is arraigned, the trial begins, and lo! not a word, not a peep, not a shrug, from indignant *Virtue*. Good Easy Chair," writes Aristides, "do you ask the reason of this droll cessation of hostilities? It is very simple. A powerful interest befriends the culprit, and has immense advertising patronage. How if *Virtue* has been privately told that if its editorial columns demand justice upon the culprit, its advertising columns will suffer grievously? Would the innocent Easy Chair trace any connection between that admonitory voice and the sudden silence of *Virtue*? Would it see in it still further proof of that noble devotion to the public welfare which the press majestically assumes?

"The bill-sticker, with a pot of paste and an armful of 'gutter-snipes,' or placards to be pasted upon the curbstone, denouncing somebody as a thief, a rascal, a scoundrel, a villain, etc., etc., etc., or a man with a speaking-trumpet shouting the same intelligence up and down Broadway and in the exchanges, is a great power unquestionably. But so," remarks Aristides, "a bone factory and Newtown Creek have great power. Incessant and pervasive publicity, the command of the attention of a hundred thousand intelligent minds for half an hour every morning, gives enormous power, and unscrupulous abuse of it is a public crime of which the press is largely guilty. But this is so manifestly the fact that the evil," remarks Aristides, "tends to correct itself."

"Even I," he continues, "was assailed the other morning in the daily *Truth Teller* as a kind of noxious vermin which it is the interest of society to exterminate utterly, and as I stepped into the elevated car I saw my neighbor reading that interesting piece of morning news. When he had thoroughly mastered the facts in regard to me he looked up, and seeing me, he smiled and held out his hand. 'What have you been doing to this fellow?' he asked, pointing to the paper. It was enough. It did not occur to him that I was any kind of vermin, or that the editor thought so, but only that, for some purpose, it was his interest to say so. So also I perceived," writes Aristides, "when I presently met the amiable editor, and he kindly asked me to lunch with him. Do you think it is worth while—do you not think, on the contrary, dear Easy Chair, that it is a great wrong—to inculcate respect for a huge power which is generally abominably abused? Indeed, has not the abuse now gone so far that the public even discredits half of what is published as news, and almost certainly discredits it if it affects in any way the known interests of the paper?

"Our press is a good deal like the old criminal law in England. It was so savagely undiscriminating, hanging the starving boy who stole a loaf equally with the sanguinary murderer and the wholesale pirate, that juries disregarded the law and the evidence, and allowed humanity and common-sense to determine the verdict. The excesses of the press are costing it its power. If a newspaper makes a virulent personal attack upon ostensible personal grounds, the

public merely asks, 'Who is the colored friend in this wood-pile?' If it assumes the leadership of a humane reform, or of any apparently progressive movement, the same public, taught by much experience, smiles at the Protean agility of the genius of advertising. If it sends an expedition to Symmes Hole, or to ascertain whether human heads around the north pole are flatter than those around the equator, those in the temperate zone, which are not flat at all, recall with amusement the great Doctor Brandreth and his skill in imposing his pills upon mankind. No, no; the one great principle that I observe in the press," says Aristides, "is the determination to make money by hook and by crook, at the cost of private honor and public morality."

This is a tremendous accusation. Burke thought that he could not draw an indictment against a nation, but Aristides does not hesitate to tell off count upon count against the great power of modern times. Who will deny that he states much that is unquestionable? But who can doubt that his generalization is too unqualified? The Easy Chair must remind him that while it has a better opinion of the press than he entertains, and has acknowledged its excellent service when another great power, that of legal procedure, was invoked by money to outwit justice, yet that it has not been unmindful of its excesses. Compared with the English press, which it most resembles, it lacks a certain fairness to opponents, and it smears its pages with debasing accounts of crime. Party spirit in England is as fierce as with us, but, as the Easy Chair has heretofore said, if Mr. Gladstone makes a speech, the London *Times*, which detests him, prints it in full, with a perfectly just and accurate account of the meeting, but demolishes the argument as well as it can in its editorial columns.

It is, of course, true that as the press, in the sense of an aggregation of newspapers, is a peculiarly business enterprise undertaken primarily for personal advantage, and in no other sense for the public welfare than all business enterprises, it is largely controlled by business considerations. Whatever threatens its profits must be avoided if possible. But, unlike other business, it is involved with the public expression of opinion, and it is generally as difficult for a newspaper to change its professed opinions and retain the support of its buyers as for a clergyman to change his theological views and retain the favor of his congregation. The popular and prosperous newspaper, again, is undoubtedly a fair index of the public taste. More than anything else it is the mirror held up to nature. When we look into it and see elaborate descriptions of shameful events, and the ridiculous fact that Mrs. Smith dined yesterday gorgeously arrayed, and that all the Browns, Joneses, and Robinsons in their best clothes dined with her, and then see endless columns of accounts of a prize-fight, we may be aware that we are seeing what interests us most, and it is to supply the demand of our tastes that newspapers are published. But neither Aristides nor any other friend of humanity need despond. If he will look into the newspaper of twenty years ago and see the picture of Tweed largely muzzling the press, but whom the press at last overthrew, and then consider Jacob Sharp of yesterday, who, but for the press, would have been allowed the placid enjoyment of his booty, he will agree that it has been of some benefit, however mixed its motives and disagreeable its method. The court, says Aristides, was competent to do its duty, or, if not, the fault was with the people. However that may be, the press made it easier for the court to do its duty, and helped, not hindered, the course of justice.

Wendell Phillips had a captivating lecture upon the Lost Arts, which was delivered probably more frequently than any lecture ever prepared for the lyceum platform. In the earlier day of lectures, when he was asked his terms, he used to reply, "For an antislavery speech, nothing; for the Lost Arts, fifty dollars." It was a delightful "talk," but there are some vanished arts which Phillips's enchanting eloquence did not recall, and the Easy Chair was reminded of one of them by recently finding among some old papers "The Carrier's New-Year's Address." The art of writing such an address is gone with the secret of the exquisite opaline glass of which the orator told us. It belonged to the earlier day when, as it seems to the hurried backward glance of the eager citizen as he dashes along his way, life moved more leisurely, and as there was less to do, it could be done tranquilly and comfortably.

Perhaps it was not quite so. The gold-

en age is always behind, but whether the rosy light that hangs over Beulah is only in the distance can never be told. The morning paper in a town where there was but one was a kind of power which few newspapers now are. Everybody took his daily news with precisely the same flavor, and there was no universally diffused rival to question the moral drawn by the editor from the events he chronicled. In the barber's shop and at the post-office, and in the druggist's shop or the grocery which served the little community for a club, there may have been voices of dissent. But they were single and of no echo, and piped but a feeble and ineffectual protest.

In the one paper also all the germs of literary ambition and taste and hope tried to burst into blossom, and when one of them saw the light in print, it was fame itself, and the happy aspirant went blushing through the street as if the whole town had become conscious of the new genius that had arisen, and was about to exclaim in chorus, "Hail, king that shall be!" Everything was on a smaller scale. Sixty years ago in Congress Mr. Webster said that if there were any man in New England who drove an equipage with four horses, and servants in livery, he did not know him. "It seems to me," said a great New York railway king recently, "as if the old India merchants in Boston used to come down to their offices toward noon, and after transacting business in a staid and dignified manner, went home again in two or three hours." That, again, was hardly so. It was an instance of the enormous cherries of memory. The cherries that we used to eat in the tree were very much larger than any cherries we ever see now in market. The magical air of youth is so dilating, so magnificently magnifying! Three hours of dignity and stately transaction of business! Perhaps so; but that spectacle is gone also with the carrier's New-Year's address.

That production was always in rhyme. At least the only one known to the Easy Chair which was not rhymed is the one that Hawthorne wrote for the Salem *Gazette*. The verses contained a jingling survey of mankind from China to Peru during the year, and they set forth the charms of virtue and exhorted to a moral life. They were printed upon a separate sheet, and the carrier left one with every subscriber who, in the English phrase, "took in" the paper, and he waited modestly but confidently for the honorarium with which the address was acknowledged. Possibly even in the busiest and most crowded city the presentation of the honorarium to the carrier still survives. It is a practice which does not tend to become obsolete. But the address itself is with the lost books of Livy, or with the *magna opera* of the young author's ambition.

Perhaps those old days of the address compared with these as the plain simple well-cooked and well-flavored joint and pudding of those old dinners with the profusion and splendor of the modern repast. We taste and sip, but we can hardly stay to eat, because of the long perspective of the coming feast. Indeed the carrier himself in the old sense is fast vanishing. He is replaced by the active, enterprising dealer or middle-man, who traffics in all the papers and periodicals, and sends out his boys to those who do not buy at the stand. In the older day the carrier was an *attaché* of the office, and felt his share of the dignity of the great journal.

And the great journal, with its explorations to mid-Africa and the polar sea; its interviews with emperors and soldiers and statesmen; its instant publication of the views of a hundred leaders of opinion upon every question that arises; its thorough organization and trained ability; its unlimited expense and enormous circulation—the world history of a day—that also marks a change as great as the disappearance of the carrier's address. Doubtless its power has proportionately increased. Legislators and executive officers read it and see in it the drift of opinion more than ever before. It criticises the orator in Congress, whose argument it makes public. It instructs the country and sways legislation. Its vast publicity makes it the greatest of forces. Its responsibility, therefore, is immense. There are those who recur fondly to the pleasant easy-going days of the carrier's address as also the golden age of the newspaper—an age of greater dignity, cleanliness, and sagacity. The Easy Chair has just been preaching from that text in the preceding section. It is very possibly in newspaper offices the age of brass, but no paper to-day is more politically ribald than the old *Aurora*, and the reader has gained in the paper which can afford to employ it a signal ability which the older newspaper did not possess, although it issued annually the carrier's New-Year's address.

Editor's Study.

I.

IN the case of a poet like Mr. Lowell, so worthy of honor and so secure of remembrance, there can be little profitable talk of defects or excellences, of better or worse, and little that is new of qualities and characteristics. Those who have read him know these already; his place is established, and neither what he says now nor what any one else may say can much affect it. He is part of our literary history and of our political history; no one treating of American civilization could fail to name him, to dwell upon his work; not necessarily for what he has accomplished in it, but certainly for what it records and expresses. Voluntarily and involuntarily it is the record of an heroic cycle, a period which greatly believed, and achieved as greatly; and the measure of his sympathies is to be found in that poetry which expresses the unselfish endeavor, the fearless humanity, of the long struggle against slavery, from the murder of Lovejoy to the murder of Lincoln. Reading his *Heartsease and Rue*, one is sometimes troubled with the fear that the poet fails of the import of conditions that he has himself so largely promoted. He has been so long the apostle of democracy that if we fancy him forgetting that the meaning of democracy is still before and not behind, we cannot escape a certain anxiety, a certain discomfort. But Mr. Lowell is right about some of our faults, and he has earned the right to tell us of them; besides, *Heartsease and Rue* is not the whole of Mr. Lowell; the poet in his historical entirety cannot reasonably be sought there.

What may be sought in almost every passage is the ripened richness of wording, which seems to us apter and finer at times than ever before. One comes again and again upon lines of a strenuous beauty rare in the verse of any time, and scarcely to be matched in that of ours; and feels in their robust force the joy given only by thought without a syllable of waste verbiage on it. This poet had always the power of striking the nail on the head, but here he seems to need never to hit more than once; and along with his truth of eye and power of hand there is at times a caressing, melancholy tenderness, an exquisite kindness, which seems the refinement of all that showed itself sweetest in his nature earlier. Inevitably we fall into the vein of personality; but *Heartsease and Rue* is a very personal book, and none but the unwise will impute its personality to it for a fault. Between an author and the public an intimacy tacitly establishes itself, which in time neither wishes any longer to ignore; and with the poet it must come to some such effect as in this book, where the writer seems so often to be musing aloud. It breathes full Cambridge, and addresses itself directly and indirectly to the friends of the date and place of the greatest literary centre we have ever had; but none of its charm need be lost upon the general reader for that reason. The business of a book is to acquaint us with the author's way of thinking and feeling, and both by its inclusions and its exclusions *Heartsease and Rue* acquaints us with Mr. Lowell's way of thinking and feeling almost beyond any other book of his. This is what greatly forms its value, which the fact that it imperfectly represents the range of his thinking and feeling does not at all affect.

It would be hard to say why we think one passage from the very Lowell-like poem on Agassiz is more Lowell-like than anything else in the book; but we will venture to say so before trying to say why. For one thing, it appears to us a strain of sentiment peculiar to a poet often involved and withdrawn in his scholarship; for he who of all our great poets has come closest to the common life, and has made most of it as material for his art, is at times furthest from it in a sort of literary distance. But here, in these verses, he draws near to the reader's heart in frank avowal of things usually blinked or glossed in spiritual hypocrisy.

"Truly this life is precious to the root,
And good the feel of grass beneath the foot;
To lie in buttercups and clover bloom,
Tenants in common with the bees,
And watch the white clouds drift through gulfs
of trees,
Is better than long waiting in the tomb;
Only once more to feel the spring
As the birds feel it when it bids them sing,
Only once more to see the moon

Through leaf-fringed abbey arches of the elms
Curve her mild sickle in the west,
Sweet with the breath of hay-cocks, were a boon
Worth any promise of soothsayer realms
Or casual hope of being elsewhere blest;
To take December by the beard
And crush the creaking snow with springy foot,
While overhead the North's dumb streamers shoot,
Till winter fawn upon the cheek endeared;
Then the long evening-ends
Lingered by cozy chimney-nooks,
With high companionship of books,
Or slippered talk of friends
And sweet habitual looks,
Is better than to stop the ears with dust.
Too soon the spectre comes to say 'Thou must.'"

This keen rapture with natural aspects, mixed with as fond a love of letters to one meaning of regret for the life that slips to uncertainty through all our hands, is a mood very characteristic of the poet's later work. No one else has known how to impart so fully the tender, sadly smiling, self-consciously helpless grief with which we see the days go when they begin to go swiftly. The strain is audible so often in *Heartsease and Rue* that it might be called the key-note of the book. With all the humor that plays through it, and sparkles into sunny fun at times, it is not a gay book; its cheer and its pensiveness are both autumnal; there is nothing of the dramatic make-believe of a young poet, of those spring days that prophesy the fall afar.

II.

Yet we are very far from believing that such a poet as Mr. Lowell was here moved by his own pathos or wit in the degree that a number of well-known novelists would persuade us in a late number of *The Critic* to believe authors moved by their work. These ladies and gentlemen, marshalled under the blended banners of Horace and Mr. Walter Besant, are free to proclaim that they have suffered to tears and exulted to laughter in the work of wringing their reader's heartstrings and tickling his risibles. They accept Mr. Besant's declaration that "it is a sign that one possesses imagination if one can laugh and cry over the fortunes of one's own puppets," as a right version of Horace's "Si vis me flere, dolendum est primum ipsi tibi," though it is really not so; and they allege in proof and justification of their own the anguish and hilarity of Dickens, of Thackeray, of George Eliot, in like moments. Not all of our fictionists, however, are of this emotional make. Some of them, like Mr. Boyesen, make a mock of the question as not serious; Dr. Eggleston does not believe any author worthy of note ever cried over his work when quite sober, and thinks that if an author loses control of himself, he loses control of his subject; Mr. Robert Grant holds that the tearful and hilarious sort ought logically to die with a broken-hearted heroine or contract *delirium tremens* with a leading villain; Mr. Lathrop does not think it necessary for an author to be hysterical in order to be moved himself or to move others; Mr. Bishop "never knew but one author who wept and howled over his characters; he was not of the first magnitude, ... and these characters were of but the faintest doll-paper pattern."

Here seems to lie the whole trouble. Saving Mr. Besant's respect, it is *no* "sign that one possesses imagination" because he or she sobs or chuckles over his or her "puppets"; it is merely a sign that he or she possesses great sensibility, or is in a nervous condition, and ought to take a rest, or horseback exercise, or something. We do not go so far as to impeach his or her good sense. We once met a novelist who could only gauge the tears he shed over his characters by handkerchiefuls, yet he was a most estimable and charming person, an able business man, a good husband and father, an upright citizen, a loyal friend, and everything that one would wish to be on one's tombstone.

III.

We do not attempt to settle this interesting question, and we suppose it can be decided only by a fair count, after the returns are in. Not all of our novelists have been heard from yet; and there are several back counties from which no poll has been reported, while others are coming in very slowly by townships and precincts. For example, there is nothing at all from the authors of three of the most striking novels which we have read for some time; we mean Mr. Joseph Kirkland's *Zury*, Mrs. Kirke's *Queen Money*, and Mr. E. W. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. Yet there are few passages in fiction more simply and truly touching than those in which Mr. Kirkland portrays the hard beginnings of pioneer life

in Illinois, with the death of Zury's little sister, and later that of his mother. If the inquiry is important at all, it would be valuable to know whether a writer who could move the reader so strongly melted over his work; but there is no evidence in the case, and in its absence we venture to think that he did not. Throughout his story there is proof, in the clear conception and the strong handling, that he is not one to lose his head in any situation. He has made it his business to realize for us the character of a man whom early hardship nerved to the acquisition of wealth, and who gave his whole life, up to a certain point, to getting value together in lands, flocks, and herds, not because he loved money as the miser does, but because he enjoyed its chase as men do the pursuit of any ambition. This is the modern type, the American type, and Mr. Kirkland has the credit of first putting it in fiction, so far as we know. There is nothing fine, or we had better say refined, about Zury Prouder; he exults in his popular repute of the "meanest man in Spring County"; he is grasping and pitiless in acquisition; but there is and has always been a soft spot in his heart. When Mr. Kirkland tries to make this soft spot do duty for the regeneration of the man into a character adequate to some exigencies of the plot, his trouble begins; and to tell the truth, we do not think he altogether succeeds. The figure of the story whose evolution remains with the reader of the book as perfectly natural is Anne Sparrow, the pretty Lowell factory girl who comes out to be school-mistress in Zury Prouder's district. She is a type of New England woman to whom justice has not been done before, and justice was none the less her due because she is not the highest type. She is very handsome, in a red-headed, freckled way; she is refined to a certain degree by reading; she is ambitious and resolute and brave; she is very feminine, and nervous in one sort; she is right-principled; but it is only an inherited and rather superficial Puritanism in her that overlies a passionate and impulsive nature. The reader must go to the book for the part which Anne Sparrow plays in Mr. Kirkland's story; but we wish to speak of the admirable self-restraint with which he has respected her character, and never shown it for more or less than what it is—not yielded to the temptation of taking her quite out of the range of the reader's sympathy, or of gifting her with a delicate-mindedness beyond her right claim upon it; he is faithful to a conception of character in her which is a very strong one. We cannot say that any of the people in his fresh and native story are weakly conceived; on the contrary, they all have the air of life, and they are racy of their time and place. Those gaunt, sallow, weary, work-worn women, those tireless, rude, independent, and mutually helpful men, belong to a period now driven to the furthest frontier; their look and speech are caught here with a certainty that can come only of personal knowledge. But personal knowledge alone does not suffice in such a case, and we are to be glad of an artist with clear eyes and an honest hand in the author of *Zury*—one incapable of painting life other than he has found it.

IV.

A sense of the brilliant workmanship throughout and of the dazzling successfulness of parts remains with the reader of *Queen Money* after he has perhaps closed the book with a grave misgiving as to what he can sincerely say in its praise. This seems certain: that no one among our novelists has a vivider touch or a finer skill in catching some aspects of worldliness than the author of this rather disappointing book. Her literary equipment is very uncommon; she can make people talk wittily, with the effect of having heard them talk so, and she can portray an order of æsthetico-fashionable folk so charmingly as to make you think you have seen just such persons in just such situations and conditions. But look a little closer, and you perceive something histrionic, solicited, operated, in the action and motives—a Cherbuliez quality, say. In *Queen Money* this is distinctly so when one of the young ladies proposes to rescue two foolish wives from their folly by winning for herself the young man they are letting their rival fancies stray after. We have often heard of young ladies doing this on the stage, but never off it; and we doubt if they ever do it in life. It is this error of putting probable people into theatrical postures, or rather of moving them by theatrical motives, which constitutes the defect of this author's singularly clever work. It does not disable it altogether; you remember that you were interested, you were

surprised, you were amused, you were even touched; but the best meaning of a book is lost if it does not leave you with the sense that the things in it might have happened, has not shown you its people doing and suffering from things which you can conceive yourself capable of. The final effect of *Queen Money* is a regret, not for any one in it, but for the accomplished artist who, for the sake of a plot below her skill, seems to have wilfully denied you the privilege of taking all its lessons home to yourself.

V.

With a work in the region of pure romance, with a frank allegory, like Mr. Bellamy's *Looking Backward*, one can have no such quarrel as with one portraying realistic people with unreal motives. You concede the premises, as in a poem, and after that you can hold the author only to a poetic consistency; he has no allegiance to the waking world. You may say that this is not the time of day for romances, for allegories, but that does not affect the quality of the kind of work which the author has chosen to do. Besides, the extraordinary effect which Mr. Bellamy's present romance has had with the public may well give pause to the doctor of literary laws, and set him carefully to revising his most cherished opinions. For here is a book which in the sugar-coated form of a dream has exhibited a dose of undiluted socialism, and which has been gulped by some of the most vigilant opponents of that theory without a suspicion of the poison they were taking into their systems. They have been shown the world as it is fancied to be a hundred years hence, when the state shall perform all the offices of manufacture, transportation, and distribution now abandoned to the chances of competition or combination, and they have accepted it as the portrait of a very charming condition of things, instead of shuddering at the spectacle in every fibre.

Mr. Bellamy's allegoric state of A.D. 2000 is constructed almost exactly upon the lines of Mr. Gronland's *Co-operative Commonwealth;* and it is supposed to come into being through the government acquisition of the vast trusts and monopolies, just as the collectivist author teaches. These grow, the larger absorbing the smaller, till the nation finally perceives their significance, and by a peaceful assertion of power possesses itself of them, and remains its own sole capitalist, producer, and distributor. The conditions which in Mr. Bellamy's book present themselves to a man of our time, carried far into the next century by a somewhat abnormal nap, are such as to make him heartily ashamed of our competitive civilization: but it is not our affair to reproduce the smiling picture. One cannot deny the charm of the author's art, which has made itself felt before now in *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process* and in *Miss Ludington's Sister*. The present story, compared with these, is no story, and the character-drawing is of the slightest; there are in fact only a number of personages who explain to the survivor of the nineteenth century the nature and extent of the economic change which has taken place. But there is a force of appeal in the book which keeps the attention, and which appears in the case of so many critics to have captivated the reason; and whether Mr. Bellamy is amusing himself or not with his conceit of the socialistic state as an accomplished fact, there can be no doubt that he is keenly alive to the defects of our present civilization. Here, for instance, are passages from the supposed narrator's view of our existing system as he looked back upon it after waking from his secular slumbers: "I cannot do better than to compare society as it then was to a prodigious coach which the masses of humanity were harnessed to, and dragging toilsomely along a very hilly and sandy road. The driver was hunger.... The top was covered with passengers who never got down, even at the steepest ascents. These seats on top were very breezy and comfortable.... For all that they were so easy, the seats were very insecure, and at every jolt of the coach persons were slipping out of them and falling to the ground, when they were instantly compelled to take hold of the rope and help to drag the coach on which they had before ridden, so pleasantly.... At times the desperate straining of the team, their agonized leaping and plunging under the pitiless lashing of hunger, the many who fainted at the rope and were trampled in the mire, made a very distressing spectacle, and often called forth highly creditable displays of feeling

on the top of the coach. At such times the passengers would call down encouragingly to the toilers of the rope, exhorting them to patience, and holding out hopes of possible compensation in another world.... If the passengers could only have felt assured that neither they nor their friends would ever fall from the top, it is probable that, beyond contributing to the funds for the liniments and bandages, they would have troubled themselves extremely little about those who dragged the coach."

The reverse of this state of things is that to which the narrator wakes up in the year 2000, when, in a condition of absolute equality produced by the people's management of their economic affairs as well as their political affairs, there is no longer idleness or want, riches or poverty, and all the luxuries and delights of life are enjoyed in common by those who earn them. We should not be dealing honestly with the possible readers of this alluring allegory if we did not again warn them that the author has, wittingly or unwittingly, presented in it an image of the future as the socialists have long dreamed it; but we can only concern ourselves incidentally with its political significance. What interests us in it from a literary point of view is the employment of a form once so much a favorite with writers who had some didactic aim in view, and often used with charming effect. In our own century, Miss Martineau employed it in a realistic guise to enforce her ideas of political economy; and within a recent period Mrs. Lynn Linton, in her story of *Joshua Davidson*, in which she gave Jesus the Son of David modern circumstance, has powerfully used a vehicle which, with Mr. Bellamy's present achievement before us, we cannot venture to pronounce outworn.

VI.

The reversions or counter-currents in the general tendency of a time are very curious, and are worthy tolerant study. They are always to be found; perhaps they form the exception that establishes the rule; at least they distinguish it. They give us performances which have an archaic charm, but it is seldom that they embody anything so robustly pertinent to actual interests as Mr. Bellamy's book. By-and-by, as we have before asked the reader to observe, things captivate for reasons unconnected with their inherent beauty. They become quaint, and this is reason enough for liking them, for returning to them, and in art for trying to do them again. The attempt is made more or less frankly, but it is a misfortune of this sort of achievement that one involuntarily compares it with the first in its kind.

If one were to do this with the pretty book which Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell have made about a tricycling tour in France, and called *Our Sentimental Journey*, because it was largely upon the lines of Sterne's, he might easily find it less important than its prototype, but he would also fail to do justice to its proper charm. It is a light and pleasant record in print and picture of things seen and suffered on a sufficiently adventurous little expedition. It appears that the tricycle affords fresh effects of landscape and figure to its riders, who, however, pay for this gain with a good many annoyances from the civilization and the weather. In the present case they bear them all courageously, and from Mrs. Pennell's story, very frank and ingenuous throughout, one learns a great deal that is new about both. The writing is not humorous exactly; it is sprightly; it is usually sympathetic, but when it is antipathetic it is very antipathetic indeed; it is always neatly intelligent, without the slightest tendency to sentiment; upon the whole it is not much like Sterne. In the pictures Mr. Pennell seems to be at his very best, and the sunny sweetness of his work is to be praised without qualification. The page, in fact, flashes to the eye in those gay, bright illustrations as with so many gleams of veritable sunshine; they impart precisely the sentiment of the glimpses of roads, fields, canals, cottages, peasants, garçons, gendarmes, chamber-maids, and soldiers which the artist himself caught, and of the different interiors with which his fortunes or misfortunes brought him acquainted. The reader perceives that we celebrate, as usual, only the literary quality in these pictures; again, as always in such cases, we leave their technical shortcomings, if they have any, to those who may deny themselves a good deal of pleasure in detecting them.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 18th of April.—The most important transactions of Congress during the month are as follows: Valuation of Imported Merchandise Bill passed, Senate, March 16th; bill authorizing issue of fractional silver certificates, House, March 19th; report of conference committee on the Urgent Deficiency Bill adopted by both Houses March 22d (approved by the President April 2d); Mills Tariff Bill reported to the House April 2d; deadlock over the bill to refund the direct tax of 1861, House, April 4th to April 12th; Bond Purchase Bill (amended) passed, Senate, April 5th.

The treaty between the United States and China for the exclusion of Chinese laborers from the United States, concluded March 12th, was submitted to the Senate March 16th.

The reduction of the public debt during March amounted to $11,586,559 68.

March 19th, the United States Supreme Court rendered a decision confirming the Bell Telephone patent; and in the case of George A. Bowman *et al.* against the Chicago and Northwestern Railway Company, a decision according to which inter-State commerce in liquor cannot be prohibited by State laws.

The Crosby High License Bill passed the New York Assembly March 29th.

Royal C. Taft (Republican) was elected Governor of Rhode Island April 4th.

March 24th, President Cleveland announced his decision as arbitrator in the dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua.

In the House of Commons the Local Government Bill for England and Wales was introduced March 19th; Mr. Parnell's arrears of Rent Bill refused a second reading, March 21st.

March 30th, M. Tirard's ministry resigned in consequence of its defeat in the French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 268 to 237, upon a bill for a revision of the Constitution.

April 4th, a new French ministry was formed, with M. Floquet as President of Council and Minister of the Interior; M. Goblet, Foreign Affairs; M. De Freycinet, War; Admiral Krantz, Marine; M. Ferrouillat, Justice; M. Peytral, Finance; M. Lockroy, Public Instruction; M. Deluns Montaud, Public Works; M. Viette, Agriculture; M. Legrand, Commerce.

General Boulanger was deprived of his command March 17th, placed upon the retired list March 27th, and elected to the French Chamber of Deputies from the Department du Nord April 15th by over 96,000 majority.

The funeral of the late Emperor William took place March 16th. The remains were placed in the mausoleum at Charlottenburg.

A new Roumanian cabinet has been formed, with M. Rosetti as Premier.

Seyyid Khalifah has succeeded his late brother, Seyyid Barghash, as Sultan of Zanzibar.

DISASTERS.

March 12th.—The severest storm known in many years swept the Middle Atlantic States.—Great damage to shipping at the Delaware Breakwater and on Chesapeake Bay. About sixty-five lives lost.

March 17th.—The south-bound West India mail train on the Savannah, Florida, and Western Railway broke through the trestle after crossing the Hurricane Creek near Blackshear, Georgia. Twenty lives lost.

March 20th.—Over a hundred lives lost in the Baquet Theatre fire at Oporto, Portugal.

March 29th.—Mine explosion in Rich Hill, Missouri. Twenty-four persons killed.

April 1st.—Burning of the amphitheatre during a bull-fight at Zelaya, Mexico. Eighteen persons killed and many wounded.

April 2d.—News of the wreck of the bark *Princess* off Caminha, Portugal. Twenty-three persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

March 16th.—In Paris, Senator Lazare Hippolyte Carnot, aged eighty-seven years.

March 18th.—In New York, Horace Fairbanks, ex-Governor of Vermont, aged sixty-eight years.

March 19th.—In Atlanta, Georgia, John P. King, ex-Senator of the United States, aged eighty-nine years.

March 23d.—In Washington, Morrison R. Waite, Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, aged seventy-two years.

March 24th.—In Wiesbaden, John T. Hoffman, ex-Governor of New York, aged sixty years.—In New York, Commodore Robert B. Hitchcock, aged eighty-four years.

March 25th.—In New York, Joseph W. Drexel, the banker, aged fifty-five years.

March 26th.—In Savannah, Georgia, William Dorsheimer, ex-Lieutenant-Governor of New York, aged fifty-six years.—Death announced in Paris of Jean Marie Napoléon Désiré Nisard, aged eighty-two years.

March 27th.—Near Claymont, Delaware, Felix O. C. Darley, the artist, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.—Seyyid Barghash, Sultan of Zanzibar, aged about fifty-three years.

March 30th.—In Rome, Cardinal Tommaso Martinelli, aged sixty-one years.

April 1st.—In Stuttgart, Dr. Émil Bessels, the Arctic explorer, aged forty-one years.

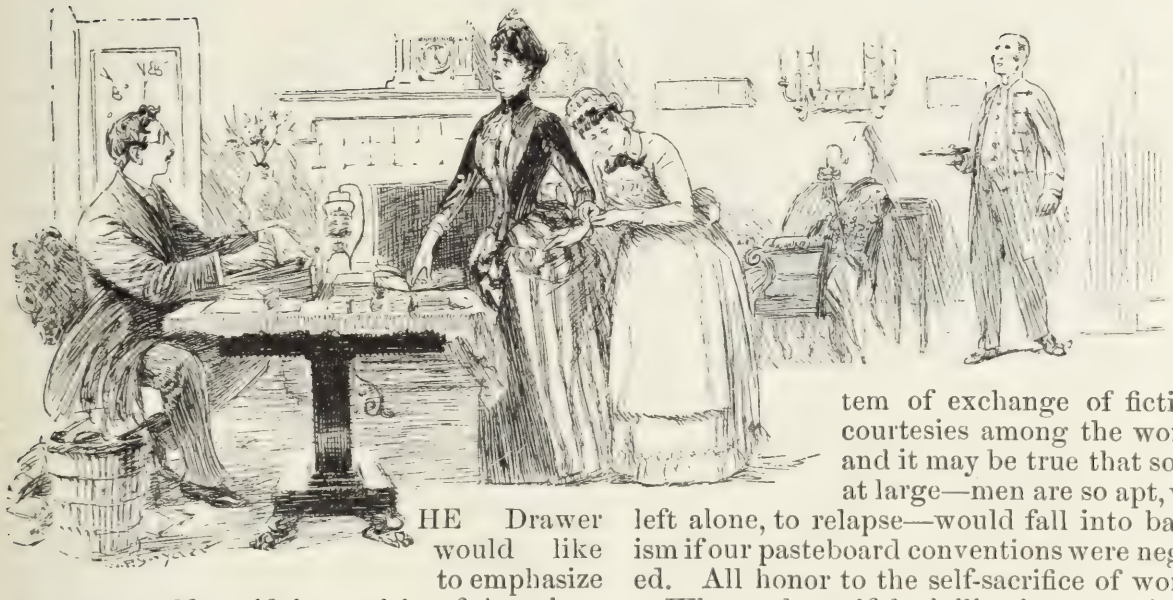
April 4th.—In Philadelphia, Benjamin Harris Brewster, ex-Attorney-General of the United States, aged seventy-one years.

April 7th.—In Brooklyn, Major-General Quincy Adams Gillmore, aged sixty-three years.

April 15th.—In Liverpool, Matthew Arnold, aged sixty-five years.

April 18th.—In New York, Roscoe Conkling, ex-Senator of the United States, aged sixty years.

Editor's Drawer.



THE Drawer would like to emphasize the noble, self-sacrificing spirit of American women. There are none like them in the world. They take up all the burdens of artificial foreign usage, where social caste prevails, and bear them with a heroism worthy of a worse cause. They indeed represent these usages to be a burden almost intolerable, and yet they submit to them with a grace and endurance all their own. Probably there is no harder-worked person than a lady in the season, let us say in Washington, where the etiquette of visiting is carried to a perfection that it does not reach even in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, and where woman's effort to keep the social fabric together requires more expenditure of intellect and of physical force than was needed to protect the capital in its peril a quarter of a century ago. When this cruel war is over, the monument to the women who perished in it will need to be higher than that to the Father of his Country. Merely in the item of keeping an account of the visits paid and due, a woman needs a book-keeper. Only to know the etiquette of how and when and to whom and in what order the visits are to be paid is to be well educated in a matter that assumes the first importance in her life. This is, however, only a detail of book-keeping and of memory; to pay and receive, or evade, these visits of ceremony is a work which men can admire without the power to imitate; even on the supposition that a woman has nothing else to do, it calls for our humble gratitude and a recognition of the largeness of nature that can put aside any duties to husband or children in devotion to the public welfare. The futile round of society life while it lasts admits of no rival. It seems as important as the affairs of the government. The Drawer is far from saying that it is not. Perhaps no one can tell what confusion would fall into all the political relations if the social relations of the capital were not kept oiled by the system of exchange of fictitious courtesies among the women; and it may be true that society at large—men are so apt, when left alone, to relapse—would fall into barbarism if our pasteboard conventions were neglected. All honor to the self-sacrifice of woman!

What a beautiful civilization ours is, supposed to be growing in intelligence and simplicity, and yet voluntarily taking upon itself this artificial burden in an already overtaxed life! The angels in heaven must admire and wonder. The cynic wants to know what is gained for any rational being when a city full of women undertake to make and receive formal visits with persons whom for the most part they do not wish to see. What is gained, he asks, by leaving cards with all these people and receiving their cards? When a woman makes her tedious rounds, why is she always relieved to find people not in? When she can count upon her ten fingers the people she wants to see, why should she pretend to want to see the others? Is any one deceived by it? Does anybody regard it as anything but a sham and a burden? Much the cynic knows about it! Is it not necessary to keep up what is called society? Is it not necessary to have an authentic list of pasteboard acquaintances to invite to the receptions? And what would become of us without Receptions? Everybody likes to give them. Everybody flocks to them with much alacrity. When society calls the roll, we all know the penalty of being left out. Is there any intellectual or physical pleasure equal to that of jamming so many people into a house that they can hardly move, and treating them to a Babel of noises in which no one can make herself heard without screaming? There is nothing like a reception in any uncivilized country. It is so exhilarating! When a dozen or a hundred people are gathered together in a room, they all begin to raise their voices and to shout like pool-sellers in the noble rivalry of "warious langwidges," rasping their throats into bronchitis in the bidding of the conversational ring. If they spoke low, or even in the ordinary tone, conversation would be possible. But then it would not be a reception, as we understand it.

We cannot neglect anywhere any of the pleasures of our social life. We train for it in lower assemblies. Half a dozen women in a "call" are obliged to shout, just for practice, so that they can be heard by everybody in the neighborhood except themselves. Do not men do the same? If they do, it only shows that men also are capable of the higher civilization.

But does society—that is, the intercourse of congenial people—depend upon the elaborate system of exchanging calls with hundreds of people who are not congenial? Such thoughts will sometimes come by a winter fireside of rational-talking friends, or at a dinner party not too large for talk without a telephone, or in the summer-time by the sea or in the cottage in the hills, when the fever of social life has got down to a normal temperature. We fancy that sometimes people will give way to a real enjoyment of life, and that human intercourse will throw off this artificial and wearisome parade, and that if women look back with pride, as they may, upon their personal achievements and labors, they will also regard them with astonishment. Women, we read every day, long for the rights and privileges of men, and the education and serious purpose in life of men. And yet, such is the sweet self-sacrifice of their nature, they voluntarily take on burdens which men have never assumed, and which they would speedily cast off if they had. What should we say of men if they consumed half their time in paying formal calls upon each other merely for the sake of paying calls, and were low-spirited if they did not receive as many cards as they had dealt out to society? Have they not the time? Have women more time? and if they have, why should they spend it in this Sisyphus task? Would the social machine go to pieces—the inquiry is made in good faith, and solely for information—if they made rational business for themselves to be attended to, or even if they gave the time now given to calls they hate to reading and study, and to making their households civilizing centres of intercourse and enjoyment, and paid visits from some other motive than "clearing off their list"? If all the artificial round of calls and cards should tumble down, what valuable thing would be lost out of anybody's life?

The question is too vast for the Drawer, but as an experiment in sociology it would like to see the system in abeyance for one season. If at the end of it there had not been just as much social enjoyment as before, and there were not fewer women than usual down with nervous prostration, it would agree to start at its own expense a new experiment, to wit, a kind of Social Clearing-House, in which all cards should be delivered and exchanged, and all social debts of this kind be balanced by experienced book-keepers, so that the reputation of everybody for propriety and conventionality should be just as good as it is now.



ANTI-ANGLOMANIAC (*a little mixed*). "And then just look at the way those English pronounce. They spell a word B-e-a-u-c-h-a-m-p, and pronounce it Chumley!"

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A COLORED girl had been sent with a message to the house of Professor M——, in Boston, when his little daughter, who never before had closely observed a colored person, approached, and after looking at her with deep interest, and passing her hand softly over that of the messenger, asked, in the most earnest and reverential tone, "*Did God make you in the dark?*"

THE CAPTAIN'S REVENGE.

A STORY OF WESTERN POLITICS IN '49.

THE history of California and the West in the days of the gold fever of '49 can never be seriously portrayed, as an element of humor, more or less grim, entered into the plans and operations of the pioneers. The situations at times were such that although undertaken in all good faith and sober earnestness, the outcome was so ridiculous that a plain historical statement of the facts in the case would fall flat. The pioneers of those days afford a delightful contrast to the lugubrious "funny man" of to-day, who is proverbially of sad and solemn aspect, whereas the frontiersmen would joke in the very face of death. The following story, which is vouched for as being true, illustrates the politics of those days very well.



"Will yo' hair reviverator, sah, cause de return ob it to de surfiss ob my cranum?"
"Surely, sir. Will you have it grow curly, sir, or straight, sir; or would you like a blended invigorator, sir?"
"Straight, sah, INTENSELY straight, if yo' please, sah."

When Portland, Oregon, boasted of only a single main street, the little stores were built with great glass show-windows, which extended from the top of the one-story building to the bottom, so that all that was going on inside could be clearly seen from the street. It happened that on a certain day an election was held in the town. A sea-captain whose vessel had just come up from San Francisco stepped into one of the polling places, and with true American independence declared that he would vote. His Whig principles, however, were not in favor with the Democrats, who held the fort, and the result was that objections were raised to his asserting his right to vote, and the captain was finally conveyed to the door, very much against his will. The hardy sailor, a tall, well-built man, considered the advisability of "clearing the place out," but the counsels of a friend prevailed, and the captain walked back to his vessel, where, after sundry potions, he fell asleep. Early in the evening he awoke, and announced that he was going up into the town again. His faithful friend accompanied him to restrain any undue exhibition of animal spirits which might be the result of excessive use of another kind of spirits, and together they walked up the street. As they proceeded on their way the pair came upon a store where within, at a long table, sat the victors in the recent contest, feasting. The captain watched them for a minute, and as he gazed his teeth began to rub together—a sure sign that his anger was rising. A small pig sauntered leisurely down the street, picking up a precarious living from the gutter, and passed the captain. Suddenly the sailor stooped, and before his swineship could utter a squeal, a great brawny fist closed over his snout, and another hand was under his haunches. One!—two!—three! (the porker, weighing fully ninety or a hundred pounds, swung to and fro like a pendulum)—four!—crash! and the pig, uttering the most frightful noises, broke through the glass, landed in the centre of the table, and cavorted down the board, sweeping the dishes before him like a whirlwind. "There!" exclaimed the captain, in a relieved voice—"there, —— you, that's the kind of company you ought to keep!"

F. S. M.

A DUSKY BARBARA ALLEN.

APROPOS of the ballad "Barbara Allen," which appears elsewhere in this issue, the following version, as sung by the Virginia darkies, is interesting. It is given *verbatim et literatim:*

In London town, whar I war raised,
Dar war a youth a-dwellin';
He fell in love wid a putty fair maid,
Her name 'twar Bob-ree Allin.

He co'ted her for seven long year;
She sayed she would not marry;
Poor Willie went home, and war taking sick,
An' ve'y likely died.

He den sen' out his waitin' boy
Wid a note for Bob-ree Allin.
So close-ah she read, so slow-ah she walked:
"Go tell him I'm a-comin'."

She den step up into his room,
An' stood an' looked upon him.
He stretched to her his pale white hands:
"Oh, won't you tell me howd'ye?

"Have you forgot de udder day,
When we war in de pawlor,
You drank your health to de gals aroun',
And slighted Bob'ree Allin?"

"Oh no! oh no! my dear young miss;
I think you is mistaking;
Ef I drank my healt' to de gals aroun',
'Twar *love* for Bob-ree Allin.

"An' now I'm sick, an' ve'y sick,
An' on my death-bed lyin',
One kiss or two fum you, my dear,
Would take away dis dyin'."
"Dat kiss or two you will not git,
Not ef your heart was breakin'."

He tu'n his pale face to de wall,
An' den began er cryin';
An' every tear he shed appeared
Hard-a-hearted Bob-ree Allin.

She walked across de fiel's nex' day,
An' heerd de birds a-singin',
An' every note it seem to say,
Hard-a-hearted Bob-ree Allin.

She war walkin' 'cross de fiel' nex' day,
An' spied his pale corpse comin'.
"Oh, lay him down upon de groun',
An' let me look upon him."

As she war walkin' down de street
She heerd de death-bells ringin',
An' every tone dey seem to say,
"Hard-a-hearted Bob-ree Allin!"

"Oh, fader, fader, dig-a my grave,
An' dig it long an' narrow;
My true-love he have died to-day,
An' I must die to-morrow.

"Oh, mudder, mudder, make-a my s'roud,
An' make it long an' narrow;
Sweet Willie's died for de love of me,
An' I must die to-morrow."

Sweet Willie war buried in de new chu'ch-yard,
An' Bob-ree Allin beside him.
Outen his grave sprang a putty red rose,
An' Bob-ree Allin's a brier.

Dey grew as high as de steeple top,
An' couldn't grow no higher,
An' den dey tied a true-love knot,
De sweet rose roun' de brier.

A NEW WAY TO GET A LEGACY.

AN old resident of Buffalo, New York, sick in bed and likely to die, sent for a lawyer to make his will, that he might dispose of his life-long earnings and savings. He told the attorney that he had $30,000, and proceeded to dictate his dispositions. To his wife he gave $15,000, and $5000 to each of his three children. These bequests were to be first paid, and then he went on to dispose of the residue. "Considering the love and affection that I bear to my beloved nephew John, I give and bequeath to him $5000. Considering the love and affection that I bear to my two nieces Sally and Polly, I give to each of them $5000." And he was going on, when the lawyer laid down his pen and remarked,

"This seems to me a work of supererogation."

"What do you mean?" inquired the testator, surprised at the remark.

"Why," said the lawyer, "you say yourself that you have but $30,000, and you have given all that to your wife and children; and I was thinking that if you have nothing more, but are willing $5000 apiece to your beloved nephews and nieces, why, I don't see how they are going to get it."

The old man was nettled; his eyes showed some fire, notwithstanding his weak state, as he answered: "*Git it?* How're they goin' to *git* it? Why, *dog on 'em!* let 'em *work for it,* as I had to do." GILBERT.

THE FATHER OF HIS COUNTRY IN A NEW ROLE.

WHEN George Washington was on his way from New York to Cambridge, he stopped overnight at Mr. Bull's Tavern in Wethersfield. Oliver Ellsworth, afterward Chief-Justice of the United States, who lived at Windsor, where the family mansion can still be seen from the passing train, sent a message to Washington by his eldest son, inviting him to dine with him the next day.

Mr. Bull, who appreciated the dignity of his position as the host of the General, told the lad, very curtly, when he presented himself, that he could not see Washington.

"But I have a letter for him," said the boy.

"Well, you can send it in to him."

"But my father said I was to deliver it in person."

"Who is your father?"

"Oliver Ellsworth."

"Oh!—ah! Well, I'll see if you can go in."

Washington received the boy with dignity, but great cordiality. As to the invitation, the General said, "Tell your father, with my thanks, that I cannot wait till dinner to see him, but I will breakfast with him." This he did, and made himself very agreeable to the Ellsworth family. Among the incidents of his stay it is related that he took the two younger children of his host in his lap, one on each knee, and sang to them the "Derby Ram." This anecdote, we fancy, throws a new light on the human quality of the Father of his Country.



SUCH A THOUGHTFUL MAN.

MRS. MCSWYNY. "Oi'm towld your choild fell out o' the top windy, Mrs. Clinchy?"
MRS. CLINCHY. "Yis; an' av me little mon hadn't coom along jest at the roight toime, an' broke the fall wid the top av his head, me bye 'd been kilt."
MRS. MCSWYNY. "Did it hurrt yer hoosband, now?"
MRS. CLINCHY. "Oi don't think so. It broke his neck, an' he doid widout a groan."

LINES À LA SWINBURNE.

[SEE ODE ON MARCH RECENTLY PUBLISHED.]

I SING of the months of the whirligig years that are fading far out of sight and of sound and of motionless mind;
Of the days without dreams and the dreams without days, and the days and the dreams and the dreams and the days grown silent and blind;
Gone mad with the vigor of spring and the blush of the radish new blown in the meadows far kissed by the lips of the Sound:
The maddest and gladdest and saddest and baddest and sweetest, completest and fleetest and neatest of days ever found.

I sing of them often in words that are winding, in adjectives blinding, in dactyls and trochees with cunning combined,
In lines that are long as a sentence of Evarts, in lines on the plan of the Washington Monument deftly designed;
With wildering fancy of words and of musical syllables weighted with little of thought and with much less of rhyme,
I cover ten pages a sitting with verse that has value in market, and readily getteth there every time.

And when the idea is the thinnest, new burst from the void of the infinite nothing, the zenith of space where the nebulous ether is pregnant with cobwebs of fancy bestrewn with the dew-drops of slush,
I build up long lines such as never a poet, who was not a crank on the subject of versification, built up for the purpose of drowning a suffering public with torrents of stupid and meaningless gibbering gush.
If the wind and the sunlight of April and August had made of the past and hereafter a single adorable season whose life was a rapture of love and of laughter for all of the maidens and lads,
I'd write you a poem with lines like the city of Rome, and with rhymes on beholders and shoulders; on measure and pleasure; on closes and roses; on sterile, imperil; remember, September; and hither and thither and whither; on slacken and bracken; on season and reason; defrauded, applauded; on dwindled, rekindled; on giving and living; on slumbers and numbers; beholden and golden; on glory and story and Morey; on wizard and gizzard and blizzard; on Blaine and on Maine; and each rhyme would be stuck on the end of a line just like this one I'm writing; and oh, and heyday, and yea, marry, they'd run about eight to the page, and they'd collar the scads.

TRICOTRIN.

ANECDOTE OF LAFAYETTE.

When Lafayette was last in this country, receiving ovations wherever he went, he was entertained nowhere with more ardent devotion than in New Orleans. He was formally received in the old Spanish building situated on Place d'Armes (now Jackson Square), north of the cathedral. He was very affable, and particularly agreeable to young men. Illustrative of his happy faculty of making himself popular by being, in a social way, "all things to all men," the following may be pertinent: Two young creole gentlemen were successively introduced to him.

"Are you married?" asked the Marquis of the first.

"I am, General," was the reply.

"Happy man! happy man!" said Lafayette, warmly pressing the youthful Benedict's hand.

The second made negative answer to the same question.

"Lucky dog! lucky dog!" said Lafayette, patting the bachelor on the back.

SOUR GRAPES.

"The melancholy days" are here—
I mean, you know, it's May—
When winter things look mighty queer,
And furs must pack away;
When every shop has blossomed out
With all the spring's new styles,
And hats and gowns begin to sprout
Along the way for miles.

My last year's wrap is trimmed with lace,
And jet is now the rage;
My hat's not tall enough for grace,
My bonnet shows its age;
The very buttons on my suit
Are out of vogue completely,
The very pattern of my boot
Escapes the style quite featly.

My parasol, unlike the shad,
Has bones indeed too few;
Nor is my bang the latest fad
Since Russia gives the cue.
My tournure is not quite the thing,
My ulster has no capes—
In fact, the fashions of the spring
To me are all sour grapes.

I will not care what's worn to-day.
The poets of the woods
Are singing such a roundelay,
But not about dry-goods;
The May-flowers have not changed their suit
In color or in sheen,
And every young and tender shoot
Still wears the same old green.

Mary N. Prescott.

When Professor K—— reached the rostrum for prayers he found his watch about two minutes slower, and himself as much later, than he expected. Looking at his watch, he exclaimed, "I shall have no faith in my watch after this!"

"It is not faith, but works, you need," was the quick response of Professor J——.

REVISED ANECDOTES.

HIPPOCRATES AND ARTAXERXES.

Hippocrates, the celebrated physician, having cured the monarch Artaxerxes of a Persian* ague, the grateful King sent him an embassy with rich presents. These the physician declined contemptuously, and the ambassadors were fain to return to the Persian court, where they reported that the mighty healer had refused any payment whatever.

"Not he? They didn't derive hippocrasy from his name for nothing!" remarked the King, who, though illiterate, was possessed of much natural shrewdness. "He means to make out that his mental anxiety and loss of practice entitle him to a large sum; but I will see to that."

And he appointed a Commission to audit the bills, placing at its disposal for all contingencies one-half of the presents.

XERXES AND HIS ARMY.

The Persian conqueror Xerxes, seated upon the heights of Salamis, having passed under review his powerful army, was observed to burst into tears.

Mardonius, his faithful general, having inquired the cause of this emotion, the monarch replied: "Of that vast army not one man will be alive a hundred years hence; indeed, according to the Expectation of Mortality tables, the average soldier in my host can only look forward with confidence to a life of thirty-six and six-tenth years. I weep at the reflection that that is more than I can do."

GALILEO AND THE INQUISITION.

The astronomer Galileo, having taught the heresy that the earth moved round the sun, and thereby incurred the execration of the people (who saw themselves menaced by a demand to purchase new geographies for their children, and so falsely accused the philosopher of standing in with the school-book ring), was cited before the Holy Office, and given five minutes in which to make a complete recantation of his error.

This demand he promptly complied with, but as he rose from his knees the great scientist was heard to mutter something.

"Did I hear you remark, *E pur si muove*, my son?" asked the Grand Inquisitor, toying carelessly with a thumb-screw as he spoke.

"Who? I?" replied the philosopher; "I never said anything of the sort. What I did say was I wondered how I ever could have made such a stupid mistake."

A lady in New York heard some children at the table trying to recall the names of the successive Presidents, and feeling uncertain of her memory, tried to head them off. "Don't ask *me;* the only one I know is Wheeler and Wilson."

* Some old manuscripts read "tertian ague," but that is manifestly a blunder.



"THE BULLET HIT THE MAN BENEATH ME SOMEWHERE."

[See "Maiwa's Revenge," page 208.]

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THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY.

BY J. D. JERROLD KELLEY, LIEUTENANT U.S.N.



I.

IN a breezy chapter of that delightful volume now almost forgotten, where Kenny Meadows drew and other English Worthies described the Heads of the People, a sailor of the old school laments the decadence of the midshipman. The masthead, we are told, knew him no more, and his place has been taken by that machine-made product — *the young gentleman.* Fortunately this dismal prophet deserves honor in no country, for is not his growl, more ancient than Benbow's day, the barnacled protest of the Ancient Mariner against the jocund Reefer at the wedding feast, the burden of that litany wherein the elders tell how, since their prime, "the service has gone post-haste to the devil"?

It is, of course, a long cry from the rattling blades of Nelson's battles to the youngsters who trifle airily with the highest mathematics of our own, but if there is anything in modern progress, the seamen of this year of grace must be, for the demands made upon them, quite as good, let us say, as those who sailed with Jervis and his fleet and humbled the proud Don. No better sea-officers ever lived than those of the last century, none achieved more glory, none left a greater heritage; but they were the results of conditions, the effective, though roughly tempered, instruments for necessities which have largely lost their importance. To a definite degree, they were survivals of a physical rather than of an intellectual environment, so that recalling a training where kicks were many and ha'pence few, one must be willing to concede the point of view from which they judged the young officers of their time. Sent to sea at a tender age, the midshipman of the last century began his career often in the shock of battle, always under circumstances rigorous enough to test the endurance even of the sturdiest man. His school had no royal tide to learning, and whether he crawled painfully through the hawse-pipes, or skipped lightly to the quarter-deck by the smoother channels of cabin windows, his education was acquired, not in consequence, but in spite of his opportunities. Beyond the art of bowlines and the science of carronades, knowledge had to be picked up hap-hazardly, mainly by unguided observation, somewhat by asking dangerous questions of seniors whose tempers were tried with the asperities of sea-life, and whose training had convinced them that hard knocks were the only educational fillips for sea-boys.

Sometimes a bowing acquaintance was scraped with the simpler mathematics, through the courtesy of officers able to devote odd half-hours of rare leisure to such bear-leading; but this fragmentary instruction was so much hampered by a

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hundred interruptions as to make all its resultant good depend upon individual intelligence and effort. Occasionally a few midshipmen were enabled to attend navigation schools previous to joining or while on leave, and there were instances when the steerage or gun-room mess was landed on the beach for spasmodic instruction. "During the remainder of the winter," writes Farragut (he was then twelve years old, and attached to the squadron assembled in 1811 at Newport), "the midshipmen were sent to school to a Mr. Adams"; and later, when he had returned from his cruise in the *Essex*, he adds: "I was put to school to a queer old individual named Neif, who had no books, but taught orally. The scholars took notes, and were afterward examined on these lectures. In the afternoon it was customary to go for long walks accompanied by our instructor. On these occasions Mr. Neif would make collections of minerals and plants, and talk to us about mineralogy and botany. We were taught to swim and climb, and were drilled like soldiers." There is a nautical education for you—mineralogy and botany! and yet this pupil of Pedagogue Neif became one of the greatest sea-officers the world has known.

On board cruising ships chaplains were enjoined by regulations and tradition to instruct the midshipmen "diligently and faithfully in those sciences appertaining to their department"; but as these reverend gentlemen were not expected to know navigation, seamanship, gunnery, or foreign languages, the system was hardly broad enough to satisfy an eager craving for professional knowledge. Even at a later date, when school-masters were appointed to the line-of-battle ships, the favored youngsters of these bristling seventy-fours fared no better, for a monthly pay of twenty-five dollars naturally tempted only inferior instructors, who were willing to live with their pupils in steerages or gun-rooms—that is, in quarters which at the best were ungirdled by influences apt to lure scholars or teacher into the primrose paths of learning. I know this is heresy to the boyish reader of sea-tales; for to the lad who has shared the joys, the sweet sorrows, of Jack Easy, Tom Cringle, or the Green Hand, or indeed of any one of the heroes set in the zenith of that galaxy spanning the skies of nautical romance, the steerage or gun-room was ever heaven, the scene of happiness unalloyed, the home of darling reefers who own the hearts they won long years ago, the abode of briny mirth, of tarry jollity, the stage where, under the dreamiest of lime-lights, Cruikshanks's merriest hearts of oak trolled in rousing chorus the sweetest songs Charles Dibdin piped. *O, orbis pictis!* Oh, deluded youth! The junior officers then lived, and to a lamentable degree now live, in murky, dingy, over-crowded, and unwholesome dens, where sunlight entered burglariously and quiet was unknown. To study within their riotous precincts was as easy as to woo the coy nightingale in a foundery rattling at white heat, and to live there required the philosophy of Gil Blas when the robbers bound hand and foot and threw in their rat-hole our adventurous nephew of Gil Perez.

Living amid such influences and hardships, it is not easy to understand how the officers who entered our service at the end of the last century and the beginning of this, learned so admirably the duties they had subsequently to perform as commanders of ships and squadrons. Treated by the government with shameful neglect, and denied adequate training in their surroundings, they earned through native wit and sheer energy the respect of foreign officers more happily nurtured. Intrusted with the fortunes of their own country, and consecrated to the illustration of freedom's universal truths, they commanded the admiration and respect of the most civilized nations by personal qualities and by professional accomplishments which, though self-acquired, luckily included an intimate knowledge of municipal and national law. By bravery in battle, skill in naval tactics, modesty in victory, intrepidity in defeat, wisdom in council, tact in diplomacy, and, best of all, courage in asserting the higher obligations of morals and of natural laws, they made piracy in the Barbary States and the denial of man's rights upon the high seas equally, and for all time, odious.

Called by their duties to seas of activity where the just proportions and relativities of all countries could be measured, they were among the first to prophesy the possibilities of the new republic; their wider horizons dissipated the mists of prejudice, and in the pure white light they recognized this nation's geographical importance, and foretold its coming influence as the World's Great Middle

Kingdom. They knew the perils that would beset it; they emphasized its necessities of offence and defence, and conscious of the unnecessary difficulties which had encumbered their own careers, they begged Congress to make the navy, by a *personnel* properly selected and trained, equal to any demands. In season and out, through good fortune and ill, they persisted in this fight. It was a long, a wearisome struggle for recognition and justice, but these old officers and their successors never faltered, and in the end succeeded so well that the Naval Academy, organized in 1845 by George Bancroft, then Secretary of the Navy, is his and their monument and witness.

Honor to both — to the officers who fought fifty years for its establishment, and to the historian who realized their ambition.

II.

The students of this national college are called officially "naval cadets on probation," the traditional title of midshipman having been changed first to cadet midshipman, and subsequently—so the engineer pupils might be included—to that now employed. Their number is limited by law to one cadet for every member or delegate of the House of Representatives, and to eleven others—ten at large and one from the District of Columbia—appointed by the President. As the age of admission falls between the limits of fourteen and eighteen, and the course extends six years, it follows, unfortunately, that in certain districts appointments may not be open more than once in that period, thus making one-third of its boys unavailable by reason of age. The remedy proposed for this is only one of fifty good reasons why the course should be reduced from six to four years.

To pass successfully the candidate must be physically sound and of robust constitution, have a sufficiently thorough knowledge of arithmetic, algebra, geography, English grammar, United States history, reading, writing, and spelling, and when appointed, be ready to take an oath to serve for eight years, including the probationary period. When a vacancy is likely to occur in any district, the Secretary of the Navy must notify its Congressional Representative as soon as possible after the 5th of March in each year, and if by the 1st of the following July no action has been taken, the privilege lapses, and the Secretary is empowered to make the nomination. As this system permits the choice of a candidate to be deferred until the May examination is really over, or, as in the majority of cases, until the academic year is about to open, it would seem to be infinitely better if a candidate and an alternate were named at least one year previous to the May examination. This would enable the applicant to pursue a course specially fitted as a direct preparation for his professional studies, and if successful, to go at once upon a cruise, which would teach him definitely his immediate aptitude for a sea-life. On the other hand, should the principal fail, an alternate stood ready to face the same ordeal.

The low standard of admission is based upon the theory that the possibilities of the academy must be open so freely to boys of every condition as to make it—what it is undoubtedly—the most democratic government school in the world. Practically this very just theory impairs the efficiency of the academy, as it pins the qualifications at a point which rigorously prohibits the energies of the teachers and of the average scholars being directed immediately to the branches of education connected with the naval profession.

Entrance examinations are held in May and September, and should the candidate be nominated in time to attend the first, he sees the academy under its most favorable light. At this season the Annapolis spring is ripe with the promises of early summer in the North. Skies are bright, breezes are brisk, and the shining water and the air, laden with the perfume of growing grasses and of bourgeoning buds, fill the drowsy old colonial capital with the sweet suggestions of the earth's new birth. Bayward, miles away, the woodlands of Kent Island lift a barrier of green to the tideways of the Chesapeake, while in days when light and wind are favorable the shadowy Eastern Shore is silhouetted on the sky, and the spires of Cambridge lift their pinnacles into a gleaming mirage. Within the academy walls trees and shrubbery are dowered with leaf and blossom; and shoreward, sometimes in terraces, often with inclines so gentle as hardly to be traced, the trim lawns steal softly to the river's banks. Streets, silvered with the sun-filtered tracery of leaves, and rambling roadways,

reveal beneath the arching branches new vistas at every turn. Near the lower gate the library—for more than a hundred years the residence of Maryland's colonial and State Governors—is so happily situated as to merit the praise which, even as far back as 1769, confessed that "but few mansions in the most rich and cultivated parts of England are adorned with such splendid and romantic scenery." Stretching on either side, between the marine barracks at the southeast and the cadets' new quarters at the northwest, are the chapel, officers' quarters, and hospital. Nearer the river-front the armory and laboratory flank the steam-engineering building, and further southward, the observatory, museum, and seamanship and recitation halls join the old cadet quarters, now used principally as offices, and as apartments for the bachelor instructors. At right angles to these, and almost in line with the library, the quaint, high-dormered houses dating from army days look with disparaging eyes upon the spick and span freshness of the superintendent's new house, and thank the fates which have given them a gentility, a little faded, a little shabby, it may be, but real, and still redolent of the good old times. Where the Severn meets an inlet from Chesapeake Bay, Windmill Point breasts with easy curve the shallow water, and carries, behind the gun park at its edge, the circular gymnasium, once a warlike redoubt bristling with a terrific defiance of pop-guns at the foe that never came. The monitor *Passaic* and the steam-sloop *Wyoming* swing at their anchorages in the river, and flotillas of steam-launches and sailing cutters cluster about a long wharf that reaches deep water, and holds in safe moorings the practice-ship *Constellation* and the school-ship *Santee*. A quiet peaceful landscape fitly frames all this, for these school-days prelude lives that will be filled later with many a struggle on stormy seas where Nature asserts herself.

If the candidate for admission is bitten by the tarantula of anticipatory delight, he riots in the dissipations of drills looked at, when he ought to be "boneing" for the examination near at hand; and his eyes kindle and his cheeks glisten as he sees the artillery battalion rushing in quick time, in column of platoons, down the campus and into the lower grounds. Drag-ropes are tense, wheels are rattling, red-cheeked cadets scamper over the soft ground with springy feet, and there, where the bay view opens, a shrill command rings out, "Fire to the front! Right front into line! In battery! Ma-a-a-a-rch!" and in an instant the world seems transformed at a bugle call. Where were guided ranks and rigidly dressed pieces is now the gleam of guns darting forward and sideways at every angle; a jumble of tossing arms, of nimble legs, of white-gaitered feet, of fluttering guidons, and of waving banners. With sharp distinctness voices repeat the orders and mingle with the spinning of spoke-hidden wheels, the jangle and jar of quickly-swung trail-pieces, the clattering of ammunition boxes, the metallic ring of sponge and rammer; and then—at expectation's very edge—a loud "bang" awakens the echoes, mumbling and rumbling hillward, a sphere of flame-slitted smoke rolls cloud-like over the tideway; and after this it is all noise and smoke, all smoke and noise, with dimly limned figures, loading, firing, sponging, and other forms spectrally outlined in the powder fog, dashing backward and forward between guns and quarter-gunner. At last the bugle rings with clarion call, "Cease firing!" and after the inevitably late piece has had its deferred but obstinate last word, the fight is ended, the day is gallantly won.

When the candidate has passed the mental and physical examinations he reports to the superintendent, takes the oath of allegiance, and deposits twenty dollars for his books, and such an additional sum as may be required for the official outfit. This amount is specified annually, and reached last year a total of $175; but this represents everything, and from it there is always deducted the value of such clothing brought from home as need not be of standard pattern. One month after admission he is credited with his actual travelling expenses to the academy, though this must be refunded if he resigns voluntarily within a year. His annual pay is $500, and begins at appointment, but while he acknowledges its receipt and expenditure, his control over it is purely nominal. He pays for books, clothing, mess, laundry, barber—indeed, for everything; and all these expenses, after being certified by him and approved by the superintendent, are paid and charged monthly to his account. Every year sixty dollars are re-

ARTILLERY BATTALION.

served from his pay for a graduation outfit, and according to his conduct he receives a monthly reward of pocket-money, usually so microscopic as to keep him in the traditionally impecunious condition that everywhere is the hall and mint mark of a midshipman. As soon as his immediate material necessities are settled, he is assigned by the commandant of midshipmen to his duties in the preliminary routine, is allowed to sport a uniform cap, and ordered to report on board the *Santee*. Unless he is a very good boy indeed, this is apt not to be his only acquaintance with the school-ship. Usually he becomes very nautical at once, and the earliest of his ambitions is to go aloft, "to mount," as the shore poet has chastely put it, "the dizzy tops"; but the gun or berth deck claims him as its own, and his first nautical achievement—slinging the hammock which will be his bed for the next two months or more—teaches him that in ways marine his fingers are all thumbs. He takes a keen delight in ordering his outfit and in stowing his locker with a kit that grows wondrously, and he is somewhat startled with the courtesy which splices *Mister* to his name.

The earliest experiences of a cadet are not in harmony with his new dignity; he is not altogether happy, for while he suffers from no direct hazing—Captain Ramsay and Secretary Chandler settled that effectually—and undergoes no such "running" as my contemporaries endured, still the thinly disguised contumely, the silent though stinging scorn, of the fourth class men are hard to bear. His awkwardness at formations are not soothed with fraternal sympathy—except he be a Kentuckian, for the cadets from that splendid State are traditionally clannish, and nearly always "kin" to each other. His two or more weeks of *Santee* life are soon ended, and with beating heart and happy anticipation he joins the sailing frigate *Constellation*. On a bright June morning the senior cadets tumble aloft, the topsails are mast-headed, and at last the youngster finds himself fairly afloat on his first practice cruise. Before this is ended he has learned a great deal of marline-spike seamanship, and has decided definitively as to his fitness for the profession; and, indeed, he has seen it in many interesting phases, from the simplest exercise with sails to that which teaches him the readiest and surest means of saving a man overboard. For a week or two he has drills but no studies, and his days are set in ways which are a pleasant overture before the prompter's bell lifts the curtain from a stage where, major or minor though his part be, earnest labor is expected. These are rare days, too, in anticipation, and so filled with high resolves, let us hope, that the end of September, when the leave men return, is welcomed gladly.

The next day studies begin.

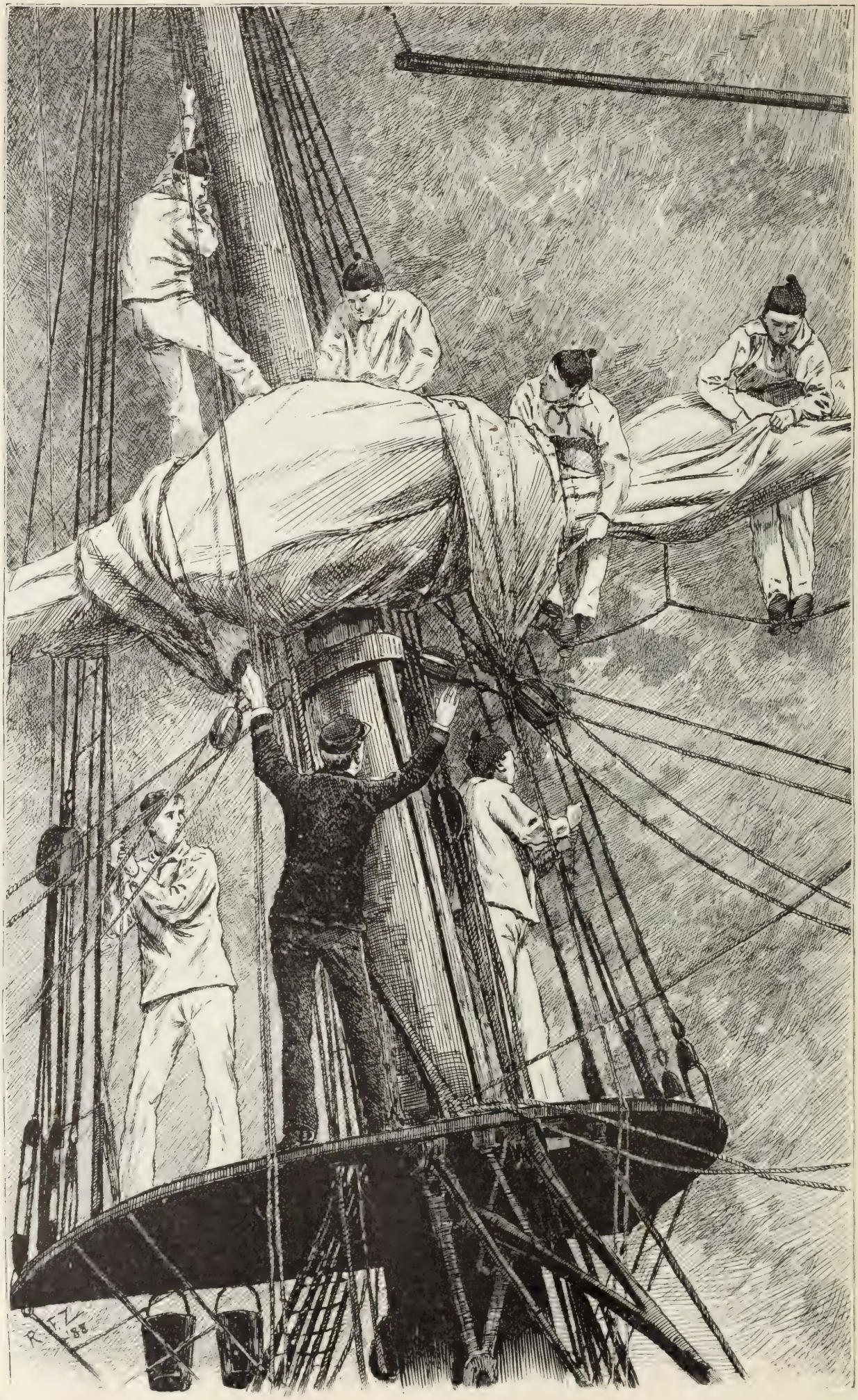
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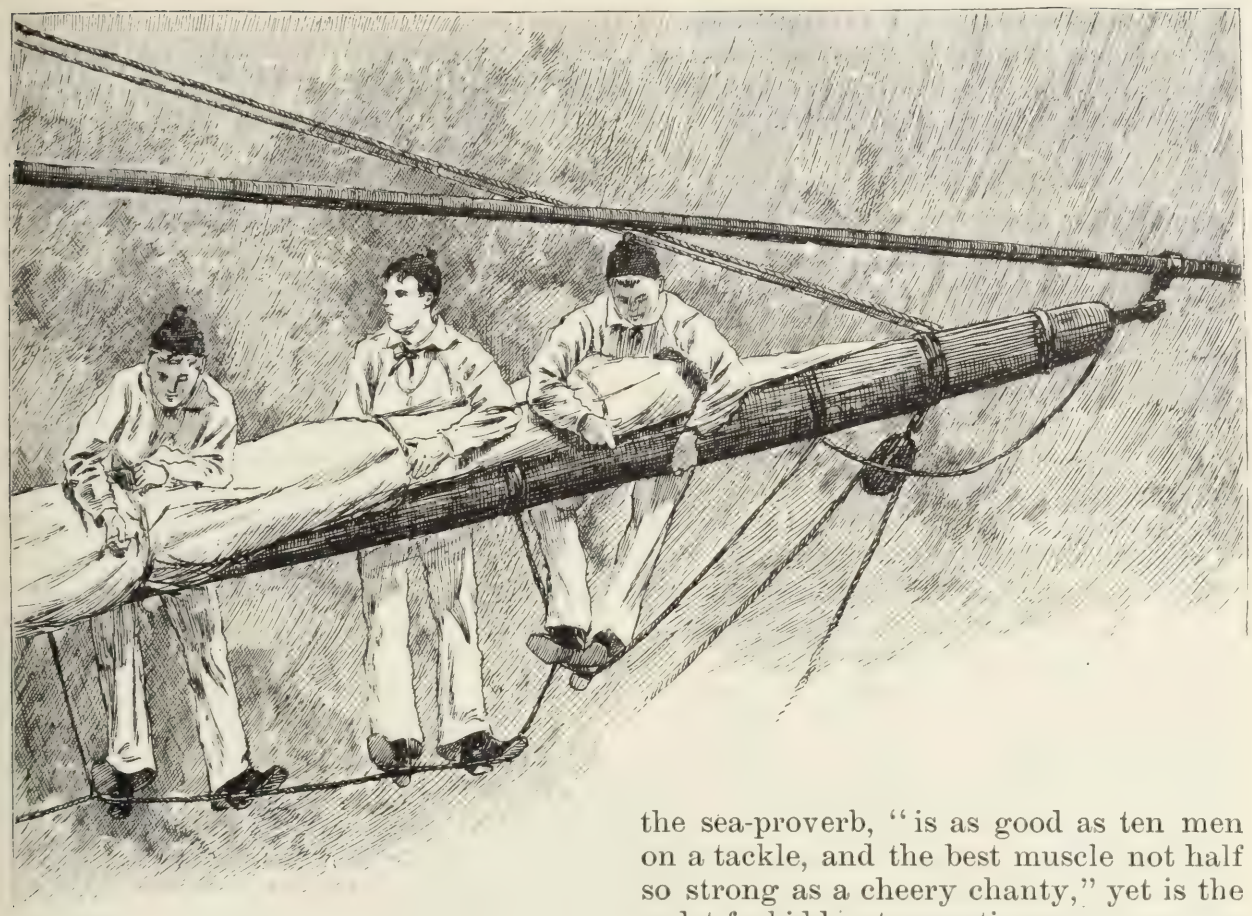
The academic year is divided into two terms, the first ending on the Saturday nearest January 30th, the second upon the last day of May, and during these eight months cadet life follows a routine which is carefully adjusted to the results demanded.

The new cadet is assigned to the fourth or lowest class, and becomes a unit in an organization assimulating, as far as may be, that of a ship of war. He is stationed in one of twelve crews, each of which numbers an equal proportion of the different classes. His immediate superiors are two cadet petty officers, chosen from the senior classes, and known as First and Second Captains. Three crews form a division, commanded by a Cadet Lieutenant, and officered with a Cadet Master and Cadet Ensign—all first class men. These four divisions make a battalion, having for its chief a Cadet Lieutenant-Commander, and for its Adjutant an additional Cadet Lieutenant. Special privileges are enjoyed by the student officers, and orders coming through them are official and must be obeyed. At drills and practical exercises each crew mans a great gun, a howitzer section, or a boat, and each division forms a howitzer battery, a gun division, an infantry company, or a boat squadron.

Two cadets are quartered in each room, and as discipline, like charity, begins at home, here, at the very threshold, the hardening processes commence. The surroundings are rigorously simple, as needs must be in a school organized upon the theory that the appointments which extinguish all distinctions of wealth forbid any of its manifestations. Everything within quarters conforms to a standard pattern, and as the display of unauthorized articles is a serious misdemeanor, this regulation is rarely violated.

"MAN OVERBOARD!"





FURLING SAIL.

The room is always in charge of a cadet, and during his turn of duty, which alternates weekly, and begins at reveille on Sunday morning, he is responsible for its cleanliness, for the furniture, for government property, and for any violations of the interior discipline. He must sweep and arrange it carefully each morning for inspection; and in a bill of particulars as long as the main to bowline, he is directed what the outfit must be, how it must be arranged, and what care must be taken of it. He has an iron bedstead, a wooden chair, a wash-stand, looking-glass, rug, wardrobe, and a table, which he shares with his room-mate. No curtains, maps, or pictures can be hung; the books in actual use can alone be in evidence; and the gas can be lighted only when authorized and necessary. During study hours a cadet may not visit another room, nor be absent from his own unnecessarily; and as he is not allowed to sit up after taps, prepare food, or give the slightest entertainment in his quarters, those diluted Walpurgis night festivals so dear to the undergraduate marrow, so deadly to the matriculating digestion, are unhonored and unsung. "Though a fiddle," says the sea-proverb, "is as good as ten men on a tackle, and the best muscle not half so strong as a cheery chanty," yet is the cadet forbidden to practise upon any musical instrument during study hours, or at any time on Sunday, even if his psalmody seeks to lift itself in praise "with trumpets, also shawms."

Loud talking, boisterous conduct, and skylarking mean demerits innumerable, and the *Santee's* deepest deeps yawn for the hardened sinner who, like Powhatan in the play, is caught blowing away his cares with a dhudeen, or raising the limit on a bobtail flush, or—*horresco referens*—looking upon the Annapolis vintage when it is red in the cup. Of course many of the hard and fast regulations are broken daily, but rarely in serious matters, because the system is one of severe discipline for misdemeanors, and of liberal privileges for good conduct. Hence, in the lowest, most material sense, it does not pay to be in trouble, as this deprives a student of the cakes and ale, and ginger hot i' the mouth too, of academy life. Then there are traditions, stronger than any fear of punishment, which keep the youngster straight in the course he ought to steer; for, with Hotspur, he is taught to think, "I am not covetous of gold, but if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive." In many ways the cadet can never escape an unobtrusive but unwearied surveillance,

and in others his liberty of action is untrammelled, simply because he is on his honor not to violate a confidence of which, with his crew, class, or corps, he is a co-trustee.

IV.

Summer and winter, reveille arouses the cadet at six o'clock; three-quarters of an hour later he attends morning roll-call, and marches to breakfast. The purchase and service of mess supplies, the mess outfit, and the bill of fare are duties intrusted to a naval paymaster. Every cadet pays $35 as a mess entrance fee, but this is charged against his account, and is refunded when he leaves the academy. His monthly assessment for mess bill and laundry averages about $22; but if, for any reason, he is absent on leave for a week or longer he receives credit for this absence on his mess account. Breakfast lasts thirty minutes, and the chaplain then reads morning prayers. During the half-hour recitation which follows, "sick call" is sounded, and cadets who are ill, or who think they are incapacitated for the full routine of studies and drills, report to the surgeon in attendance. This officer prepares a list of those excused from drills, and another of those whose ailments are serious enough to forbid all work. Should these latter cases require constant supervision, they are sent to the sick quarters.

For the purpose of study and recitation the day is divided into three periods of two hours each, the first commencing at 7.55, and ending at 10.10 A.M.; the second extending from 10.20 A.M. to 12.35 P.M.; and the third, from 1.50 to 3.55 P.M. Each cadet, as a rule, attends three recitations daily, and as the routine is regulated so that he is seldom obliged to recite more than once in the same period, he has before each lesson an hour of study, in addition to the two hours which he is expected to employ at night in general preparation. The course of instruction is grouped under the special departments of (1) Seamanship, Naval Construction, and Naval Tactics; (2) Ordnance and Gunnery; (3) Astronomy, Navigation, and Surveying; (4) Steam-engineering; (5) Mechanics and Applied Mathematics; (6) Physics and Chemistry; (7) Mathematics; (8) English Studies, History, and Law; (9) Modern Languages; (10) Mechanical Drawing; and (11) Physiology and Hygiene, this last including "instruction in the nature of alcoholic drinks and narcotics, with special reference to their effects upon the human system."

The faculty, known here as the Academic Board, consists of the Superintendent, the Commandant of Cadets, and the eleven heads of departments. The direct supervision of the institution is given by law to the Secretary of the Navy, but its government is assigned to a superintendent, who must be a line officer not below the grade of commander. The enforcement of interior discipline and the direction of drills and tactical instruction are intrusted to a Commandant of Cadets, who must also be a line officer not below the grade of commander. In all studies the instruction is supervised by the heads of departments, each one distributing its work among the assistants assigned to his special branch. Without going into more burdensome details than are unavoidable, it may be said that the academic course extends over four years, and is divided as follows: First year, Algebra, Geometry, English, History, Rhetoric, and French; second year, Trigonometry, Descriptive Geometry, Analytical Geometry, English, History, the Constitution, Elementary Physics, Chemistry, French, and Mechanical Drawing; third year, Marine Engines and Boilers, Sound, Light, and Heat, Electricity, Magnetism, Calculus, Mechanics, and International Law; and fourth year, Seamanship, Naval Construction, Naval Tactics, Ordnance, Gunnery, Astronomy, Navigation, Surveying, and Physiology and Hygiene. It will be seen from this that the first three years are devoted chiefly to a good general education, and that in the last year the course is technically adapted to the naval service, more particularly to the duties of line officers. This professional tendency is continued through the fifth and sixth years, which are passed on board cruising vessels of the navy. Whatever changes ought to be made in the curriculum—and nowhere are these demands more intelligently and earnestly advocated than at the academy—it is generally acknowledged that its arrangement is as perfect as circumstances permit. There is in every detail an economy of labor and a fruition of energy which forbid the vain conservatism that sacrifices results to methods, and looks rather to the perfection of the machinery than to the work expected of the machine.

Recitations are heard by sections, which usually include from five to ten students, so that all instruction is individual and direct. While this imposes a great burden upon the teachers, still it is borne with an unselfish patience that entitles these gentlemen to the gratitude of the navy and of the nation. Every day there is a drill or exercise, which begins at 4.05 P.M., and may continue until 5.30 P.M. Though this instruction is distributed under forty heads, it may be grouped for illustration under the general branches of Seamanship, Gunnery, Infantry Drill, Naval Tactics, Small-arms, Signalling, Navigation, Surveying, and Physical Exercise. Drills are strictly progressive, and are held usually by divisions, though at intervals the corps is assembled for general instruction. The fourth class is taught Seamanship—mainly rigging-loft work—Great-gun Exercise, Infantry Tactics, Field Artillery, Rowing, Swimming, and Dancing. The next year the last three are omitted, and Fencing and Target Practice with muskets and pistols are added. In the second class Pivot-gun Drill begins, the target practice is extended to Great Guns and Machine-pieces, and there is a capital practical course in Steam Machinery and Signalling. In the first class year Steam Tactics, Monitor Exercise, Pivot-gun Target Practice, Torpedoes, Navigation, Surveying, and Boxing complete the course. Gunnery, Seamanship, and Steam Exercises take place at anchor and under way, so that before the four years are ended each cadet has received individual instruction in the details of these sciences, from the manual labor of a landsman, coal-heaver, and powder-man, up to the command of the ship and battery, and to the charge of the machinery under way. After the daily drill there is recreation until evening roll-call at 6.30. This is followed by supper and another recreation period, which ends at 7.30. Studies continue until 9.30, and then, with gun-fire and tattoo, the day's work is over. For a happy half-hour books and drills and all the petty cares and failures of the hour are forgotten; the grim building is merry with boyish voices; the tinkle of guitars, the resonant twang of banjoes, and the chorus of old-day songs are heard. But body and mind are tired, and by-and-by lights disappear, voices grow lower, the bugles sound taps, and, as if by magic, the quarters slip into the darkness, and the cadet's long day is done.



GUNNERY DRILL.

Such is the brief and colorless record of daily life at the academy. Summed up, it gives a student eight hours for sleep, five and a half for studies, three for recitations, two for drills and formations, one and a half for mess, and four for recreation, though during this play-time official interruptions often make his leisure less than one-sixth of the day. Saturday is a half-holiday, and studies and recitations end at 10.10 A.M., and drills at 12.30 P.M. After Sunday inspection or muster, church service is held. This is non-sectarian in character, and attendance is obligatory except in the case of cadets who have, at the written request of their parents or

guardians, received permission to attend the Annapolis churches of their home faiths. These church parties march to and from town in charge of a senior cadet, who is expected to maintain order and report violations of discipline.

Written examinations take place monthly, and the academic standing for that period is determined by adding the mean of a cadet's weekly averages (multiplied by two) to the examination mark, and then dividing the sum by three. A statement of this standing, together with the number of demerits received and the relative class rank attained, is bulletined for the information of the corps, and forwarded monthly to the cadet's parents and to the Secretary of the Navy.

Objection is sometimes made that the standard of scholarship is so artificial or so arbitrary—mainly in the preponderance given to mathematical attainments—as to drive out of the service many cadets who otherwise would make capital officers. But years of experience have proved that those who have the best standing in the pure or applied mathematics, also show higher capacity and superior industry in the other branches.

So the busy year runs away, but not unhappily; for though these details may seem as joy-productive as the Homeric enumeration of the ships, still cadet life is not all work and no play, and our nautical Jack is far from being a dull boy. He has his breathing spaces, his privileges, his amusements. Should it be band hour or recreation time, he will find the lawns and pathways thronged with visitors, among them mothers, sisters, and sweethearts, who saunter with their young heroes in navy blue under the maples embowering Love Lane, or along the pleasant road winding maze-like by the granite shaft that tells how Herndon died. On Saturday afternoons leave is granted—its frequency depending upon the student's standing and conduct; the first grade going weekly; the next, every fortnight; and the immortals of the last division, but once a month. This liberty begins at dinner formation, and continues for the first class until gun-fire at 9.30 P.M., and for the others until evening roll-call. In addition to these general privileges, a first or second class man in the highest conduct grade has leave on Sunday afternoons, and where especially good behavior and standing warrant the privilege, permission is given to visit Baltimore or Washington. Though this seems rather hard on the pent-up third grade, still these careless young gentlemen do not suffer as much as might be imagined, for, at the best, Annapolis is a dull town, and nearly all amusements are found within the academy walls. Naturally these take the form of athletic exercises and competitions. There are class clubs of all kinds, and of course an academy crew, nine, and eleven, for stirring holiday matches with the athletes of Johns Hopkins, Princeton, Georgetown, or St. John's. During recreation hours the tennis courts, pistol-gallery, and bowling-alley may be used, and on Saturdays the trim steam-launches and graceful sailing cutters are at the disposition of those who, like Pepys, "will take by boat a holiday in merry company."

Hops are given in the gymnasium Saturday nights after Thanksgiving, and twice a year two large balls make joyous the hearts of many maidens whose dreams for weeks have revolved in a circle, the centre of which is the band-stand in the armory, where these entertainments take place. During the winter the officers have private theatricals, to which the cadets are invited, and an annual tournament enables the first class men to exhibit their strength and grace as swordsmen, club-swingers, boxers, and ground and lofty tumblers. Every form of legitimate sport is encouraged by the superintendent, and so, when the annual examination comes in with the pleasant days of May, parents mark with delight the physical developments of a year. They see broadening chests, rosy cheeks, clear eyes, tense muscles, pink skins, and bodies as hard as nails. Gone into thin air is the awkward, shambling walk, and instead there is an upright, well-balanced—not automatic—carriage, and a swinging gait totally unlike the absurd strut, let us say, of the German soldier on parade, and nearly akin to the graceful swing which has made the marching of New York's Seventh Regiment famous everywhere.

Examinations are soon over, the graduating class goes out into the service for its professional course afloat, shore duty ends, and the new third class man begins his two months' busy life on shipboard.

V.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "no man will be a sailor who has contrivance enough to get himself into jail;" and, "Sir," un-



BAND HOUR.

dauntedly answers the youngster, with his first practice cruise still unsailed—"Sir, what an awful humbug you can be sometimes!" In the academy world this initiatory cruise is eagerly expected by the cadet who entered eight months before, because his surroundings have magnified its mysteries, and given no little self-importance to those who have made, if not the deep-water voyages of the old days, at least the run between the Capes of Virginia and the Isles of Shoals.

Curiously enough, the academy's first practice vessel was a steamer, the *John Hancock*, though in the same summer of

1851 the midshipmen cruised at sea and off the coast of Maine in the sloop of war *Preble*. Before the school was reorganized in that year, the course had been always interrupted half-way by an obligatory three years' service at sea in a cruising ship of war; but as this dissipated the benefits of instruction before habits of study were formed, a curriculum extending through four successive years, with an annual practice cruise, was adopted. Since 1851 cruises have never been omitted, except in the first year of the war, when the academy was moved to Newport. From the modest beginning with the *John Hancock* the value of the sea-work was found to be so great, and the corps had so much increased, that the midshipmen, during and for some years after the war, cruised not in a single ship as at present, but in a squadron.

As soon as the first and third classes and all the new appointments report on board, with their bags and hammocks, they take up a routine which considers them purely and simply as man-o'-war's men. They are stationed, berthed, and messed upon the regular cruising-ship system, although the first class men are divided into details, the duties of which differ widely, and alternate weekly. In one group they act as officers of the forecastle, tops, gangway, and quarter-deck, and as mates of decks; in the other they are rated as petty officers and seamen. The junior class men are divided into watches, and distributed as forecastle men, fore, main, and mizzen top men, and after-guards; they pull the boats, man the gear, handle the sails, take the wheel, keep watch-and-watch at sea, stand lookouts, and, indeed, perform all the duties, except cleaning ship, of ordinary seamen and landsmen in the service. The regular crew of eighty odd men man the starboard battery, the cadets the port battery; but in pulling and hauling about decks all work together. The first night on board is still mildly exciting for the new appointments, but not as it was in the old days, before "hazing," which is generally silly, often barbarous, and always useless, was stamped out.

Within a few days the cadets shake easily into their places; and by going over the mast-head every morning, sending up and down the light spars, and being ordered to get a pull here and a pull there and a long pull altogether everywhere, during the best part of their waking hours, they soon acquire a nautical air and a fairly good grip upon the strange surroundings. Two or three days later the *Constellation* drops down the Annapolis Roads, stands into Chesapeake Bay, and the long-looked-for cruise begins. Practical work commences at once, and if the winds be unfavorable, and they are usually, the ship beats down the bay in the daytime, and anchors at sunset. Here the new cadet sees the envied senior class men in charge of the deck, make and take in sail, tack, wear, boxhaul, and chapel ship; sees him occasionally miss stays and box her off, heave to, get casts of the deep-sea lead, shift sails and spars, reef and shake out reefs, and bring the ship to an anchor. All this time he is doing yeoman's service himself; his hands get horny and hard; his white working clothes are tarry, and he is so used to "stamping and going it" that when night comes he is glad to turn in early, and leave the hardships of anchor watch to those who have enjoyed the triumphs of the quarter-deck. After Hampton Roads are reached, the vessel lies at anchor for a week or more; but this is a busy season, and all day long there are great-gun, company, pistol, or small-arm drills, fire quarters, boats armed and equipped, or that stirring exercise when the crew and cadets are called to "abandon ship." This drill is usually executed without previous warning, exactly as it might be needed in any sudden emergency, as in a collision, or danger of foundering on the high sea; but within a moment after the order rings out, every one is at his station; some lower the boats, others stand sentry over the falls, so no unauthorized or panic-stricken person may enter without orders; the majority pass up provisions and water, cooking utensils, arms, ammunition, and nautical instruments; there is heard everywhere the rush of feet, the whimper of boat-falls as the davits creak and complain with the strain and the weight of the crews lowering themselves by stopper or halyards; from every gun-port willing hands pass stores into the cutters, and when ready, each reports its name and number. In less than five minutes, if the discipline be good, the crew is embarked in cutters, whale-boats, launches, gig, and dingy, all submerged almost to their gunwales, and the ship is abandoned—officially.

The distant, unvisited delights of For-



ABANDONING SHIP.

tress Monroe are soon left behind; the ship runs down the Roads with a free and a gallant wind, let us hope; a departure is taken from the Capes, and the *Constellation* stands seaward. For the most part, cruises are made to the northward and eastward, sometimes in Long Island Sound, and Gardiner's and Buzzard's bays, sometimes between Nantucket and the western limits of the Gulf-Stream.

In addition to the usual exercises, and to the demands made by the exigencies of weather upon a sailing ship, practical instruction is regularly given. This is rigorously progressive, and includes practical work in seamanship, navigation, and gunnery.

The *Constellation* sails slowly southward early in August, and arrives in Chesapeake Bay about the 15th. At Fortress Monroe the monotony of the cruise is invariably broken by the long-expected ball given at the Hygeia Hotel. Slowly the last weeks come and go; and a very happy day is it indeed when the *Constellation* picks up her old anchorage in the inner harbor of Annapolis, and the first, second, and third class men go on leave for a month.

And by no one is this leave more appreciated or better deserved than by the second class men. During the summer they have lived on board the *Santee*, and have been given ten weeks of thoroughly practical work in the machine shop; in running steam-cutters; in target practice, afloat and ashore, with howitzers, machine pieces, and great guns; in boat drill, sail and steam tactics, and in signalling with the navy and the army codes. Fifty-four hours of this period were spent at the work-benches of the steam-engineering building or in running the shop engines, and when the 1st of September gives them a well-earned holiday, they have something more than a rough acquaintance with workshop tools and appliances.

The youngster is now a proud and ambitious third class man, now a second, and almost before he begins to realize his dignity and honor in academy ways his graduating day has come. The Board of Visitors—those potent, grave, and reverend seigniors, selected from the navy, from both Houses of Congress, and from civil life—have heard him recite, have seen him drill, have looked wise and overburdened with the weight of responsibility, have written the capital report, which is so complimentary, so frank, so full of recommendations that are—worse luck—rarely read and seldom adopted. Our happy youth has won the company flag, for he is, of course, a ranking cadet officer, and has worked hard to make his division victor in this traditional competition. Then comes the solemn hour. His cheeks are flushed; his heart beats intermittently; he listens to the long address, hears his name, catches the loud roar of applause—his own division loudest, most earnest of all—receives his diploma, and his school-days are over; his world is all before him. Two years afterward he returns from sea, and is examined; if he passes successfully, and there is a vacancy, he is appointed to the line, and to the engineer corps of the navy, or to the marine corps; if there is no place for him he is given a certificate of graduation, an honorable discharge, and one year's pay.



BOAT DRILL.



AT DINNER.

MAIWA'S REVENGE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER I.

GOBO STRIKES.

ONE day—it was about a week after Allan Quatermain told me his story of the "Three Lions" and of the moving death of Jim-Jim—he and I were walking home together on the termination of a day's shooting. He had about two thousand acres of shooting round the place he bought in Yorkshire, over a hundred of which were wood. It was the second year of his occupation of the estate, and already he had reared a very fair head of pheasants, for he was an all-round sportsman, and as fond of shooting with a shot-gun as with an eight-bore rifle. We were three guns that day, Sir Henry Curtis, old Quatermain, and myself, but Sir Henry had to leave in the middle of the afternoon in order to meet his agent and inspect an outlying farm where a new shed was wanted. He was, however, coming back to dinner, and going to bring Captain Good with him, for Brayley Hall was not more than two miles from the Grange.

We had met with very fair sport, considering that we were only going through outlying covers for cocks. I think that we had killed twenty-seven, a woodcock, and a leash of partridges which we had got out of a driven covey. On our way home there lay a long narrow spinney which was very favorite "lie" for woodcock, and generally held a pheasant or two as well.

"Well, what do you say," said old Quatermain—"shall we beat through this for a finish?"

I assented, and he called to the keeper, who was following with a little knot of beaters, and told him to beat the spinney.

"Very well, sir," answered the man; "but it's getting wonderful dark, and the wind's rising a gale. It will take you all your time to hit a woodcock if the spinney holds one."

"You show us the woodcock, Jeffries," answered Quatermain, quickly, for he never liked being crossed in anything to do with sport, "and we will look after shooting them."

The man turned and went rather sulkily. I heard him say to the under-keeper, "He's pretty good the master is, I'm not saying he isn't, but if he kills a woodcock in this light and wind, I'm a Dutchman!"

I think that Quatermain heard him too, though he said nothing. The wind was rising every minute, and by the time the beat began, it was blowing big guns. I stood at the right-hand corner of the spinney, which curved round somewhat, and Quatermain stood at the left, some forty paces from me. Presently an old cock-pheasant came rocketing over me, looking as though the feathers were all being blown out of his tail. I missed him clean with the first barrel, and was never more pleased with myself in my life than when I doubled him up with the second, for the shot was not an easy one. In the faint light I could just see Quatermain nodding his head in approval, when through the groaning of the trees I heard the shouts of the beaters: "Cock forward," "Cock to the right." Then came a whole volley of shouts: "Woodcock to the right," "Cock to the left," "Cock over."

I looked up, and presently caught sight of one of the woodcock coming down the wind upon me like a flash. In that dim light I could not follow all his movements as he zigzagged through the naked tree-tops; indeed, I could only see him when his wings flitted up. Now he was passing me. *Bang*, and a flick of the wing. I had missed him. *Bang* again. Surely he was down. No; there he went to my left.

"Cock to you," I shouted, stepping forward so as to get Quatermain between me and the faint angry light of the dying day, for I wanted to see if he would "wipe my eye." I knew him to be a wonderful shot, but that cock would, I thought, puzzle him.

I saw him raise his gun ever so little and bend forward, and at that moment out flashed *two* woodcock into the open, the one I had missed to his right, and the other to his left. At the same time a fresh shout arose of "Woodcock over," and looking down the spinney I saw a third bird high up in the air, being blown along like a brown and whirling leaf straight over Quatermain's head. And then followed the prettiest little bit of shooting that I ever saw. The bird to the right was flying low, not ten yards from the line of a hedge-row, and Quatermain took him first because he would become invisible the soonest of any. Indeed, nobody who had not his hawk's eyes could have seen to shoot him. But he saw him well enough to kill him dead as a stone. Then turning sharply, he pulled on the second bird at about forty-five yards, and over he went. By this time the third woodcock was nearly over him and flying very high, straight down the wind, a hundred feet up or more, I should say. I saw him glance at it as he opened his gun, threw out the right cartridge and slipped in another, turning round as he did so. By this time the cock was nearly fifty yards away from him, and travelling like a flash. Lifting his gun, he fired after it, and, wonderful as the shot was, killed it dead. A tearing gust of wind caught the dead bird and blew it right away like a leaf torn from an oak, so that it fell a hundred and thirty yards off or more.

"I say, Quatermain," I said to him when the beaters were up, "do you often do this sort of thing?"

"Well," he answered, with a dry smile, "the last time I had to load three shots as quickly as that was at rather larger game. It was at elephants. I killed them all three as dead as I killed those woodcock; but it very nearly went the other way, I can tell you. I mean that they very nearly killed me."

Just at that moment the keeper came up. "Did you happen to get one of them there cocks, sir?" he said, with the air of a man who did not in the least expect an answer in the affirmative.

"Well, yes, Jeffries," answered Quatermain. "You will find one of them by the hedge, and another about fifty yards out by the plough there to the left."

The keeper had turned to go, looking a little astonished, when Quatermain called him back.

"Stop a bit, Jeffries," he said. "You see that pollard about one hundred and forty yards off? Well, there should be another woodcock down in a line with it, about sixty paces out in the field."

"Well, if that beant the very smartest bit of shooting," murmured Jeffries, and departed. After that we went home, and in due course Sir Henry Curtis and Captain Good turned up to dinner, the latter in the tightest and most ornamental dress suit I ever saw. I remember that the waistcoat was adorned with five pink coral buttons.

It was a very pleasant dinner. Old Quatermain was in excellent humor, induced, I think, by the recollection of his triumph over the doubting Jeffries. Good, too, was full of anecdotes. He told us a most miraculous story of how he once went shooting ibex in Kashmir. These ibex, according to Good, he stalked early and late for four entire days. At last, on the morning of the fifth day, he succeeded in getting within range of the flock, which consisted of a magnificent old ram, with horns so long that I am afraid to mention their measure, and five or six females. Good crawled upon his stomach, painfully taking shelter behind rocks, till he was within two hundred yards; then he drew a fine bead upon the old ram. At this moment, however, a diversion occurred. Some wandering native of the hills appeared upon a distant mountain-top. The females turned, and rushing over a rock, vanished from Good's ken. But the old ram took a bolder course. In front of him stretched a mighty crevasse at least thirty feet in width. He went at it with a bound. Whilst he was in mid-air Good fired, and killed him dead. The ram turned a complete somersault in space, and fell in such fashion that his horns hooked themselves upon a big projection of the opposite cliffs. There he hung, till Good, after a long and painful detour, gracefully dropped a lasso over him and fished him up.

This moving tale of wild adventure was received with undeserved incredulity.

"Well," said Good, "if you fellows won't believe my story when I tell it—a perfectly true story, mind—perhaps one of you will give us a better; I'm not particular if it is true or not." And he lapsed into a dignified silence.

"Now, Quatermain," I said, "don't let Good beat you; let's hear how you killed those elephants you were talking about this evening just after you shot the woodcocks."

"Well," said Quatermain, dryly, and with something like a twinkle in his brown eyes, "it is very hard fortune for a man to have to follow on Good's 'spoor.' Indeed, if it were not for that running giraffe, which, as you will remember, Curtis, we saw Good bowl over with a Martini rifle at three hundred yards, I should almost have said that this was an impossible tale."

Here Good looked up with an air of indignant innocence.

"However," he went on, rising and lighting his pipe, "if you fellows like, I will spin you a yarn."—

I was telling one of you the other night about those three lions, and how the lioness finished my unfortunate "voorlooper" Jim-Jim, the boy whom we buried in the bread-bag.

Well, after that little experience I thought that I would settle down a bit, so I went in for a venture with a man who, being of a speculative mind, had conceived the idea of running a store at Pretoria upon strictly cash principles. The arrangement was that I should find the capital, and he the experience. Our partnership was not of a long duration. The Boers refused to pay cash, and at the end of four months my partner had the capital and I had the experience. After this I came to the conclusion that storekeeping was not in my line, and having four hundred pounds left, I sent my boy Harry to a school in Natal, and buying an outfit with what remained of the money, started upon a big trip. This time I determined to go further afield than I had ever been before, so I got a passage for a few pounds in a trading brig that ran between Durban and Delagoa Bay. From Delagoa Bay I marched inland, accompanied by twenty porters, with the idea of striking up north toward the Limpopo, and keeping parallel to, but at a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles from the coast. For the first twenty days of our journey we suffered a good deal from fever—that is, my men did, for I think that I am fever-proof. Also I was hard put to it to keep the camp in meat, for although the country proved to be very sparsely populated, there was but little game about. Indeed, during all that time I hardly killed anything larger than a water-buck, and water-buck is, as you know, not very appetizing food. On the twentieth day, however, we came to the banks of a largish river, the Gonooroo it was called. This I crossed, and then struck inland toward a great range of mountains, a continuation, as I believe, of the Drakenberg range that skirts the coast of Natal, the blue crests of which we could see lying on the distant heavens like a shadow. From this main range a great spur shot out some fifty miles or so toward the coast, ending abruptly in one tremendous peak. This spur I discover-

ed separated the territories of two chiefs named Nala and Wambe, Wambe's territory being to the north and Nala's to the south. Nala ruled a tribe of bastard Zulus called the Butiana, and Wambe a much larger tribe called the Matuku, which presented marked Basutu characteristics. For instance, they had doors and verandas to their huts, worked skins perfectly, and wore a waist-cloth, and not a moocha. The Butiana were more or less subject to the Matuku, having been surprised by them some twenty years before, and mercilessly slaughtered down. The tribe was, however, now recovering, and, as you may imagine, it did not love the Matuku.

Well, I heard as I went along that elephants were very plentiful in the dense forests that lay upon the slopes and at the foot of the mountains that bordered Wambe's territory. Also I heard a very ill report of that worthy himself, who lived in a kraal upon the side of the mountain which was so strongly fortified as to be practically impregnable. It was said that he was the most cruel chief in this part of Africa, and that he had murdered in cold blood an entire party of English gentlemen who some seven years before had gone into his country to hunt elephants. They had an old friend of mine with them as guide, John Every by name, and often had I mourned over his untimely death. All the same, Wambe or no Wambe, I determined to hunt elephant in his country. I never was afraid of natives, and I was not going to show the white-feather now. I am a bit of a fatalist, as you fellows know, so I came to the conclusion that if it was fated that Wambe should send me to join my old friend John Every, I should have to go, and there was an end of it. Meanwhile I meant to hunt elephant with a peaceful heart.

On the third day from the date of our sighting the great peak we found ourselves beneath its mighty shadow. Still following the course of the river which wound through the forests at the base of the peak, we entered the territory of the redoubtable Wambe. This, however, was not accomplished without a certain difference of opinion between my bearers and myself, for when we reached the spot where Wambe's boundary was supposed to run, the bearers sat down and emphatically refused to go a step further. I sat down too, and argued with them, putting my fatalistic views before them as well as I was able. But I could not persuade them to look at the matter in the same light. "At present," they said, "their skins were whole; if they went into Wambe's country without his leave, they would soon be like a water-eaten leaf. It was very well for me to say that that would be Fate. Fate no doubt might be walking about in Wambe's country, but while they stopped outside they would not meet him."

"Well," I said to Gobo, my headman, "and what do you mean to do?"

"We mean to go back to the coast, Macumazahn," he answered, insolently.

"Do you?" I replied, for my bile was stirred. "At any rate, Mr. Gobo, you and one or two others will never get there. See here, my friend," and I took a repeating rifle and sat myself comfortably down, resting my back against a tree—"I have just breakfasted, and I had as soon spend the day here as anywhere else. Now if you or any of those men walk one step back from here and toward the coast, I shall fire at you, and you know I don't miss."

The man fingered the spear he was carrying—luckily all the guns were stacked against the tree—and then turned as though to walk away, the others keeping their eyes fixed upon him all the while. I rose and covered him with the rifle, and though he kept up a brave appearance of unconcern, I saw that he was glancing nervously at me all the time. When he had gone about twenty yards, I spoke very quietly.

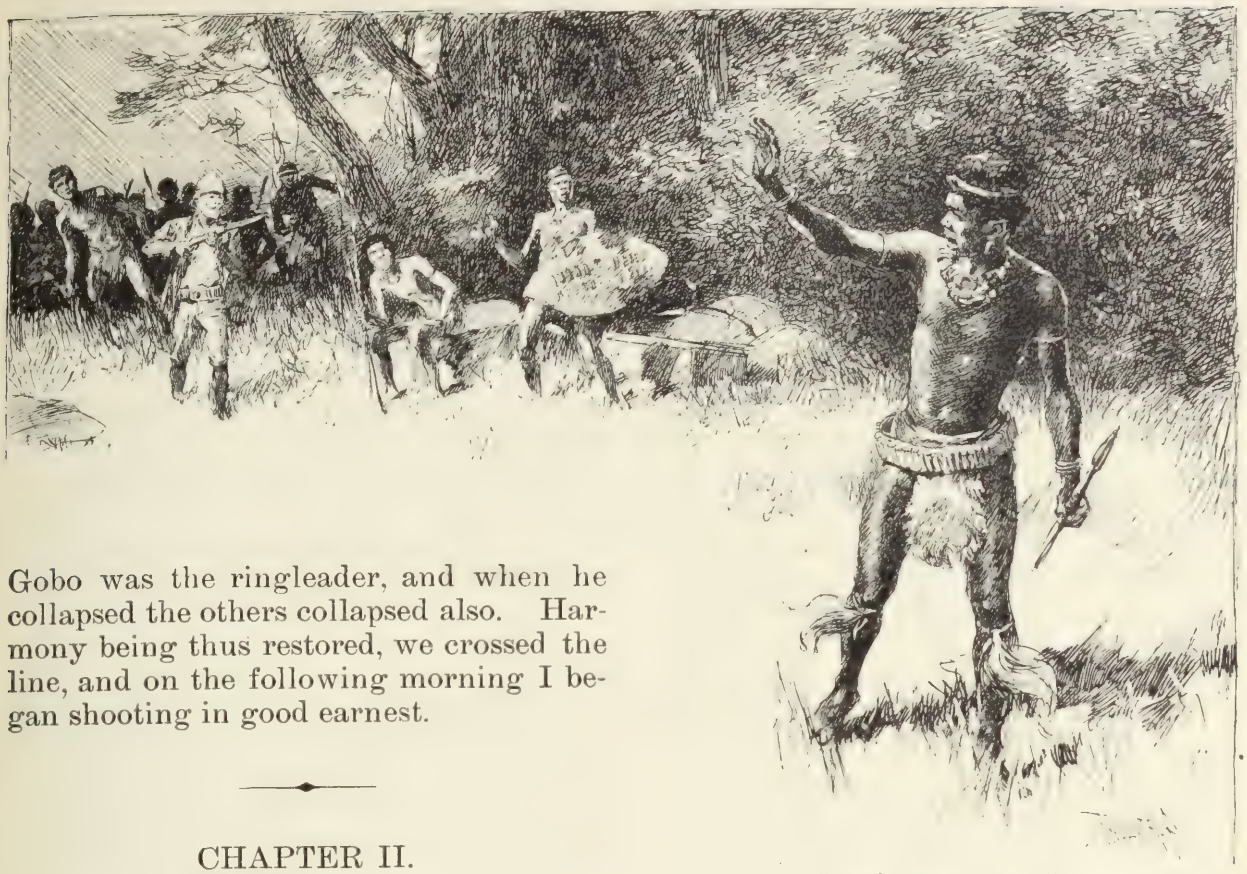
"Now, Gobo," I said, "come back, or I shall fire."

Of course this was taking a very high hand. I had no real right to kill Gobo or anybody else because he objected to running the risk of death by entering the territory of a hostile chief. But I felt that if I wished to keep up any authority it was absolutely necessary that I should push matters to the last extremity, short of actually shooting him. And I stood there, looking as fierce as a lion, and keeping the sight of my rifle in a dead line for Gobo's ribs. Then Gobo, feeling that the situation was getting strained, gave in.

"Don't shoot, boss," he shouted, throwing up his hand; "I will come with you."

"I thought you would," I answered, quietly. "You see, Fate walks about outside Wambe's country as well as in it."

After that I had no more trouble, for



"DON'T SHOOT, BOSS."

Gobo was the ringleader, and when he collapsed the others collapsed also. Harmony being thus restored, we crossed the line, and on the following morning I began shooting in good earnest.

CHAPTER II.

A MORNING'S SPORT.

MOVING some five or six miles round the base of the great peak of which I have spoken, we came the same day to one of the fairest bits of African country that I have seen outside of Kukuanaland. At this spot the mountain spur that runs out at right angles to the great range, which stretches its mighty cloud-clad length north and south far as the eye can reach, sweeps inward with a vast and splendid curve. This curve measures some five-and-thirty miles from point to point, and across its moon-like segment the river flashed, a silver line of light. On the further side of the river is a measureless sea of swelling ground, a mighty natural park covered with great patches of bush, some of them being many square miles in extent, which are separated one from another by glades of grass land, broken here and there with clumps of timber trees, and in some instances by curious isolated Koppies, and even by single crags of granite, that start up into the air as though they were monuments carved by man, and not tombstones set by nature over the grave of ages gone. On the west this beautiful plain is bordered by the lonely mountain from the edge of which it rolls down toward the feverish coast, but how far it runs to the north I cannot say—eight days' journey, according to the natives, when it is lost in a measureless swamp. On the hither side of the river the scenery is different. Along the edge of its banks, where the land is flat, are green patches of swamp. Then comes a wide belt of beautiful grass land, covered thick with game, and sloping up very gently to the borders of the forest, which, beginning at about a thousand feet above the level of the plain, clothes the mountain-side almost to its crest. In this forest grow great trees, most of them of the yellow-wood species. Some of these trees are so lofty that a bird in their top branches would be out of range of an ordinary shot-gun. Another peculiar thing about them is that they are, for the most part, covered with a dense growth of the ochella moss. Out of this moss the natives manufacture a most excellent deep purple dye, with which they stain tanned hides, and also cloth when they happen to get any of the latter. I do not think I ever saw anything more remarkable than the appearance of one of these mighty trees festooned from top to bottom with trailing wreaths of this sad-hued moss, in which the wind whispers gently as it stirs them. At a distance it looks like the gray

locks of a Titan crowned with bright green leaves, and here and there starred with the rich bloom of orchids.

The night of that day when I had my little difference of opinion with Gobo we camped upon the edge of this great forest, and on the following morning at daylight I started out shooting. As we were short of meat I determined to kill a buffalo, of which there were plenty about, before looking for traces of elephants. Not more than half a mile from camp we came across a trail like a cart-road, evidently made by a great herd of buffalo which had passed up at dawn from their feeding-ground in the marshes to spend the day in the cool air of the uplands. This trail I followed boldly, for such wind as there was blew straight down the mountain-side—that is, from the direction in which the buffalo had gone—to me. About a mile further on the forest began to get dense, and the nature of the trail showed me that I must be close to my game. Another two hundred yards, and the bush was so thick that had it not been for the trail we could scarcely have got through it. As it was, Gobo, who carried my eight-bore rifle (for I had the .570 express in my hand), and the other two men whom I had taken with me, showed the very strongest dislike to going any further, pointing out that there was "no room to run away." I told them that they need not come unless they liked, but that I was certainly going on, and then, growing ashamed, they came. Another fifty yards, and the trail opened into a little glade. I knelt down and peeped and peered, but no buffalo could I see. Evidently the herd had broken up here—I knew that from the spoor—and penetrated the opposite bush in little troops. I crossed the glade, and choosing one line of spoor, followed it for some sixty yards, when it became clear to me that I was surrounded by buffalo, and yet so dense was the cover that I could not see one. A few yards to my left I could hear one rubbing its horns against a tree, while from my right came an occasional low throaty grunt which told me that I was uncomfortably near an old bull. I crept on toward him with my heart in my mouth, as gently as though I were walking upon eggs for a bet, lifting every little bit of wood in my path and placing it behind me, lest it should crack and warn the game. Behind me in single file came my three retainers, and I don't know which of them looked the most frightened. Presently Gobo touched my leg. I looked round, and saw him pointing slantwise toward the left. I lifted my head a little and peeped over a mass of creepers. Beyond the creepers was a dense bush of sharp-pointed aloes, of that kind of which the leaves project laterally, and on the other side of the aloes, not fifteen paces from us, I made out the horns, neck, and the ridge of the back of a tremendous old bull. I took my eight-bore, and getting on to my knee, prepared to shoot him through the neck, taking my chance of cutting his spine. I had already covered him as well as the aloe leaves would allow, when he gave a kind of sigh and lay down.

I looked round in dismay. What was to be done now? I could not see to shoot him lying down, even if my bullet would have pierced the intervening aloes, which was doubtful, and if I stood up he would either run away or charge me. I reflected, and came to the conclusion that the only thing to do was to lie down also, for I did not fancy wandering after other buffalo in that dense bush. If a buffalo lies down, it is clear that he must get up again sometime; so it was only a case of patience—"fighting the fight of sit down," as the Zulus say.

Accordingly I sat down and lighted a pipe, thinking that the smell of it might reach the buffalo and make him get up. But the wind was the wrong way, and it did not, so when it was done I lit another. Afterwards I had cause to regret that pipe.

Well, we squatted like this for between half and three-quarters of an hour, till at last I began to grow heartily sick of the performance. It was about as dull a business as the last hour of a comic opera. I could hear buffalo snorting and moving all round, and see the red-beaked tic birds flying up off their backs with a kind of hiss something like that of an English misselthrush, but I could not see a single buffalo. As for my old bull, I think he must have slept the sleep of the just, for he never even stirred. Just as I was making up my mind that something must be done to save the situation, my attention was attracted by a curious grinding noise. At first I thought that it must be a buffalo chewing the cud, but was obliged to abandon the idea because the noise was too loud. I shifted myself round and stared through the cracks in the bush in the di-

rection whence the sound seemed to come, and once I thought that I saw something gray moving about fifty yards off, but could not make certain. Although the grinding noise still continued, I could see nothing more, so I gave up thinking about it, and once again turned my attention to the buffalo. Presently, however, something happened. Suddenly from about forty yards away there came a tremendous snorting sound, more like that made by an engine getting a heavy train under way than anything else in the world.

"By Jove!" I thought, turning round in the direction from which the grinding sound had come, "that must be a rhinoceros, and he has got our wind." For, as you fellows know, there is no mistaking the sound made by a rhinoceros when he gets wind of you.

Another second and there was a most tremendous crashing noise. Before I could think what to do, before I could even get up, the bush behind me seemed to burst asunder, and there appeared, not eight yards from us, the great horn and wicked twinkling eye of a huge charging rhinoceros. He had winded us or my pipe, I do not know which, and, after the fashion of these brutes, had charged up the scent. I could not rise, I could not even get the gun up—I had no time. All that I was able to do was to roll over as far out of the monster's path as the bush would allow. Another second and he was over me, his great bulk towering above me like a mountain, and, upon my word, I could not get his smell out of my nostrils for a week. Circumstances impressed it on my memory—at least I suppose so. His hot breath blew upon my face, one of his front feet just missed my head, and his hind one actually trod upon the loose part of my trouser and pinched a little bit of my skin. I saw him pass over me, lying as I was upon my back, and next second I saw something else. My men were a little behind me, and therefore straight in the path of the rhinoceros. One of them flung himself backward into the bush, and thus avoided him. The second, with a wild yell, sprung to his feet and bounded like an India-rubber ball right into the aloe bush, landing well among the spikes. But the third—it was my friend Gobo—could not by any means get away. He managed to gain his feet and that was all. The rhinoceros was charging with his head low. His great horn passed between Gobo's legs, and feeling something on his nose, he jerked it up. Away went Gobo high into the air. He turned a complete somersault at the apex of the curve, and as he did so I caught sight of his face. It was gray with terror, and his mouth was wide open. Down he came, right on to the great brute's rump, and that broke his fall. But luckily for him, the rhinoceros never turned. He crashed straight through the aloe bush, only missing the man who had jumped into it by about a yard. Then followed a complication. The sleeping buffalo on the further side of the bush, hearing the noise, sprang to his feet, and for a second, not knowing what to do, stood still. At that instant the huge rhinoceros blundered right on to him, and getting his horn beneath his stomach, gave him such a fearful dig that the buffalo was turned over on to his back, while his assailant went a most amazing cropper over his carcass. In another moment, however, he was up, and wheeling round to the left, crashed through the bush downhill toward the open country.

Instantly the whole place became alive with alarming sounds. In every direction troops of snorting buffalo charged through the forest, wild with fright, while the injured bull on the further side of the bush began to bellow like a mad thing. I lay quite still for a moment, devoutly praying that none of the flying buffalo would come my way. Then, when the danger lessened, I got on to my feet, shook myself, and looked round. One of my boys, he who had thrown himself backward into the bush, was already half-way up a tree; if heaven had been at the top of it he could not have climbed quicker. Gobo was lying close to me, groaning vigorously, but, as I suspected, quite unhurt; while from the aloe bush into which Number Three had bounded like a tennis-ball, came a succession of the most piercing yells. I looked, and saw that the unfortunate fellow was in a very tight place. A great spike of aloe had run through the back of his skin waist-belt, though without piercing his flesh, in such a fashion that it was impossible for him to move, while within six feet of him the injured buffalo bull, thinking, no doubt, that he was the aggressor, bellowed and ramped to get at him, tearing at the thick aloes with his great horns. That no time was to be lost if I wished to save the man's life was



"WE STARTED IN A CROUCHING ATTITUDE."

very clear. So seizing my eight-bore, which was fortunately uninjured, I took a pace to the left, for the rhinoceros had enlarged the hole in the bush, and aimed at the point of the buffalo's shoulder, for on account of the position I could not get a fair side shot for the heart. As I did so I saw that the rhinoceros had given the bull a tremendous wound in the stomach, and that the shock of the encounter had put his left hind leg out of joint at the hip. I fired, and the bullet striking the shoulder, broke it, and knocked the buffalo down. I knew that he could not get up any more, because he was now injured fore and aft, so, notwithstanding his terrific bellows, I scrambled round to where he was. There he lay, glaring furiously and tearing up the soil with his horns. Stepping up to within two yards of him, I aimed at the vertebræ of his neck, and fired. The bullet struck true, and with a thud he dropped his great head upon the ground, groaned, and died.

This little matter having been attended to, I, with the assistance of Gobo, who had now found his feet, went on to extricate our unfortunate companion from the aloe bush. This we found a thorny task, but at last he was dragged forth uninjured, though in a very pious and prayerful frame of mind. His "spirit had certainly looked that way," he said, or he would now have been dead. As I never like to interfere with true piety, I did not venture to suggest that his spirit had deigned to make use of my eight-bore in his interest.

Having despatched this boy back to the camp to tell the bearers to come and cut that buffalo up, I bethought me that I owed that rhinoceros a grudge which I should love to repay. So, without saying a word of what was in my mind to Gobo, who was now more than ever convinced that Fate walked about loose in Wambe's country, I just followed on his spoor. He had crashed through the bush till he reached the little glade. Then, moderating his pace somewhat, he had followed the glade down its entire length, and once more turned to the right, through the forest, shaping his course for the open land that lies between the edge of the bush and the river. Having followed him for a mile or so further, I found myself quite on the open. I took out my glasses and searched the plain. About a mile ahead was something brown—as I thought, the rhinoceros; I advanced another quarter of a mile and looked once more—it was not the rhinoceros, but a big ant-heap. This was puzzling, but I did not like to give it up, because I knew from his spoor that he must be somewhere ahead. But as the wind was blowing straight from me tow-

ard the line that he had followed, and as a rhinoceros can smell you for about a mile, it would not, I felt, be safe to follow his spoor any further. So I made a détour of a mile and more, till I was nearly opposite the ant-heap, and then once more searched the plain. It was no good; I could see nothing of him, and was about to give it up and start after some oryx I saw in the distance, when suddenly, at a distance of about three hundred yards from the ant-heap, and on its further side, I saw my rhino stand up in a patch of grass.

"Heavens!" I thought to myself, "he's off again." But no; after standing staring for a minute or two, he once more lay down.

Now I found myself in a quandary. As you know, a rhinoceros is a very short-sighted brute; indeed, his sight is as bad as his scent is good. Of this fact he is perfectly aware, but he always makes the most of his natural gifts. For instance, when he lies down he invariably does so with his head down wind. Thus if any enemy crosses his wind, he will still be able to escape or attack him, and if, on the other hand, the danger approaches up wind, he will at least have a chance of seeing it. Otherwise one might, by walking delicately, actually kick him up like a partridge if only the advance was made up wind.

Well, the point was how on earth should I get within shot of this rhinoceros. After much deliberation I determined to try a side advance, thinking that I might so get a shoulder shot. Accordingly we started in a crouching attitude, I first, Gobo holding on to my coat tails, and the other boy on to Gobo's moocha. I always adopt this plan when stalking big game, for if you follow any other system the bearers will get out of line. We got to within three hundred yards right enough, and then the real difficulties began. The grass had been so closely eaten off by game that there was scarcely any cover. Consequently it was necessary to go on our hands and knees, which in my case involved laying down the eight-bore at every step and then lifting it up again. However, I wriggled along somehow, and if it had not been for Gobo and his friend, no doubt everything would have gone well. But as you have, I dare say, observed, a native out stalking is always of that mind which is supposed to actuate an ostrich. So long as his head is hidden he seems to think that nothing else can be seen. So it was in this instance: Gobo and the other boy crept along on their hands and toes with their heads well down, but, though unfortunately I did not notice it till too late, bearing the fundamental portions of their frames high in the air. Now all animals are quite as suspicious of this end of mankind as they are of his face, and of this fact I soon had a proof. Just when we had got within about two hundred yards, and I was congratulating myself that I had not had this long crawl, with the sun beating on the back of my neck like a furnace, all for nothing, I heard the hissing notes of the rhinoceros birds, and up flew four or five of them from the brute's back, where they had been comfortably employed in catching tics. Now this performance on the part of the birds is to a rhinoceros what the word "cave" is to a school-boy; it puts him on the *qui vive* at once. Before the birds were well in the air I saw the grass stir.

"Down you go!" I whispered to the boys, and as I did so the rhinoceros got up and glared suspiciously around. But he could see nothing; indeed, if we had been standing up I doubt if he would have seen us at that distance. So he merely gave two or three sniffs, and then lay down, his head still down wind, the birds once more settling on his back.

But it was clear to me that he was sleeping with one eye open, and generally in a suspicious and unchristian frame of mind, and that it was useless to proceed further on that stalk; so we quietly withdrew to consider the position and study the ground. The results were not satisfactory. There was absolutely no cover about except the ant-heap, which was some three hundred yards from the rhinoceros upon his up-wind side. I knew that if I tried to stalk him in front I should fail, and so I should if I attempted to do so from the further side: he or the birds would see me. So I came to a conclusion: I would go to the ant-heap, which would give him my wind, and instead of stalking him I would let him stalk me. It was a bold step, and one which I should never advise a hunter to take, but somehow I felt as though Rhino and I must play the hand out.

I explained my intentions to the men, who both held up their hands in horror.

Their fears for my safety were a little mitigated, however, when I told them that I did not expect them to come with me.

Gobo breathed a prayer that I might not meet Fate walking about, and the other one sincerely trusted that my spirit might look my way when the rhinoceros charged, and then they both departed to a place of safety.

Taking my eight-bore and half a dozen spare cartridges in my pocket, I made a détour, and reaching the ant-heap in safety, lay down. For a moment the wind had dropped, but presently a gentle puff of air passed over me and blew on toward the rhinoceros. By-the-way, I wonder what it is that smells so strong about a man? Is it his body or his breath? I have never been able to make out, but I saw somewhere the other day that in the duck decoys the man who is working the ducks holds a little piece of burning turf before his mouth, and that if he does this they cannot smell him, which looks as though it were the breath. Well, whatever it was about me that attracted his attention, the rhinoceros soon smelt me, and within half a minute after the puff of wind had passed he was up and turning round to get his head up wind. There he stood for a few seconds and sniffed, and then he began to move, first of all at a trot, then, as the scent grew stronger, at a furious gallop. On he came, snorting like a runaway engine, with his tail stuck straight up in the air: if he had seen me lie down there, he could not have made a better line. It was rather nervous work, I can tell you, lying there waiting for his onslaught, for he looked like a mountain of flesh. I determined, however, not to fire till I could plainly see his eye, for I think that rule always gives one the right distance for big game. So I rested my rifle on the ant-heap and waited for him, kneeling. At last, when he was about forty yards away, I saw that the time had come, and aiming straight for the middle of the chest, I pulled.

Thud went the heavy bullet, and with a tremendous snort over rolled the rhinoceros beneath its shock, just like a shot rabbit. But if I had thought that he was done for I was mistaken, for in another second he was up and coming at me as hard as ever, only with his head held low. I waited till he was within ten yards, in the hope that he would expose his chest, but he would do nothing of the sort. So I just had to fire at his head with the left barrel, and take my chance. Well, as luck would have it, of course the animal put its horn in the way of the bullet, which cut clean through it about three inches above the root, and then glanced off into space. After that things got rather serious. My gun was empty, and the rhinoceros was rapidly arriving—so rapidly indeed that I came to the conclusion that I had better make way for him. Accordingly I jumped to my feet and ran to the right as hard as I could go. As I did so he arrived full tilt, knocked my friendly ant-heap flat, and for the second time that day went a most magnificent cropper. This gave me a few seconds' start, and I ran down wind—my word, I did run. Unfortunately, however, my modest retreat was observed, and the rhinoceros, as soon as he got his legs again, set to work to run after me. Now no man on earth can run as fast as an irritated rhinoceros can gallop, and I knew that he must soon catch me up. But having some slight experience of this sort of thing, I, luckily for myself, kept my head, and as I fled I managed to open my rifle, get the old cartridges out, and put two fresh ones in. To do this I had to steady my pace a little, and by the time that I had snapped the rifle to I heard him snorting and thundering away within a few paces of my back. I stopped, and as I did so rapidly cocked the rifle, and slewed round upon my heel. By this time the brute was within six or seven yards of me, but luckily his head was up. I lifted the rifle and fired at him. It was a snap shot, but the bullet struck him in the chest within three inches of the first, and found its way into his lungs. It did not stop him, however, so all I could do was to bound to one side, which I did with surprising activity, and as he brushed past me fire the other barrel into his side. That did for him. The ball passed in behind the shoulder and right through his heart. He fell over on to his side, gave one most awful squeal—a dozen pigs could not have made such a noise—and promptly died, keeping his wicked eyes wide open all the time.

As for me, I blew my nose, and going up to the rhinoceros, sat on his head, and reflected that I had had a capital morning's shooting.

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST ROUND.

AFTER this, as it was now mid-day, and I had killed enough meat, we marched back triumphantly to camp, where I proceeded to concoct a stew of buffalo beef and compressed vegetables. When this was done we ate the stew, and then I had a nap. About four o'clock, however, Gobo woke me up, and told me that the headman of one of Wambe's kraals had arrived to see me. I ordered him to be brought up, and presently he came, a little, wizened, talkative old man, with a waist-cloth round his middle, and a greasy, frayed kaross made of the skins of rock rabbits over his shoulders.

I told him to sit down, and then abused him roundly. "What did he mean," I asked, "by disturbing me in this rude way? How did he dare to cause a person of my quality and evident importance to be awakened in order to interview his entirely contemptible self?"

I spoke thus because I knew that it would produce an impression on him. Nobody except a really great man, he would argue, would dare to speak to him in that fashion. Most savages are desperate bullies at heart, and look on insolence as a sign of power.

The old man instantly collapsed. He was utterly overcome, he said; his heart was split in two, and well realized the extent of his misbehavior. But the occasion was very urgent. He heard that a mighty hunter was in the neighborhood, a beautiful white man—how beautiful he could not have imagined had he not seen—(this to me!)—and he came to beg his assistance. The truth was that three bull elephants such as no man ever saw had for years been the terror of their kraal, which was but a small place, a cattle kraal of the great chief Wambe's, where they lived to keep the cattle. And now of late these elephants had done them much damage, but last night they had destroyed a whole patch of mealie land, and he feared that if they came back they would all starve next season for want of food. Would the mighty white man then be pleased to come and kill the elephants? It would be easy for him to do—oh, most easy! It was only necessary that he should hide himself in a tree, for there was a full-moon, and then when the elephants appeared he would speak to them with the gun, and they would fall down dead, and there would be an end of their troubling.

Of course I hummed and hawed and made a great favor of consenting to this proposal, though really I was delighted to have such a chance. One of the conditions that I made was that a messenger should at once be despatched to Wambe, whose kraal was two days' journey from where I was, telling him that I proposed to come and pay my respects to him in a few days, and to ask his formal permission to shoot in his country. Also I intimated that I was prepared to present him with "hongo," that is, black-mail, and that I hoped to do a little trade with him in ivory, of which I heard he had a great quantity. This message the old gentleman promised to despatch at once, though there was something about his manner which showed me that he was doubtful as to how it would be received. After that we struck our camp, and moved on to the kraal, which we reached about an hour before sunset. This kraal was a collection of huts surrounded by a slight thorn fence; perhaps there were ten of them in all. It was situated in a kloof of the mountain, with a rivulet flowing down it. The kloof was densely wooded, but for some distance above the kraal it was free from bush, and here on the rich deep ground brought down by the rivulet were the cultivated lands, in extent somewhere about twenty or twenty-five acres. On the kraal side of these lands stood a single hut, which served for mealie stores, which at the moment was used as a dwelling-place by an old woman, the first wife of our friend the headman.

It appears that this old lady, having had some difference of opinion with her husband about the extent of authority allowed to a younger and more amiable wife, had refused to dwell in the kraal any more, and by way of marking her displeasure had taken up her abode among the mealies. As the issue will show, she was, as it happened, cutting off her nose to spite her face.

Close by this hut grew a large banyan-tree. A glance at the mealie grounds showed me that the old headman had not exaggerated the mischief done by the elephants to his crops, which were now getting ripe. Nearly half of the entire patch was destroyed. The great brutes had eaten all they could, and the rest they had

trampled down. I went up to their spoor, and started back in amazement. Never had I seen such spoor before. It was simply enormous, more especially that of one old bull, that had, so said the natives, but a single tusk. One might have used any of the footprints for a hip bath.

Having taken stock of the position, my next step was to make arrangements for the fray. The three bulls, according to the natives, had been spoored into the dense patch of bush above the kloof. Now it seemed to me very probable that they would return to-night to feed on the remainder of the ripening mealies. If so, there was a bright moon, and it struck me that by the exercise of a little ingenuity I might bag one or more of them without exposing myself to any risk, which, having the highest respect for the aggressive powers of bull elephants, was a great consideration to me. This, then, was my plan: To the right of the huts as you look up the kloof, and commanding the mealie lands, stands the banyan-tree that I have mentioned. Into that banyan-tree I made up my mind to go. Then, if the elephants appeared, I should get a shot at them. I announced my intentions to the headman of the kraal, who was delighted. "Now," he said, "his people might sleep in peace, for while the mighty white hunter sat aloft like a spirit watching over the welfare of his kraal, what was there to fear?"

I told him that he was an ungrateful brute to think of sleeping in peace while I, perched like a wounded vulture on a tree, watched for his welfare in wakeful sorrow, and once more he collapsed, and owned that my words were "sharp but just."

However, as I have said, confidence was completely restored, and that evening everybody in the kraal, including the superannuated victim of jealousy in the little hut where the mealie cobs were stored, went to bed with a sense of sweet security from elephants and all other animals that prowl by night.

For my part, I pitched my camp below the kraal; and then, having procured a beam of wood from the headman—rather a rotten one, by-the-way—I set it across two boughs that ran out laterally from the banyan-tree at a height of about twenty-five feet from the ground, in such fashion that I and another man could sit upon it with our legs hanging down, and rest our backs against the bole of the tree. This done, I went back to the camp and had my supper. About nine o'clock, half an hour before the moonrise, I summoned Gobo—who, thinking that he had had about enough of the delights of big-game hunting for that day, did not altogether relish the job—and despite his remonstrances, gave him my eight-bore to carry, I having the .570 express, and set out for the tree. It was very dark, but we found it without difficulty, though climbing it was a more complicated matter. However, at last we got up, and sat down like two little boys on a form that is too high for them, and waited. I did not dare to smoke, because I remembered the rhinoceros, and feared that the elephants might wind the tobacco if they should come my way, and this made the business more wearisome. So I fell to thinking, and wondering at the vastness of the silence.

At last the moon came up, and with it a moaning wind, at the breath of which the silence began to whisper mysteriously. Lovely enough, in the new-born light, looked the wide expanse of mountain, plain, and forest, more like some twilight vision of a dream, some faint reflections from a fair world of peace beyond our ken, than the mere face of garish earth made silvery soft with sleep. Indeed, had it not been for the fact that I was beginning to find the log on which I sat very hard, I should have grown quite sentimental over the beautiful sight. But I will defy anybody to become sentimental when seated in the damp on a very rough beam of wood half-way up a tree. So I merely made a mental note that it was a particularly lovely night, and turned my attention to the prospect of elephants. But no elephants came, and after waiting for another hour or so, I think that what between weariness and disgust I must have dropped into a gentle doze. Presently I awoke with a start. Gobo, who was perched close to me, but as far off as the beam would allow—for neither white man nor black likes the aroma which each vows is the peculiar and disagreeable property of the other—was faintly, very faintly, clicking his forefinger against his thumb. I knew by this signal—a very favorite one among native hunters and gun-bearers—that he must have seen or heard something. I looked at his face, and saw that he was staring excitedly toward the dim edge of the bush beyond the deep green

line of mealies. I stared too, and listened. Presently I heard a soft large sound, as though a giant were gently stretching out his hands and pressing back the ears of standing corn. Then came a pause, and then out into the open majestically stalked the largest elephant I ever saw or ever shall see. Heavens! what a monster he was! and how the moonlight gleamed upon his one splendid tusk—for the other was missing—as he stood among the mealies, gently moving his enormous ears to and fro, and testing the wind with his trunk! While I was still marvelling at his girth, and speculating upon the weight of that huge tusk, which I swore should be my tusk before very long, out stepped a second bull and stood beside him. He was not quite so tall, but he seemed to me to be almost thicker set than the first, and even in that light I could see that both his tusks were perfect. Another pause, and the third emerged. He was shorter than either of the others, but higher in the shoulder than No. 2, and when I tell you that, as I afterwards learned from actual measurement, the smallest of these three mighty bulls measured twelve feet one and a half inches at the shoulder, it will give you some idea of their size. The three formed into line, and stood still for a minute, the one-tusked bull gently caressing the elephant on the left with his trunk.

Then they began to feed, walking forward and slightly to the right as they gathered great bunches of the sweet mealies and thrust them into their mouths. All this time they were more than a hundred and twenty yards away from me (this I knew because I had placed the distances from the tree to various points)—much too far to allow of my attempting a shot at them in that uncertain light. They fed in a semicircle, gradually drawing round toward the hut, near my tree, in which the corn was stored and the old woman slept.

This went on for between an hour and an hour and a half, till what between excitement and hope that maketh the heart sick I got so weary that I was actually contemplating a descent from the tree and a moonlight stalk. Such an act in ground so open would have been that of a stark staring lunatic, and that I should even have been contemplating it will show you the condition of my mind. But everything comes to him who knows how to wait, and sometimes too to him who doesn't, and so at last those elephants, or rather one of them, came to me. After they had fed their fill, which was a very large one, the noble three stood once more in line some seventy yards to the left of the hut and in the edge of the cultivated lands, or in all about eighty-five yards from where I was perched. Then at last the one with a single tusk made a peculiar rattling noise in his trunk, just as though he were blowing his nose, and without more ado began to walk deliberately toward the hut where the old woman slept. I got my rifle ready, and glanced up at the moon, only to discover that a new complication was looming in the immediate future. I have said that a wind rose with the moon. Well, the wind brought rain-clouds along its track. Several light ones had already for a little while lessened the light, though without obscuring it, and now two more were coming rapidly up, both of them very black and dense. The first cloud was small and long, and the one behind big and broad. I remember noticing that the pair of them bore a most comical resemblance to a dray drawn by a very long raw-boned horse. As luck would have it, just as the elephant got within twenty-five yards or so of me, the head of the horse-cloud floated over the face of the moon, rendering it impossible for me to fire. In the faint twilight which remained, however, I could just make out the gray mass of the great brute still advancing toward the hut. Then the light went altogether, and I had to trust to my ears. I heard him fumbling with his trunk, apparently at the roof of the hut. Next came a sound as of straw being drawn out, and then for a little while there was complete silence. The cloud began to pass. I could see the outline of the elephant; he was standing with his head right over the top of the hut. But I could not see his trunk, and no wonder, for it was *inside the hut.* He had thrust it right through the roof, and attracted, no doubt, by the smell of the mealies, was groping about with it inside. It was growing light now, and I got my rifle ready, when suddenly there was a most awful yell, and I saw the trunk reappear, and in its mighty fold the old woman who had been sleeping in the hut. Out she came through the hole like a periwinkle on the point of a pin, still wrapped up in her blanket, and her skinny legs and arms stretched to the four points of the compass, and as she did so, gave that most

alarming screech. I really don't know who was the most frightened, she or I or the elephant. At any rate, the last was considerably startled; he had been fishing for mealies—the old woman was a mere accident, and one that greatly discomposed his nerves. He gave a sort of trumpet, and threw her away from him right in the crown of a low mimosa-tree, where she stuck, shrieking like a metropolitan engine. The old bull lifted his tail, and flapping his great ears, prepared for flight. I put up my eight-bore, and aiming hastily at the point of his shoulder (for he was broadside on), I fired. The report rang out like thunder, making a thousand echoes in the quiet hills. I saw him go down all of a heap, as though he were stone-dead. Then, alas! whether it was the kick of the heavy rifle or the excited bump of that idiot Gobo, or both together, or merely an unhappy coincidence, I do not know, but the rotten beam broke, and I went down too, landing flat at the foot of the tree upon a certain humble portion of the human frame. The shock was so severe that I felt as though all my teeth were flying through the roof of my mouth, but although I sat slightly stunned for a few seconds, luckily for me I fell light, and was not in any way injured. Meanwhile the elephant began to scream with fear and fury, and attracted by his cries, the other two came charging up. I felt for my rifle; it was not there. Then I remembered that I had rested it on a fork of the bough in order to fire, and doubtless there it remained. My position now was very unpleasant. I did not dare to try and climb the tree again, which, shaken as I was, would have been a task of some difficulty, because the elephants would certainly see me, and Gobo, who had clung to a bough, was still aloft with the other rifle. I could not run, because there was no shelter near. Under these circumstances I did the only thing feasible—clambered round the trunk as softly as possible, and keeping one eye on the elephants, whispered to Gobo to bring down the rifle, and awaited the development of the situation. I knew that if the elephants did not see me, which, luckily, they were too engaged to do, they would not smell me, for I was up wind. Gobo, however, either did not, or, preferring the safety of the tree, would not, hear me. He said the former, but I believed the latter, for I knew that he was not enough of a sportsman to really enjoy shooting elephants by moonlight in the open. So there I was behind my tree, dismayed, unarmed, but highly interested, for I was witnessing a remarkable performance.

When the two other bulls arrived, the wounded elephant on the ground ceased to scream, but began to make a low moaning noise and gently touch the wound near his shoulder, from which the blood was literally spouting out. The other two seemed to understand; at any rate, they did this: Kneeling down on either side, they got their trunks and tusks underneath him, and, aided by his own efforts, with one great lift got him on his feet. Then leaning against him on either side to support him, they marched off at a walk in the direction of the village.* It was a pitiful sight, and even then it made me feel a brute.

Presently from a walk, as the wounded elephant gathered himself together a little, they broke into a trot, and after that I could follow them no longer with my eyes, for the second black cloud came up over the moon and put her out as an extinguisher puts out a dip. I say with my eyes, but my ears still gave me a very fair notion of what was going on. When the cloud came up the three terrified animals were heading directly for the kraal, probably because the way was open and the path easy. I fancy that they got confused in the darkness, for when they came to the kraal fence they did not turn aside, but crashed straight through it. Then there were "times," as the Irish servant-girl says in the American book. Having taken the fence, they thought that they might as well take the huts also, so they just ran right over them. One hive-shaped hut was turned straight over upon its top, and when I arrived on the scene the people who had been sleeping there were bumbling about inside like bees disturbed at night, while two more were crushed flat, and a third had all its side torn out. Oddly enough, however, nobody was hurt, though several people had a narrow escape of being trodden to death.

On arrival I found the old headman in a state painfully like that favored by Greek art, dancing about in front of his

* The Editor would have been inclined to think that in relating this incident Mr. Quatermain was making himself interesting at the expense of the exact truth, did it not happen that a similar incident has come within his own knowledge.—Ed.

ruined abodes as vigorously as though he had just been stung by a scorpion.

I asked him what ailed him, and he burst out into a flood of abuse. He called me a wizard, a sham, a fraud, a bringer of bad luck. I had promised to kill the elephants, and I had so arranged things that the elephants had nearly killed him, etc.

This, still smarting, or rather aching, as I was from that most terrific bump, was too much for my feelings, so I just made a rush at my friend, and getting him by the ear, I banged his head against the doorway of his own hut, which was all there was left of it.

"You wicked old scoundrel," I said, "you dare to complain about your own trifling inconveniences, when you gave me a rotten beam to sit on, and thereby delivered me to the fury of the elephant!" (*bump! bump! bump!*) "when your own wife" (*bump!*) "has just been dragged out of her hut" (*bump!*) "like a snail from its shell and thrown by the Earth-shaker into a tree!" (*bump! bump!*).

"Mercy, my father, mercy!" gasped the old fellow. "Truly I have done amiss—my heart tells me so."

"I should hope it did, you old villain!" (*bump!*).

"Mercy! great white man. I thought the log was sound. But what says the unequalled chief—is the old woman, my wife, indeed dead? Ah, if she is dead, all may yet prove to have been for the very best;" and he clasped his hands and looked up piously to heaven, in which the moon was once more shining brightly.

I let go his ear and burst out laughing, the whole scene and his devout aspirations for the decease of the partner of his joys, or rather woes, were so intensely ridiculous.

"No, you old iniquity," I answered; "I left her in the top of a thorn-tree, screaming like a thousand blue-jays. The elephant put her there."

"Alas! alas!" he said; "surely the back of the ox is shaped to the burden. Doubtless, my father, she will come down when she is tired;" and without troubling himself further about the matter, he began to blow at the smouldering embers of the fire.

And, as a matter of fact, she did appear a few minutes later, considerably scratched and startled, but none the worse.

After that I made my way to my little camp, which, fortunately, the elephants had not walked over, and wrapping myself up in a blanket, was soon fast asleep.

And so ended my first round with those three elephants.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST ROUND.

On the morrow I woke up full of painful recollections, and not without a certain feeling of gratitude to the Powers above that I was there to wake up. Yesterday had been a tempestuous day, indeed, what between buffalo, rhinoceros, and elephant, it had been very tempestuous. Having realized this fact, I next bethought me of those magnificent tusks, and instantly, early as it was, broke the tenth commandment. I coveted my neighbor's tusks, if an elephant could be said to be my neighbor *de jure*, as certainly, so recently as the previous night, he had been *de facto*—a much closer neighbor than I cared for, indeed. Now when you covet your neighbor's goods, the best thing, if not the most moral thing, to do is to enter his house as a strong man armed and take them. I was not a strong man, but having recovered my eight-bore, I was armed, and so was the other strong man, the elephant with the tusks. Consequently I prepared for a struggle to the death. In other words, I summoned my faithful retainers, and told them that I was now going to follow those elephants over the edge of the world, if necessary. They showed a certain bashfulness about the business, but they did not gainsay me, because they dared not. Ever since I had prepared with all due solemnity to execute the rebellious Gobo, they had conceived a great respect for me.

So I went up to bid adieu to the old headman, whom I found alternately contemplating the ruins of his kraal and, with the able assistance of his last wife, thrashing the jealous lady who had slept in the mealie hut, because she was, as he declared, the author of all his sorrows.

Leaving them to work a way through their domestic differences, I levied a supply of vegetable food from the kraal in consideration of services rendered, and left them with my blessing. I do not know how they settled matters, because I have not seen them since.

Then I started on the spoor of the three

bulls. For a couple of miles or so below the kraal, as far, indeed, as the belt of swamp that bordered the river, the ground was at this spot rather stony, and clothed with scattered bushes. Rain had fallen toward the daybreak, and this fact, together with the nature of the soil, made spooring a very difficult business. The wounded bull had indeed bled freely, but the rain had washed the blood off the leaves and grass, and the ground being so rough and hard, had not taken the footmarks so clearly as was convenient. However, we got along, though slowly, partly by the spoor, and partly by carefully lifting leaves and blades of grass, and finding blood underneath them, for the blood gushing from a wounded animal often falls upon their inner surfaces, and then, of course, unless the rain is very heavy, it is not washed away. It took us something over an hour and a half to reach the edge of the marsh, but once there our task became much easier, for the soft soil showed plentiful evidences of the great brutes' passage. Threading our way through the swampy land, we came at last to a ford of the river, and here we could see where the poor wounded animal had lain down in the mud and water in the hope of easing himself of his pain, and could see also how his two faithful companions had assisted him to rise again. We crossed the ford, and took up the spoor on the further side, and followed it into the marsh-like land beyond. No rain had fallen on this side of the river, and the blood marks were consequently much more frequent.

All that day we followed the three bulls, now across open plains, and now through patches of bush. They seemed to have travelled on almost without stopping, and I noticed that as they went the wounded bull got up his strength a little. This I could see from his spoor, which had become firmer, and also from the fact that the other two had given up supporting him. At last evening closed in, and having travelled some eighteen miles, we camped, thoroughly tired out.

Before dawn on the following day we were up, and the first break of light found us once more on the spoor. About half past five o'clock we reached the place where the elephants had fed and slept. The two unwounded bulls had taken their fill, as the condition of the neighboring bushes showed, but the wounded one had eaten nothing. He had spent the night leaning against a good-sized tree, which his weight had pushed out of the perpendicular. They had not long left this place, and could not be very far ahead, especially as the wounded bull was now again so stiff after his night's rest that for the first few miles the other two had been obliged to support him. But elephants go very quick, even when they seem to be travelling slowly, for shrub and creepers that almost stop a man's progress are no hinderance to them. The three had now turned to the left, and were travelling back again in a semicircular line toward the mountains, probably with the idea of working round to their old feeding-grounds on the further side of the river.

There was nothing for it but to follow their lead, and accordingly we followed with industry. Through all that long hot day did we tramp, passing quantities of every sort of game, and even coming across the spoor of other elephants. But, in spite of my men's entreaties, I would not turn aside after these. I would have those mighty tusks or none.

By evening we were quite close to our game, probably within a quarter of a mile, but the bush was dense, and we could see nothing of them, so once more we had to camp, thoroughly disgusted with our luck. That night, just after the moon got up, while I was sitting smoking my pipe with my back against a tree, I heard an elephant trumpet, as though something had startled it, not three hundred yards away. I was very tired, but my curiosity overcame my weariness, so, without saying a word to any of my men, all of whom were asleep, I took my eight-bore and a few spare cartridges, and steered toward the sound. The game path which we had been following all day ran straight on in the direction from which the elephant had trumpeted. It was narrow, but well trodden, and the light struck down upon it in a straight white line. I crept along it cautiously for some two hundred yards, when it suddenly opened into a most beautiful glade some hundred yards or more in width, wherein tall grass grew and flat-topped trees stood singly. With the caution born of long experience I watched for a few moments before I entered the glade, and then I saw why the elephant had trumpeted. There in the middle of the glade stood a great maned lion. He stood



"THE PAIR OF THEM CAME LIKE THUNDER-BOLTS."

quite still, making a soft purring noise, and waving his tail to and fro. Presently the grass about forty yards on the hither side of him gave a wide ripple, and a lioness sprang out of it like a flash, and bounded noiselessly up to the lion. Reaching him, the great cat halted suddenly, and rubbed her head against his shoulder. Then they both began to purr loudly, so loudly that I believe that one might in the stillness have heard them two hundred yards or more away.

After a time, while I was still hesitating what to do, either they got a whiff of my wind, or they wearied of standing still, and determined to start in search of game. At any rate, as though moved by a common impulse, they suddenly bounded away, leap by leap, and vanished in the depths of the forest to the left. I waited for a little while longer to see if there were any more yellow skins about, and seeing none, came to the conclusion that the lions must have frightened the elephants away, and that I had had my stroll for nothing. But just as I was turning back I thought I heard a bough break upon the further side of the glade, and, rash as the proceeding was, I followed the sound. I crossed the glade as silently as my own shadow. On its further side the path went on. Albeit with many fears, I went on too. The jungle growth was so thick here that it almost met overhead, leaving so small a passage for the light that I could scarcely see to grope my way along. Presently, however, it widened, and then opened into a second glade slightly smaller than the first, and there, on the further side of it, about eighty yards from me, stood the three enormous elephants.

They stood thus: Immediately opposite and facing me was the wounded one-tusked bull. He was leaning his bulk against a dead thorn-tree, the only one in the place, and looked very sick indeed. Near him stood the second bull, as though keeping a watch over him. The third elephant was a good deal nearer to me, and broadside on. While I was still staring at them this elephant suddenly walked off and vanished down a path in the bush to the right.

There were now two things to be done: either I could go back to the camp, and advance upon the elephants at dawn, or I could attack them at once. The first was, evidently, by far the wiser and safer course. To go for one elephant by moonlight and single-handed is a sufficiently rash proceeding; to tackle three was little short of lunacy. But, on the other hand, I knew that they would be on the march again before daylight, and there might come another day of weary trudging before I could catch them up, or they might escape me altogether.

"No," I thought to myself, "faint heart never won fair tusk. I'll risk it, and have a slap at them. But how?" I could not advance across the open, for they would see me, clearly the only thing to do was to creep round in the shadow of the bush and try to come upon them so. So I started. Seven or eight minutes of careful stalking brought me to the mouth of the path down which the third elephant had walked. The other two were now about fifty yards from me, and the nature of the wall of bush was such that I could not see how to get nearer to them without being discovered. I hesitated, and peeped down the path which the elephant had followed. About five yards in, it took a turn round a bush. I thought that I would just have a look behind it, and advanced, expecting that I should be able to catch a sight of the elephant's tail.

As it happened, however, I met his trunk coming round the corner. It is very disconcerting to see an elephant's trunk when you expect to see his tail, and for a moment I stood paralyzed almost under the vast brute's head, for he was not five yards from me. He too halted, having either seen or winded me, probably the latter, and then threw up his trunk and trumpeted, preparatory to a charge. I was in for it now, for I could not escape either to the right or left on account of the bush, and I did not dare turn my back. So I did the only thing that I could do, raised the rifle and fired at the black mass of his chest. It was too dark for me to pick a shot; I could only brown it, as it were.

The shot rung out like thunder on the quiet air, and the elephant answered it with a scream, and then dropped his trunk, and stood for a second or two as still as though he had been cut in stone. I confess that I lost my head—I ought to have fired my second barrel, but I did not. Instead of doing so I rapidly opened my rifle, pulled out the old cartridge from the right barrel and replaced it. But before I could snap the breech to, the bull was at me. I saw his great trunk fly up like a

brown beam, and I waited no longer. Turning, I fled for dear life, and after me thundered the elephant. Right into the open glade I ran, and then, thank Heaven, just as he was coming up with me the bullet took effect on him. He had been shot right through the heart, or lungs, and down he fell with a crash, stone-dead.

But in escaping from Scylla I had run into the jaws of Charybdis. I heard the elephant fall, and glanced round. Straight in front of me, and not fifteen paces away, were the other two bulls. They were staring about, and at that moment they caught sight of me. Then they came, the pair of them—came like thunder-bolts, and from different angles. I had only time to snap my rifle to, lift it, and fire, almost at hap-hazard, at the head of the nearest, the unwounded bull.

Now as you know, in the case of the African elephant, whose skull is convex, and not concave like that of the Indian, this is always a most risky and very frequently a perfectly useless shot. The bullet loses itself in the masses of bone, that is all. But there is one little vital place, and should the bullet happen to strike there, it will follow the channel of the nostrils —at least I suppose it is the nostrils—and reach the brain. And it was what happened in this case; the ball struck the fatal spot in the region of the eye and travelled to the brain. Down came the great bull all of a heap, and rolled on to his side as dead as a stone. I swung round at that instant to face the third, the monster bull with one tusk that I had wounded two days before. He was already almost over me, and in the dim moonlight seemed to tower above me like a house. I lifted the rifle and pulled at his neck. It would not go off. Then, in a flash as it were, I remembered that it was on the half-cock. The lock of this barrel was a little weak, and a few days before, in firing at a cow eland, the left barrel had jarred off at the shock of the discharge of the right, knocking me backwards with the recoil; so after that I had kept it on the half-cock till I actually wanted to fire it.

I gave one desperate bound to the right, and, my lame leg notwithstanding, I believe that few men could have made a better jump. At any rate it was none too soon, for as I jumped I felt the wind made by the tremendous downward stroke of the monster's trunk. Then I ran for it.

I ran like the wind, still keeping hold of my gun, however. My idea, so far as I could be said to have any fixed idea, was to bolt down the pathway up which I had come, like a rabbit down a burrow, trusting that he would lose sight of me in the uncertain light. I sped across the glade. Fortunately the bull, being wounded, could not go full speed; but, wounded or no, he could go quite as fast as I could. I was unable to gain an inch, and away we went with just about three feet between our separate extremities. We were at the other side now, and a glance served to show me that I had miscalculated and overshot the opening. To reach it now was hopeless; I should have blundered straight into the elephant. So I did the only thing I could do: I swerved like a coursed hare, and started off round the edge of the glade, seeking for some opening into which I could plunge. This gave me a moment's start, for the bull could not turn as quickly as I could, and I made the most of it. But no opening could I see; the bush was like a wall. We were speeding round the edge of the glade, and the elephant was coming up again. Now he was within about six feet, and now as he trumpeted, or rather screamed, I could feel the fierce hot blast of his breath strike upon my head. Heavens! how it frightened me! We were three parts round the glade now, and about fifty yards ahead was the single large dead thorn-tree against which the bull had been leaning. I spurted for it; it was my last chance of safety. But, spurt as I would, it seemed hours before I got there. Putting out my right hand, I swung round the tree, thus bringing myself face to face with the elephant. I had not time to lift the rifle to fire, I had barely time to cock it and run sideways and backwards, when he was on to me. Crash! he came, striking the tree full with his forehead. It snapped like a carrot about forty inches from the ground. Fortunately I was clear of the trunk, but one of the dead branches struck me on the chest as it went down and swept me to the ground. I fell upon my back, and the elephant blundered past me as I lay. More by instinct than anything else I lifted the rifle with one hand and pulled the trigger. It exploded, and, as I afterward discovered, the bullet struck him in the ribs. But the recoil of the heavy rifle held thus was very severe. It bent my arm up and sent the butt with a

thud against the top of my shoulder and the side of my neck, for the moment quite paralyzing me, and causing the weapon to jump from my grasp. Meanwhile the bull was rushing on. He travelled for some twenty paces, and then suddenly he stopped. Faintly I reflected that he was coming back to finish me, but even the prospect of imminent and dreadful death could not rouse me into action. I was utterly spent; I could not move.

Idly, almost indifferently, I watched his movements. For a moment he stood still, then he trumpeted till the welkin rang, and then very slowly, and with great dignity, he knelt down. At this point I swooned away.

When I came to myself again I saw from the moon that I must have been insensible for quite two hours. I was drenched with dew, and shivering all over. At first I could not think where I was, when, on lifting my head, I saw the outline of the one-tusked bull still kneeling some five-and-twenty paces from me. Then I remembered. Slowly I raised myself, and was instantly taken with a violent sickness, the result of over-exertion, after which I very nearly fainted a second time. Presently I grew better, and considered the position. Two of the elephants were, as I knew, dead; but how about No. 3? There he knelt in majesty in the lonely moonlight. The question was, was he resting, or dead? I got on my hands and knees, loaded my rifle, and painfully crept a few paces nearer. I could see his eye now, for the moonlight fell full upon it; it was open, and rather prominent. I crouched and watched; the eyelid did not move, nor did the great brown body, or the trunk, or the ear, or the tail—nothing moved. Then I knew that he must be dead.

I crept up to him—still keeping the rifle well forward—and gave him a thump, reflecting as I did so how very near I had been to being 'thumpee instead of thumper.' He never stirred; he certainly was dead, though to this day I do not know if it was my random shot that killed him, or if he died from concussion of the brain consequent upon the tremendous shock of his contact with the tree. Anyhow, there he was. Cold and beautiful he lay, or rather knelt, as the poet neatly puts it. Indeed, I do not think that I have ever seen a sight more imposing in its way than that mighty beast crouched in majestic death and shone upon by the lonely moon. While I stood admiring the whole scene, and heartily congratulating myself upon my escape, I once more began to feel sick. Accordingly, without waiting to examine the other two bulls, I staggered off back to the camp, which in due course I reached in safety. Everybody in it was asleep. I did not wake them, but, having swallowed a mouthful of brandy, I threw off my coat and shoes, rolled myself up in a blanket, and was soon fast asleep. When I woke it was already light, and at first I thought that, like Joseph, I had dreamed a dream. At that moment, however, I turned my head, and quickly knew that it was no dream, for my neck and face were so stiff from the blow of the butt end of the rifle that it was agony to move them. I collapsed for a minute or two. Gobo and another man, wrapped up like a couple of monks in their blankets, thinking that I was still asleep, were crouched over a little fire they had made—for the morning was damp and chilly—and holding sweet converse.

Gobo said that he was getting tired of running after elephants which they never caught. Macumazahn (that is myself) was without doubt a man of parts, and of some skill in shooting, but also he was a fool. None but a fool would run so fast and far after elephants which it was impossible to catch when they kept cutting the spoor of fresh ones. He certainly was a fool; but he must not be allowed to continue in his folly, and he, Gobo, had determined to put a stop to it. He should refuse to accompany him any further on so mad a hunt.

Yes, the other answered, the poor man certainly was sick in his head, and it was quite time that they checked his folly while they still had a patch of skin left upon their feet. Moreover, he, for his part, certainly did not like this country of Wambe's, which really was full of ghosts. Only the last night he had heard the spooks at work; they were out shooting; at least it sounded as though they were. It was very queer, but perhaps their lunatic of a master—

"Gobo, you scoundrel!" I shouted out at this juncture, sitting bolt-upright on the blankets, "stop idling there, and make me some coffee."

Up sprang Gobo and his friend, and in half a moment were respectfully skipping

about in a manner that contrasted well with the lordly contempt of their previous conversation. But all the same they were in earnest in what they said about hunting the elephants any further, for before I had finished my coffee they came to me in a body, and said that if I wanted to follow those elephants I must follow them by myself, for they would not go.

I argued with them, and affected to be much put out. The elephants were close at hand, I said; I was sure of it; I had heard them trumpet in the night.

Yes, answered the men, mysteriously; they too had heard things in the night—things not nice to hear; they had heard the spooks out shooting, and no longer would they remain in a country so vilely haunted.

"It was nonsense," I replied. "If ghosts went out shooting, surely they would use air-guns and not black powder, and one would not hear an air-gun. Well, if they were cowards, and would not come, of course I could not force them to, but I would make a bargain with them. They should follow those elephants for one half-hour more, then, if we failed to come upon them, I would abandon the pursuit, and we would go straight to Wambe, chief of the Matuku, and give him hongo.

To this compromise the men readily agreed. Accordingly about half an hour later we struck our camp and started, and notwithstanding my aches and bruises I do not think that I ever felt in better spirits in my life. It is something to wake up in the morning and remember that in the dead of night one has, single-handed, given battle to and overthrown three of the largest elephants in Africa, slaying them with three bullets. Such a feat had never to my knowledge been done before, and on that particular morning I felt a very "tall man of my hands" indeed. The only thing that I feared was that should I ever come to tell the story, nobody would believe it, for when a strange tale is told by a hunter, people are apt to think it is necessarily a lie, instead of being only probably so.*

Well, we passed on, till, having crossed the first glade where I had seen the lions, we reached the neck of bush that separated it from the second glade where the dead elephants were. And here I began to take elaborate precautions, amongst others ordering Gobo to keep some yards ahead and look out sharp, as I thought that the elephants might be about. He obeyed my instructions with a superior smile, and pushed ahead. Presently I saw him pull up as though he had been shot, and begin to faintly snap his fingers.

"What is it?" I whispered.

"The elephant, the great elephant with one tusk kneeling down."

I crept up beside him. There knelt the bull as I had left him last night, and there too lay the other bulls.

"Do these elephants sleep?" I whispered to the astonished Gobo.

"Yes, Macumazahn, they sleep."

"Nay, Gobo; they are dead."

"Dead? How can they be dead? Who killed them?"

"What do people call me, Gobo?"

"They call you Macumazahn."

"And what does Macumazahn mean?"

"It means the man who keeps his eyes open, the man who gets up in the night."

"Yes, and I am that man. Look, you idle, lazy cowards. While you slept last night I rose, and alone I hunted those great elephants, and slew them by the moonlight. To each of them I gave one bullet and only one, and it fell dead. Look," and I advanced into the glade, "here is my spoor, and here is the spoor of the great bull charging after me, and there is the tree that I took refuge behind. See, the elephant shattered it in his charge. Oh, you cowards, you who would give up the chase while the blood spoor steamed beneath your nostrils, see what I did single-handed while you slept, and be ashamed."

"*Ou*," said the man—"*ou*. Koos, koos y umcool!" (chief, mighty chief); and then they held their tongues, and going up to the three dead beasts, gazed upon them in silence.

But after that those men looked upon me with awe as being almost more than mortal. No mere man, they said, could have slain those three elephants alone in

* For the satisfaction of any who may be so disbelieving as to take this view of Mr. Quatermain's story, the Editor may state that a gentleman with whom he is acquainted, and whose veracity he believes to be beyond doubt, not long ago described to him how he chanced to kill *four* African elephants with four consecutive bullets. Two of these elephants were charging him simultaneously, and out of the four, three were killed with the head shot, a very uncommon thing in the case of the African elephant.—EDITOR.

the night-time. I never had any further trouble with them. I believe that if I had told them to jump over a precipice and that they would take no harm, they would have believed me.

Well, I went up and examined the bulls. Such tusks as they had I never saw and never shall see again. It took us all day to cut them out, and when they reached Delagoa Bay, as they did ultimately, though not in my keeping, the single tusk of the big bull scaled 160 pounds, and the four other tusks averaged 99½ pounds—a most wonderful, indeed an almost unprecedented, lot of ivory.* Unfortunately I was forced to saw the big tusk in two, otherwise we could not have carried it.

"Oh, Quatermain, you barbarian!" I broke in here, "the idea of spoiling such a tusk! Why, I would have kept it whole if I had been obliged to drag it myself."

"Oh yes, young man," he answered, "it is all very well for you to talk like that, but if you had found yourself in the position which it was my privilege to occupy a few hours afterwards, it is my belief that you would have thrown the tusks away altogether and taken to your heels."

"Oh," said Good, "so that isn't the end of the yarn? A very good yarn, Quatermain, by-the-way; I couldn't have made up a better one myself."

The old gentleman looked at Good severely, for it irritated him to be chaffed about his stories.

"I don't know what you mean, Good. I don't see that there is any comparison between a true story of adventure and the preposterous tales which you invent about ibex hanging by their horns. No, it is not the end of the story; the most exciting part is to come. But I have talked enough for to-night; and if you go on in that way, Good, it will be some time before I begin again."

"Sorry I spoke, I'm sure," said Good, humbly. "Let's have a split to show that there is no ill feeling." And they did.

CHAPTER V.

THE MESSAGE OF MAIWA.

On the following evening we once more dined together, and Quatermain, after some pressure, for Good's remark still rankled in his breast, was persuaded to continue his story.—

At last (he went on), a few minutes before sunset, the task was finished. We had labored at it all day, stopping only once for dinner, for it is no easy matter to hew out five such tusks as those which now lay before me in a white and gleaming line. It was a dinner worth eating, too, I can tell you, for we dined off the heart of the great one-tusked bull, which was so big that the man whom I sent inside the elephant to look for his heart had to remove it in two pieces. We cut it into slices and fried it with fat, and I never tasted heart to equal it, for the meat seemed to melt in one's mouth. By-the-way, I examined the jaw of the elephant; it never had but one tusk; the other had not been broken off, nor was it present in a rudimentary form.

Well, there lay the five beauties, or rather four of them, for Gobo and another man were engaged in sawing the grand one in two. I had at last, with many sighs, ordered them to do this, but not until I had by practical experiment proved that it was impossible to carry it in any other way. One hundred and sixty pounds of solid ivory, or rather more in its green state, is too great a weight for two men to carry for long across a broken country. I sat watching the job and smoking the pipe of contentment, when suddenly the bush opened, and a very handsome and dignified native girl, apparently about twenty years of age, stood before me, carrying a basket of green mealies upon her head.

Although I was rather surprised to see a native girl in such a wild spot, and, so far as I knew, a long way from any kraal, the matter did not attract my particular notice; I merely called to one of the men and told him to bargain with the woman for the mealies, and ask her if there were any more to be had in the neighborhood. Then I turned my head and continued to superintend the cutting of the tusk. Presently a shadow fell upon me. I looked up, and saw that the girl was standing before me, the basket of mealies still on her head.

"Marême, marême," she said, gently clapping her hands together. The word marême among these Matuku (though she was no Matuku) answers to the Zulu "koos," and the clapping of hands is a

* The largest elephant tusk of which the Editor has any certain knowledge scaled 150 pounds.—Editor.



"READ THE SIGNS, WHITE MAN."

form of salutation very common among the tribes of the Basutu race.

"What is it, girl?" I asked her in Sisutu. "Are those mealies for sale?"

"No, great white hunter," she answered in Zulu; "I bring them as a gift."

"Good!" I replied. "Put them down."

"A gift for a gift, white man."

"Ah!" I grumbled, "the old story—nothing for nothing in this wicked world. What do you want—beads?"

She nodded, and I was about to tell one of the men to go and fetch some from one of the packs, when she checked me.

"A gift from the giver's own hand is twice a gift," she said; and I thought that she spoke meaningly.

"You mean that you want me to give them to you myself?"

"Surely."

I rose to go with her. "How is it that being of the Matuku you speak in the Zulu tongue?" I asked, suspiciously.

"I am not of the Matuku," she answered, as soon as we were out of hearing of the men. "I am of the people of Nala, whose tribe is the Butiana tribe, and who live there," and she pointed over the mountain. "Also I am one of the wives of Wambe," and her eyes flashed as she said the name.

"And how did you come here?"

"On my feet," she answered, laconically.

We reached the packs, and undoing one of them, I extracted a handful of beads.

"Now," I said, "a gift for a gift. Hand over the mealies."

She took the beads without even looking at them, which struck me as curious, and putting the basket of mealies on the ground, emptied it.

At the bottom of the basket were some curiously shaped green leaves, something like the leaves of the gutta-percha tree in shape, only somewhat thicker, and of a more fleshy substance. As though by hazard the girl picked one of these leaves out of the basket and smelt at it; then she handed it to me. I took the leaf, and supposing that she wished me to smell it also, was about to oblige her by doing so, when my eye fell upon some curious red scratches on the green surface of the leaf.

"Ah!" said the girl (whose name, by-the-way, was Maiwa), speaking beneath her breath; "read the signs, white man."

Without answering her I continued to stare at the leaf. It had been scratched, or rather written upon, with something sharp, such as a nail, and wherever this instrument had touched it the acid juice oozing through the outer skin had turned a rusty blood-color. Presently I found the beginning of the scrawl, and read this, written in English, and covering the surface of the leaf, and of two others that were in the basket:

"I hear that a white man is hunting in the Matuku country. This is to warn him to fly over the mountain to Nala. Wambe sends an Impi at daybreak to eat him up because he has hunted before bringing hongo. For God's sake, whoever you are, try to help me! I have been the slave of this devil Wambe for nearly seven years, and am beaten and tortured continually. He murdered all the rest of us, but kept me because I could work iron. Maiwa, his wife, takes this; she is flying to Nala, her father, because Wambe killed her child. Try and get Nala to attack Wambe. Maiwa can guide them over the mountain. You won't come for nothing, for the stockade of Wambe's private kraal is made of elephants' tusks. For God's sake don't desert me, or I shall kill myself! I can bear this no longer.

JOHN EVERY."

"Great Heavens!" I gasped. "Every—why, it must be my old friend!" The girl, or rather the woman, Maiwa, pointed to the other side of the leaf, where there was some more writing. It ran thus: "I have just heard that the white man is called Macumazahn. If so, it must be my old friend Quatermain. Pray God it is, for I know he won't desert an old chum in such a fix as I am. It isn't that I'm afraid of dying; I don't care if I die; but I want to get a chance at Wambe first."

"No, old boy," thought I to myself, "it isn't likely that I am going to leave you there while there is a chance of getting you out. I have played fox before now—there's still a double or two left in me. I must make a plan, that's all. And then there's that stockade of tusks. I am not going to leave that either." Then I spoke to the woman.

"You are called Maiwa?"

"It is so."

"You are the daughter of Nala and the wife of Wambe?"

"It is so."

"You fly from Wambe to Nala?"

"I do."

"Why do you fly? Stay, I would give an order," and calling to Gobo, I ordered him to get the men ready for instant departure. The woman, who, as I have said, was quite young and very handsome, put her hand into a kind of little pouch made of antelope hide which she wore fastened round the waist, and to my horror drew from it the withered hand of a child which had evidently been carefully dried in the smoke.

"I fly for this cause," she answered, holding the poor little hand toward me. "See, now, I bore a child. Wambe was its father, and for eighteen months the child lived, and I loved it. But Wambe loves not his children; he kills them all; he fears lest they should grow up to slay one so wicked; and he would have killed this child also, but I begged its life. One day some soldiers passing the hut saw the child and saluted him, calling him the 'chief who soon shall be.' Wambe heard, and was mad. He smote the babe, and it wept. Then he said that it should weep for good cause. Among the things that he had stolen from the white men whom he slew is a trap that will hold lions. So strong is the trap that four men must stand on it, two on either side, before it can be opened."

Here old Quatermain broke off suddenly. "Look here, you fellows," he said, "I can't bear to go on with this part of the story, because I never could stand either seeing or talking of the sufferings of children. You can guess what that devil did and what the poor mother was forced to witness. Would you believe it, she told me the tale without a tremor, in the most matter-of-fact way. Only I noticed that her eyelid quivered all the time."

"Well," I said, as unconcernedly as though I had been talking of the death of a lamb, though inwardly I was sick with horror and boiling with rage, "and what do you mean to do about the matter, Maiwa, wife of Wambe?"

"I mean to do this, white man," she answered, drawing herself up to her full height and speaking in tones as hard as

steel and as cool as ice. "I mean to work and work and work, to bring this to pass, and to bring that to pass, until at length it comes to pass that with these living eyes I behold Wambe dying the death that he gave to his child and my child."

"Well said," I answered.

"Ay, well said, Macumazahn; well said, and not easily forgotten. Who could forget—oh, who could forget? See where this dead hand rests against my side; so once it rested when alive. And now, though it is dead, now every night it creeps from its nest, and strokes my hair, and clasps my fingers in its tiny palm. Every night it does this, fearing lest I should forget. Oh, my child! my child! ten days ago I held thee to my breast, and now this alone remains of thee!" and she kissed the dead hand and shivered, but never a tear did she weep. "See now," she went on, "the white man, the prisoner at Wambe's kraal, he was kind to me. He loved the child that is dead; yes, he wept when its father slew it, and at the risk of his own life told Wambe, my husband—ah, yes, my husband!—that which he is. He, too, it was who made a plan. He said to me, 'Go, Maiwa, after the custom of thy people, go purify thyself in the bush alone, having touched a dead one. Say to Wambe thou goest to purify thyself alone for fifteen days, according to the custom of the people. Then fly to thy father, Nala, and stir him up to war against Wambe for the sake of the child that is dead.' This then he said, and his words seemed good to me, and that same night ere I left to purify myself came news that a white man hunted in the country, and Wambe, being mad with drink, grew very wrath, and gave orders that an Impi should be gathered to slay the white man and his people, and seize his goods. Then did the 'Smiter of Iron' [Every] write the message on the green leaves, and bid me seek thee out and show forth the matter, that thou mightest save thyself by flight; and behold, this thing have I done, Macumazahn, the hunter, the Slayer of Elephants."

"Ah," I said, "I thank thee. And how many men be there in the Impi of Wambe?"

"A hundred of men and half a hundred."

"And where is the Impi?"

"There to the north. It follows on thy spoor. I saw it pass yesterday, but myself I guessed that thou wouldst be nigher to the mountain, and came this way, and found thee. To-morrow at the daybreak will the slayers be here."

"Very possibly," I thought to myself; "but they won't find Macumazahn. I have half a mind to put some strychnine into the carcasses of those elephants for their especial benefit, though." I knew that they would stop to eat the elephants, as indeed they did, to our great gain, but I abandoned the idea of poisoning them, because I was rather short of strychnine.

"Or because you did not like to play the trick, Quatermain," I suggested, with a laugh.

"I said because I had not enough strychnine. It would take a great deal of strychnine to effectually poison three elephants," answered the old gentleman, testily.

I said nothing further, but I smiled, knowing that old Allan could never have resorted to such an artifice, however severe his strait. But that was his way; he always made himself out to be a most unmerciful person.

Well (he went on), at that moment Gobo came up, and announced that we were ready to march. "I am glad that you are ready," I said; "because if you don't march, and march quick, you will never march again, that is all. Wambe has an Impi out to kill us, and it will be here presently."

Gobo turned positively green, and his knees knocked together. "Ah, what did I say?" he exclaimed. "Fate walks about loose in Wambe's country."

"Very good; now all you have got to do is to walk a little quicker than he does. No, no; you don't leave those elephant tusks behind. I am not going to part with them, I can tell you."

Gobo said no more, but hastily directed the men to take up their loads, and then asked which way we were to run.

"Ah," I said to Maiwa, "which way?"

"There," she answered, pointing toward the great mountain spur which towered up into the sky some forty miles away, separating the territories of Nala and Wambe. "There, below that small peak, is one place where men may pass, and one only. Also, it can easily be blocked from above. If men pass not there, then must they go round the great

peak of the mountain, two days' journey and half a day."

"And how far is the peak from us?"

"All to-night shall you walk and all to-morrow, and if you walk fast, at sunset shall you stand on the peak."

I whistled, for that meant a five-and-forty miles' trudge without sleep. Then I called to the men to take each of them as much cooked elephant's meat as he could conveniently carry. I did the same myself, and forced the woman Maiwa to eat some as we went. This I did with difficulty, for at that time she seemed neither to sleep nor eat nor rest, so fiercely was she set on vengeance.

Then we started, Maiwa guiding us. After going for some half-hour over gradually rising ground we found ourselves on the further edge of a great bush-clad depression, something like the bottom of a lake. This depression through which we had been travelling was to a very great extent covered with bush; indeed, almost altogether so, except where it was pitted with glades such as that wherein I had shot the elephants.

At the top of this slope Maiwa halted, and putting her hand over her eyes, looked back. Presently she touched me on the arm, and pointed over the sea of forest toward a comparatively vacant space of country some six or seven miles away. I looked, and suddenly I saw something flash in the red rays of the setting sun. A pause, and then another quick flash.

"What is it?" I asked.

"It is the spears of Wambe's Impi, and they travel fast," she answered, coolly.

I suppose that my face showed how little I liked the news, for she went on:

"Fear not; they will stay to feast upon the elephants; and while they feast we shall journey. We may yet escape."

After that we turned and pushed on again, till at length it grew so dark that we had to wait for the rising of the moon, which lost us time, though it gave us rest. Fortunately none of the men had seen that ominous flashing of the spears; if they had, I doubt if I could have kept control of them. As it was, they travelled faster than I had ever known loaded natives go before, so thorough-paced was their desire to see the last of Wambe's country. I, however, took the precaution to march last of all, fearing lest they should throw away their loads to lighten themselves, or, worse still, the tusks; for these kind of fellows would be capable of throwing anything away if their own skins were at stake. If the pious Æneas, whose story you were reading to me the other night, had been a mongrel Delagoa Bay native, Anchises would have had a poor chance of getting out of Troy—that is, if he was known to have already made a satisfactory will.

At moonrise we started on again, and with short occasional halts travelled till dawn, when we were forced to rest and eat. Starting once more, about half past five, we crossed the river at noon. Then began the long toilsome ascent through thick bush, the same in which I shot the bull buffalo, only some twenty miles to the west of that spot, and not more than twenty-five miles on the hither side of Wambe's kraal. There were six or seven miles of this dense bush, and hard work it was to get through it. Next came a belt of scattered forest, which was easier to pass, though in revenge the ground was steeper. This was about two miles wide, and we passed it by about four in the afternoon. Above this scattered bush lay a long steep slope of boulder-strewn ground, which ran up to the foot of the little peak, some three miles away. As foot-sore and weary we emerged on to this inhospitable plain, some of the men, looking round, caught sight of the spears of Wambe's Impi coming rapidly along not more than a mile behind us.

At first there was a panic, and the bearers tried to throw off their loads and run, but I harangued them, calling out to them that I would certainly shoot the first man who did so, and that if they would but trust in me I would bring them through the mess. Now ever since I had killed those three elephants single-handed I had gained great influence over these men, and they listened to me. So off we went as hard as ever we could go: the members of the Alpine Club would not have been in it with us. We made the boulders burn, as a Frenchman would say. When we had done about a mile, the spears began to emerge from the belt of scattered bush, and the whoop of their bearers as they viewed us broke upon our ears. Quick as our pace had been before, it grew much quicker now, for terror lent wings to my gallant crew. But they were sorely tired, and the loads were heavy, so that run, or rather climb, as we would, Wambe's soldiers, a scrubby-looking lot of men with

big spears, small shields, but without plumes, climbed considerably faster. The last mile of that pleasing chase was like a fox-hunt, we being the fox, and always in view. What astonished me was the extraordinary endurance and activity shown by Maiwa. She never even flagged. I think that girl's muscles must have been made of iron, or perhaps it was the strength of her will that supported her. At any rate she reached the foot of the peak second, poor Gobo, who was an excellent hand at running away, being first.

Presently I came panting up, and glanced at the ascent. Before us was a wall of rock about one hundred and fifty feet in height, upon which the strata were so laid as to form a series of projections sufficiently resembling steps to make the ascent, comparatively speaking, easy, except at one spot, where it was necessary to climb over a projecting angle of cliff and bear a little to the left. It was not a really difficult place, but what made it awkward was that immediately beneath this projection was a deep fissure or donga, on the brink of which we now stood, originally dug out, no doubt, by the rush of water from the peak and cliff. This gulf beneath would at the critical point be trying to the nerves of a weak-headed climber, and so it proved in the result. After the projecting angle was passed, the remainder of the ascent was very simple. At the summit, however, the brow of the cliff hung over, and was pierced by a single narrow path cut through it by water in such fashion that a single boulder rolled into it at the top would make the cliff quite impassable to people without ropes.

Wambe's soldiers were at this moment about a thousand yards from us, so it was evident that we had no time to lose. I at once ordered the men to commence the ascent, the girl Maiwa, who was familiar with the pass, going first to show them the way. Accordingly they began to mount with alacrity, pushing and lifting their loads in front of them. When the first of them, led by Maiwa, reached the projecting angle, they put down their loads upon a ledge of rock and clambered over. Once up, by going on their stomachs on a boulder they could reach the loads which were held up to them by the men beneath, and in this way drag them up over the awkward place, whence they were easily carried to the top. But all of this took time, and meanwhile the soldiers were coming up fast, screaming and brandishing their big spears. They were now within about four hundred yards, and several loads, together with all the tusks, had yet to be got over the rock. I was still standing at the bottom of the cliff, shouting out directions to the men above, but it occurred to me that it would soon be time to move. Before doing so, however, I thought that it might be well to try and produce a moral effect upon the advancing enemy. In my hand I held a Winchester repeating carbine, but the distance was too great for me to use it with effect, so I turned to Gobo, who was shivering with terror at my side, and handing him the carbine, took from him my express. The enemy was now about three hundred and fifty yards away, and the express was only sighted to three hundred. Still I knew that it could be trusted for the extra fifty yards. Running in front of Wambe's soldiers were two men—captains, I suppose—one of them very tall. I put up the three-hundred-yard flap, and sitting down with my back against the rock, I drew a long breath to steady myself, and covered the tall man, giving him a full sight. Feeling that I was on him, I pulled, and before the sound of the striking bullet could reach my ears I saw the man throw up his arms and pitch forward on to his head. His companion stopped dead, giving me a fair chance. I rapidly covered him, and fired the left barrel. He turned round once, and then sank down in a heap.

This caused the enemy to hesitate; they had never seen men killed at such a distance before, and thought that there was something uncanny about the performance. Taking advantage of the lull, I gave the express back to Gobo, and slinging the Winchester repeater over my back, I began to climb the cliff. When we reached the projecting angle all the loads were over, but the tusks still had to be passed up, and this, owing to their weight and the smoothness of their surface, was a very difficult task. Of course I ought to have abandoned the tusks; often and often have I since reproached myself for not doing so. Indeed, I think that my obstinacy about them was downright sinful, but I always was obstinate about things, and I could not bear the idea of leaving those splendid tusks which had

cost me so much pains and danger to come by. Well, it nearly cost me my life also, and did cost poor Gobo his, as will shortly be seen, to say nothing of the loss inflicted by my rifle on the enemy. When I reached the projection I found that the men were trying, with their usual stupidity, to hand up the tusks point first. Now the result of this was that those above had nothing to grip except the round polished surface of the ivory, and this, in the position in which they were, did not give sufficient hold to enable them to lift the weight. I told them to reverse the tusks and push them up, so that the rough and hollow ends came to the hands of the men above. This they did, and the first two were got up in safety.

At this point, looking behind me, I saw the Matukus streaming up the slope in a rough, extended order, and not more than a hundred yards away. Cocking the Winchester, I opened fire on them. I don't quite know how many I missed, but I do know that I never shot better in my life. It was exactly like pheasant-shooting at a hot corner. I had to keep shifting myself from one to the other, firing almost without getting a sight—that is, by the eye alone, after the fashion of the experts who break glass balls. But quick as the work was, men fell thick, and by the time that I had emptied the carbine of its twelve cartridges the advance was for the moment checked. I rapidly pushed in some more cartridges, and hardly had I done so when the enemy, seeing that we were about to escape them altogether, came on once more with a tremendous yell. By this time the two halves of the single tusk of the great bull alone remained to be passed up. I fired, and fired as effectively as before, but, notwithstanding all that I could do, some men escaped my hail of bullets, and began to ascend the cliff. Presently my rifle was again empty. I slung it over my back, and drawing my revolver, turned to make a bolt of it, the attackers being now quite close; as I did so a spear struck the cliff close to my head. The last half of the tusk was now vanishing over the rock, and I sung out to Gobo and the other man who had been pushing it up to vanish after it. Gobo, poor fellow, required no second invitation; indeed, his haste was his undoing. He went at the projecting rock with a bound. The end of the tusk was still projecting over, and instead of grasping the rock, he caught at it. It twisted in his hand; he slipped, he fell. With one wild shriek he vanished into the abyss beneath, his falling body brushing me as it passed.

For a moment we stood aghast, and presently the dull thud of his fall smote heavily upon our ears. Poor fellow, he had met the Fate which, as he had declared, walked about loose in Wambe's country. Then, with an oath, the remaining man sprung at the rock, and clambered over it in safety. Aghast at the awfulness of what had happened, I stood still, till I saw the great blade of a Matuku spear pass up between my feet. That brought me to my senses, and I began to clamber up the rock like a cat. I was half-way round it. Already I had clasped the hand of that brave girl Maiwa, who had come down to help me, the men having scrambled forward with the ivory, when I felt a hand seize my ankle.

"Pull, Maiwa, pull!" I gasped; and she certainly did pull. Maiwa was a very muscular woman, and never before did I so keenly appreciate the advantages of the physical development of females. She tugged at my left arm, the savage below tugged at my right leg, till I began to realize that something must erelong give way. Luckily I retained my presence of mind, like the man who, when a fire broke out in his house, threw his mother-in-law out of the window and carried the mattress down-stairs. My right hand was still free, and in it was my revolver, which was secured to my wrist by a leather thong. It was cocked, and I simply held it downwards and fired. The result was instantaneous—and, so far as I was concerned, most satisfactory. The bullet hit the man beneath me somewhere, I am sure I don't know where. At any rate, he let go of my leg, and plunged headlong into the gulf beneath to join Gobo. In another moment I was on the top of the rock, and going up the remaining steps like a lamplighter. A single other soldier appeared in pursuit, but one of my boys at the top fired my elephant gun at him. I don't know if he hit him or only frightened him; at any rate, he vanished whence he came. I do know, however, that he very nearly hit *me*, for I felt the wind of the bullet. Another thirty seconds, and I and the woman Maiwa were at the top of the cliff, panting but safe.

My men, being directed thereto by Maiwa, had most fortunately rolled up some big boulders which lay about, and with these we soon managed to block the passage through the overhanging ridge of rock in such fashion that the soldiers below could not possibly climb over it. Indeed, so far as I could see, they did not even try to do so; the heart was out of them, as the Zulus say.

Then, having rested a few moments, we took up the loads, including the tusks of ivory that had cost us so dear, and in silence marched on for a couple of miles or so, till we reached a patch of dense bush. And here, being utterly exhausted, we camped for the night, taking the precaution, however, of setting a guard to watch against any attempt at surprise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

First Paper.

I.

A LONG, narrow, graceful steel steamer, with two masts and an orange-yellow chimney, taking on cargo at Pier 49 East River. Through her yawning hatchways a mountainous piling up of barrels is visible below; there is much rumbling and rattling of steam-winches, creaking of derrick booms, groaning of pulleys, as the freight is being lowered in. A breezeless July morning, and a dead heat: 97° already.

The saloon deck gives one suggestion of past and of coming voyages. Under the white awnings long lounge-chairs sprawl here and there, each with an occupant, smoking in silence, or dozing with head drooping to one side. A young man, awaking as I pass to my cabin, turns upon me a pair of immense black eyes — creole eyes. Evidently a West Indian.

The morning is still gray, but the sun is dissolving the haze. Gradually the gray vanishes; and a beautiful pale vapory blue—a spiritualized Northern blue —colors water and sky. A cannon-shot suddenly shakes the heavy air: it is our farewell to the American shore: we move. Back floats the wharf, and becomes vapory, with a bluish tinge. Diaphanous mists seem to have caught the sky color; and even the great red storehouses take a faint blue tint as they recede. The horizon now has a greenish glow. Everywhere else the effect is that of looking through very light blue glasses.

We steam under the colossal span of the mighty bridge; then for a little while Liberty towers above our passing, seeming first to turn toward us, then to turn away from us, the solemn beauty of her passionless face of bronze. Tints brighten; the heaven is growing a little bluer. A breeze springs up.

Then the water takes on another hue: pale green lights play through it. It has begun to sound. Little waves lift up their heads as though to look at us—patting the flanks of the vessel, and whispering to one another.

Far off, the surface begins to show quick white flashes here and there; and the steamer begins to swing. We are nearing Atlantic waters. The sun is high up now, almost overhead: there are a few thin clouds in the tender-colored sky—flossy, long-drawn-out, white things. The horizon has lost its greenish glow: it is a spectral blue. Masts, spars, rigging, the white boats and the orange chimney, the bright deck lines and the snowy rail, cut against the colored light in almost dazzling relief. Though the sun shines hot, the wind is cold: a vast and viewless presence that fans one into drowsiness. Also the somnolent chant of the engines—*do-do, hey! do-do, hey!*—lulls to sleep.

Toward evening the glaucous sea tint vanishes — the water becomes blue. It is full of great flashes, as of seams opening and reclosing over a white surface. It spits spray in a ceaseless drizzle. Sometimes it reaches up and slaps the side of the steamer with a sound as of a great naked hand. The viewless breath waxes boisterous. Swinging ends of cordage crack like whips. There is an immense humming that drowns speech—a humming made up of many sounds: whining of pulleys, whistling of riggings, flapping and fluttering of canvas,

roar of nettings in the wind. And this sonorous medley, ever growing louder, has rhythm—a *crescendo* and *diminuendo* timed by the steamer's regular swinging: like a great voice crying out, "*Whoh-oh-oh! whoh-oh-oh!*" We are nearing the life-centres of winds and currents. One can hardly walk on deck against the ever-increasing breath—yet now the whole world is blue, not the least cloud is visible; and the perfect transparency and voidness about us make the immense power of this invisible medium seem something ghostly and awful. The log, at every revolution, whines exactly like a little puppy; one can hear it, through all the roar, full forty feet away.

It is nearly sunset. Across the whole circle of the Day we have been steaming south. Now the horizon is gold-green. All about the falling sun this gold-green light takes vast expansion. Right on the edge of the sea is a tall gracious ship, sailing sunsetward. Catching the vapory fire, she seems to become a phantom—a ship of gold mist; all her spars and sails are luminous, and look like things seen in dreams.

Crimsoning more and more, the sun drops to the sea. The phantom ship approaches him, touches the curve of his glowing face, sails right athwart it! Oh, the spectral splendor of that vision! The whole great ship in full sail instantly makes an acute silhouette against the monstrous disk; rests there in the very middle of the vermilion sun. His face crimsons high above her topmasts—broadens far beyond helm and bowsprit. Against this weird magnificence her whole shape changes color; hull, masts, and sails turn black—a greenish-black.

Sun and ship vanish together in another minute. Violet the night comes; and the rigging of the foremast cuts a cross upon the face of a full-moon.

II.

Morning: the second day. The sea is an extraordinary blue—looks to me something like violet ink. Close by the ship, where the foam-clouds are, it is beautifully mottled—looks like blue marble with exquisite veinings and nebulosities. Tepid wind and cottony white clouds—cirri climbing up over the edge of the sea all around. The sky is still pale blue, and the horizon is full of a whitish haze.

A nice old French gentleman from Guadeloupe presumes to say this is not blue water; he declares it greenish (*verdâtre*). Because I cannot discern the green he tells me I do not yet know what blue water is. *Attendez un peu!*

The sky tone deepens as the sun ascends—deepens deliciously. The warm wind proves soporific. I drop asleep with the blue light in my face—the strong, bright blue of the noonday sky. As I doze it seems to burn like a cold fire right through my eyelids. Waking up with a start, I fancy that everything is turning blue, myself included. "Do you not call this the real tropical blue?" I cry to my French fellow-traveller. "*Mon Dieu! non*," he exclaims, as in astonishment at the question; "this is not blue!" What on earth can be *his* idea of blue, I wonder.

Clots of sargasso float by—light yellow sea-weed. We are nearing the Sargasso Sea, entering the path of the trade-winds. There is a long ground-swell; the steamer rocks and rolls. And the tumbling water always seems to me to be growing bluer. But my friend from Guadeloupe says that this color "which I call blue" is only darkness—only the shadow of prodigious depth.

Nothing now but blue sky and what I persist in calling blue sea. The clouds have melted away in the bright glow. There is no sign of life in the azure gulf above, nor in the abyss beneath; there are no wings or fins to be seen. Toward evening, under the slanting gold light, the color of the sea deepens into ultramarine. Then the sun sinks down behind a bank of copper-colored cloud.

III.

Morning of the third day. Same mild, warm wind. Bright blue sky, with some very thin clouds in the horizon, like puffs of steam. The glow of the sea light through the open ports of my cabin makes them seem filled with thick blue glass. It is becoming too warm for New York clothing.

Certainly the sea has become much bluer. It gives one the idea of liquefied sky; the foam might be formed of cirrus clouds compressed, so extravagantly white it looks to-day, like snow in the sun. Nevertheless the old gentleman from Guadeloupe still maintains this is not the true blue of the tropics.

The sky does not deepen its hue to-day—it brightens it; the blue glows as if it were taking fire throughout. Perhaps the sea may deepen its hue; I do not believe it can take more luminous color without being set aflame. I ask the ship's doctor whether it is really true that the West Indian waters are any bluer than these. He looks a moment at the sea, and replies, "*Oh* yes!" There is such a tone of surprise in his "oh" as might indicate that I had asked a very foolish question, and his look seems to express doubt whether I am quite in earnest. I think, nevertheless, that this water is extravagantly, nonsensically blue.

I read for an hour or two, fall asleep in the chair, wake up suddenly, look at the sea—and yell! This sea is absolutely ridiculous—absurdly, impossibly blue. The painter who should try to paint it would be denounced as a lunatic. Yet it is transparent; the foam-clouds, as they sink down, turn sky-blue—a sky-blue which now looks white by contrast with the strange and violent splendor of the sea color. It seems as if one were looking into an immeasurable dyeing vat, or as though the whole ocean had been thickened with indigo. To say this is a mere reflection of the sky is nonsense—the sky is too pale by a hundred shades for that. This must be the natural color of the water—a blazing azure, unutterably magnificent, impossible to describe.

The French passenger from Guadeloupe observes that the sea is "beginning to become blue."

IV.

And the fourth day. One awakens unspeakably lazy: this must be the West Indian languor. Same sky, with a few more bright clouds than yesterday—always the warm wind blowing. There is a long swell. Under this trade-breeze, warm like a human breath, the ocean seems to pulse—to rise and fall as with a vast inspiration and expiration. Alternately its blue circle lifts and falls before us and behind us; we rise very high, we sink very low, but always with a slow, long motion. Nevertheless the water *looks* smooth, perfectly smooth; the billowings which lift us cannot be seen; it is because the summits of these swells are mile-broad, too broad to be discerned from the level of our deck.

Ten A.M.—Under the sun the sea is a flaming, dazzling lapis-lazuli. My French friend from Guadeloupe kindly confesses this is *almost* the color of tropical water. Weeds floating by, a little below the surface, are azured. But the Guadeloupe gentleman says he has seen water still more blue. I am sorry; I cannot believe him.

Mid-day.—The splendor of the sky is weird. No clouds above—nothing but blue fire. Up from the warm deep color of the sea circle, the edge of the heaven burns as if bathed in greenish flame. The swaying circle of the resplendent sea seems to flash its jewel-color to the zenith.

Clothing feels now almost too heavy to endure; and the warm wind brings a languor with it as of temptation. One feels an irresistible desire to drowse on deck; the rushing speech of waves, the long rocking of the ship, the lukewarm caress of the wind, urge to slumber, but the light is too vast to permit of sleep. Its blue power compels wakefulness. And the brain is wearied at last by this duplicated azure splendor of sky and sea. How gratefully comes the evening to us, with its violet glooms and promises of coolness!

All this sensuous blending of warmth and force in winds and waters more and more suggests an idea of the spiritualism of elements, a sense of world-life. In all these soft sleepy swayings, these caresses of wind and sobbing of waters, Nature seems to confess some passional mood. Passengers converse of pleasant, tempting things, tropical fruits, tropical beverages, tropical mountain breezes, tropical women. It is a time for dreams—those day-dreams that come gently as a mist, with ghostly realization of hopes, desires, ambitions. Men sailing to the mines of Guiana dream of gold.

The wind seems to grow continually warmer; the spray feels warm like blood. Awnings have to be clewed up, and wind-sails taken in; still, there are no white-caps, only the enormous swells, too broad to see, as the ocean falls and rises like the motion of a dreamer's breast.

The sunset comes with a great burning yellow glow, fading up through faint greens to lose itself in violet light; there is no gloaming. The days have already become much shorter.

Through the open ports, as we lie down to sleep, comes a great whispering—the

whispering of the seas: sounds as of articulate speech under the breath, as of women telling secrets.

V.

Fifth day out. Trade-winds from the southeast; a huge tumbling of mountain-purple waves; the steamer careens under a full spread of canvas. There is a sense of spring in the wind to-day; something that makes one think of the bourgeoning of Northern woods when the naked trees first cover themselves with a mist of tender green; something that recalls the first bird songs, the first climbings of sap to sun, and gives a sense of vital plenitude.

Evening fills the west with aureate woolly clouds—the wool of the Fleece of Gold. Then Hesperus beams like another moon, and the stars burn very brightly. Still the ship bends under the even pressure of the warm wind in her sails, and her wake becomes a trail of fire. Immense sparks dash up through it continually, like an effervescence of the flame, and queer broad clouds of pale fire swirl by. Far out, where the water is black as pitch, there are no lights: it seems as if the steamer were only grinding out sparks with her keel, striking fire with her propeller.

VI.

Sixth day out. Wind tepid and still stronger, but sky very clear. An indigo sea, with beautiful white-caps. The ocean color is deepening; it is very rich now, but I think less wonderful than before; it is an opulent pansy hue. Close by the ship it looks black-blue—the color that bewitches in certain Celtic eyes.

There is a feverishness in the air; the heat is growing heavy; the least exertion provokes perspiration; below-decks the air is like the air of an oven. Above-deck, however, the effect of all this light and heat is not wholly disagreeable: one feels that vast elemental powers are near at hand, and that the blood is already aware of their approach.

All day the pure sky, the deepening of sea color, the lukewarm wind. Then comes a superb sunset. There is a painting in the west wrought of cloud-colors; a dream of high carmine cliffs and rocks outlying in a green sea which lashes their bases with a foam of gold.

Even after dark the touch of the wind has the warmth of flesh. There is no moon; the sea circle is black as Acheron; and our phosphor wake reappears quivering across it, seeming to reach back to the very horizon. It is brighter to-night; looks like another Milky-Way, with points breaking through it like stars in a nebula. From our prow, ripples rimmed with fire keep fleeing away to right and left into the night, brightening as they run; then vanishing suddenly, as if they had passed over a precipice. Crests of swells seem to burst into showers of sparks, and great patches of spume catch flame, smoulder through, and disappear. The Southern Cross is visible, sloping backward and sideways, as if propped against the vault of the sky; it is not readily discovered by the unfamiliarized eye; it is only after it has been well pointed out to you that you discern its position. Then you find it is only the *suggestion* of a cross: four stars set almost quadrangularly, some brighter than others.

For two days there has been little conversation on board. It may be due in part to the somnolent influence of the warm wind, in part to the ceaseless booming of waters and roar of rigging, which drown men's voices. But I fancy it is much more due to the impressions of space and depth and vastness; the impressions of sea and sky, which compel something akin to awe. Faces wear a serious, meditative expression; one feels as averse to loud speech as if in some tremendous temple.

VII.

Morning over the Caribbean Sea—a calm, extremely dark blue sea. There are lands in sight—high lands, with sharp, peaked, unfamiliar outlines.

We passed other lands in the darkness; they no doubt resembled the shapes towering up around us now; for these are evidently volcanic creations—jagged, coned, truncated, eccentric. Far off they first looked a very pale gray; now, as the light increases, they change hue a little, showing misty greens and smoky blues. They rise very sharply from the sea to great heights, the highest point always with a cloud upon it; they thrust out singular long spurs, push up mountain shapes that have an odd scooped-out look. Some, extremely far away, seem, as they catch the sun, to be made of gold vapor; others have a madderish tone: these are colors of cloud. The closer we approach them, the more do tints of green make themselves visible. Purplish or bluish masses



MÉTISSE TYPE.

of coast slowly develop green surfaces; folds and wrinkles of land turn brightly verdant. Still the color gleams as through a thin fog.

The first tropical visitor has just boarded our ship: a wonderful fly, shaped like a common fly, but at least five times larger. His body is a beautiful shining black; his wings seem ribbed and jointed with silver; his head is jewel-green, with exquisitely cut emeralds for eyes.

Islands pass and disappear behind us.



SACATRA TYPES—ALMOST PURE NEGRO.

The sun has now risen well; the sky is a rich blue, and the tardy moon still hangs in it. Lilac tones show through the water. In the south there are a few straggling small white clouds, like a long flight of birds. A great gray mountain shape looms up before us. We are steaming on Santa Cruz.

The island has a true volcanic outline, sharp and high; the cliffs sheer down almost perpendicularly. The shape is still vapory, varying in coloring from purplish to bright gray; but wherever peaks and spurs fully catch the sun, they edge themselves with a beautiful green glow, while interlying ravines seem filled with foggy blue.

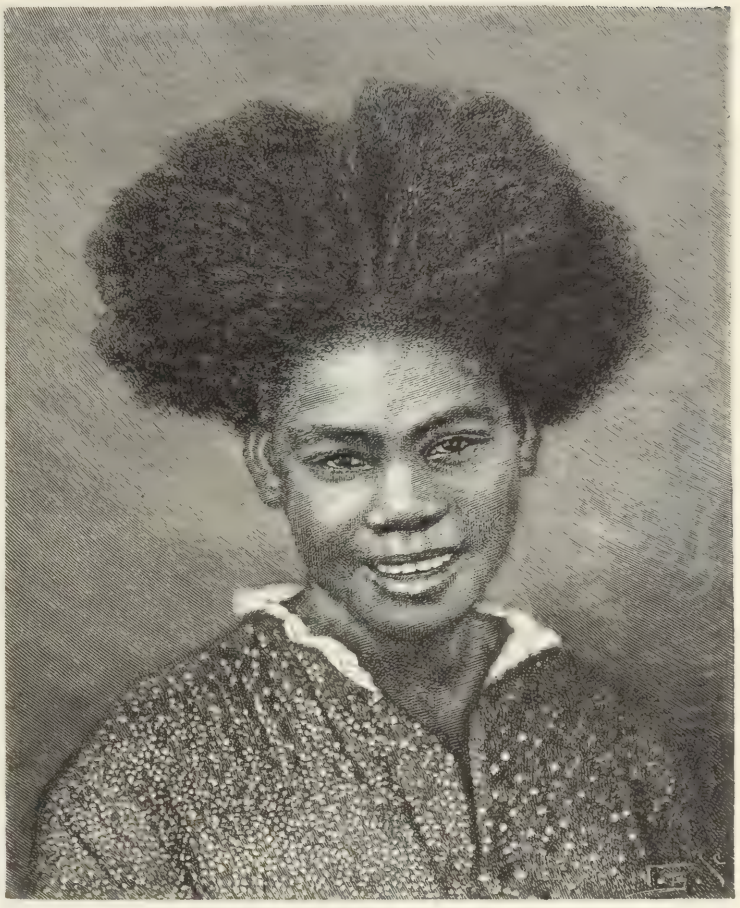
As we approach, the shadowed heights change to a greenish-blue; sunlighted surfaces come out still more luminously green. Glens and sheltered valleys still hold blues and grays, but points fairly illuminated by the solar glow show just such a fiery green as burns in the plumage of certain humming-birds. And just as the lustrous colors of these birds shift according to changes of light, so the island shifts colors here and there—from emerald to blue, and blue to gray. But now we are near: it shows us a lovely heaping of high emerald hills in front, with a further coast line very low and long and verdant, fringed with a white beach, and tufted with spidery palm-crests. Immediately opposite, other palms are poised; their trunks look like pillars of unpolished silver, their leaves like imitations of immense feathers cast in bronze.

The water of the harbor is transparent and pale green. One can see many fish, and some small sharks. Snow-white butterflies are fluttering about us in the blue air. Naked black boys are bathing on the beach: they swim well, but will not venture out far because of the sharks. A boat puts off to bring colored girls on board. They are tall and not uncomely, although very dark; they coax us with all sorts of endearing words to purchase bay-rum, fruits, Florida-water. We go ashore in boats. The water of the harbor has a slightly fetid odor.

VIII.

Viewed from the bay, under the green shadow of the volcanic hills overlooking it, Frederiksted has the appearance of a beautiful Spanish town, with its Romanesque piazzas, churches, many arched buildings peeping through breaks in a line of mahogany, bread-fruit, mango, tamarind, and palm trees, an irregular mass of at least fifty different tints of green, from a fiery emerald to a sombre bluish-green. But on entering the streets the illusion of beauty passes: you find yourself in a crumbling, rotting colonial town, with buildings only two stories high. The lower part, of arched Spanish design, is usually of lava rock or of brick, painted a light warm yellow; the upper stories are most commonly left unpainted, and are rudely constructed of light timber. There are many heavy arcades and courts—*patios*—opening on the streets with large archways. Lava blocks have been used in paving as well as in building, and more than one of the narrow streets, as it slopes up the hill through the fierce light, is seen to cut its way through craggy masses of volcanic stone.

But all the buildings look dilapidated; the stucco and paint are falling or peeling everywhere; there are fissures in the walls, crumbling façades, tumbling roofs. The first stories, built with a solidity worthy of an earthquake region, seem ridiculously heavy by contrast with the frail wooden superstructures above. The reason is that this city of Frederiksted was burned and sacked during a negro revolt in 1878. The Spanish basements resisted the fire astonishingly well, and it was found necessary to rebuild only the second stories of the buildings; but the work was done cheaply and flimsily, not massively and enduringly, as it had been done by the first builders. Decay is already visible.



YOUNG MULATTRESS.

There is great wealth of verdure. Cabbage and cocoa palms overlook all the streets, bending above almost every structure, whether hut or public building; everywhere you see the splitted green of huge banana leaves. In the court-yards you may occasionally catch sight of some splendid palm with silver-gray stem so barred as to look jointed, like the body of an annelid.

In the market-place—a broad paved square crossed by two rows of tamarind-trees, and bounded on one side by a Spanish piazza—you can study a spectacle of singular and savage picturesqueness. There are no benches, no stalls, no booths; the dealers stand, sit, or squat upon the ground, under the sun, or upon the steps of the neighboring arcade. Their wares are piled up at their feet for the most part. Some few possess tiny tables, but usually the eatables are simply laid on the dusty ground, or heaped upon the steps of the piazza: reddish-yellow mangoes that look like great apples squeezed out of shape, bunches of bananas, pyramids of bright green cocoa-nuts, immense golden-green oranges, and various vegetables and other fruits—some very small, some monstrous—of which I do not learn the names. It is no use to ask questions. The black dealers speak no tongue comprehensible outside of the Antilles: it is a negro-English that sounds like some African tongue, a rolling current of vowels and consonants pouring so rapidly that no inexperienced ear can detach one solitary intelligible word. A friendly planter, coming up, enabled me to learn one phrase.

"Massa, youwancocknerfoobuy?" (Master, do you want to buy a cocoa-nut?)

The market is quite crowded, full of bright color under the tremendous noon light. Buyers and dealers are generally of an absolute black; very few yellow or brown people are visible in the gathering. The greater number present are women; they are very simply, almost savagely, garbed, only a skirt or petticoat, over which is worn a sort of calico short dress which scarcely descends two inches below the hips, and is confined about the waist with a belt or a string. The skirt bells out like the skirt of a dancer, leaving the feet and bare legs well exposed, and the head is covered with a white handkerchief twisted so as to look like a turban. Multitudes of these barelegged black women are walking past us, carrying bundles or baskets upon their heads, and smoking very long cigars.



CAPRESSE TYPE, MARTINIQUE.

They are all short and thick-set, and walk with surprising erectness, and with long, firm steps, carrying the bosom well forward. Their limbs are thick and finely rounded. Whether walking or standing, their poise is admirable—might be called graceful were it not for the absence of real grace of form in such compact, powerful little figures. All wear brightly colored cottonade stuffs; and the general effect of the costume in a large gathering is very agreeable, the dominant hues being pink, white, and blue. Half the women are smoking long, thin rolls of tobacco. All chatter loudly, speaking their English jargon with a pitch of voice totally unlike the English timbre: it sounds as if some one were trying to pronounce English rapidly according to French pronunciation and pitch of voice.

These green oranges have a delicious perfume and an amazing juiciness. Peeling one of them is sufficient to perfume the skin of the hands for the rest of the day, however often one may choose to use soap and water. We smoke Porto Rico cigars, and drink West Indian lemonades strongly flavored with rum. The tobacco has a rich, sweet taste; the rum is velvety, sugary, with a pleasant, soothing effect: both have a delicious aroma. There is a pleasurable originality about the flavor of these products—a uniqueness which certifies irrefutably to their naif purity: something as opulent and frank as the juices and odors of tropical fruits and flowers.

The streets leading from the plaza glare terribly in the strong sunlight; the ground, almost dead-white, dazzles the eyes. There are few comely faces visible—in the streets all are black who pass; but through open shop doors one occasionally catches glimpses of a comely quadroon face, with immense black eyes—a face yellow like a ripe banana.

It is now after mid-day. Looking up to the hills, or along sloping streets toward the shore, wonderful variations of foliage-color meet the eye: gold-greens, sap-greens, bluish and metallic greens of many tints, reddish-greens, yellowish-greens. The cane fields are broad sheets of beautiful gold-green; and nearly as bright are the masses of *pomme-cannelle* frondescence, the groves of lemon and orange, while tamarinds and mahoganies are heavily sombre. Everywhere palm-crests soar above the wood lines, and tremble with a metallic shimmering in the blue light. Up through a ponderous thickness of tamarind rises the spire of the church; a skeleton of open stone-work, without glasses or lattices or shutters of any sort for its naked apertures: it is all open to the winds of heaven; it seems to be gasping with all its granite mouths for breath, panting in this azure heat. In the bay the water looks greener than ever: it is so clear that the light

passes under every boat and ship to the very bottom: the vessels cast only very thin green shadows—so transparent that fish can be distinctly seen passing through from sunlight to sunlight.

The sunset offers a splendid spectacle of pure color; there is only an immense glow in the west—a lemon-colored blaze; but where it melts into the blue there is an exquisite green light. We leave to-morrow.

Morning. The green hills are looming in a bluish vapor; the long faint yellow slope of beach to the left of the town, under the mangoes and tamarinds, is already thronged with bathers—all men or boys, and all naked: black, brown, yellow, and white. The white bathers are Danish soldiers from the barracks; the Northern brightness of their skins forms an almost startling contrast with the rich deep colors of the nature about them, and with the dark complexions of the natives. Some very slender, graceful brown lads are bathing with them—lightly built as deer: these are probably creoles. The black bathers are clumsy-looking, and have astonishingly long legs. Then little boys come down, leading horses; they strip, leap naked on the animals' backs, and ride into the sea—yelling, screaming, splashing in the morning light. Some are a fine rich brown color, like old bronze. Nothing could be more statuesque than the unconscious attitudes of these bronze bodies in leaping, wrestling, running, pitching shells. Their simple grace is in admirable harmony with the graces of nature's green creations about them—rhymes faultlessly with perfect self-balance of the palms that poise along the shore.

Boom! and a thunder-rolling of echoes. We move slowly out of the harbor, then swiftly toward the southeast. The island seems to turn slowly half round; then to retreat from us. Across our way appears a long band of green light, reaching over the sea like a thin protraction of color from the extended spur of verdure in which the western end of the island terminates. That is a sunken reef, and a dangerous one. Lying high upon it, in very sharp relief against the blue light, is a wrecked vessel on her beam ends, the carcass of a brig. Her decks have been broken in; the roofs of her cabins are gone; her masts are splintered off short; her empty hold yawns naked to the sun; all her upper parts have taken a yellowish-white color—the color of sun-bleached bone.



BASSE-TERRE, ST. KITT'S.

Behind us, the mountains still float back. Their shining green has changed to a less vivid hue; they are taking bluish tones here and there; but their outlines are still sharp, and along their high soft slopes there are white specklings, which are villages and towns. These white specks diminish swiftly, dwindle to the dimensions of salt grains, finally vanish. Then the island grows uniformly bluish; it becomes cloudy, vague as a dream of mountains; it turns at last gray as smoke, and then melts into the horizon light like a mirage.

Another yellow sunset, made sinister by extraordinarily black, dense, fantastic shapes of cloud. Night darkens; and again the Southern Cross glimmers before our prow; and the two Milky-Ways reveal themselves—that of the Cosmos, and that ghostlier one which stretches far back over the black deep behind us. This alternately broadens and narrows at regular intervals, concomitantly with the rhythmical swing of the steamer. Before us the bows spout

fire; behind us there is a flaming and roaring as of Phlegethon. And the voices of wind and sea become so loud that we cannot talk to one another, cannot make our words heard even by shouting.

IX.

Early morning: the eighth day. Moored in another blue harbor, a great semicircular basin, bounded by a high billowing of hills, all green from the fringe of yellow beach up to their loftiest clouded summit. The land has that up-tossed look which tells of a volcanic origin. There are curiously scalloped hills, which, though emerald from base to crest, still retain all the physiognomy of volcanoes: their ribbed sides must be lava under that verdure. Out of sight westward, in successions of bright green, pale green, bluish-green, and vapory gray, stretches a long chain of crater shapes. Truncated, jagged, or rounded, all these elevations are interunited by thin curving hollows of land as by filaments—very low valleys. And as they grade away in color, through distance, from burning bright green to palest gray, the hill chains take a curious segmented, jointed appearance, like insect forms, enormous ant-bodies. This is St. Kitt's.

We row ashore over a tossing dark blue water, and leaving the long wharf, pass under a great arch and over a sort of bridge, into the town of Basse-Terre, through a concourse of brown and black people.

It is tropical-looking, very tropical-looking; but far more sombre than Frederiksted. There are palms everywhere, cocoa, fan, and cabbage palms; many bread-fruit trees, tamarinds, bananas, enormous Indian-fig trees, mangoes, and unfamiliar things the negroes call by incomprehensible names—"sap-saps," "dhool-dhools." But there is less color, less reflection of light, than in Santa Cruz; there is less quaintness: no Spanish buildings, no canary-colored arcades. All the narrow streets are gray or neutral-tinted; the ground has a dark ashen tone. Most of the dwellings are timber, resting on brick props, or elevated upon blocks of lava rock. It seems almost as if some volcanic breath from the enormous and always clouded mountain overlooking the town had begrimed everything, darkening even the colors of vegetation.

The population is not picturesque. The dresses are modern, commonplace; the tints of the women's attire are dull. Browns and sombre blues and grays are commoner than pinks, yellows, and blues. Occasionally you observe a fine half-breed type—some tall brown girl walking by with a swaying grace like that of a sloop at sea; but such spectacles are not frequent. Most of those you meet are black or a blackish-brown. Many stores are kept by yellow men with intensely black hair and eyes—men who do not smile. These are Portuguese. There are some few fine buildings; but the most pleasing sight the little town can offer the visitor is the pretty Botanical Garden, with its banyans and its palms, its monstrous lilies and extraordinary fruit trees, and its beautiful little fountain. From some of these trees a peculiar tillandsia streams down, much like our Spanish-moss; but it is black.

As we move away southwardly the receding outlines of the island look more and more volcanic: a chain of hills and cones, all very green, and connected by strips of valley land so low that the edge of the sea circle on the other side of the island can be seen through the gaps. We steam past truncated hills, past heights that have the look of the stumps of peaks cut half down—ancient fire mouths choked now by tropical verdure.

Southward, above and beyond the deep green chain, tower other volcanic forms, very far away, and so pale gray as to seem like clouds. Those are the heights of Nevis—another creation of the subterranean fires.

It draws nearer, floats steadily into definition: three summits; the loftiest, with clouds packed high upon, still seems to smoke; the second highest displays the most symmetrical crater form I have yet seen; the third is dim between. All are still grayish-blue or gray. Gradually through the blues break long bright gleams of green.

As we steam closer, the island becomes all verdant, all green from flood to sky; the great dead crater shows its immense wreath of perennial green. On the lower slopes little settlements are sprinkled in white, red, and brown: houses, windmills, sugar factories, high chimneys, are distinguishable; cane plantations unfold gold-green surfaces.

We pass away. The island does not seem to sink behind us, but to become a ghost. All its outlines grow vapory.



CAPRESSE TYPE, FORT-DE-FRANCE, MARTINIQUE.

For a little while it continues green; but it is a hazy, spectral green, as of colored vapor. The sea to-day looks almost black; the southwest wind has filled the day with luminous mist, and the phantom of Nevis melts in the vast glow, dissolves utterly. Once more we are out of sight of land, in the centre of a blue-black circle of sea. The water-line cuts blackly against the immense light of the horizon—a huge white glory that flames up very high before it fades and melts into the eternal blue.

X.

Then a high white shape like a cloud appears before us on the purplish dark edge of the sea. The cloud-shape enlarges, heightens, without changing contour. It is not a cloud, but an island. Its outlines begin to sharpen, with faintest pencillings of color. Shadow valleys appear, spectral hollows, phantom slopes of pallid blue or green. The apparition is so like a mirage that it is difficult to persuade one's self one is looking at real land, that it is not a dream. It seems to have shaped itself all suddenly out of the glowing haze. We pass many miles beyond it, and it vanishes into mist again.

Another and a larger ghost; but we steam straight upon it, until it materializes into an unmistakable reality—Montserrat. It bears a recognizable family

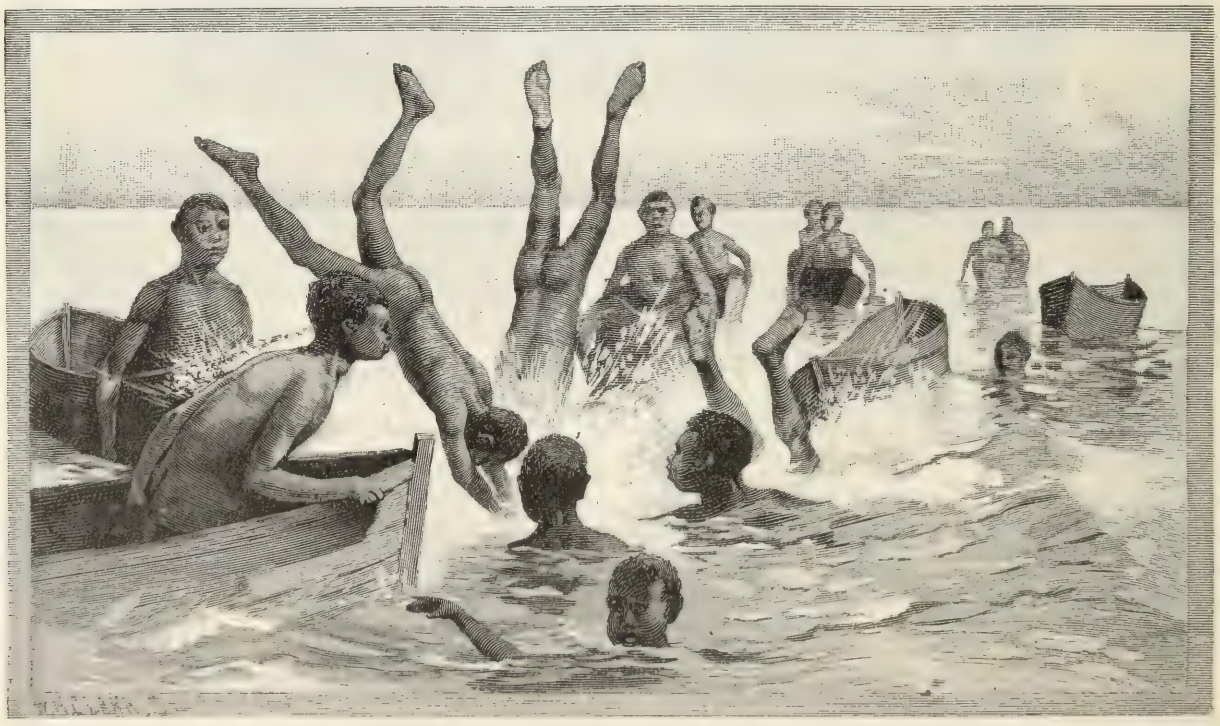
likeness to the islands we have already visited or passed—similar abrupt bright green crater shapes linked together by similar low valleys. About its highest summit also hovers a flock of clouds. At the base of the vast hill spreads out the little white and red town, besprinkled with palms. The single salute of our cannon is answered by a hundred reverberations—a stupendous broadside volley of echoes. Then comes a grand sunset—a fervid orange splendor, shading up starward into delicate roses and greens. Black boatmen come astern and quarrel furiously for the privilege of carrying one passenger ashore. They speak the same fantastic, incomprehensible jargon which astonished us at Santa Cruz and at St. Kitt's; and as they scream and shriek, gesticulating against the sunset light, their half-naked silhouettes provoke unpleasant fancies: they resemble huge black apes.

Under steam and sail we are making south again, with a warm wind blowing southeast—a wind very moist, very powerful, and soporific. Facing it, one feels almost cool, but the moment one is sheltered from it, profuse perspiration bursts out. The ship rocks over immense swells; night falls very blackly; and there are surprising displays of phosphorescence.

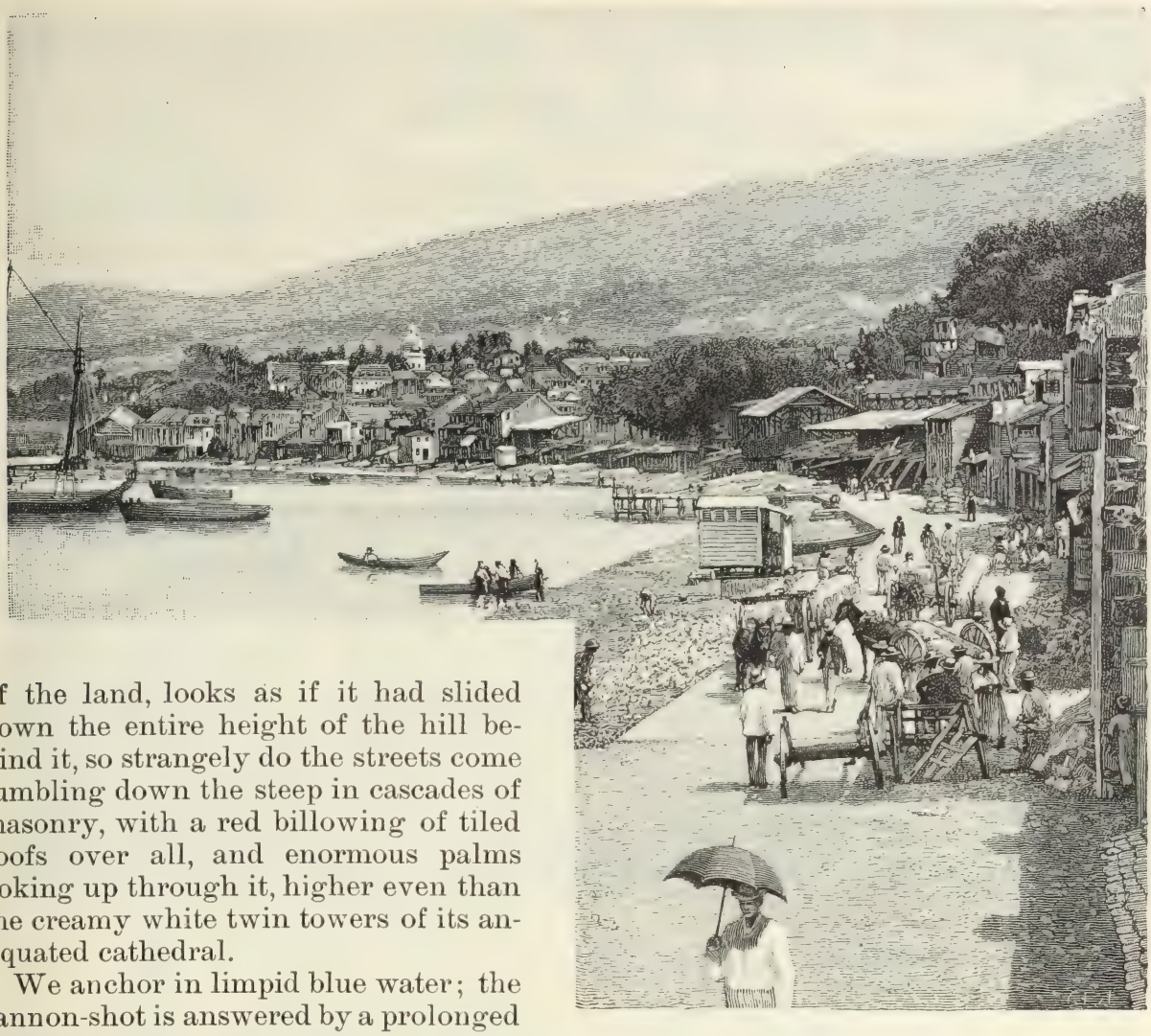
XI.

Morning: a gold sunrise. The wind has fallen. It is a great warm caress. The sea is deep indigo, the sky a cloudless and tender blue. Martinique looms before us. At first it appears all gray, a vapory gray; then it becomes bluish-gray; then all green.

It is another of the beautiful volcanic family; it owns the same hill shapes with which we have already become acquainted; its uppermost height is hooded with the familiar cloud; we see the same gold-yellow plains, the same wonderful varieties of verdancy, the same long green spurs reaching out into the sea—doubtless formed by old lava torrents. But all this is now repeated for us more imposingly, more grandiosely; it is wrought upon a larger scale than anything we have yet seen. The semicircular sweep of the harbor, dominated by the eternally veiled summit of the huge Mont Pelée (misnamed, since it is green to the very clouds), from which the land slopes down on either hand to the sea by gigantic undulations, is one of the fairest sights that human eye can gaze upon. Thus viewed, the whole island shape is a mass of blazing green, with streaks or shadows of darker green here and there—glooms of forest hollows or hovering shadows of cloud. The city of St. Pierre, on the edge



NEGRO BOYS DIVING FOR PENNIES.



ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE, FROM THE LANDING.

of the land, looks as if it had slided down the entire height of the hill behind it, so strangely do the streets come tumbling down the steep in cascades of masonry, with a red billowing of tiled roofs over all, and enormous palms poking up through it, higher even than the creamy white twin towers of its antiquated cathedral.

We anchor in limpid blue water; the cannon-shot is answered by a prolonged thunder-clapping of mountain echoes.

Then from the shore a strange flotilla bears down upon us. There is one boat, two or three canoes; but the bulk of the craft are simply white wooden frames—flat-bottomed structures made from shipping-cases or lard-boxes, with triangular ends. In all of these sit naked boys—boys between ten and fourteen years of age—varying in color from a fine clear yellow to a deep reddish-brown or chocolate tint. They row with two little square flat pieces of wood for paddles, clutched in each hand, and these lid-shaped things are dipped into the water on either side with absolute precision, in perfect time, all the pairs of little naked arms seeming moved by a single impulse. There is much unconscious grace in this paddling, as well as consummate skill. Then all about the ship these ridiculous little boats begin to describe circles, crossing and intercrossing so closely as almost to bring them into collision, yet never touching. The boys have simply come out to dive for coins they expect passengers to fling to them. All are chattering creole, laughing, and screaming shrilly; every eye, quick and bright as a bird's, watches the faces of the passengers on deck. "'Tention-là!" shriek a dozen soprani: some passenger's hand has descended into a money pocket, and all are on the alert. Through the air, twirling and glittering, tumbles an English shilling, and drops into the deep water beyond the little fleet. Instantly all the lads leap, scramble, topple head-foremost, out of their little tubs, and dive in pursuit. In the blue water their lithe figures look perfectly red, all but the soles of their upturned feet, which show quite white. Almost immediately they all rise again; one holds up at arm's-length above the water the recovered coin, and then puts it into his mouth for safe-keeping. Coin after coin is thrown in, and as speedily brought up; a shower of small silver follows, and not a piece is lost. These lads move through the water without apparent effort, with the suppleness of fishes. Most are decidedly fine-



SUGAR LANDING AT ST. PIERRE.

looking boys, with admirably rounded limbs, delicately formed extremities. The best diver and swiftest swimmer, however, is a lemon-colored lad; his face is rather commonplace, but his slim figure has the fluent grace of an antique bronze.

We are ashore in St. Pierre, the quaintest, queerest, and the prettiest withal among the West Indian cities: all stone-built and stone-flagged, with very narrow streets, wooden awnings, iron balconies, and peaked roofs of red tile pierced by gabled dormers. Most of the buildings are painted in a clear pale yellow tone, which contrasts delightfully with the burning blue ribbon of tropical sky above; and no street is absolutely level. Nearly all of them climb hills, descend into hollows, curve, twist, describe sudden and amazing angles. There is everywhere a continuous chant of running water, pouring through the deep gutters contrived between the paved thoroughfare and the absurd little sidewalks varying in width from one to three feet. The architecture is very old: it is seventeenth-century probably: and it reminds one a great deal of that characterizing the antiquated French quarter of New Orleans. But one must imagine New Orleans idealized by artistic conception, made intensely tropical, and projected audaciously upon the side of a huge volcanic hill. All the tints, the forms, the vistas, would seem to have been especially selected or designed for aquarelle studies, just to please the whim of some extravagant artist. No ruin was ever more picturesque than these living streets in their perfect solidity and undilapidated quaintness. The windows are frameless openings without glass; some have iron bars; all have heavy wooden shutters with movable slats, through which light and air can enter as through Venetian blinds. These are usually painted green or bright bluish-gray.

So steep are the streets, descending to the harbor by flights of old mossy stone steps, that, looking down them to the azure water, you have the sensation of gazing from a cliff. From certain openings in the main street—the Rue Victor Hugo—you can get something like a bird's-eye

view of all the harbor with all its shipping. The roofs of the street below are under your feet, and other streets are rising behind you afar up to meet the mountain roads. They climb at an almost precipitous angle, occasionally breaking into steep stairs of lava rock, all grass-tufted and moss-lined.

have walls three feet in thickness. On one street, facing the sea, they are even heavier, and slope outward like ramparts, so that the perpendicular recesses of windows and doors have the appearance of being opened between buttresses. It may have been partly as a precaution against earthquakes, and partly for the sake of



RUE VICTOR HUGO (FORMERLY GRANDE RUE), ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

The town has a look of extraordinary solidity: it is a creation of crag; looks almost as if it had been hewn out of one mountain fragment, instead of having been constructed stone by stone. Although commonly consisting of two stories and an attic only, the dwellings

coolness, that the early colonial architects built thus, giving to the stony city a physiognomy so impressively in harmony with its name, the name of the Saint of the Rock.

And everywhere rushes mountain water, cool and crystal clear, washing the

streets. Every few squares you come to some fountain flinging its silver column to the sun, or showering diamond-bright spray over a group of brazen swans or black bronze Tritons. Those Tritons on the Place Bertin you will not readily forget; their torsos might have been modelled from the forms of the same sinewy ebon men who toil there all day tirelessly in the heat, rolling hogsheads of sugar, puncheons of molasses, casks of rum. And very frequently you see little fountains contrived in the stone walls that border the mountain roads or that enclose the parks—glittering threads of water falling from lion lips of stone. Some mountain torrent, skilfully divided into a thousand



MULATTRESS WITH TURBAN.

streams, is thus perpetually purifying the city, feeding its fountains, and cooling its courts.

Picturesqueness and color: these are the particular and the unrivalled charms of St. Pierre. Following the Grande Rue, which traverses the town through all its curving length, undulating over hill slopes and into hollows, and over stone bridges in the most amazing way, you are more and more enchanted by the contrast of the yellow-glowing walls to left and right with the jagged strip of gentian-blue heaven overhead. Charming also it is to watch the cross streets climbing upward right into the burning green of the tropical mountain forest. On the lower side of the main thoroughfare they open in wonderful bursts of blue—warm blue of horizon and sea. The steps by which the cross streets descend toward the bay are black with age, and slightly mossed close to the wall on either side. They are almost alarmingly steep. You could easily fall from the upper thoroughfare into the lower one by a single stumble. From the Grande Rue you will notice, as you look toward the water through these openings, that the sea-line cuts across each blue space just at the level of the upper story of the house on the lower street corner. Sometimes, a hundred feet below, you see a ship resting in the azure aperture, seemingly suspended there in sky-color, floating in blue light. And everywhere and always, through sunshine or shadow, comes to you the scent of the city, the characteristic odor of St. Pierre, a pleasant smell that reminds you in some indefinable way of the *taste* of asparagus—a compound odor suggesting the intermingling also of sugar and garlic in those strange tropical dishes which creoles love.

XII.

A population fantastic, astonishing—a population of the Arabian Nights. As the general tone of the town is yellow, so is the general tint of the people yellow, in the interblending of all the hues characterizing *griffone*, *mulâtresse*, *métisse*, *messive*, *chabine*, *capresse*, quadroon—a general effect of rich brownish-yellow. You are in a population of half-breeds, the finest mixed race of the Antilles.

Tall, supple, straight as palms, these colored women and men impress you powerfully by their dignity of carriage and easy elegance of motion. They walk without any swinging of the shoulders; the perfectly set torso seems to remain rigid; yet the step is a long, full stride, and the whole weight is poised springily on the very tip of the bare foot. All, or nearly all, are without shoes: the passing of all these hundreds of naked feet makes a great whispering sound over the burning pavements.

But what produces the most novel impression on the stranger is the singularity and brilliancy of the women's costumes. They were developed at least a hundred

years ago by a curious sumptuary law, regulating the dress of slaves and colored people of free condition, a law which allowed considerable liberty as to material and tint, prescribing only form. But these fashions suggest the Orient; they offer beautiful audacities of color contrasts; and the coiffure, above all, is so strikingly Eastern that you cannot help wondering whether it was not first introduced into the colony by some Mohammedan negro slave. It is simply an immense Madras handkerchief, which is folded about the head with admirable art, like a turban; one bright end, pushed through at the top in front, being left sticking up like a plume. Then this turban, always full of bright canary-color, is fastened with great golden or silver brooches, one in front and one at either side. As for the remainder of the dress, it is simple enough: an embroidered, low-cut chemise with sleeves; a skirt or *jupe*, quite short in front and very long behind, but caught up and fastened in front below the breasts so as to bring the hem everywhere to a level with the end of the long chemise; and finally a *foulard*, or silken kerchief, thrown over the shoulders. These *jupes* and *foulards*, however, are exquisite in pattern and color: bright crimson, bright yellow, bright blue, bright green, lilac, violet, rose, sometimes mingled together in plaidings, or checkerings, or stripings; black with orange, sky-blue with purple. And whatever be the colors of the turban, which vary astonishingly, the brighter parts must be yellow—brilliant, flashing yellow: the turban is certain to possess yellow stripes or yellow squares. To this display add the effect of costly and curious jewelry: immense ear-rings, each pendant being formed of five gold cylinders joined together (cylinders sometimes two inches long and an inch at least in circumference); a necklace of double, triple, quadruple, or quintuple rows of large hollow gold beads (sometimes smooth, but generally graven), the wonderful *collier-choux*. Now this glowing jewelry is not a mere imitation of pure metal; the ear-rings are worth 175 francs a pair; the necklace of a Martinique quadroon may cost 500 or even 1000 francs. It may be the gift of her lover, her *doudoux;* but such articles are usually purchased on time, by small payments which may continue regularly for several years.



ITINERANT PASTRY-SELLER.

Many are less richly and brightly attired; the greater number of the women carrying burdens on their heads—peddling vegetables, cakes, fruits, or ready-cooked food from door to door—usually wear a single plain robe, very long be-

hind, but always gathered up about the waist so as to sit close to the figure, and leave the lower limbs partly bare and perfectly free. All day they can walk up and down hill, without shoes, carrying loads of from 100 to 200 pounds on their turbaned heads, under the fierce sun. Everything is borne on the head; I have seen a piano—a grand piano!—carried on the heads of six men. With the women, the burden is very seldom steadied by the hand. The head remains perfectly motionless; only the quick, black, dancing eyes flash into every window and doorway to watch for a customer's signal. And the creole street cries, uttered in a far-reaching, high, clear key, sonorous as if blown through a silver trumpet, intercross and blend and produce random harmonies that are really very sweet to hear.

"*Ça qui vlé bel mangot!—ça qui vlé!*" Her basket of huge mangoes must weigh fully one hundred and fifty pounds. "*Ça qui vlé escargots!—ça qui vlé!*" Call her, if you like snails. "*Ça qui vlé bel avocat!*" The alligator-pear—cuts and tastes like beautiful green cheese. "*Ça qui vlé cana'ds!*" "*Ça qui vlé cha'-bon!*" "*Ça qui vlé di pain au beurre!*" Ducks; charcoal; pretty little loaves, about the size of big cucumbers.

"*Ça qui vlé fromassé!*" For "fromassé" read *pharmacie:* she deals in creole roots and herbs, and all the leaves that make tisanes.

"*Ça qui vlé médicaments!*" Do not imagine this one is selling drugs. "Médicaments" in creole simply signifies a pair of overalls—working-men's trousers.

"*Hé! zenfants-là! en deho'!*" Run out to meet her, little children, if you like the sweet rice cakes. "*Hé! gens pa' enho', gens pa' enbas, gens di galétas—moin ni bel gouoûs poisson!*" Ho! people upstairs, people down-stairs, and all ye good folks who dwell in the attics, know that she has very big and very beautiful fish to sell! "*Hé! ça qui vlé manger yonne?*" Those are "akras"—flat yellow-brown cakes, made of pounded codfish or beans, or both, seasoned with pepper and fried in butter. And then comes the pastry-seller, black as ebony, but dressed all in white, and white-aproned and white-capped, like a French cook, and chanting in a voice like a clarionet:

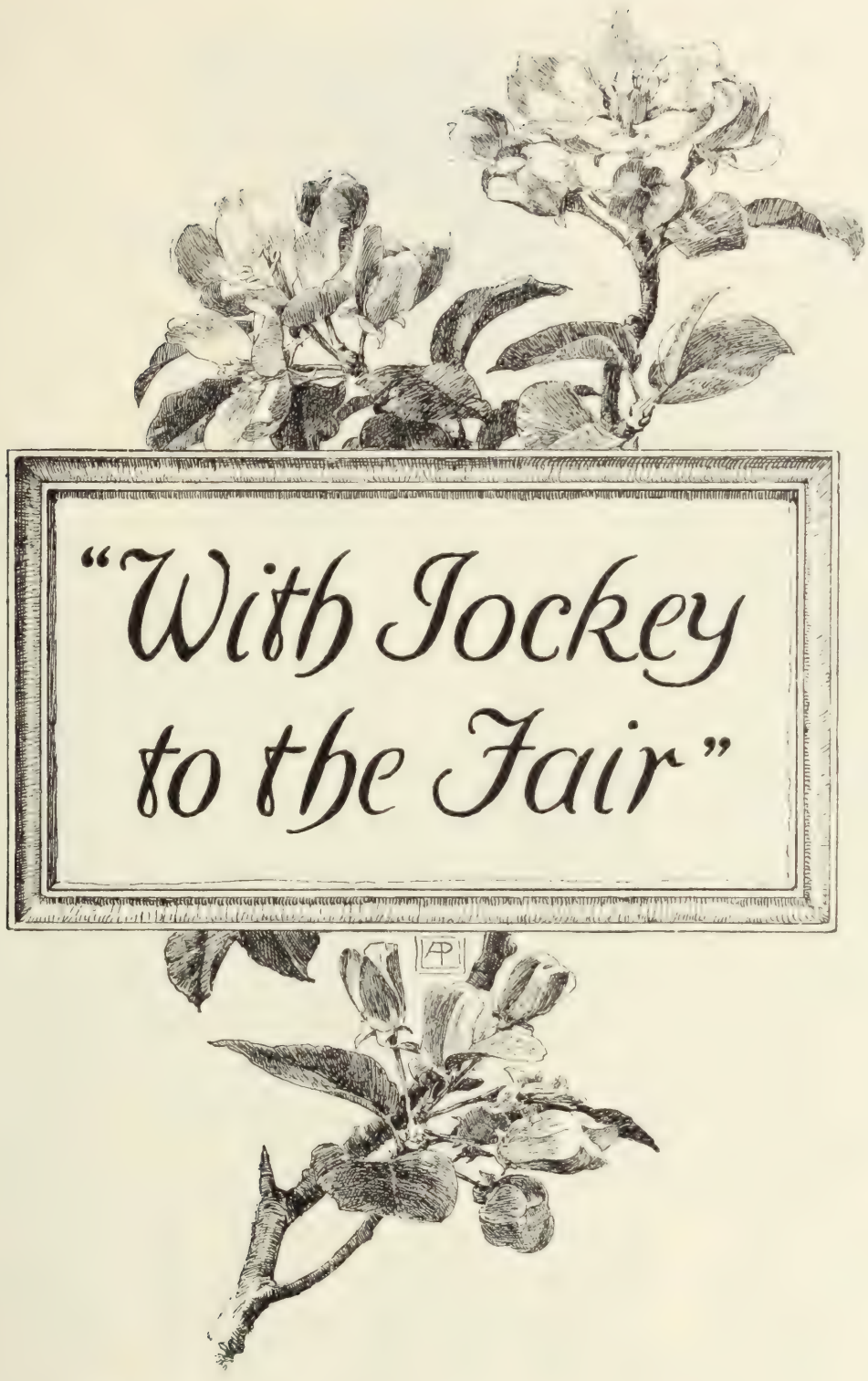
"C'est louvouier di la pâtisserie qui passe,
Qui té na veillé pou' gagner son existence!"

The quaint stores bordering both sides of the street bear no names and no signs over their huge arched doors: you must look well inside to know what business is being done. Even then you will scarcely be able to satisfy yourself as to the nature of the commerce; for they are selling gridirons and frying-pans in the dry-goods stores, holy images and rosaries in the notion stores, sweet-cakes and confectionery in the crockery stores, coffee and stationery in the millinery stores, cigars and tobacco in the china stores, cravats and laces and ribbons in the jewelry stores, sugar and guava jelly in the tobacco stores! But of all the objects exposed for sale the most delightful to look at is a doll, the famous Martinique *poupée.* It is a mulatto doll, attired with exquisite tact in the holiday costume of the women of St. Pierre; it bears the broidered chemise, the tastefully arranged and richly colored *jupe*, the gorgeous silk *foulard*, the marvellous ear-rings of five gold cylinders, the *collier-choux* (triple or quadruple), the charming yellow-banded Madras turban. It is too artistic for a toy: it is a perfect costume model, a perfect miniature of Martinique fashions, to the smallest details of arrangement and of colors.

These costume-colors—always relieved by brilliant yellow stripings or checkerings—have an indescribable luminousness, a really magical power of relieving and bringing out the fine warm tints of this tropical flesh. Such are the hues of those regal costumes which Nature gives unto her nearest of kin and her dearest, to her honey-lovers, to her insects—*these are wasp-colors!** And only Nature could have taught such faultless comprehension of powers and harmonies among colors, such knowledge of chromatic witchcrafts and chromatic laws.

This evening Mont Pelée is more heavily coiffed than usual. Of purple and lilac cloud the coiffure is—a veritable turban, a magnificent Madras! Mont Pelée to-day is in *costume de fête*—like a quadroon attired for a baptism or a ball—and in her phantom head-dress the young moon glimmers for a brooch.

* The fact may not have ever occurred to the child-minds of these strange people, yet there is a singular creole expression which suggested the phrase to me. In the patois, "*pouend' guêpe*" (to catch a wasp) signifies making love to a pretty colored girl.



"With Jockey to the Fair"

'TWAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And deck'd the meadows fair.
Young Jockey early in the morn
Arose and tripped it o'er the lawn.
His Sunday coat the youth put on;
For Jenny had vowed away to run
With Jockey to the fair.





THE cheerful parish bells had rung;
With eager steps he trudg'd along;
Sweet flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear.
He tapp'd the window. "Hush, my dear!"
Jenny, impatient, cried. "Who's there?"
"'Tis I, my love, and no one near.
Step gently down, you've nought to fear
With Jockey to the fair."



"MY dad and mammy're fast asleep;
My brother up, and with the sheep;
And will you still your promise keep,
Which I have heard you swear?
And will you ever constant prove?"
"I will, by all the pow'rs above!
And ne'er deceive my charming dove.
Dispel these doubts, and haste, my love,
With Jockey to the fair.



"BEHOLD the ring!" the shepherd cried.
"Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there!"
Then Jockey did his vows renew—
He would be constant, would be true;
His word was pledged. Away she flew,
With cowslips sparkling with the dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

SOON did they meet a joyful throng.
Their gay companions, blithe and young,
Each joins the dance, each joins the song
To hail the happy pair.
What two were e'er so fond as they?
All bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn, the blooming May,
When lovely Jenny ran away
With Jockey to the fair.

THE GREAT AMERICAN DESERT.

BY FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

IN the maps of the United States contained in the school geographies of thirty years ago, that strip of territory lying east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the Missouri River, extending on the south to the Mexican border, and to British America at the north, was verily a *terra incognita*. A considerable portion of these United States was designated as "The Great American Desert" on our maps. This feature of our old United States maps has been dropped only within the last twenty years. Even where a better intelligence has latterly completely expunged it from the maps, it still remains obstinately fixed in the minds of thousands of otherwise intelligent people, who have not kept pace with the developments of the past quarter of a century.

A very interesting book could be written on the history of the cattle trade, which has grown to enormous proportions on the vast plains of the West. It is not our purpose, however, to dwell on this feature of the history of our desert, because, owing to the tinge of romance which is connected with the ranch, the vaquero, the broncho, and the lasso, the subject has already received attention from many pens. The development of this region presents even more curious and interesting features than the cow-boy and his mustang.

It may surprise the younger readers of this Magazine to learn that a great part of our desert is designated on the maps of to-day as Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska. There is enough of it left for a kingdom, after it has been robbed of these two large States and a Territory of dimensions geographically appalling, which is knocking very hard at the door of the sisterhood of States for admission—already surpassing some of them in wealth and population.

It is impossible to compute how much damage has resulted to the interests of the State of Nebraska from the fact that the Union Pacific, long its only trunk line, crosses it through the Platte Valley, the dreariest portion of the entire State. It is unfair to judge of any country from such superficial observations as are made of Kansas and Nebraska from the cars; and as these, together with Dakota, show the most remarkable and rapid progress toward civilization, let us limit our discussion to that portion of the desert which they occupy. The conditions of pioneer life in each of them are substantially the same, and speaking for one of them is generally speaking for all.

Shortly after the financial disasters of 1873, precipitated by the failure of Jay Cooke, and when the stock of his pet road, the Northern Pacific, was selling at nine dollars a share, a number of shrewd investors, seeing the opportunity of buying this stock on the market, selecting railroad grant lands along the line of the Northern Pacific in Dakota—which the road had then just penetrated—and paying for them in this almost worthless stock at par, bought large tracts of these lands, and began as an experiment to till them. Soon marvellous stories were heard repeated among Eastern farmers about the fertility of the soil and the remarkable quality of the grain grown on it. About the same period the surplus population of Iowa and Missouri drifted into middle Nebraska and Kansas. There was only a sprinkling of them, but when the locust scourge came in 1874 and 1875 they found they had no use for the broad acres at their disposal in that country, and the first wave of civilization was driven back. The few who staid through two years of the pestilence suffered another raid from the destroyers in

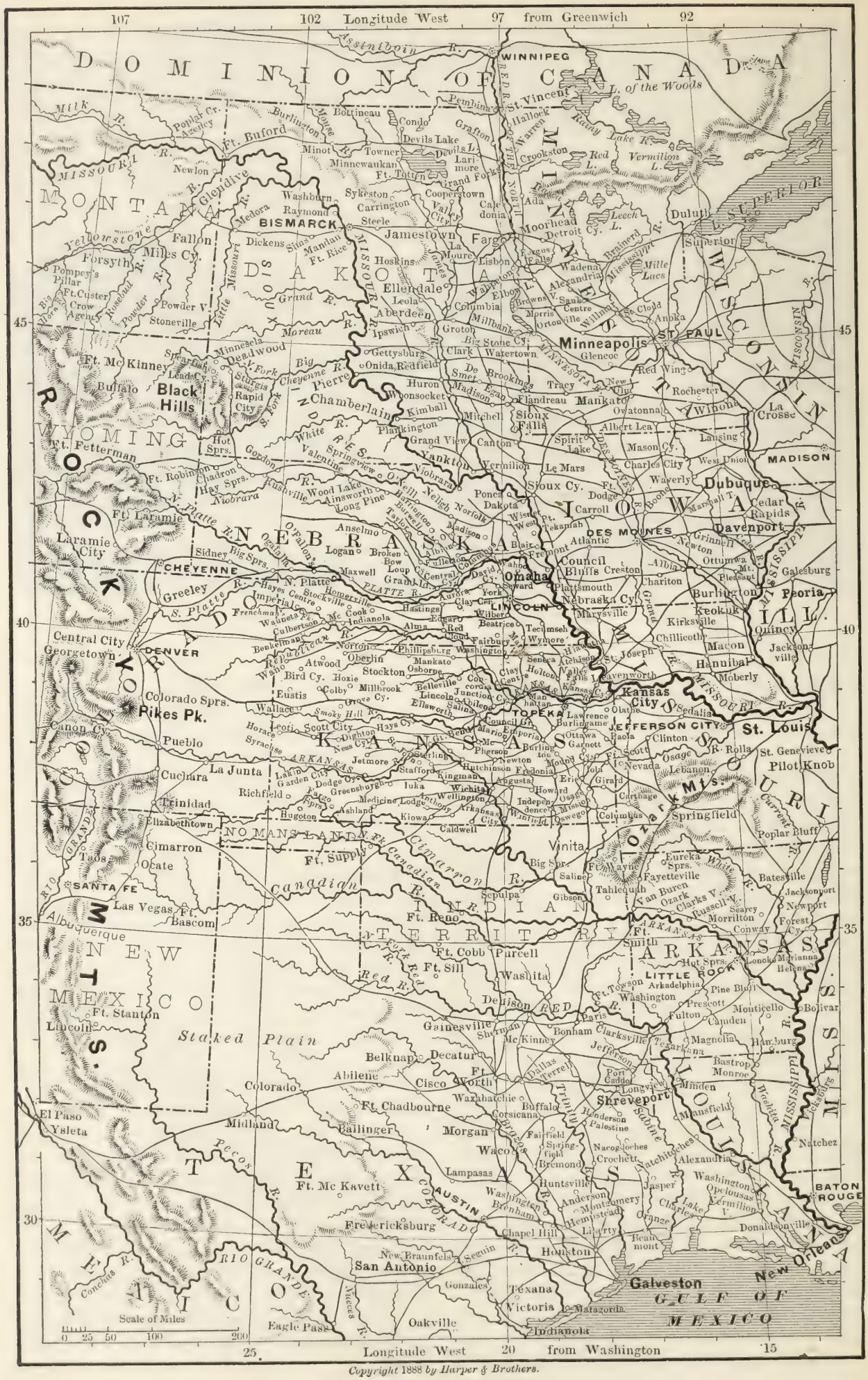


THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION.

1876, and then they too succumbed to the inevitable. Fortunately for Dakota, there were not enough people within her borders during these years to afford any comfort to the grasshoppers, and thus it happened that the sufferers, returning penniless to their Eastern homes, with woful tales of their sufferings, had nothing to say of Dakota. Kansas and Nebraska, however, received a very thorough advertising from the evil, and the result was that when, with returning financial prosperity in 1877 and 1878, the tide of surplus population again rolled westward, Dakota was the promised land; nor was it until Dakota was well filled by this influx that western Kansas and Nebraska received any benefit from it, several years later. This was a tidal wave, though it came never to recede; for now this territory is a part and parcel of the resistless sea of population which is steadily rolling toward the Pacific slope.

But at what a cost has this final success been achieved! How many reverses and failures before a permanent foothold has been established in the desert by the sturdy pioneers! Sturdy? God save the mark! I wonder if it is not true of all pioneers, as it is of these, that as a rule they were the poor devils of the community, who were forced by stern necessity to go to a new country to strive again to make a stand in the battle of life? There are old stagers here who "pioneered it" first in Illinois, next in Iowa, then in eastern Nebraska, western Nebraska, and who now have Colorado in view for their next stand. One wonders where they will stop. Experience proves that it takes three sets of pioneers to make a permanent population. The first settler, with rare exceptions, ekes out a half-starved existence until he can make proof on his land; by this time he is ready and eager to sell out to one of the second crop of pioneers—men who bring a little money with them to fight the battle with; as a rule, though, the necessity of incurring debts to keep things going beats this second class, and they in turn give way to the thrifty farmers who come prepared and able to stay. For it must not be supposed that the original homesteader is necessarily a farmer. You will find all sorts and conditions of men among them, from ministers to cow-boys, from bankrupt business men to the latest exile from Russia. All of these, together with professional men and tradesmen in the villages, and a fair sprinkling of *bona fide* farmers, appear in the ranks of the homesteaders.

And the oddities of their life!—what


107
102
Longitude West
97
from Greenwich
92
DOMINION OF CANADA
WINNIPEG
L. of the Woods
MONTANA
DAKOTA
BISMARCK
Fargo
Duluth
Superior
MINNESOTA
WISCONSIN
Minneapolis
ST. PAUL
WYOMING
ROCKY MOUNTAINS
Ft. McKinney
Black Hills
Ft. Fetterman
Laramie City
Ft. Laramie
NEBRASKA
Omaha
LINCOLN
CHEYENNE
DENVER
Central City
Georgetown
Pikes Pk.
Colorado Sprs.
Pueblo
Canon City
Cuchara
La Junta
Trinidad
Elizabethtown
Cimarron
Taos
Ocate
SANTA FE
Las Vegas
Albuquerque
NEW MEXICO
Ft. Stanton
Lincoln
Staked Plain
El Paso
Ysleta
Midland
Ballinger
Abilene
Colorado
Belknap
Decatur
Ft. Chadbourne
Ft. Mc Kavett
TEXAS
Fredericksburg
San Antonio
New Braunfels
Gonzales
Texana
Victoria
Matagorda
Galveston
GULF OF MEXICO
Indianola
Eagle Pass
Oakville
Concho R.
Pecos R.
RIO GRANDE
Nueces R.
Colorado R.
AUSTIN
Washington
Brenham
Chapel Hill
Houston
Anderson
Montgomery
Hempstead
Liberty
Beaumont
Orange
Jasper
Lake Charles
Vermilion L.
Opelousas
Washington
Natchitoches
Alexandria
Crochett
Nacogdoches
Palestine
Henderson
Corsicana
Buffalo
Waxahatchie
Cisco
Ft. Worth
Dallas
Terrell
Sherman
Bonham
Paris
Gainesville
Denison
RED R.
Ft. Sill
Ft. Cobb
Ft. Reno
Caldwell
Kiowa
Medicine Lodge
Wellington
Wichita
Arkansas City
Winfield
Oswego
Columbus
Independence
Coffeyville
Carthage
Springfield
Girard
Fort Scott
Nevada
Osage
Clinton
Ottawa
Garnett
Baxter Springs
Pittsburg
Lawrence
Burlingame
TOPEKA
Council Gr.
Emporia
Burlington
Ft. Riley
Junction City
Abilene
Salina
Ellsworth
Hays City
Ft. Dodge
Dodge City
Garden City
Lakin
Jetmore
Stafford
Hutchinson
Newton
Mc Pherson
Salina
Manhattan
Clay Centre
Holton
Valley Falls
Kansas City
Leavenworth
Atchison
St. Joseph
Chillicothe
Macon
Hannibal
Moberly
Kirksville
Keokuk
Quincy
Burlington
Peoria
ILL.
Davenport
Dubuque
Cedar Rapids
IOWA
Council Bluffs
Creston
Atlantic
DES MOINES
Grinnell
Newton
Ottumwa
Mt. Pleasant
Galesburg
Albia
Chariton
Plattsmouth
Nebraska Cy.
Marysville
Seward
York
Aurora
Hastings
Grand Island
Kearney
Wood River
Gibbon
Shelton
Central City
Columbus
Fremont
Blair
Tekamah
Wisner
Wahoo
Ashland
Wayne
Norfolk
Madison
Pierce
Wisner
Ponca
Dakota
Sioux Cy.
Dodge
Carroll
Ft. Dodge
Boone
Marshall T.
Waterloo
Cedar Falls
Independence
Manchester
Dubuque
Waverly
Charles City
Mason Cy.
Lansing
West Union
MADISON
Albert Lea
Austin
Owatonna
Winona
La Crosse
Rochester
Red Wing
New Ulm
Mankato
Sioux Falls
Spirit Lake
Le Mars
Vermilion
Yankton
Springview
Valentine
Niobrara
Hot Sprs.
Chadron
Hay Sprs.
Gordon
Rushville
Wood Lake
Ainsworth
Long Pine
Harrington
Burwell
Ord
Neligh
Oakdale
Tilden
Battle Creek
Madison
Anselmo
Logan
Broken Bow
Loup City
Grand Island
Central City
Columbus
Fullerton
Albion
Wahoo
Ashland
Greeley
Sidney
Big Sprs.
Maxwell
N. Platte
Hayes Centre
Stockville
Homerville
Imperial
Frenchman
Wauneta
Culbertson
Mc Cook
Indianola
Alma
Red Cloud
Beatrice
Tecumseh
Wymore
Fairbury
Benkelman
Norton
Phillipsburg
Washington
Seneca
Hiawatha
Holton
Valley Falls
Kansas City
Leavenworth
Atchison
St. Joseph
Chillicothe
Macon
Hannibal
Moberly
Kirksville
Keokuk
Quincy
Jacksonville
Galesburg
Peoria
ILL.
Burlington



A SOD HOUSE, DAKOTA.

chapters of queer tales could be written of them! To begin with, the habitation of the homesteader is either a dugout or a house built of squares of sod taken from the prairie—Nebraska or Kansas brick, as they are facetiously termed. The dugout consists of a hole dug in the side of a cañon or any sort of depression on the prairie which will serve as a wind-break. This hole is roofed across, about on a level with the prairie, with inch boards, and these are covered with sod. A foot or so of stove-pipe protruding from the roof is the sole indication of a human habitation. One room generally serves all the purposes of the homesteader and his family. If he prospers for a season, he adds to the front of his abode by erecting walls of sod on the sides and putting in a new front, the old one serving as a partition between the two rooms. This is considered a commodious dwelling. After riding over the quarter section looking for an owner, espying such an abode, and guiding your team carefully down a break-neck descent to the front door, would it surprise you, upon entering this hole in the ground, to find, for instance, a very modern organ with an imposing cathedral back towering high in one corner of the room? But this is no cause for astonishment—very frequently organs and ornate designs in furniture are to be found in the dugouts. Or, if the lady of the house should invite you to remain for the meeting of the literary club there in the evening, would you stare at that? Not at all. Literary clubs, which the members ride all the way from five to twenty miles to attend, and where they discuss with great earnestness everything from the latest political problem to the most abstruse point in metaphysics, are quite the regular thing with our homesteaders. But to behold this life so full of paradoxes in the height of its incongruousness you should be a spectator in the dugout when a neighborhood dance is in full blast. The earthen walls have been skilfully tapestried for the occasion with calico, and when the fun begins, the clay floor speedily responds to the capering of the many twinkling feet, and there arises a cloud of dust that would stifle an Indian. But, bless you! they don't mind a bit of dust. A polished floor and the most perfect system of ventilation attainable could add nothing to their enjoyment.

The homesteaders are very honest. You can leave a house unlocked at all times and your stores are perfectly safe—with the exception of what liquor you may

have on hand for medicinal purposes. In other words, the homesteader will steal whiskey every time. As a class they are neighborly, kind to one in distress, and exceedingly hospitable.

But it must not be supposed that all homesteaders live in dugouts or sleep six or seven in a room; such experiences attach to the first year or two of frontier life more than to any later period. Many sightly, commodious, and comfortable sod houses have been built, of which our illustrations will afford examples. The walls are usually two feet in thickness, the roof shingled, doors and windows set into the walls, and the house plastered inside, sometimes outside, altogether making a very neat and desirable residence. These structures, too, are free from the annoyances of dugouts, in which are found all manner of insects and rodents. Occasionally a rattlesnake will burrow through the earthen sides, and coil himself snugly in the bedclothes, where you will find him on a cold morning. Such intruders are rare, but there are some people who strenuously object to even rare visits of this sort; such are usually energetic enough to get out of the old house and into a new one before spending many months in an abode so uncomfortably near to nature's heart.

It is very common to find a lone and unprotected female "holding down a claim," as the Western phrase runs. The women of the East would look aghast at the prospect of living alone in a sod house for six months, miles from the nearest neighbor. Yet experience proves that the "unprotected" is much safer out on the lonely prairie than she would be in New York city. I never heard or read of a woman on a homestead receiving an insult at the hands of anybody. To be sure, they are always armed, and know how to handle a pistol, but they rarely have a more deadly use for it than the killing of a jack-rabbit or a prairie-dog. Such women complain more of loneliness than of fear. For whatever charms solitude may have for the sage, it certainly has none for the fair sex, not even for our hardy Western representatives of it. Here is one of their ingenious ways of avoiding it. Two of them will locate on adjoining "quarters," and build their houses on the dividing line; so that while each house is on its occupant's claim, the two structures are practically one, affording frequent opportunities for the ladies to call on each other and discuss social topics. They are all provided with ponies, and think nothing of a horseback ride of fifteen or twenty miles, either for business or pleasure.

The land laws of the United States are such that a citizen of this country, or one who has declared his intention to become a citizen, can, under certain restrictions, file his homestead or pre-emption papers at a nominal cost on a quarter section—one hundred and sixty acres—of any agricultural land belonging to the government. If he makes an actual residence on his homestead for five years, he can make proof of the fact before the register of the United States land-office of the district in which his land lies, and take what is termed a Final Receiver's Receipt for his quarter section. When the Circumlocution Office at Washington—Department of the Interior—gets around to making out a patent from the government for him, he exchanges the receipt for the patent. This takes from two to five years after making proof; and meantime the receiver's receipt answers for all practical purposes, such as buying, selling, or mortgaging, for a warrantee deed from the United States. Another section of the law provides that in case the homesteader wishes to make proof after having resided for the space of six months on his land, he may do so, and be entitled to the receiver's receipt upon the payment of one dollar and a quarter per acre for the land. This is termed a commuted entry, and nine-tenths of the rights are used in this way, for very good and sufficient reasons. It is very seldom that the party holding the claim can sustain life on it for five years without borrowing money. To do this he is obliged to "prove up," that is, get title from the government. Accordingly he borrows money from one of the numerous companies that negotiate farm mortgage loans—perhaps six or eight hundred dollars, according to the location of his land. The company pays out for him at the land-office the required sum for a commuted entry—one dollar and a quarter per acre—and gives him the balance of the loan, taking a mortgage on his farm for security. Under the pre-emption laws precisely the same commuted entry can be made, though under these laws the settler is obliged to pay the government two hundred dollars for his claim, whether he proves up after a six months' residence,



A NEBRASKA DUGOUT.



A PRAIRIE TOWN.

or waits the full limit of his time for making proof—thirty-three months. One man is entitled to both of these rights, and also to a third quarter section under the timber culture act. So it may be seen that our liberal government allows a man—or woman either, if she be single or the head of a family—to acquire four hundred and eighty acres of as valuable farming land as can be found in America, and at a total expense, if the full benefits of each law are taken, of less than five hundred dollars.

But the worst vice of the average pioneer is his improvidence. It is true that there are many things against him, such as poverty, to begin with, exorbitant railway charges, high rates of interest, and finally, and fatally in most cases, a total lack of thrift and management. His first step is to make his commuted entry at a cost of two hundred dollars. This means a mortgage on his farm. Then it is not a question of how little money he can get along with, but how much money he can borrow on his "quarter." They talk the matter over with great interest among themselves, and will travel fifty miles half a dozen times if they hear of an opportunity to make a deal with a loan agent whose company will lend a hundred dollars more on a quarter section than the others.

With few exceptions the only people among the first comers who retain their farms are the foreigners, principally Germans and Scandinavians. These men, drilled into the most rigid habits of economy by the experience of hundreds of years in a hard struggle for existence, will start with the Americans under precisely similar circumstances, and while the latter give way under the severe conditions imposed upon them, the foreigners will surmount the same obstacles, and make a success of life; if indeed they do not go to the other extreme, and work or starve themselves to death—instances not so rare as one might imagine.

The farms of nearly all of the unfortunate representatives of old-time Yankee industry and economy are provided with the most expensive kind of modern agricultural machinery, for all of which they are in debt, and which is left exposed to the elements when not in use.

Yet these people are the pioneers of a true civilization; upon the wrecks of their fortunes abler hands will build anew; and if the second attempt fails, success crowns a third effort. Here the law of the survival of the fittest is seen in full play.

Let us glance further at the financial aspect of the situation in the desert. Money, of course, is the prime factor in all problems of civilization. Without the wealth which begets leisure, and the leisure which begets thought, there would be no progress in human affairs. But out here we must begin a step back of Buckle's proposition: we must first acquire the wealth. From what has been said it will be readily inferred that the homesteader did not bring it with him; rather he came because he lacked it; and it takes many a long and hard year of labor to accumulate it by farming, even under the most favorable conditions. Thus it follows of necessity that the new West is heavily in debt. The western frontier always has been, but as the border line steadily advances toward the Sierra Nevada, the mortgages are lifted from the older States, the rates of interest lessen, and the indebtedness is gradually extinguished.

Twenty years ago, money was worth ten per cent. in Michigan; to-day it is worth six to seven per cent.; fifteen years ago it was still worth ten per cent. in Iowa; to-day it loans at seven to eight per cent. Fifteen years ago it was considered an oversight if a business block in Chicago was not covered with a Boston mortgage. To-day not a little of the money which helps to develop the desert comes from Chicago—no longer a borrower, but a lender, in the world of finance.

It required millions upon millions of dollars of borrowed money every year to make possible the extraordinary progress of Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska during the past ten years. One of the first things to excite surprise in the mind of a stranger is the great number of banks in these new Western towns; they are everywhere numerous. But their combined capital would not suffice to supply a respectable fraction of the demand for money in their territory. The great bulk of it comes from the East, New England particularly, in the way of farm loans. These are negotiated by loan and trust companies, whose name is legion—there are hundreds of them in the business. Their method of procedure is well understood here, but perhaps a *résumé* of it may be of interest to Eastern readers. They have loan agents in every small town, who take an application from the party wanting a loan, and forward it to the Western office of the company. Omaha, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul, Lincoln, and Sioux City are the principal centres. The application, if accepted, is filed, and the necessary papers being made out, they are forwarded with the money to the front. The farmer signs a mortgage, running, say, five years, for one thousand dollars. The rate of interest he pays is ten per cent., but it is divided in this way: the principal mortgage draws seven per cent., and the semiannual interest coupons on this are for thirty-five dollars each. He then signs a second mortgage on his farm for an amount equal to three per cent. per annum for five years on the loan of one thousand dollars; this is divided into semiannual payments of fifteen dollars each—not bearing interest, as these are really interest notes—payable on the same dates as the interest coupons of the principal mortgage are. The loan company then sells the first mortgage drawing seven per cent. to the Eastern investor, keeping the second mortgage—or what is really the balance of the ten per cent. interest which the farmer pays—for its profit. It will be observed that there is a handsome thing in



REMNANT OF AN OLDER RACE.

this business for the companies, and the result is that the competition caused by numberless new companies entering the field to secure the profits is exceedingly fierce, and cuts the margin for them finer every year.

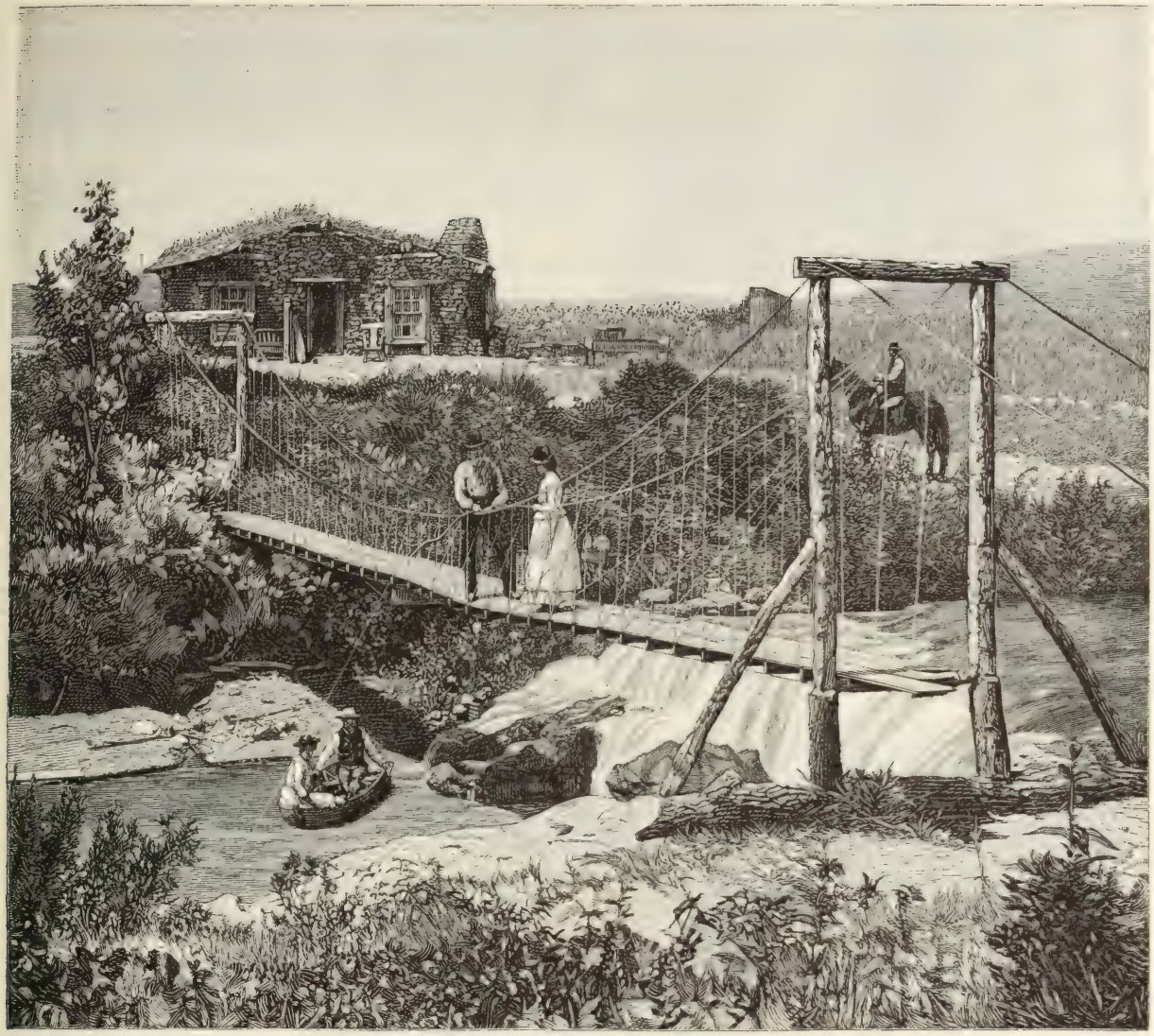
Many ingenious variations are based on this business. Some companies sell a guaranteed loan—principal and interest guaranteed by them—at six per cent.; a loan without their guarantee at eight per cent. Others deposit their mortgages with trust companies, and issue debenture bonds against them, drawing six per cent. interest, and running from ten to fifteen years.

These Western farm mortgages find their way to all parts of the East, and many are sold in London. They afford a good investment for the small capitalist, and are also held largely by savings-banks and insurance and trust companies. The competition referred to, or, to put it more clearly, the eagerness of the companies to lend, the eagerness of their agents to make their commissions as large as possible by lending all the company will permit, and the exceeding great eagerness of the homesteader to borrow every nickel he can, give rise to the evil which must be naturally apprehended under such conditions, namely, over-loaning. But this does not exist to an extent to cause any alarm to the investor, since nineteen-twentieths of the loans are guaranteed by the negotiators, and if they loan more than a farm is worth, the loss is theirs. Latterly, too, they are much more thorough in their investigations, and now make very few mistakes.

There are a few wiseacres in the East who shake their heads impressively, declaring that three-fourths of the farms of Nebraska, Kansas, and Dakota are mortgaged, and predict ultimate disaster to both borrower and lender. But this does not by any means follow. We are heavily in debt, and there is no reason for denying it. Every State west of the Alleghanies has borne the same burden in its pioneer days, and developed its resources under precisely the same conditions. Go to a new country that is not in debt, and you will find the inhabitants as near a state of nature as they can get, and content to remain there. They will live like the crackers of Georgia or the moonshiners of Tennessee, who are never in debt—except, perhaps, to the Internal Revenue Department. They are happy: perhaps theirs is the wiser plan—to rust out instead of wearing out. But the restless, hustling, struggling Westerner is not cast in that mould. If he succumbs in the struggle against high interest, an exorbitant tariff, and the practical confiscation of his farm products by the freight rates of the railroads, another man stands ready to take his place.

Of almost equal importance with money as a civilizing factor is the railroad. It is no longer the fashion for the community to develop and await its advent. The railroad now precedes the population everywhere, and makes its own towns. So true is this in some parts of the desert that the roads own all of the principal town sites on their new branches. To mention all of the roads which have penetrated the region we are discussing would be to name a majority of the best managed, best paying, and largest railway corporations in the United States; but those which have pre-empted the best part of the disputed territory are the Santa Fe, the Rock Island, the Burlington, the Northwestern, and the St. Paul roads. That giant of other days, the Union Pacific, though wide-awake enough now, has slumbered for years, while such tireless Lilliputians as the Burlington, the Northwestern, and the Rock Island have invaded every mile of its territory, and bound it hand and foot with a net-work of branch lines running in every direction, making resistance on its part at this late day wellnigh useless. Already the Burlington, which has literally gridironed Nebraska, is in the coal-fields of Wyoming. It has obtained control of lines west of Denver, and is headed for the Pacific coast. The Northwestern, besides its large holdings in Dakota, stretches one long arm into the Black Hills *viâ* northern Nebraska, and another has passed Fort Fetterman in Wyoming. Not content with these vast undertakings, a third great branch of this corporation has penetrated southern Nebraska, and is now half-way across the State on its way to Denver. It will be a race between it and the Rock Island, for this is the objective point of both at present; and who shall have the hardihood to predict that they will stop there?

The St. Paul system, lying furthest north of all the lines competing for the possession of the new West, prompted by



WAUNETA FALLS, NEBRASKA.

the advice of one of the quietest, but, all round, one of the brainiest merchants and financiers in the United States, Philip D. Armour, has just finished perhaps the greatest *coup* in its history. At one step it has planted its iron heel in Kansas City—a point never dreamed of by its original projectors. And this is but a starting-point for its southwestern extensions—a city of which another great railway magnate has but lately prophesied—and with good reason—that half a century hence it will surpass the Chicago and St. Louis, not of this day, but of that, in population and commercial importance. The Santa Fe road—a child of the desert—most powerful of the Southwestern lines, simply as a matter of convenience in Eastern connections, has quietly completed an extension from Kansas to Chicago, where its terminal facilities alone will cost from five to ten millions of dollars. To realize fully what has been done since 1880 in the line of railway building in the Great American Desert, take a copy of Poor's Railway Manual for 1887, and note how suggestively near the head of the list of States Nebraska, Kansas, and Dakota are in miles of railroads built each year. The lines constructed in Nebraska alone during the past two years would make a single-track road from New York city to Salt Lake.

To touch upon the climate of this greatly abused country is to develop one of its strongest points. The main basis for its excellence lies in the altitude of the region, which ranges from fifteen to eighteen hundred feet above the sea-level, on the Missouri River, and gradually ascends as you travel westward until the foot of the mountains is reached, where you attain an altitude of five to six thousand feet. The atmosphere is dry and invigorating. Nebraska is noted for the great number of its sunshiny days, though Dakota and









SKETCHES OF HASTINGS, DAKOTA.
After illustrations in the Hastings *Gazette-Journal*.

take a medium latitude, such as southern Nebraska, and there you can find as near perfect a climate as the United States affords. As between wintering there or in Florida, there is much in favor of the former.

The prairie country, it is true, is subject in winter to blizzards of the utmost severity, but these last for two or three days only, and twenty-five days in the month, every month in the year, are to be relied upon as certain to be lovely. The crisp frosty air and clear sunshine in winter put a life and mettle into one which the soft and balmy atmosphere of Florida cannot supply.

It follows that such a climate is remarkably healthy. There is but one disease which is at all climatic; that is a species of typhoid fever, which appears generally in the fall. This may be occasioned by undue exposure to the sun in summer, by the water, or by what is the most plausible reason, the upturning of the prairie sod.

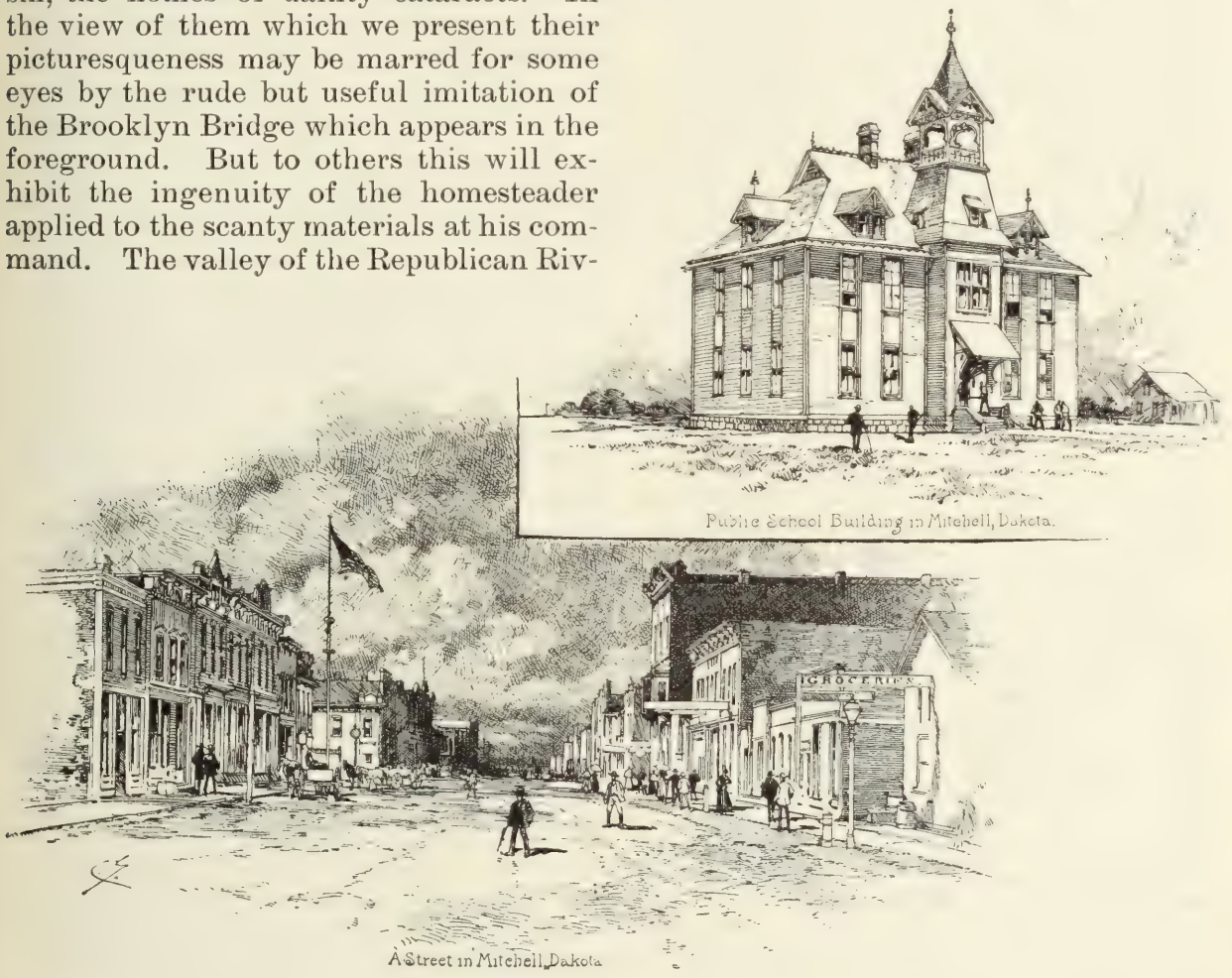
Newly ploughed land is not anywhere considered health-giving. At all events, whatever the cause may be, new-comers generally have a siege with this fever—almost invariably in the fall.

Kansas are equally favored. The catarrhs and rheums, the neuralgia and the consumption, of the East, are unknown, except such cases as were contracted before coming here. Although in summer the thermometer ranges very high, sultry heat is, of course, an impossibility at such an altitude. To be perfectly comfortable in the hottest weather it is necessary only to keep out of the direct rays of the sun; the nights are always cool. It must be noted that as regards heat and cold there is great difference between Dakota and Kansas, for instance; this is merely a question of latitude; but

The idea is prevalent in the East that a location anywhere on the plains means living in a flat and featureless country, where the horizon presents in every direction a monotonous stretch of prairie, devoid of any objects of interest or natural beauty, and impressing upon one feelings of dreary loneliness. This is a mistake.

Certainly the most enthusiastic resident of the desert would not deny that the lovely groves of the East would be a great addition to our landscapes; but we are by no means in the poverty-stricken state in which our Eastern cousins have pictured us in respect to the beauties of nature. The vicinity of Wauneta Falls, in the Frenchman Valley, on the western edge of Nebraska, would not be esteemed commonplace even in Minnesota or Wisconsin, the homes of dainty cataracts. In the view of them which we present their picturesqueness may be marred for some eyes by the rude but useful imitation of the Brooklyn Bridge which appears in the foreground. But to others this will exhibit the ingenuity of the homesteader applied to the scanty materials at his command. The valley of the Republican River affords any number of beautiful landscape effects. The pure clear air and the great expanse of sky in every part of our country afford the loveliest cloud effects and the most magnificent sunsets to be found east of the mountains. Dakota is favored with the mirage which lifts into photographic clearness towns thirty miles away. The bluffs of the Missouri River have frequently been seen in towns forty miles east of them by means of this curious and beautiful phenomenon.

The soil of these prairies possesses such marvellous qualities in the way of productiveness that the stories told of it seem incredible; nor will I inflict upon the reader any tales of the enormous yield of grain, and of the vegetables and fruits of wondrous size which we yearly send east to astonish the farmers of the Middle States. Occasionally something occurs which astounds even the natives regarding the fertility of the soil, as when some immigrant, unable to find anything better to pre-empt, and lacking the means to go further or to go back, in desperation enters a quarter section in what we call the sand-hills, such as are found in portions of western Kansas and Nebraska. In the fall he will emerge from his barren one hundred and sixty acres of desert land with melons, potatoes, pumpkins, and squashes of simply pro-



Public School Building in Mitchell, Dakota.

A Street in Mitchell, Dakota



GLIMPSE OF McCOOK, NEBRASKA.

digious size, capturing the premiums at the local fairs, to the intense chagrin of the farmers who have been laughing all summer at his lunacy in locating on sand. The fact simply is, there is no known limit to the richness and depth of this desert soil. Earth thrown out of a well from a depth of one hundred feet, if sown with wheat or oats, will grow as fine grain as ever headed. I excavated a cellar to a depth of eight feet last year, and graded a lawn with the earth thrown out. After seeding it in the spring, one summer was enough to make a lovely grass-plot of it. Such stories sound like exaggerations to those who are familiar with the worthless clay subsoils of the East, but they are nevertheless strictly true.

The one thing needful to develop the agricultural and pastoral possibilities of this region—in a word, the key to its destinies—is an adequate rainfall; and this suggests a topic regarding which has arisen nearly all of the controversies connected with the success of the new West. Experts who knew absolutely nothing whatever about the actual facts in the case have written many a weighty article to prove that we do not have, never have had, and never can have any rainfall worth mentioning. On the other hand, the people out here who know from their actual experience that we do have a liberal and *bona fide* rainfall in every portion of our immense desert are not content with stating the facts, or making affidavits to them, but rack their brains to find ingenious reasons for the beneficence of Providence. One asserts that every yard of steel rail laid in the desert will draw from the heavens a gallon of water per annum; another claims that there has always been a good rainfall here, and points in evidence to the numberless cañons and creek beds twisting and turning in every direction, but all ultimately converging to the rivers which empty into the Missouri. A third contends that rain follows the upturning of the sod, and that every acre of land ploughed makes a draft on the clouds for a definite quantity of water. It is certain that the buffalo-grass sod which has covered these plains for centuries has become as impervious to water as a cow-boy's slicker. Hence the rain never penetrates it, but rushes off the "divides" in a fury to reach the rivers. Any one who has seen it rain on the plains can understand something of the deluge which covers the entire prairie to the depth of twelve to twenty-four inches during summer showers. It is easy to comprehend then how the numerous cañons in Kansas and Nebraska are cut by the eagerness of the flood to roll eastward. But when the prairie sod has once been ploughed, the soil absorbs water like a sponge. After a day's heavy rain there is no mud visible in a ploughed field: the moisture soaks downward to great depths, and the soil retains it through weeks of dry weather afterward, sustaining its crops without additional rain for a wonderful length of time. It is at least reasonable to suppose that under this changed condition of large portions of the soil, which now absorbs rain instead of shedding it like a rubber coat, the climate retains its atmospheric moisture better, and the rainfall becomes more regular, less falling at a time, but falling oftener. This change may account, too, for the heavy dews which of late years have been remarked in this country—a thing absolutely unknown ten years ago. The upturned soil parting with but a little of its moisture every day, it returns to it at night, wellnigh as refreshing as a shower.

General Morrow, in a very interesting and valuable address delivered at the Cheyenne County, Nebraska, fair last fall, notes the advent of these dews, and he records a rainfall of fourteen inches for the first nine months of 1887 at Sidney, Ne-

braska, which, it should be observed, lies on the extreme western frontier of the State. An editorial in a late number of the New York *Nation*, calling attention to General Morrow's observations, and the way in which the actual facts have upset the theories of the wondrous wise prophets of former days, quotes the *North American Review* in 1858 as saying that our people at that date, when there was scarcely a hamlet forty miles west of the Missouri River, had "already reached their inland western frontier," and describing the Missouri bluffs as "a shore at the termination of a vast ocean desert nearly one thousand miles in breadth," which it was proposed to traverse, if at all, "with caravans of camels, and which interposed a final barrier to the establishment of large communities—agricultural, commercial, or even pastoral." The closing comment of the editor of the *Nation* upon this is, "Yet before the close of 1880 Nebraska numbered half a million inhabitants," and he might have added, with equal truth and additional force, that to-day Nebraska numbers twice that many.

General Morrow instances 83,000 acres of land entered by homesteaders in a single county in Nebraska during three months of 1887. All the land officers of the West tell the same story; their statistics sound like fables. The United States land office for the extreme southwestern part of Nebraska, embracing but a few counties, remitted last year to Washington five hundred thousand dollars to pay for homesteads and pre-emptions.

In view of these facts—this phenomenal increase in population in all parts of the new West—we naturally look for the new centres of population which supply this people, and to these, in the words of the political platform, "we point with pride." If the facts herein set forth have been carefully considered, how easy to understand the *raison d'être* of the Omaha, Kansas City, Lincoln, and Wichita of to-day! These towns are simply a reflection of the farms of Kansas and Nebraska, and are dependent entirely on the desert for their business.

Of greater interest, I take it, and reflecting more perfectly the substantial development of the new West than the great centres mentioned, are the well-built, bright, and attractive inland towns of Nebraska, Dakota, and Kansas, cities of the second and third class, ranging from 3000 to 15,000 inhabitants. There are so many of these in the desert that it is almost a pity to single out a few for mention; but out of many of perhaps equal merit let us glance at Hastings, Nebraska, a town fifteen years old, with a population of 15,000 intelligent, enterprising, and prosperous people, possessed of all of the conveniences of city life, such as gas and electric light, water-works, street-cars, and a free mail delivery; its streets lined with blocks of handsome brick structures; a centre of heavy financial and industrial interests; its homes representing all that is modern and progressive in architecture. How surprised one would be, who has not seen this country for five years, at the towns numbered by the score in Dakota, Kansas, and Nebraska which rival in every respect the most prosperous towns in New York and New England! Among the younger cities there is Mitchell, Dakota, less than seven years old (four thousand inhabitants), containing several churches, fine schools, refined society, substantial banks, large packing interests —enough, in a word, to make life pleasant socially and prosperous financially. Or look at McCook, Nebraska, one of the newest and farthest west of all desert towns—an infant of five years, for there was nothing but a sod house five years ago where the town of 3000 people is now; nearly five hundred miles west of the Missouri River, in the midst of a fertile farming country, possessing everything necessary in the line of churches, schools, and social advantages to make any one content with a habitation in the desert, and whose founders had confidence enough in its future to supply it with a system of water-works equal in extent to that of Lincoln.

These are merely types; there are dozens of such towns, not of the mushroom order of mining towns or centres of speculative activity. They are the legitimate product of a rich agricultural region, and are in no sense ephemeral. They are here to stay; and in looking at them, and considering what they represent, the conviction forces itself irresistibly on one that the best advice ever offered to a young American was contained in the words—which have been bandied about in many a joke, but are as full of wisdom to-day as when Horace Greeley uttered them—"Go West, young man—go West."

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XII.

INTERVENTION.

ALONG and dreary winter followed; and the slow weeks and months seemed to plunge Kirk o' Shields into an ever-increasing gloom. Sometimes the land lay hard and silent in the grip of a black frost; and then there was no breath of wind to stir the atmosphere; the fumes and vapors hung heavy in the motionless air, so that people forgot what the sky was like. Sometimes a bewilderment of snow was abroad; and then through the pervading mist the far uplands could be seen to be of a phantom white; but in the town itself and all round about it the snow was immediately dusted over with coal, where it was not trodden into mire. And then again would come persistent rain; but here there was some little compensation; for if the daytime showed the very extreme of wretchedness and squalor, the night made the flames of the great furnaces more resplendent than ever, as the crimson glow flashed across the wet slates of the house roofs. Altogether a miserable winter it was, numbing the mental faculties and cramping the bodily powers; but the members of East Street congregation abated not one jot or tittle of their strict observances; no matter how hard or wet the weather, every Sabbath morning found them slowly and decorously taking their places in the cold, damp-smelling pews; while the attendance at the weekly prayer-meetings, the Bible classes, the Young Men's Christian Association, and so forth, was undiminished.

During all this time Alison's anxieties and duties were considerably increased by the fact that her sister Agnes, never very strong, seemed to grow more and more liable to attacks of nervous weakness or excitability; and as these frequently culminated in sleep-walking, Alison had to be on the alert by night as well as by day. It was so strange to be in this little room that seemed filled with the sombre glow of the iron-works, and to watch the timidly uplifted appealing hand, and to hear the murmured "Mother!" which told how far away the spirit was from its frail tenement of a body. Agnes Blair, at all events, had one way of escape from the desolation that overshadowed Kirk o' Shields. Night brought her release, and carried her away to far and shining regions, where she met the gentle-visaged mother who was waiting for her with outstretched hands. Alison could see her slip noiselessly from the bed, her large gray eyes entranced and still; and for a moment she would remain uncertain, as if it took that space of time to waft her across the black night to the mystic splendor of a perpetual dawn—to the great wall of jasper and the radiant gates of the new Jerusalem. Then she would whisper, "Mother!" her gentle guide was found; these two were walking now through the wonderful streets in the city that had "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof;" and the rapt eyes were gazing on the tree of life, and on the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, that came flowing from the great white throne. And then sometimes (in this little room, in the silence, with Alison half afraid to follow her lest she should rouse her too suddenly) the younger sister would raise her hand slightly, and stand transfixed, as if she were intently listening. Listening to what?—to the distant singing of the ransomed hosts, or to the voice of the angel proclaiming aloud the doom of Babylon the Great? These were sleepless nights for Alison, though her sister in her unconscious state was amenable enough; and next morning Agnes had no knowledge of these restless wanderings, save as a wistful dream.

Perhaps the elder sister was not altogether sorry to have the whole burden of the domestic duties, and of the charitable labor expected from the Minister's family, devolve upon her own shoulders; for there were many things she wished to forget, and she found that resolute hard work was the best means toward that end. Not that she could entirely banish bygone occurrences from her mind; for now and again there came a letter from her cousin in Fort William, which was sure to contain some news of Ludovick Macdonell, even when it did not enclose, as

* Begun in January number, 1888.

frequently happened, some written communication from himself, addressed to Flora. He was in Egypt now, and on his way to India, where he vaguely hinted that there was some chance of his getting an appointment; but in the mean time the winter society in Cairo seemed extremely pleasant, and he was in no hurry to leave.

"But look here, my dear Miss Dimity," Flora wrote, in enclosing one of these epistles, "I don't quite understand why, in the midst of such gayety, and with all those nice people being kind to him, he should be sighing and pining for his native land. If he wants to come home, what's to hinder? And there's such a lot to pine for at this present moment! You should see Fort William now, Miss Dimity—dead—dead as a door-nail; all the rowing-boats high and dry in the back yards; all the yachts gone; and the sea-birds find the place so entirely to their mind that you can hear oyster-catchers whistling all along the shore, and see skarts sailing about and bobbing their heads within a stone's-throw of the house. There's no bustle *now* at the quay when the *Mountaineer* comes in; and what's the use of making yourself very smart and nice, and going down to meet her, when there's never a man on board younger than the captain, or perhaps a commercial traveller bound for Inverness? We're all asleep here; the weather is perfectly clear and still; the hills and the loch are as much in a dream as we are; and when the fiend John, no matter how far away he is, fires his pistol at some harmless bird on the shore, you would think the whole world was listening. By-the-way, if Ludovick is discontented amid his southern gayeties, why doesn't he come home for the winter shooting, which is very good about Oyre? Hugh was to have come through from Edinburgh; and I should like to see the boy again, notwithstanding that he hates the whole of us poor women creatures. I don't understand why Ludovick should stop in Egypt, or in India either, if he would rather be at home.

"But what is far more extraordinary is that he should take such pains to write to me so minutely about himself and his doings. I was never so honored before, I assure you. Really, this sudden friendship is very flattering; and I begin to think I am not quite so contemptible a being as Hugh would make me out, even if I can't throw a stone straight. And indeed I don't know that I am not betraying confidence in letting you see these letters; but then, on the other hand, I have sent him such news of you as I could, for let me tell you, my dear Miss Dimity, you are a pretty poor correspondent. I *did* think you might have told me a little more about the breaking off of that affair between you and Ludovick—for it was precious little I could get out of *him;* but I suppose in such a very delicate matter it is best for outsiders to remain outsiders, and I have no doubt that what you did was for the best. But I can't help being a little sorry sometimes; for, to speak honestly, he is a *real good fellow*, and I am sure he was very fond of you, and it would have been very nice for us to have had you as a neighbor at Oyre. However, it's no use talking now."

It was no use talking now; that was all gone and done with; indeed, the matrimonial project that at the moment was before Alison's mind, or rather pressed in upon her attention, was of a very different cast. The Rev. James Cowan was now openly and avowedly a suitor for her hand, though, to be sure, his mother did most of the wooing for him. But that astute little woman had come to see that nothing was to be hoped for from this poor lad of hers accompanying his parents to the Minister's house, and sitting in hopeless apathy until they were ready to come away again. It was in vain that the fond mother praised the logic of James's sermons, and repeated sayings of his, which were mostly of her own invention, and tried to draw him into conversation with the Minister, so long as the listless-eyed, down-spirited, pale-faced probationer had never a word for Alison, and indeed covertly and quickly avoided her when there was a chance of meeting her in the streets of Kirk o' Shields. So at last Mrs. Cowan bethought her of a means of spurring him on.

"Ye see, James," said she, with a fine affectation of frankness, "your father and me have never liked looking forward to your leaving Corbieslaw; and you are the only son now; and we had been thinking that even if ye married while as yet ye hadna a church, ye might bring your wife to the farm, and she might just help to cast an eye o'er things that will be her ain by-and-by. But maybe that's short-

sighted. Ye'll be going away from Corbieslaw, James, sooner or later, when ye get a call; and I've been considering that it might be better for ye in many ways to make the change now. If ye were to marry Alison Blair, and go to Edinburgh, and take a bit house there for yourselves, ye would be mair among folk, and have a better chance of getting a congregation; and I'm sure that Mrs. Gilchrist, wi' a' that distillery money, would see that her niece was well provided for. We'll do our pairt; and though I'm sweirt to break into the store o' napery at Corbieslaw, still there's enough and to spare for the quiet way ye would be beginning; and surely it would be ill done o' Mrs. Gilchrist, after a' the fuss she has made about Alison Blair, if she did not do something real handsome. That would be a chance for ye, James. Ye ought to see folk; better for ye to be in Edinburgh, ready to step into any vacant pulpit that offers, than writing sermons at Corbieslaw."

She had hit the nail on the head this time. The possibility of having a house of his own—of escaping from the brutal tyranny and contempt of his ghoul-faced father—awoke a world of new ideas and half-piteous hopes in the breast of the luckless probationer; and as it seemed that Alison Blair was to be the means of his deliverance, he turned to her with a sort of mute and wistful appeal. He did not speak. But he patiently walked home from church every Sabbath day with Alison and her sister; and the congregation soon began to make comments, the elders being of opinion that if this lad married the Minister's daughter, Alexander Cowan of Corbieslaw would be more domineering in the church than ever, their wives hinting that Mrs. Cowan was a shrewd and a sharp woman, who had an eye on the money that every one knew was coming to Alison.

Indeed in time it came to be regarded as a settled affair; and Mrs. Cowan was not the one to contradict any such pleasant rumor. In fact she herself went to the Minister to demand his approval. Now in Kirk o' Shields, as has already been said, not only was all outward expression of the natural affections severely checked, but it was considered almost unseemly to mention them. The word "love" was never used at all, except in a pious sense. When Mrs. Cowan went to the Minister to tell her story and to gain his consent, he was exceedingly embarrassed, and even resentful, at being approached on such a subject. He had no thought of inquiring how the young people were disposed toward each other; still less would it have entered his mind to go to his daughter and ask for any confidence. He dismissed Mrs. Cowan as quickly as he could; and she went away well content; for she could easily twist about the one or two half-impatient phrases he had used so as to convince Alison that her father was looking forward to seeing her become James Cowan's wife.

And as for Alison herself? Well, if the young probationer had come forthwith and abruptly asked her to marry him, she would probably, with a touch of her father's impatience, have told him not to make a fool of himself, and so made an end of that matter. But there was something pathetic in the spectacle of this poor lad, frightened-eyed and cowed of manner, mutely sitting in the corner of the room, or humbly endeavoring, perhaps, to say a word or two to the Minister when some professional subject was brought forward. He sent Alison one of his manuscript sermons, which was a harmless kind of gift. Out of mere curiosity she read it. It really was a most business-like production; carefully divided and arranged; and if there was not much of the burning fire of rhetoric in it, at least it was clear and sensible and simple in style. The text was I. Corinthians, ii. 14: "But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;" and the main argument was that the mystery of godliness was beyond the reach of reason, and that human knowledge, while efficient within its own sphere, was wholly inefficient and not to be regarded when it attempted to deal with the higher things of faith. She thought it was exceedingly well constructed; and being of a kindly disposition, she said so to the young man, whose pallid face flushed up between embarrassment and pleasure, for he was not accustomed to appreciation. But when Mrs. Cowan heard of this approval, and proudly came to Alison, and asked her what she thought of James's future now—plainly intimating that Alison herself was concerned—the girl grew somewhat grave and reserved. It is true that it had

been conveyed to her that her father would be well pleased if she married the young minister; and she could understand that the congregation generally would approve of such a step; but, at all events, the time was not yet; and her brows gathered together a little when she found the farmer's wife taking the whole thing for granted.

But the most startling event that occurred this winter—or rather the early spring it was now—was a sudden and unexpected visit from Aunt Gilchrist, who descended like a blast from the mountains into this dull level of dreariness. The tempestuous small dame had quarrelled with one of her fellow-patients at the Crieff Hydropathic Establishment; had instantly resolved to leave, and bestow her patronage on the rival resort in the island of Bute; and as she had to pass through Kirk o' Shields on the way, she wrote that she would arrive there on the following afternoon, and would stay the night. Alison read this letter with a quick joy at her heart. Here was some one associated with that happy and beautiful time she had spent in the Highlands; here was some one to whom she could talk about those kind friends in the north. And on the morning on which she got this note Kirk o' Shields was looking almost cheerful. A cold northwest wind had been blowing overnight, and some of the smoke was cleared away, so that there was a faint semblance of sunlight on the gray pavements, and the spire of the Established Church, on the top of the little hill, rose into clouds that here and there grew thin and showed a wan suggestion of blue. But by the time it was necessary for Alison to go along to the station the afternoon of the short day was closing over, and the smoke clouds seemed to gather together again; so that Kirk o' Shields presented its usual appearance—with its crimson fires and white blasts of steam leaping and twisting and writhing into the desolation of the now darkening heavens.

"And here's my bit lady!" Aunt Gilchrist called, aloud, the moment she stepped on to the platform, and the bright-eyed, fresh-complexioned, silver-haired little dame caught Alison by the shoulders, and kissed her again and again. "Well, well, it's just a delight to see you; for I've been a lone, lone woman, Alison, my dear, since I went to the Hydropathic; and many's the time I've wished ye were with me, just to stand up for me, and teach them no to trample on a poor old creature like me. And I've booked all my luggage through to Glasgow, Alison, so that I've nothing but this bit bag here; and we'll get into a cab at once—"

"A cab, Aunt Gilchrist!" said Alison, in dismay. "Do you really want a cab? For there isn't such a thing in Kirk o' Shields."

"Bless my soul and body! what kind of a town is this?" the old dame exclaimed, but she was in far too good humor over seeing her niece to be seriously put about. "And where's the gas? Do they no see it's dark? Or is this the only kind o' daylight they've got in this dreadfu' place?"

"If you would rather not walk, aunt," Alison said, doubtfully, "I could send for a machine—"

"Away wi' your machines!" Aunt Gilchrist cried. "We'll just set out on foot; it 'll serve to keep Periphery in proper subjection. And ye'll carry my bag for me, Alison, and let me lean on your arm; for you're a strong young lass, for all your delicate complexion; and many's the time I wished ye were at Crieff to fight my battles for me. Ye would have taught them something, I'm thinking!—for ye've a sharp tongue in your head when ye like—oh ay—"

"I should not have thought you wanted any help in that way, aunt," her niece said, demurely, as they left the station.

"Now, Alison Blair, don't be impertinent to an old woman like me," Aunt Gilchrist made answer, with great severity, "the very moment I set eyes on ye! Who else would have come to see ye in such a fearsome hole as this? Mercy on me, it's like the bottomless pit! Surely it's worse since I was here last—how many years was that? It's enough to frighten a body—ye'd think ye'd got into the bad place by some kind o' accident, and without a chance o' getting out again. Does any human creature ever come here that can avoid it?"

"Oh, we don't mind it, Aunt Gilchrist; we're used to it," Alison said, cheerfully. "And this morning the town was looking quite pleasant; we could actually see the sun shining—or something like it. But I think it was getting your letter, aunt, that made the morning seem so bright and nice."

"Ay, ye're there again, are ye, with your palavering tongue!" the old dame protested; but all the same, she clung a little closer to the warm young arm that gave her such help as she wanted; and in this wise, and without any great quarrelling, they by-and-by reached the Minister's house.

"How are ye, Minister—how are ye?" said Aunt Gilchrist, gayly, as she entered the parlor with outstretched hand.

"I am fairly well in health," the Minister made answer, in his slow and serious fashion. "But the years are passing over us, Jane; it is time we should be preparing ourselves for the long journey."

"I'm no come to that yet," said Aunt Gilchrist, briskly. "I'm going to Rothesay. Rothesay's a grand place in cold weather like this; the sea-air is as soft as soft; and there are no crowds o' tourist bodies swarming about in the spring. Alison, my dear, I would like a cup of tea."

"Yes indeed, aunt, you shall have that at once," her niece said, promptly; "and then in a little while you must have something more substantial; for one of the elders is coming in this evening, with his wife and son—I would rather have had you all to ourselves, but this is a long-standing engagement—and we shall all have a proper tea together."

"An elder?" said Aunt Gilchrist, with a bit of a sniff. "I hope the body is not going to preach at me."

Indeed her attitude toward the whole Cowan family, when they arrived, was soon seen to be distinctly hostile; but her special antagonism seemed to be aroused by the thick-lipped, wide-nostrilled, heavy-headed farmer, whose ponderous assumption of importance seemed to irritate this alert little person beyond all endurance. As for Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw, no sooner did she discover who this unknown visitor was than instantly she set to work to propitiate Aunt Gilchrist by every description of servile fawning and flattery. The small shrewd eyes expressed an eager approval of everything that Mrs. Gilchrist said; it was Mrs. Gilchrist alone that was listened to—and listened to with humbly appreciative smiles and nods. Poor James was nowhere. The presence of this stranger annihilated him. But sometimes he looked at Alison—perhaps wistfully thinking of his chances of escape to Edinburgh.

Now, when this evening meal was over, Aunt Gilchrist was naturally looking forward to a pleasant little chat about friends and acquaintances, or about affairs of the day—notably a murder trial that was then exciting much interest; but this frivolous waste of time in no wise commended itself to Mr. Cowan of Corbieslaw. By sheer weight of words he bore down all opposition until there was nothing heard but an interminable monologue on church government, to which the Minister listened with a kind of abstracted air, only putting in a correcting word now and again. Aunt Gilchrist began to fret and fume. Once or twice she turned to Alison with a look of amazement, apparently asking if this was the kind of evening she usually passed. And still the elder labored on with his somnolent and confused incoherences about synods and presbyteries, until the brisk little dame abruptly addressed her niece.

"I'm thinking this is pretty dry work!" said she, contemptuously. "It makes me wish the Doctor was here—and the decanter."

Alison smiled.

"I've provided that for you, aunt," said she, and forthwith—to the wonderment and consternation of the Corbieslaw family—she deliberately went to the sideboard and brought out an old-fashioned decanter of cut crystal, which was filled with some dark ruby fluid. Then she produced a wineglass and a tumbler and some sugar and some cinnamon, while Agnes was sent to fetch boiling water.

"There, now," said Aunt Gilchrist, with her bright-colored face beaming with satisfaction (and the elder had been startled into a momentary silence), "that's like my bit lady—everything straight and honest and above-board; no tricks and hiding and make-believe. I don't like the hole-and-corner bedroom business at the Hydropathics; but then, to be sure, it's hard to go to bed on a cold winter's night without a drop o' something to comfort ye—"

"It's quite true, Mrs. Gilchrist," said Mrs. Cowan, in her suavest manner; "yes, it's quite true."

"It would be better," said the farmer, scowling at his wife, "if ye would remember that that drop o' something is just the curse of this country."

"Ay, do ye say that, now?" remarked Aunt Gilchrist, as she coolly began to

prepare her negus, Alison helping her the while. "Well, I'm no the country, and it never cursed me."

"I'm sure of that, Mrs. Gilchrist," said the farmer's wife, in her politest Edinburgh accent. "Everybody can see that. I'm sure ye take nothing but what is good for ye."

The scowl on the farmer's face grew darker as he heard his wife thus shamelessly go over to the enemy, but he held his peace. Perhaps in his dull brain there was some glimmering guess at the reason for her extraordinary complacency. Meanwhile the determined little wine-bibber at the table had begun to sip her negus with much satisfaction, never dreaming of the notable discovery she was shortly to make.

"Well, Minister," said she, "I'm thinking I would just like to take Alison away with me to Rothesay for a week or two. I'm sure the poor thing wants a breath of fresh air after being so long in this dreadfu' town. A town? It's not like a town at all; it's like a pandemonium. I should think ye would have little difficulty in describing to your congregation the terrors of the place of punishment—ye've but to bid them look around them. And I would like to take her away for a week or two, just to cheer her up; for they're no so bad, they Hydropathics, after a'; they have their bits o' diversions—a dance now and again, and the like—"

"Dancing!" exclaimed the big elder, in solemn tones. "I should not like to hear o' a minister's daughter taking to dancing. We ken what comes o' dancing. We ken what happened in the time of Herod the tetrarch—"

"Herod the tea-tray!" said the impatient little dame, with open scorn. "Do ye imagine that a young Scotch lass cannot dance a Highland Schottische without wanting somebody's head served up in a charger?"

"Jane," said the Minister, severely, "I think your mention of scriptural things might be a little more respectful and becoming."

"Well, indeed, Mrs. Gilchrist," the farmer's wife interposed, to make all things smooth and pleasant, "there may not be so much harm in dancing as people say. No, not *quite* so much as they say. I hardly approve of it myself, any more than Alexander does; but maybe there's not *quite* so much harm in it. Besides, the younger people have newer ideas, so to speak, and I'm not sure that James would set his face altogether against dancing—dancing in moderation, that is—in reasonable sobriety and moderation."

Aunt Gilchrist directed a swift glance toward James; but the abashed probationer instantly lowered his eyes.

"I would like to take Agnes too," she resumed, turning again to the Minister, "but I'm afraid ye cannot spare them both; if ye can, I'll just be too glad."

"It's a kind offer, Jane," the Minister made answer, "and I'm sure the girls are obliged to you; but Agnes is hardly well enough to go anywhere at present, and as for Alison, I doubt if she could leave her various duties, outside the house as well as in, with a clear conscience. She was a long time with you last summer."

"If I may speak," observed Mrs. Cowan, with an engaging humility—"if I may speak, I would say this, Mrs. Gilchrist, that it would be a useful experience for us all, but especially for Miss Agnes, if ye were to take Miss Blair away wi' ye for the time ye propose; for then we should a' have to learn how to do without her. And perhaps ye may have heard," the farmer's wife continued, with a significant little simper, "that we are expecting some such change?"

"What's that?" said Aunt Gilchrist, sharply, and she glanced with a sudden surprise from Mrs. Cowan to Alison, and back again, and even at the white-faced young probationer, who had furtively looked up.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Cowan, not to over-emphasize the hint—for she could see that Alison was grievously confused—"a young lady naturally looks forward to changing her name sooner or later, and it's just as well that her friends and her family should have learned to bear the loss—for I'm sure you'll agree with me, Mrs. Gilchrist, that it will be a great loss to them in the case of Miss Blair."

This plausible explanation in no wise quieted Aunt Gilchrist's suspicions; and the first thing she did, as soon as the Cowans were gone, was to go to her own room and summon Alison thither.

"Alison," said she, "what did that simpering idiot o' a woman mean? Is there a talk of your getting married?"

"I believe there is, aunt," the girl answered.

"To whom, then?" demanded Aunt Gilchrist, with an ominous frown.

"Well," said Alison, after a moment's hesitation, "to—to the young man who was here to-night—young Mr. Cowan."

"What!" exclaimed the little dame, taking a step backward in order the better to stare at her niece. "What! To that creature! To that wizened wisp of a thing! To that voiceless, washed-out rag of a stickit minister? Alison Blair, have ye taken leave of your senses?"

"Well, they all seem to expect it—that's all I know about it," Alison said, petulantly; for it was hard for her to be reproached for what was none of her doing or wishing.

"But you yourself—what do you say?" was the next sharp question.

"I haven't been asked," she answered, with her petulance darkening to sullenness.

"Now, Alison, don't make me angry!" her aunt exclaimed. "Don't you quarrel with me. Are you going to marry that insignificant creature out of spite—is that it? Oh, mind you, I've seen that done often enough. I've seen girls marrying out of spite, and precious sick and sorry they were afterward. Your family and your friends won't let you marry the man you want, and so you revenge yourself on them by marrying a man you hate or care nothing about. Is that what ye're after?"

"No, it is not!" said Alison, with proud lips, but with tears near coming to her eyes. "It is not, and you've no right to say any such thing."

"Oh, very well—very well!" said Aunt Gilchrist, still regarding her niece doubtfully. "But what about that young Macdonell? Answer me that, now, Alison, for I've heard something from Flora."

"Captain Macdonell and I are the best friends in the world, and we mean to remain so, and I dón't care who knows it," the girl answered, with the same proud expression of face, though her head was partly turned away.

Aunt Gilchrist looked at her for several seconds in silence.

"Ye're a queer creature, Alison; and I'm not sure that I've quite made ye out yet. But I'm not going to quarrel with ye, for all your stiff-neckedness and pride and wilfulness. I'll talk to ye in the morning. I'm not going to let you make a fool o' yourself, if I can help it. Oh, I know what you wilful young hussies are capable o' doing when people thwart you; and here you've been nursing schemes and plans, and not a word to me—not a word, though I thought I had some right to be consulted. Oh yes, yes, yes," she continued, as if some new light were breaking in upon her. "I see now why that cringing, crimping, smirking creature o' a woman was a' bows and becks and smiles. My certes, here's a pretty clanjamfrey of a project to be building up in the dark! Oh yes, to be sure, Mrs. Gilchrist was always in the right; and there mightn't be *quite* so much harm in dancing; and Miss Blair *ought* to go away to the Hydropathic, that we might try how we could bear her loss, while that great big yellow-faced, sow-snouted lump of a man sat and stared at my bit drop o' negus as if he thought Satan was likely to make a sudden appearance on the table. But never you mind, Alison, my dear. They havena carried off my bit lady yet! No, they have not; and maybe they'll just find out that they've to settle wi' me first. So just give me a kiss, my dear, and say good-night."

Alison's face had considerably lightened at these kinder tones, and she would have bid her aunt good-night as she desired, but as the Minister's daughter she was bound to remember the rules of the house.

"Are you not going down again, aunt?" she asked. "Father will expect you at family worship, and I hear the servants just going in."

"You pretty Miss Innocence!" this audacious little woman exclaimed, with a wicked laugh; and she pushed the girl to the open door, and kissed her affectionately by way of saying good-night. "Don't you see that that's the very reason why I'm going to bed?"

CHAPTER XIII.

A SUMMONS.

Aunt Gilchrist came and went; the young spring days began to lengthen—even in this sombre Kirk o' Shields; and Alison, with a calm serenity of mind that she mistook for forgetfulness, busied herself from hour to hour with her various tasks, and strove to earn, or to continue, the good-will of all these diverse folk—many of them intractable enough, some

meanly suspicious of her advances, others "dour" to a degree—who made up her father's congregation. But especially was she kind and considerate toward James Cowan; for the poor pale-faced probationer, whatever his pathetic fancies may have been, did not bother her much; while his mother, despite her insinuating smiles and hints addressed to Alison, failed to drive the disheartened lad into any more resolute attitude. Alison was grateful to him for his silence; and she read the two or three sermons he timidly submitted to her; and comforted him with the assurance that they would be very useful to him when he received the long-looked-for call.

But this tranquil life was about to be disturbed. Summer-time found Aunt Gilchrist again at Fort William; and nothing would do the imperious small dame but that Alison should repair thither at once. Periphery, she wrote, had been almost entirely subjugated and driven forth, though sometimes it returned and feebly tried to regain possession; she was going to make up for all the crippled time; Alison was to come and share in her wild diversions; and no longer need the bit lady fear being buffeted about by any fitful gusts of temper. Agnes, she was glad to hear, appeared to be quite strong again; very well, let her take a turn at managing the Minister's house; the elder sister deserved a holiday; besides, Aunt Gilchrist demanded that she should come, and there was to be no argument, but immediate obedience.

When Alison received this summons her heart fell to beating with a marvellous rapidity; and she was somewhat breathless and bewildered, and also not a little resentful against herself that so simple a proposal should so entirely upset her peace of mind. For she had come to consider all that had happened in the previous summer as a sort of a dream, to be regarded with a touch of tenderness, perhaps, until it should finally fade away and be forgotten. But this possibility of reawakening associations, of seeing actual places that had become almost visionary to her, and of meeting, not the vague phantoms that dwelt in her solitary reveries, but the living people themselves, was altogether a startling thing. Instinctively she shrank back from it. And then again she began to argue with herself. What had she to dread? The days of cruel anxiety, of bitter farewells, of hidden heartache, were all over now. She had schooled herself into acquiescence. And why should she be afraid to meet Ludovick Macdonell? He and she had promised to be fast friends: and what was the friendship worth if she was not prepared to abide by it? Probably by this time he had half forgotten her. In his numerous letters from Egypt and from India he had hardly ever mentioned her. If she went to Fort William she would merely find that she had one acquaintance the more; that is, if he happened to be in Lochaber at all.

Indeed, when the Minister's consent had been obtained and her brief preparations made, and when she was ready to set forth upon her northward journey, she had almost convinced herself that she could meet Captain Ludovick without any too serious qualm, and that in returning to Lochaber she was not risking the reawakening of any too poignant regrets. It is true that as she entered the little station a sudden throb went through her heart; for she could not but remember the terrible day on which she had come up hither—a pale, trembling ghost of a creature—to see the black train thunder away into the mist. The mere sight of those long, empty lines of rail seemed to make her shiver. But that was a long time ago now; and here was Agnes, very officious with her last little kindnesses; and joyful anticipation, not the recalling of by-gone anguish, was the natural mood for a traveller about to enter upon a long and pleasant holiday.

Moreover, this was a singularly clear and cheerful morning that was greeting her setting out, when once she had got entirely away from the dark and poisoned region surrounding Kirk o' Shields. She saw the sky again—a wonderful thing, far-reaching, with soft white clouds in it that hardly stirred. The air was sweet that came in at the carriage window. And the farther and farther northward that she got, the more and more beautiful became her surroundings. The sun lay warm on the wide meadows through which the Forth winds its silver way; the gray battlements of Stirling Castle rose far into the blue. The rugged chasm of the Pass of Leny was hanging in rich summer foliage; a thousand million diamonds flashed on the rippling waters of Loch Lubnaig. And then she got away

up into wilder regions, into the solitudes of Glen Ogle and Glen Dochart; but the mountains had nothing forbidding about them on this beautiful morning: there was a velvet softness in the shadows even where a towering peak grew dark under a passing cloud, while for the most part the lower slopes and shoulders were dappled yellow with sunlight. And then again, as she was nearing Tyndrum, she grew still more curiously interested in these outward things; and her heart, in a sort of laughing mood, began to amuse itself with a wild impossibility. For it was at Tyndrum station that Captain Ludovick had made his appearance—having come down through the Black Mount forest to intercept her on her southward journey; and might he not be here to meet her now? She assured herself that she would welcome him gladly, even joyously; there would be no embarrassment at all; she would call him "Ludovick," and take his hand, and know that he had not forgotten her. She could not understand how the thought of meeting him had alarmed her. Here she had no fear. In a few minutes she would look out of the carriage window; she would call to him, "Ludovick!—Ludovick!" she could see the flash of recognition in his eyes, his quick step forward, and his opening the carriage door. Sister-like, she would be as kind to him as she could; and they would go through the remaining stages of the journey in great comfort and happiness; and he would tell her all about Hugh and Flora and the rest of them—while Loch Awe and gray Kilchurn went by, and the Pass of Brander, and the hills of Benderloch, until a sweep of Loch Etive brought them in sight of Morven and Mull, and the mountains that guard the blue western seas.

But even as the train slowed into the little station she knew that all this was entirely impossible; and it was merely to indulge a whimsical fancy that she affected to look out for some one; and when the train had moved on again, and she had resumed her solitary seat, she could hardly say she was disappointed. For well she was aware why it was that Ludovick Macdonell had been so sparing of his references to herself in these letters from abroad; and why he had scrupulously refrained from trying to reopen any communication with her. It was his quick sense of courtesy and of consideration toward her that restrained him. He would not weary her with his importunity. Everything should be as she wished. And when she told him that she was tied hand and foot by reasons and circumstances that she could not explain and that he could not understand, he was bound to believe her, and to take her no as meaning no. And well she knew that in accepting Aunt Gilchrist's invitation to go to the Highlands, she was not in danger of encountering any distressing persecution on his part.

At the same time, when she got to the end of her railway journey, and found Hugh and Flora awaiting her, she was a little surprised, not perhaps to find that Captain Ludovick was not with them, but that they did not refer to his absence. They said nothing about him, in fact, even when they were comfortably settled on board the *Mountaineer*, and had plenty of time for rapid questions and answers. And then again, as the steamer moved away from Oban Harbor, Alison was keenly interested in all the objects around her; for these seemed so strangely different from the memories of them with which she had beguiled the dark hours of the winter. Everything was so extraordinarily vivid. The air seemed full of light. To Hugh and Flora doubtless these were familiar features—the pretty little bay, all of a trembling blue, save where the sunlight blazed and shimmered on the ripples; Kerrara, with its slopes of green and points of weeded rock; the long spur of Lismore ending in the small gray lighthouse; the far mountains of Mull and Morven, clear to the top, the clefts and scars on their vast brown shoulders traced in lines of the purest, most delicate azure—all this was familiar enough to them; but it was not at all familiar to her. The world seemed so beautiful!—so surpassingly brilliant—and yet so peaceful and calm and still. It appeared to her that in leaving Kirk o' Shields she had come out of a long and sombre night, and got into the white day again; and that her eyes were naturally bewildered by the overpowering radiance around her. The phantom pictures of her winter dreams had fled: this was the living world, filled with sunlight, the wide skies all open, the wide seas all trembling in that lustrous blue, a gladness everywhere! They could not get her to go below for lunch. She would not go. So Hugh

had to take Flora down, and see that she was provided for; but instantly he was up again, and sitting beside this pretty, pale-complexioned, gray-eyed cousin from the south. He lit a cigarette (a newly acquired habit for him), and did not talk much to her, for he could see that she was occupied—and more than content.

Flora came on deck again, and the general conversation was resumed—about Aunt Gilchrist's newly developed passion for the game of poker, about the last exploits of the boy John, about the big takes of bream they had been getting on recent evenings, and so forth; but never a word was said about Ludovick Macdonell. Yet here was Appin; and vividly enough, as the boat slowed in to the pier, could Alison recall the broad-shouldered, slim-built young fellow, with the laughing eyes, and clear, sunburnt complexion, whom she had seen come down with his long swinging pace to the steamer. There was no Captain Ludovick at Appin pier now; perhaps he was not even in Lochaber; perhaps he had got that appointment, and had remained in India. And so the *Mountaineer* went on again, through the fair and shining day. Up here Loch Linnhe lay in a dead calm—long swathes of white and blue without a ripple anywhere; there was no stirring of wind; even the rugged and lonely hills of Kingairloch, that usually are dark and purple-stained, showed their slopes of red granite and gray schist through a faint haze of summer heat, and were grown quite ethereal in hue. As the steamer cleft its way through the still water a school of porpoises took it into their heads to race her; and ever and anon a dorsal fin would appear on the calm surface, gleaming for an instant in the sunlight as the oily-looking fish rolled over. The very quietude of the scene around them seemed to moderate the garrulity of the cousins; Hugh lit another cigarette, and began to walk up and down the deck; Flora leaned her two hands on the gunwale, and her chin on her hands, to look abroad over that shining breadth of sea; while Alison watched the slow passing by of the successive bays, the rocky shores, the upward-sloping plantations, the barer summits of the hills receding into the almost cloudless sky. There was but little talking; anyhow Ludovick Macdonell's name was not even mentioned.

And then at last they came in sight of the southern outskirts of Fort William—little white dots of houses among the trees, with pleasant green slopes rising behind them, and the vast bulk of Ben-Nevis, seamed and scarred, towering far behind. Those pretty little villas set among gardens had a smiling and cheerful appearance as they were brought closer and closer, and Alison jumped to her feet to respond when she perceived that from certain windows a welcome was being waved to her. She knew the house well, and her heart warmed toward it. How often had she not sat and dreamed of it—in the drear winter nights of Kirk o' Shields, in the hushed parlor, with every soul in the house bent over a pious book—dreamed of it, and of all the kindness and new and wonderful experiences connected with it! As she waved her handkerchief to those unseen friends her eyes were moist. Indeed they had been kind to her, in their robust, happy-go-lucky fashion.

And here, awaiting their arrival, was the lad John. But John was in an exceedingly bad temper. There had come down to the quay a band of itinerant musicians, who were going away by the steamer; and they had been utilizing their time of waiting by playing a series of loud and lively strains, which, instead of having any mollifying effect upon John, only irritated him, for he was bent on business. And not only that, but even as he was conveying Alison's things ashore, she following him, one of these musicians had the effrontery to come up cap in hand to the newly landed party, whereupon John interposed angrily.

"Oh, go aweh hom!" he said, with crushing scorn. "Go aweh hom! Your noise gives me a sore head. I would sooner hear a bull roaring than you and your noise!" And with that he seized the shafts of his barrow and manfully set forth—to display to the world the difference between a person who could do honest work and an idle, useless, strolling vagabond.

Aunt Gilchrist was seated in the front garden, amid a brave show of roses red and white, of pansies pale yellow and deep purple, of sweet-william of every shade, of nasturtiums, and pheasant's-eyes, and double-poppies; and she herself was just as bright and pleasant to look at as any of them. Her welcome of her bit lady was of the warmest.

"Yes, my dear," said she, and she took the girl's hand in hers, and patted it affectionately, "this is something like the kind of place for you and me to be together. I tell you I'll never go to yon town again. I never will, Alison. You'll have to come to see me. Do ye remember that dreadfu' night—wi' yon great big jaundiced-faced baboon o' an elder maundering away about synods and assemblies and sederunts? Mercy o' me!"

"But no doubt it was interesting to him, aunt," said Alison, with a smile.

"Interesting! I'll not believe it. I'll not believe a word of it. It was done just for the pleasure of hearing his own continuous gabble and gabble, like a burst rain-pipe on a pouring day. What I should have done but for that comforting drop o' port-wine negus—"

"How is your neuralgia, aunt?" Alison asked.

The little old dame held up a warning finger.

"Whish, Alison!" she said, in a whisper. "Periphery's lying quiet just now; we'll no waken him. I've a kind o' feeling in the left side o' my foot that I don't entirely like. I'm afraid Periphery's no quite driven out o' the house yet; he's lying asleep in the cellar, as ye may call it; but as long as he doesna get up and begin to stamp about, we'll just say nothing."

"And are you still taking your port-wine negus?" Alison asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" the old lady retorted, with some sharpness. "Are you setting up to be a doctor too? Are you going to begin to blether about bromides and iodides? I tell ye, ye may fill yourself wi' drugs from week's end to week's end, and ye may dance about from one Hydropathic to another from January to December, and Periphery 'll just laugh at you, and have as firm a grip o' ye as ever; but if ye can coax the bit chappie to lie quiet, by paying no heed to him at all, and doing nothing to stir him up, then ye've got a chance of getting something like peace and comfort."

"But I suppose you can walk well enough, aunt?" Alison proceeded to ask.

"H'm!" said Aunt Gilchrist, doubtfully. "I can walk. Oh yes, I can walk. But I cannot say that I am very eager about walking. It's a fine thing to let sleeping dogs lie."

And then again Aunt Gilchrist said:

"Well, I suppose ye've kept your word, my dear. I never got that line ye promised to send me if they began to drive ye into marrying that poor, shambling, shauchly windlestrae o' a creature; so I supposed that smirking mother o' his was lettin' ye alone—"

"But what's that, aunt?" Flora cried, interposing. "Is Alison going to be married—and to somebody we don't know? Why didn't you say anything about it?" Then she turned to Alison, with a curious look in her face. "Is it true, Alison? Are you going to be married?"

"Perhaps I'd better wait until I'm asked," Alison answered, with reasonable modesty.

"Come away, now," Aunt Gilchrist said, taking the girl's arm. "Come away into the house. That's a secret between you and me, Alison. When the time comes, I'll tell them all about the stickit minister. Oh ay, *when the time comes!*" She laughed quite gayly. "'Deed that was a fine plot for me to discover; and if I hadna discovered it, I don't know what might not have happened; for you're just that wilful and perverse, you stiff-necked little Puritan! And you were very near quarrelling wi' me too. Quarrelling wi' me!—I like your impudence!"

"Well, it isn't easy quarrelling with you, aunt," Alison said, "unless when Periphery has wakened up."

"Whish! I tell you, whish!" the old lady said, in a peremptory whisper; and then they all went into the house, where the Doctor's wife was waiting for them at the tea-table.

Now Aunt Gilchrist was a considerate person; she knew that young people like to be by themselves at times; so presently she had ordered off the three cousins to find amusement for the afternoon, until the evening should summon them to supper and her favorite game of cards. At first there was a talk of getting sea lines and going after the bream; but Flora interposed.

"Of course," said she, laughing, "Alison will go if you ask her. But she'll just hate it all the time. She's always so neat and trim; and she can't bear getting her fingers and her cuffs wet—"

"What is far more horrid," Alison herself said, "is the flopping of the fish in the bottom of the boat—near your dress:

they seem to come alive again when you least expect it—"

"Very well, let's get out the gig, Flora," was the brother's suggestion, which was instantly adopted. "We'll take Alison for a row, and she can steer. The oars are in the gig, so we can get off at once."

And thus it was that Alison speedily found herself in command of the long and shapely boat, with her two cousins leisurely pulling a slow and measured stroke, out into the glassy plain. The warm afternoon sunshine was now streaming along Loch Linnhe, lighting up the bracken-covered knolls, the grassy slopes of the hills, and the green and yellow patches of the crofts along the shores; while the sea was so still that the shining spars of the yachts sent down reflections unbroken by any line or ripple. There was no particular designation before these voyagers. They went this way and that, exploring the shores of the loch, the rowers rowing with idle but regular strokes, Alison seeming to drink in the joy and calm and beautiful color all around her. Evening found them up at the mouth of Loch Eil; and now, while the western hills were darkening in shades of softest olive-green, the sea around them was a plain of burnished gold and pale rose-purple. A small boat crossing that golden plain was itself of jet-black, and as it went on its way it left behind it two long divergent lines of lilac, like the attenuated wings of an insect. When the cousins rested from their rowing, the silence around them was so intense that they could hear the sound of voices coming across from the Corpach shore. This was not like Kirk o' Shields.

On their way home to Fort William, Alison took Flora's oar, and Flora went to the tiller; and sometimes these two were chatting to each other; and sometimes they could hear Hugh humming the old Gaelic air that is known as "The Cow-boy"; or perhaps Flora, in a pause of silence, would sing to herself, but with no great sadness, a verse of "The Lowlands o' Holland"—

"*The love that I had chosen*
Was to my heart's content;
The saut sea will be frozen
Before that I repent;
Repent it will I never
Until the day I dee,
Though the Lowlands o' Holland
Hae twined my love and me.*"

* *Twined*—severed.

By the time they had leisurely got back to Fort William the evening was well on; but the darkness it had brought with it was confined to the massive bulk of the hills along the opposite shore; overhead there was a clear and luminous sky, with a few purple and orange-fringed clouds; while the loch around them had become a trembling silver-gray, for a slight wind had arisen, and the glassy surface was gone.

And it was still in a beautiful lambent twilight that they had supper, and thereafter took to cards, in a room fronting the west. This was a very unscientific game of poker that Alison was now called upon to witness. Aunt Gilchrist's chief aim seemed to be to engage in a battle royal with her brother the Doctor; and when these two combatants closed, the others having given up, the fun waxed fast and furious. For the Doctor knew but little of the game; and in his perplexity he invariably consulted his wife, who knew less, but was ever good-humoredly ready with her advice. These consultations, however, were innocently outspoken and above-board, so that Aunt Gilchrist could easily guess at what was in her opponent's hand; and again and again her shrill laugh of triumph rang out as she swept in the coppers from before the angry Doctor's nose. It was a very frank and honest game of poker that was played by the simple folk; and as the "ante" was one halfpenny, and the limit of betting threepence, there was no deadly destruction dealt to anybody.

It was during the progress of this happy-go-lucky game, however, that Alison incidentally made a notable discovery. Flora had adventured upon a bold piece of bluffing—a dangerous experiment for any one with such an expressive face, and such merry, conscious, telltale eyes; the Doctor, at the instigation of his wife, refused to be intimidated; the young lady was "called," and found to be queen high, and the pool was raked in.

"Ah, you thought you were playing with Ludovick, did you?" her brother said, scornfully. "When she's playing against Ludovick she bluffs like the very mischief, for he always gives up. That's not the game at all. If he held four aces he'd pretend he was afraid of her, and put in his cards. The other night it was quite ridiculous; I'm certain he was only pretending he held bad hands."

"Wait a little while, Hugh," his mother said, with a quiet smile. "You may find yourself just as willing as any other young man to lose at cards when you want to make yourself agreeable."

"What stuff all that is, unless the girl's a fool!" Master Hugh retorted. "To be flattered by being allowed to win at cards! Besides, it's spoiling the game for other people."

As fresh hands were being dealt, nothing further was said on the subject; but this brief conversation had revealed to Alison not only that Ludovick Macdonell was in his own country, but that he had been in this very house a night or two before. And for a moment her surprise that he had not come to see her on her arrival was accompanied by a sudden fear that she had offended him somehow. It was but for a moment. Perhaps in Kirk o' Shields, sitting alone with her silent reveries, she might have alarmed herself with some such surmise, and tortured herself over it, and longed for some explanation. But here, among these simple, good-natured, well-contented folk, amid this babblement of laughter and harmless wrangling, she dismissed it forthwith. Ludovick was her friend: she need not mistrust him. He would tell her why it was he had not come to welcome her. Or, rather, was not the reason sufficiently apparent? He did not want to embarrass her. It was consideration for her that kept him away—even as it was a kind of delicacy on the part of her cousins that bade them refrain from speaking of him to her. But he would make his appearance in good time, when there was no risk of embarrassment. All things were well. She felt herself very happy and safe in this little dining-room, among these kind folk. And Ludovick would be coming to see her one of these days; and she thought she would be able to give him a more frank and friendly greeting now. There was nothing to frighten her here in Lochaber. Indeed, she would try to make up to him for any restraint of manner she might have shown in Kirk o' Shields. Amid the noise of this most unscientific game she sat and looked on; but she saw something more than the cards: she saw Ludovick Macdonell coming forward to meet her—it might be in this very room, it might be on the white roadway outside—but in his eyes there was the pleasant smile that she knew of old, and this time she would *not* withhold her hand.

And some such vision was still before her long after the noise of the poker party had ceased, and long after the house had sunk into profound silence and slumber. She was now in her own room, seated at the window, breathing the soft cool air that floated up from the shore, and watching the mysterious pallid glow in the sky and on the wide water—that no-man's-land of twilight that in these regions lies between the lingering evening and the coming of the dawn. The hills on the other side of the loch had slowly wrapped themselves in impenetrable gloom—no single feature of rock or tree visible—the deep olive-green grown so dark as to be almost indistinguishable; but over them the heavens were of a clear and pearly gray, with one or two clouds of softest purple hanging motionless there; while the sleeping loch was of a wan and livid blue, with the various boats and yachts lying on that still surface appearing so strangely vivid that they seemed to have been carved out of jet. Not a leaf stirred in the garden; not a ripple whispered along the sea-weed fringe of the beach. Far into the night she sat, half dreaming, but wholly satisfied and content; for she was in the enchanted land again; her heart was full of peace—as serene and full of peace as this wide, silent, beautiful world out there; and she had assured herself that all was well.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MONOSYLLABLES.

BY WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

MINE be the force of words that tax the tongue
But once, to speak them full and round and clear.
They suit the speech, or song, and suit the ear,
Like bells that give one tone when they are rung;
Or bird notes on the air, like rain drops flung,
That pour their joy for all who pause to hear.
Their short, quick chords the dull sense charm and cheer,
That tires and shrinks from words to great length strung.

Strong words, of old, that shot right to the brain,
And hit the heart as soon, were brief and terse.
Who finds them now, and fits them to his sling,
Smooth stones from brooks of English are his gain,
Which shall make strong his thought, in prose or verse,
Wills he with scribes to write, or bards to sing.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

V.—THREE CAPITALS.

TO one travelling over this vast country, especially the northern and western portions, the superficial impression made is that of uniformity, and even monotony: towns are alike, cities have a general resemblance, State lines are not recognized, and the idea of conformity and centralization is easily entertained. Similar institutions, facility of communication, a disposition to stronger nationality, we say, are rapidly fusing us into one federal mass.

But when we study a State at its centre, its political action, its organization, its spirit, the management of its institutions of learning and of charity, the tendencies, restrictive or liberal, of its legislation, even the tone of social life and the code of manners, we discover distinctions, individualities, almost as many differences as resemblances. And we see—the saving truth in our national life—that each State is a wellnigh indestructible entity, an empire in itself, proud and conscious of its peculiarities, and jealous of its rights. We see that State boundaries are not imaginary lines, made by the geographers, which could be easily altered by the central power. Nothing, indeed, in our whole national development, considering the common influences that have made us, is so remarkable as the difference of the several States. Even on the lines of a common settlement, say from New England and New York, note the differences between northern Ohio, northern Indiana, northern Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Or take another line, and see the differences between southern Ohio, southern Indiana, southern Illinois, and northern Missouri. But each State, with its diverse population, has a certain homogeneity and character of its own. We can understand this where there are great differences of climate, or when one is mountainous and the other flat. But why should Indiana be so totally unlike the two States that flank it, in so many of the developments of civilized life or in retarded action; and why should Iowa, in its entire temper and spirit, be so unlike Illinois? One State copies the institutions of another, but there is always something in its life that it does not copy from any other. And the perpetuity of the Union rests upon the separateness and integrity of this State life. I confess that I am not so much impressed by the magnitude of our country as I am by the wonderful system of our complex government in unity, which permits the freest development of human nature, and the most perfect adaptability to local conditions. I can conceive of no greater enemy to the Union than he who would by any attempt at further centralization weaken the self-dependence, pride, and dignity of a single State. It seems to me that one travels in vain over the United States if he does not learn that lesson.

The State of Illinois is geographically much favored both for agriculture and commerce. With access to the Gulf by two great rivers that bound it on two sides, and communicating with the Atlantic by Lake Michigan, enterprise has aided these commercial advantages by covering it with railways. Stretching from Galena to Cairo, it has a great variety of climate; it is well watered by many noble streams, and contains in its great area scarcely any waste land. It has its contrasts of civilization. In the northern half are the thriving cities; the extreme southern portion, owing in part to a more debilitating, less wholesome, climate, and in part to a less virile, ambitious population, still keeps its "Egyptian" reputation. But the railways have already made a great change in southern Illinois, and education is transforming it. The establishment of a normal school at Carbondale in 1874–5 has changed the aspect of a great region. I am told by the State Superintendent of Education that the contrast in dress, manners, cultivation, of the country crowd which came to witness the dedication of the first building, and those who came to see the inauguration of the new school, twelve years later, was something astonishing.

Passing through the central portion of the State to Springfield, after an interval of many years, let us say a generation, I was impressed with the transformation the country had undergone by tree-planting and the growth of considerable patches of forest. The State is generally prosperous. The farmers have money, some

surplus to spend in luxuries, in the education of their children, in musical instruments, in the adornment of their homes. This is the universal report of the Commercial Travellers, those modern couriers of business and information, who run in swarms to and fro over the whole land. In this respect they always contrast the State with Iowa, which they say has no money, and where trade, to their apprehension, stands still, except in the river towns. They attribute this difference to intermeddling and prohibitory legislation. It seems unaccountable otherwise, for Iowa, with its rolling prairies and park-like timber, loved in the season of birds and flowers, is one of the most fertile and lovely States in the West.

Springfield, which spreads its 30,000 people extensively over a plain on the Sangamon River, is prosperous, and in the season when any place can be agreeable, a beautiful city. The elm grows well in the rich soil, and its many broad, well-shaded streets, with pretty detached houses and lawns, make it very attractive, a delightful rural capital. The large Illinois towns are slowly lifting themselves out of the slough of rich streets, better adapted to crops than to trade; though good material for pavement is nowhere abundant. Springfield has recently improved its condition by paving, mostly with cedar blocks, twenty-five miles of streets. I notice that in some of the Western towns tile pavement is being tried. Manufacturing is increasing—there is a prosperous rolling-mill and a successful watch factory—but the overwhelming interest of the city is that it is the centre of the political and educational institutions—of the life emanating from the State-house.

The State-house is, I believe, famous. It is a big building, a great deal has been spent on it in the way of ornamentation, and it enjoys the distinction of the highest State-house dome in the country—350 feet. It has the merit also of being well placed on an elevation, and its rooms are spacious and very well planned. It is an incongruous pile externally, mixing many styles of architecture, placing Corinthian capitals on Doric columns, and generally losing the impression of a dignified mass in details. Within, it is especially rich in wall casings of beautiful and variegated marbles, each panel exquisite, but all together tending to dissipate any idea of unity of design or simplicity. Nothing whatever can be said for many of the scenes in relief, or the mural paintings (except that they illustrate the history of the State), nor for most of the statues in the corridors, but the decoration of the chief rooms, in mingling of colors and material, is frankly barbarous.

Illinois has the reputation of being slow in matters of education and reform. A day in the State offices, however, will give the visitor an impression of intelligence and vigor in these directions. The office of the State Board of Pharmacy in the Capitol shows a strict enforcement of the law in the supervision of drugs and druggists. Prison management has also most intelligent consideration. The two great penitentiaries, the Southern, at Chester (with about 800 convicts), and the Northern, at Joliet (with about 1600 convicts), call for no special comment. The one at Joliet is a model of its kind, with a large library, and such schooling as is practicable in the system, and is well administered; and I am glad to see that Mr. McClaughry, the warden, believes that incorrigibles should be permanently held, and that grading, the discipline of labor and education, with a parole system, can make law-abiding citizens of many convicts.

In school education the State is certainly not supine in efforts. Out of a State population of about 3,500,000, there were, in 1887, 1,627,841 under twenty-one years, and 1,096,464 between the ages of six and twenty-one. The school age for free attendance is from six to twenty-one; for compulsory attendance, from eight to fourteen. There were 749,994 children enrolled, and 506,197 in daily attendance. Those enrolled in private schools numbered 87,725. There were 2258 teachers in private schools, and 22,925 in public schools; of this latter, 7462 were men and 15,463 women. The average monthly salary of men was $51 48, and of women $42 17. The sum available for school purposes in 1887 was $12,896,515, in an assessed value of taxable property of $797,752,888. These figures are from Dr. N. W. Edwards, Superintendent of Public Instruction, whose energy is felt in every part of the State.

The State prides itself on its institutions of charity. I saw some of them at Jacksonville, an hour's ride west of Springfield. Jacksonville is a very pret-

ty city of some 15,000, with elm-shaded avenues that suggest but do not rival New Haven—one of those intellectual centres that are a continual surprise to our English friends in their bewildered exploration of our monotonous land. In being the Western centre of Platonic philosophy, it is more like Concord than like New Haven. It is the home of a large number of people who have travelled, who give intelligent attention to art, to literary study in small societies and clubs—its Monday Evening Club of men long antedated most of the similar institutions at the East—and to social problems. I certainly did not expect to find, as I did, water-colors by Turner in Jacksonville, besides many other evidences of a culture that must modify many Eastern ideas of what the West is and is getting to be.

The Illinois College is at Jacksonville. It is one of twenty-five small colleges in the State, and I believe the only one that adheres to the old curriculum, and does not adopt co-education. It has about sixty students in the college proper, and about one hundred and thirty in the preparatory academy. Most of the Illinois colleges have preparatory departments, and so long as they do, and the various sects scatter their energies among so many institutions, the youth of the State who wish a higher education will be obliged to go East. The school perhaps the most vigorous just now is the University of Illinois, at Urbana, a school of agriculture and applied science mainly. The Central Hospital for the Insane (one of three in the State), under the superintendence of Dr. Henry F. Carriel, is a fine establishment, a model of neatness and good management, with over nine hundred patients, about a third of whom do some light work on the farm or in the house. A large conservatory of plants and flowers is rightly regarded as a remedial agency in the treatment of the patients. Here also is a fine school for the education of the blind.

The Institution for the Education of Deaf-Mutes, Dr. Philip H. Gillette, superintendent, is, I believe, the largest in the world, and certainly one of the most thoroughly equipped and successful in its purposes. It has between five hundred and six hundred pupils. All the departments found in many other institutions are united here. The school has a manual training department; articulation is taught; the art school exhibits surprising results in aptitude for both drawing and painting; and industries are taught to the extent of giving every pupil a trade or some means of support—shoemaking, cabinet-making, printing, sewing, gardening, and baking.

Such an institution as this raises many interesting questions. It is at once evident that the loss of the sense of hearing has an effect on character, moral and intellectual. Whatever may be the education of the deaf-mute, he will remain, in some essential and not easily to be characterized respects, different from other people. It is exceedingly hard to cultivate in them a spirit of self-dependence, or eradicate the notion that society owes them perpetual care and support. The education of deaf-mutes, and the teaching them trades, so that they become intelligent and productive members of society, of course induce marriages among them. Is not this calculated to increase the number of deaf-mutes? Dr. Gillette thinks not. The vital statistics show that consanguineous marriages are a large factor in deaf-muteism; about ten per cent., it is estimated, of the deaf-mutes are the offspring of parents related by blood. Ancestral defects are not always perpetuated in kind; they may descend in physical deformity, in deafness, in imbecility. Deafness is more apt to descend in collateral branches than in a straight line. It is a striking fact in a table of relationships prepared by Dr. Gillette that, while the 450 deaf-mutes enumerated had 770 relationships to other deaf-mutes, making a total of 1220, only twelve of them had deaf-mute parents, and only two of them one deaf-mute parent, the mother of these having been able to hear, and that in no case was the mother alone a deaf-mute. Of the pupils who have left this institution, 251 have married deaf-mutes, and 19 hearing persons. These marriages have been as fruitful as the average, and among them all only sixteen have deaf-mute children; in some of the families having a deaf child there are other children who hear. These facts, says the report, clearly indicate that the probability of deaf offspring from deaf parentage is remote, while other facts may clearly indicate that a deaf person probably has or will have a deaf relation other than a child.

Springfield is old enough to have a historic flavor and social traditions; perhaps it might be called a Kentucky flavor, so largely did settlers from Kentucky determine it. There was a leisurely element in it, and it produced a large number of men prominent in politics and in the law, and women celebrated for beauty and spirit. It was a hospitable society, with a certain tone of "family" that distinguished it from other frontier places, a great liking for the telling of racy stories, and a hearty enjoyment of life. The State has provided a Gubernatorial residence which is at once spacious and pleasant, and is a mansion, with its present occupants, typical in a way of the old *régime* and of modern culture.

To the country at large Springfield is distinguished as the home of Abraham Lincoln to an extent perhaps not fully realized by the residents of the growing capital, with its ever new interests. And I was perhaps unreasonably disappointed in not finding that sense of his personality that I expected. It is, indeed, emphasized by statues in the Capitol and by the great mausoleum in the cemetery—an imposing structure, with an excellent statue in bronze, and four groups, relating to the civil war, of uncommon merit. But this great monumental show does not satisfy the personal longing of which I speak. Nor is the Lincoln residence much more satisfactory in this respect. The plain two-story wooden house has been presented to the State by his son Robert, and is in charge of a custodian. And although the parlor is made a show-room and full of memorials, there is no atmosphere of the man about it. On Lincoln's departure for Washington the furniture was sold and the house rented, never to be again occupied by him. There is here nothing of that personal presence that clings to the Hermitage, to Marshfield, to Mount Vernon, to Monticello. Lincoln was given to the nation, and—a frequent occurrence in our uprooting business life—the home disappeared. Lincoln was honored and beloved in Springfield as a man, but perhaps some of the feeling toward him as a party leader still lingers, although it has disappeared almost everywhere else in the country. Nowhere else was the personal partisanship hotter than in this city, and it is hardly to be expected that political foes in this generation should quite comprehend the elevation of Lincoln, in the consenting opinion of the world, among the greatest characters of all ages. It has happened to Lincoln that every year and a more intimate knowledge of his character have added to his fame and to the appreciation of his moral grandeur. There is a natural desire to go to some spot pre-eminently sacred to his personality. This may be his birthplace. At any rate, it is likely that before many years Kentucky will be proud to distinguish in some way the spot where the life began of the most illustrious man born in its borders.

When we come to the capital of Indiana we have, in official language, to report progress. One reason assigned for the passing of emigrants through Indiana to Illinois was that the latter was a prairie country, more easily subdued than the more-wooded region of Indiana. But it is also true that the sluggish, illiterate character of its early occupants turned aside the stream of Western emigration from its borders. There has been a great deal of philosophic speculation upon the acknowledged backwardness of civilization in Indiana, its slow development in institutions of education, and its slow change in rural life, compared with its sister States. But this concerns us less now than the awakening which is visible at the capital and in some of the northern towns. The forests of hard timber which were an early disadvantage are now an important element in the State industry and wealth. Recent developments of coal-fields and the discovery of natural gas have given an impetus to manufacturing, which will powerfully stimulate agriculture and traffic, and open a new career to the State.

Indianapolis, which stood still for some years in a reaction from real estate speculation, is now a rapidly improving city, with a population of about 125,000. It is on the natural highway of the old National Turnpike, and its central location in the State, in the midst of a rich agricultural district, has made it the centre of fifteen railway lines, and of active freight and passenger traffic. These lines are all connected for freight purposes by a belt road, over which pass about 5000 freight cars daily. This belt road also does an enormous business for the stock-yards, and its convenient line is rapidly filling up with manufacturing establishments. As a con

sequence of these facilities the trade of the city in both wholesale and retail houses is good and increasing. With this increase of business there has been an accession of banking capital. The four national and two private banks have an aggregate capital of about three millions, and the Clearing-house report of 1887 showed a business of about one hundred millions, an increase of nearly fifty per cent. over the preceding year. But the individual prosperity is largely due to the building and loan associations, of which there are nearly one hundred, with an aggregate capital of seven millions, the loans of which exceed those of the banks. These take the place of savings-banks, encourage the purchase of homesteads, and are preventives of strikes and labor troubles in the factories.

The people of Indianapolis call their town a Park City. Occupying a level plain, its streets (the principal ones with a noble width of ninety feet) intersect each other at right angles; but in the centre of the city is a Circle Park of several acres, from which radiate to the four quarters of the town avenues ninety feet broad that relieve the monotony of the right lines. These streets are for the most part well shaded, and getting to be well paved, lined with pleasant but not ambitious residences, so that the whole aspect of the city is open and agreeable. The best residences are within a few squares of the most active business streets, and if the city has not the distinction of palaces, it has fewer poor and shabby quarters than most other towns of its size. In the Circle Park, where now stands a statue of Governor Morton, is to be erected immediately the Soldiers' Monument, at a cost of $250,000.

The city is fortunate in its public buildings. The County Court-house (which cost $1,600,000) and City Hall are both fine buildings; in the latter are the city markets, and above, a noble auditorium with seats for 4000 people. But the State Capitol, just finished within the appropriation of $2,000,000, is pre-eminent among State Capitols in many respects. It is built of the Bedford limestone, one of the best materials both for color and endurance found in the country. It follows the American plan of two wings and a dome; but it is finely proportioned; and the exterior, with rows of graceful Corinthian columns above the basement story, is altogether pleasing. The interior is spacious and impressive, the Chambers fine, the furnishing solid and in good taste, with nowhere any over-ornamentation or petty details to mar the general noble effect. The State Library contains, besides the law books, about 20,000 miscellaneous volumes.

When Matthew Arnold first came to New York the place in the West about which he expressed the most curiosity was Indianapolis; that he said he must see, if no other city. He had no knowledge of the place, and could give no reason for his preference except that the name had always had a fascination for him. He found there, however, a very extensive book-store, where his own works were sold in numbers that pleased and surprised him. The shop has a large miscellaneous stock, and does a large jobbing and retail business, but the miscellaneous books dealt in are mostly cheap reprints of English works, with very few American copyright books. This is a significant comment on the languishing state of the market for works of American authors in the absence of an international copyright law.

The city is not behind any other in educational efforts. In its five free public libraries are over 70,000 volumes. The city has a hundred churches and a vigorous Young Men's Christian Association, which cost $75,000. Its private schools have an excellent reputation. There are 20,000 children registered of school age, and 11,000 in daily attendance in twenty-eight free-school houses. In methods of efficacy these are equal to any in the Union, as is shown by the fact that there are reported in the city only 325 persons between the ages of six and twenty-one unable to read and write. The average cost of instruction for each pupil is $19 64 a year. In regard to advanced methods and manual training, Indianapolis schools claim to be pioneers.

The latest reports show educational activity in the State as well as in the capital. In 1886 the revenues expended in public schools were about $5,000,000. The State supports the Indiana University at Bloomington, with about 300 students, the Agricultural College at Lafayette, with over 300, and a Normal School at Terre Haute, with an attendance of about 500. There are, besides, seventeen private colleges and several other normal schools. In 1886 the number of school-children en-

rolled in the State was 506,000, of whom 346,000 were in daily attendance. To those familiar with Indiana these figures show a greatly increased interest in education.

Several of the State benevolent institutions are in Indianapolis: a hospital for the insane, which cost $1,200,000, and accommodates 1600 patients; an asylum for the blind, which has 132 pupils; and a school for deaf-mutes, which cost $500,000, and has about 400 scholars. The novel institution, however, that I saw at Indianapolis is a Reformatory for Women and Girls, controlled entirely by women. The board of trustees are women, the superintendent, physician, and keepers are women. In one building, but in separate departments, were the female convicts, 42 in number, several of them respectable-looking elderly women who had killed their husbands, and about 150 young girls. The convicts and the girls—who are committed for restraint and reform—never meet except in chapel, but it is more than doubtful if it is wise for the State to subject girls to even this sort of contiguity with convicts, and to the degradation of penitentiary suggestions. The establishment is very neat and well ordered and well administered. The work of the prison is done by the convicts, who are besides kept employed at sewing and in the laundry. The girls in the reformatory work half a day, and are in school the other half.

This experiment of the control of a State-prison by women is regarded as doubtful by some critics, who say that women will obey a man when they will not obey a woman. Female convicts, because they have fallen lower than men, or by reason of their more nervous organization, are commonly not so easily controlled as male convicts, and it is insisted that they indulge in less "tantrums" under male than under female authority. This is denied by the superintendent of this prison, though she has incorrigible cases who can only be controlled by solitary confinement. She has daily religious exercises, Bible reading and exposition, and a Sunday-school; and she doubts if she could control the convicts without this religious influence. It not only has a daily quieting effect, but has resulted in several cases in "conversion." There are in the institution several girls and women of color, and I asked the superintendent if the white inmates exhibited any prejudice against them on account of their color. To my surprise, the answer was that the contrary is the case. The whites look up to the colored girls, and seem either to have a respect for them or to be fascinated by them. This surprising statement was supplemented by another, that the influence of the colored girls on the whites is not good; the white girl who seeks the company of the colored girl deteriorates, and the colored girl does not change.

Indianapolis, which is attractive by reason of a climate that avoids extremes, bases its manufacturing and its business prosperity upon the large coal beds lying to the west and south of it, the splendid and very extensive quarries of Bedford limestone contiguous to the coal-fields, the abundant supply of various sorts of hard wood for the making of furniture, and the recent discovery of natural gas. The gas-field region, which is said to be very much larger than any other in the country, lies to the northwest, and comes within eight miles of the city. Pipes are already laid to the city limits, and the whole heating and manufacturing of the city will soon be done by the gas. I saw this fuel in use in a large and successful pottery, where are made superior glazed and encaustic tiles, and nothing could be better for the purpose. The heat in the kilns is intense; it can be perfectly regulated; as fuel the gas is free from smoke and smut, and its cost is merely nominal. The excitement over this new agent is at present extraordinary. The field where it has been found is so extensive as to make the supply seem inexhaustible. It was first discovered in Indiana at Eaton, in Delaware County, in 1886. From January 1, 1887, to February, 1888, it is reported that 1000 wells were opened in the gas territory, and that 245 companies were organized for various manufactures, with an aggregate capital of $25,000,000. Whatever the figures may be, there are the highest expectations of immense increase of manufactures in Indianapolis and in all the gas region. Of some effects of this revolution in fuel we may speak when we come to the gas wells of Ohio.

I had conceived of Columbus as a rural capital, pleasant and slow, rather a village than a city. I was surprised to find a city

of 80,000 people, growing with a rapidity astonishing even for a Western town, with miles of prosperous business blocks (High Street is four miles long), and wide avenues of residences extending to suburban parks. Broad Street, with its four rows of trees and fine houses and beautiful lawns, is one of the handsomest avenues in the country, and it is only one of many that are attractive. The Capitol Square, with several good buildings about it, makes an agreeable centre of the city. Of the Capitol building not much is to be said. The exterior is not wholly bad, but it is surmounted by a truncated something that is neither a dome nor a revolving turret, and the interior is badly arranged for room, light, and ventilation. Space is wasted, and many of the rooms, among them the relic-room and the flag-room, are inconvenient and almost inaccessible. The best is the room of the Supreme Court, which has attached a large law library. The general State Library contains about 54,000 volumes, with a fair but not large proportion of Western history.

Columbus is a city of churches, of very fine public schools, of many clubs, literary and social, in which the intellectual element predominates, and of an intelligent, refined, and most hospitable society. Here one may study the educational and charitable institutions of the State, many of the more important of which are in the city, and also the politics. It was Ohio's hard fate to be for many years an "October State," and the battle-field and corruption-field of many outside influences. This no doubt demoralized the politics of the State, and lowered the tone of public morality. With the removal of the cause of this decline, I believe the tone is being raised. Recent trials for election frauds, and the rehabilitation of the Cincinnati police, show that a better spirit prevails.

Ohio is growing in wealth as it is in population, and is in many directions an ambitious and progressive State. Judged by its institutions of benevolence and of economies, it is a leading State. No other State provides more liberally for its unfortunates, in asylums for the insane, the blind, the deaf-mutes, the idiotic, the young waifs and strays, nor shows a more intelligent comprehension of the legitimate functions of a great commonwealth, in the creation of boards of education and of charities and of health, in a State inspection of workshops and factories, in establishing bureaus of meteorology and of forestry, and a fish commission, and an agricultural experiment station. The State has thirty-four colleges and universities, a public-school system which has abolished distinctions of color. and which by the reports is as efficient as any in the Union. Cincinnati, the moral tone of which, the Ohio people say, is not fairly represented by its newspapers, is famous the world over for its cultivation in music and its progress in the fine and industrial arts. It would be possible for a State to have and be all this and yet rise in the general scale of civilization only to a splendid mediocrity, without the higher institutions of pure learning, and without a very high standard of public morality. Ohio is in no less danger of materialism, with all its diffused intelligence, than other States. There is a recognizable limit to what a diffused level of education, say in thirty-four colleges, can do for the higher life of a State. I heard an address in the Capitol by ex-President Hayes on the expediency of adding a manual-training school to the Ohio State University at Columbus. The comment of some of the legislators on it was that we have altogether too much book-learning; what we need is workshops in our schools and colleges. It seems to a stranger that whatever first-class industrial and technical schools Ohio needs, it needs more the higher education, and the teaching of philosophy, logic, and ethics. In 1886 Governor Foraker sent a special message to the Legislature pointing out the fact that notwithstanding the increase of wealth in the State, the revenue was inadequate to the expenditure, principally by reason of the undervaluation of taxable property (there being a yearly decline in the reported value of personal property), and a fraudulent evasion of taxes. There must have been a wide insensibility to the wrong of cheating the State to have produced this state of things, and one cannot but think that it went along with the low political tone before mentioned. Of course Ohio is not a solitary sinner among States in this evasion of duty, but she helps to point the moral that the higher life of a State needs a great deal of education that is neither commercial nor industrial nor simply philanthropic.

It is impossible and unnecessary for the purposes of this paper to speak of many of the public institutions of the State, even of those in the city. But edu-

cators everywhere may study with profit the management of the public schools under the City Board of Education, of which Mr. R. W. Stevenson is superintendent. The High-School, of over 600 pupils, is especially to be commended. Manual training is not introduced into the schools, and the present better sentiment is against it; but its foundation, drawing, is thoroughly taught from the primaries up to the High-School, and the exhibits of the work of the schools of all grades in modelling, drawing, and form and color studies, which were made last year in New York and Chicago, gave these Columbus schools a very high rank in the country. Any visitor to them must be impressed with the intelligence of the methods employed, the apprehension of modern notions, and also the conservative spirit of common-sense.

The Ohio State University has an endowment from the State of over half a million dollars, and a source of ultimate wealth in its great farm and grounds, which must increase in value as the city extends. It is a very well equipped institution for the study of the natural sciences and agriculture, and might easily be built up into a university in all departments, worthy of the State. At present it has 335 students, of whom 150 are in the academic department, 41 in special practical courses, and 143 in the preparatory school. All the students are organized in companies, under an officer of the United States, for military discipline; the uniform, the drill, the lessons of order and obedience, are invaluable in the transforming of carriage and manners. The university has a museum of geology which ranks among the important ones of the country. It is a pity that a consolidation of other State institutions with this cannot be brought about.

The Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus is an old building, not in keeping with the modern notions of prison construction. In 1887 it had about 1300 convicts, some 100 less than in the preceding year. The management is subject to political changes, and its officers have to be taken from various parts of the State at the dictation of political workers. Under this system the best management is liable to be upset by an election. The special interest in the prison at this time was in the observation of the working of the parole law. Since the passage of the act in May, 1885, 283 prisoners have been paroled, and while several of the convicts have been returned for a violation of parole, nearly the whole number are reported as law-abiding citizens. The managers are exceedingly pleased with the working of the law; it promotes good conduct in the prison, and reduces the number in confinement. The reduction of the number of convicts in 1887 from the former year was ascribed partially to the passage of the general sentence law in 1884, and the habitual crimes act in 1885. The criminals dread these laws, the first because it gives no fixed time to build their hopes upon, but all depends upon their previous record and good conduct in prison, while the latter affects the incorrigible, who are careful to shun the State after being convicted twice, and avoid imprisonment for life. The success of these laws and the condition of the State finances delay the work on the Intermediate Prison, or Reformatory, begun at Mansfield. This Reformatory is intended for first offenders, and has the distinct purpose of prevention of further deterioration, and of reformation by means of the discipline of education and labor. The success of the tentative laws in this direction, as applied to the general prisons, is, in fact, a strong argument for the carrying out of the Mansfield scheme.

There cannot be a more interesting study of the "misfits" of humanity than that offered in the Institution for Feeble-minded Youth, under the superintendence of Dr. G. A. Doren. Here are 715 imbeciles in all stages of development from absolute mental and physical incapacity. There is scarcely a problem that exists in education, in the relation of the body and mind, in the inheritance of mental and physical traits, in regard to the responsibility for crime, in psychology or physiology, that is not here illustrated. It is the intention of the school to teach the idiot child some trade or occupation that will make him to some degree useful, and to carry him no further than the common branches in learning. The first impression, I think, made upon a visitor is the almost invariable physical deformity that attends imbecility—ill-proportioned, distorted bodies, dwarfed, misshapen gelatinoids, with bones that have no stiffness. The next impression is the preponderance of the animal nature, the persistence of the lower pas-

sions, and the absence of moral qualities in the general immaturity. And perhaps the next impression is of the extraordinary effect that physical training has in awakening the mind, and how soon the discipline of the institution creates the power of self-control. From almost blank imbecility and utter lack of self-restraint the majority of these children, as we saw them in their school-rooms and workshops, exhibited a sense of order, of entire decency, and very considerable intelligence. It was demonstrated that most imbeciles are capable of acquiring the rudiments of an education and of learning some useful occupation. Some of the boys work on the farm, others learn trades. The boys in the shoe-shop were making shoes of excellent finish. The girls do plain sewing and house-work apparently almost as well as girls of their age outside. Two or three things that we saw may be mentioned to show the scope of the very able management and the capacities of the pupils. There was a drill of half a hundred boys and girls in the dumb-bell exercise, to music, under the leadership of a pupil, which in time, grace, and exact execution of complicated movements would have done credit to any school. The institution has two bands, one of brass and one of strings, which perform very well. The string band played for dancing in the large amusement hall. Several hundred children were on the floor dancing cotillons, and they went through the variety of changes not only in perfect time and decorum, but without any leader to call the figures. It would have been a remarkable performance for any children. There were many individual cases of great and deplorable interest. Cretins, it was formerly supposed, were only born in mountainous regions. There are three here born in Ohio. There were five imbeciles of what I should call the ape type, all of one Ohio family. Two of them were the boys exhibited some years ago by Barnum as the Aztec children—the last of an extinct race. He exhibited them as a boy and a girl. When they had grown a little too large to show as children, or the public curiosity was satisfied about the extinct race, he exhibited them as wild Australians.

The humanity of so training these imbeciles that they can have some enjoyment of life, and be occasionally of some use to their relations, is undeniable. But since the State makes this effort in the survival of the unfittest, it must go further and provide a permanent home for them. The girls who have learned to read and write and sew and do house-work, and are of decent appearance, as many of them are, are apt to marry when they leave the institution. Their offspring are invariably idiots. I saw in this school the children of mothers who had been trained here. It is no more the intention of the State to increase the number of imbeciles than it is the number of criminals. Many of our charitable and penal institutions at present do both.

I should like to approach the subject of Natural Gas in a proper spirit, but I have neither the imagination nor the rhetoric to do justice to the expectations formed of it. In the restrained language of one of the inhabitants of Findlay, its people "have caught the divine afflatus which came with the discovery of natural gas." If Findlay had only natural gas, "she would be the peer, if not the superior, of any municipality on earth"; but she has much more, "and in all things has no equal or superior between the oceans and the lakes and the gulf, and is marching on to the grandest destiny ever prepared for any people, in any land, or in any period, since the morning stars first sang together, and the flowers in the garden of Eden budded and blossomed for man." In fact, "this she has been doing in the past two years in the grandest and most satisfactory way, and that she will continue to progress is as certain as the stars that hold their midnight revel around the throne of Omnipotence."

Notwithstanding this guarded announcement, it is evident that the discovery of natural gas has begun a revolution in fuel, which will have permanent and far-reaching economic and social consequences, whether the supply of gas is limited or inexhaustible.

Those who have once used fuel in this form are not likely to return to the crude and wasteful heating by coal. All the cities and large towns west of the Alleghanies are made disagreeable by bituminous coal smoke. The extent of this annoyance and its detraction from the pleasure of daily living cannot be exaggerated. The atmosphere is more or less vitiated, and the sky obscured, houses, furniture, clothing, are dirty, and clean lin-

en and clean hands and face are not expected. All this is changed where gas is used for fuel. The city becomes cheerful, and the people can see each other. But this is not all. One of the great burdens of our Northern life, fire building and replenishing, disappears, house-keeping is simplified, the expense of servants reduced, cleanliness restored. Add to this that in the gas regions the cost of fuel is merely nominal, and in towns distant some thirty or forty miles it is not half that of coal. It is easy to see that this revolution in fuel will make as great a change in social life as in manufacturing, and that all the change may not be agreeable. This natural gas is a very subtle fluid, somewhat difficult to control, though I have no doubt that invention will make it as safe in our houses as illuminating gas is. So far as I have seen its use, the heat from it is intense and withering. In a closed stove it is intolerable; in an open grate, with a simulated pile of hard coal or logs, it is better, but much less agreeable than soft coal or wood. It does not, as at present used, promote a good air in the room, and its intense dryness ruins the furniture. But its cheapness, convenience, and neatness will no doubt prevail, and we are entering upon a gas age, in which, for the sake of progress, we shall doubtless surrender something that will cause us to look back to the more primitive time with regret. If the gas wells fail, artificial gas for fuel will doubtless be manufactured.

I went up to the gas-fields of northern Ohio in company with Professor Edward Orton, the State Geologist, who has made a study of the subject, and pretty well defined the fields of Indiana and Ohio. The gas is found at a depth of between 1100 and 1200 feet, after passing through a great body of shale and encountering salt-water, in a porous Trenton limestone. The drilling and tubing enter this limestone several feet to get a good holding. This porous limestone holds the gas like a sponge, and it rushes forth with tremendous force when released. It is now well settled that these are reservoirs of gas that are tapped, and not sources of perpetual supply by constant manufacture. How large the supply may be in any case cannot be told, but there is a limit to it. It can be exhausted, like a vein of coal. But the fields are so large, both in Indiana and Ohio, that it seems probable that by sinking new wells the supply will be continued for a long time. The evidence that it is not inexhaustible in any one well is that in all in which the flow of gas has been tested at intervals the force of pressure is found to diminish. For months after the discovery the wells were allowed to run to waste, and billions of feet of gas were lost. A better economy now prevails, and this wastefulness is stopped. The wells are all under control, and large groups of them are connected by common service pipes. The region about Fostoria is organized under the Northwestern Gas Company, and controls a large territory. It supplies the city of Toledo, which uses no other fuel, through pipes thirty miles long, Fremont, and other towns. The loss per mile in transit through the pipes is now known, so that the distance can be calculated at which it will pay to send it. I believe that this is about fifty to sixty miles. The gas when it comes from the well is about the temperature of 32° Fahr., and the common pressure is 400 pounds to the square inch. The velocity with which it rushes, unchecked, from the pipe at the mouth of the well may be said to be about that of a minie-ball from an ordinary rifle. The Ohio area of gas is between 2000 and 3000 square miles. The claim for the Indiana area is that it is 20,000 square miles, but the geologists make it much less.

The speculation in real estate caused by this discovery has been perhaps without parallel in the history of the State, and, as is usual in such cases, it is now in a lull, waiting for the promised developments. But these have been almost as marvellous as the speculation. Findlay was a sleepy little village in the black swamp district, one of the most backward regions of Ohio. For many years there had been surface indications of gas, and there is now a house standing in the city which used gas for fuel forty years ago. When the first gas well was opened, ten years ago, the village had about 4500 inhabitants. It has now probably 15,000, it is a city, and its limits have been extended to cover an area six miles long by four miles wide. This is dotted over with hastily built houses, and is rapidly being occupied by manufacturing establishments. The city owns all the gas wells, and supplies fuel to factories and private houses at the simple cost of maintaining the service-pipes. So rapid has been the growth and the demand for

gas that there has not been time to put all the pipes underground, and they are encountered on the surface all over the region. The town is pervaded by the odor of the gas, which is like that of petroleum, and the traveller is notified of his nearness to the town by the smell before he can see the houses. The surface pipes, hastily laid, occasionally leak, and at these weak places the gas is generally ignited in order to prevent its tainting the atmosphere. This immediate neighborhood has an oil field contiguous to the gas, plenty of limestone (the kilns are burned by gas), good building stone, clay fit for making bricks and tiles, and superior hard-wood forests. The cheap fuel has already attracted here manufacturing industries of all sorts, and new plants are continually made. I have a list of over thirty different mills and factories which are either in full operation or getting under way. Among the most interesting of these are the works for making window-glass and table glass. The superiority of this fuel for the glass furnaces seems to be admitted.

Although the wells about Findlay are under control, the tubing is anchored, and the awful force is held under by gates and levers of steel, it is impossible to escape a feeling of awe in this region at the subterranean energies which seem adequate to blow the whole country heavenward. Some of the wells were opened for us. Opening a well is unscrewing the service-pipe and letting the full force of the gas issue from the pipe at the mouth of the well. When one of these wells is thus opened the whole town is aware of it by the roaring and the quaking of the air. The first one exhibited was in a field a mile and a half from the city. At the first freedom from the screws and clamps the gas rushed out in such density that it was visible. Although we stood several rods from it, the roar was so great that one could not make himself heard shouting in the ear of his neighbor. The geologist stuffed cotton in his ears and tied a shawl about his head, and, assisted by the chemist, stood close to the pipe to measure the flow. The chemist, who had not taken the precaution to protect himself, was quite deaf for some time after the experiment. A four-inch pipe, about sixty feet in length, was then screwed on, and the gas ignited as it issued from the end on the ground. The roaring was as before. For several feet from the end of the tube there was no flame, but beyond was a sea of fire sweeping the ground and rioting high in the air—billows of red and yellow and blue flame, fierce and hot enough to consume everything within reach. It was an awful display of power.

We had a like though only a momentary display at the famous Karg well, an eight-million-feet well. This could only be turned on for a few seconds at a time, for it is in connection with the general system. If the gas is turned off, the fires in houses and factories would go out, and if it were turned on again without notice, the rooms would be full of gas, and an explosion follow an attempt to relight it. This danger is now being removed by the invention of an automatic valve in the pipe supplying each fire, which will close and lock when the flow of gas ceases, and admit no more gas until it is opened. The ordinary pressure for house service is about two pounds to the square inch. The Karg well is on the bank of the creek, and the discharge-pipe through which the gas (though not in its full force) was turned for our astonishment extends over the water. The roar was like that of Niagara; all the town shakes when the Karg is loose. When lighted, billows of flame rolled over the water, brilliant in color and fantastic in form, with a fury and rage of conflagration enough to strike the spectator with terror. I have never seen any other display of natural force so impressive as this. When this flame issues from an upright pipe, the great mass of fire rises eighty feet into the air, leaping and twisting in fiendish fury. For six weeks after this well was first opened its constant roaring shook the nerves of the town, and by night its flaming torch lit up the heaven and banished darkness. With the aid of this new agent anything seems possible.

The feverishness of speculation will abate; many anticipations will not be realized. It will be discovered that there is a limit to manufacturing, even with fuel that costs next to nothing. The supply of natural gas no doubt has its defined limits. But nothing seems more certain to me than that gas, manufactured if not natural, is to be the fuel of the future in the West, and that the importance of this economic change in social life is greater than we can at present calculate.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

VI.

TOWARD five o'clock Annie was interrupted by a knock at her door, which ought to have prepared her for something unusual, for it was Mrs. Bolton's habit to come and go without knocking. But she called "Come in!" without rising from her letter, and Mrs. Bolton entered with a stranger. The little girl clung to his forefinger, pressing her head against his leg, and glancing shyly up at Annie. She sprang up, and, "This is Mr. Peck, Miss Kilburn," said Mrs. Bolton.

"How do you do?" said Mr. Peck, taking the hand she gave him.

He was gaunt, without being tall, and his clothes hung loosely about him, as if he had fallen away in them since they were made. His face was almost the face of the caricature American: deep, slightly curved vertical lines enclosed his mouth in their parenthesis; a thin, dust-colored beard fell from his cheeks and chin; his upper lip was shaven. But instead of the slight frown of challenge and self-assertion which marks this face in the type, his large blue eyes, set near together, gazed sadly from under a smooth forehead, extending itself well up toward the crown, where his dry hair dropped over it.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Peck," said Annie; "I've wanted to tell you how glad I am that you found shelter in my old home when you first came to Hatboro'."

Mr. Peck's trousers were short and badly kneed, and his long coat hung formlessly from his shoulders; she involuntarily took a patronizing tone toward him which was not habitual with her.

"Thank you," he said, with the dry, serious voice which seemed the fit vocal expression of his presence; "I have been afraid that it seemed like an intrusion to you."

"Oh, not the least," retorted Annie. "You were very welcome. I hope you're comfortably placed where you are now?"

"Quite so," said the minister.

"I'd heard so much of your little girl from Mrs. Bolton, and her attachment to the house, that I ventured to send for her to-day. But I believe I gave her rather a bad quarter of an hour, and that she liked the place better under Mrs. Bolton's *régime*."

She expected some deprecatory expression of gratitude from him, which would relieve her of the lingering shame she felt for having managed so badly, but he made none.

"It was my fault. I'm not used to children, and I hadn't taken the precaution to ask her name—"

"Her name is Idella," said the minister.

Annie thought it very ugly, but, with the intention of saying something kind, she said, "What a quaint name!"

"It was her mother's choice," returned the minister. "Her own name was Ella, and my mother's name was Ida; she combined the two."

"Oh!" said Annie. She abhorred those made-up names in which the New England country people sometimes indulge their fancy, and Idella struck her as a particularly repulsive invention; but she felt that she must not visit the fault upon the little creature. "Don't you think you could give me another trial some time, Idella?" She stooped down and took the child's unoccupied hand, which she let her keep, only twisting her face away to hide it in her father's pantaloon leg. "Come now, won't you give me a forgiving little kiss?" Idella looked round, and Annie made bold to gather her up.

Idella broke into a laugh, and took Annie's cheeks between her hands.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Bolton. "You never can tell what that child will do next."

"I never can tell what I will do next myself," said Annie. She liked the feeling of the little, warm, soft body in her arms, against her breast, and it was flattering to have triumphed where she had seemed to fail so desperately. They had all been standing, and she now said, "Won't you sit down, Mr. Peck?" She added, by an impulse which she instantly thought ill-advised, "There is something I would like to speak to you about."

"Thank you," said Mr. Peck, seating himself beyond the stove. "We must be getting home before a great while. It is nearly tea-time."

* Begun in June number, 1888

"I won't detain you unduly," said Annie.

Mrs. Bolton left them at her hint of something special to say to the minister. Annie could not have had the face to speak of Mr. Brandreth's theatricals in that grim presence; and as it was, she resolved to put forward their serious object. She began abruptly: "Mr. Peck, I've been asked to interest myself for a Social Union which the ladies of South Hatboro' are trying to establish for the operatives. I suppose you haven't heard anything of the scheme?"

"No, I hadn't," said Mr. Peck.

He was one of those people who sit very high, and he now seemed taller and more impressive than when he stood.

"It is certainly a very good object," Annie resumed; and she went on to explain it at second-hand from Mr. Brandreth as well as she could. The little girl was standing in her lap, and got between her and Mr. Peck, so that she had to look first around one side of her and then another to see how he was taking it.

He nodded his head, and said, gravely, "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," at each significant point of her statement. At the end he asked: "And are the means forthcoming? Have they raised the money for renting and furnishing the rooms?"

"Well, no, they haven't yet, or not quite, as I understand."

"Have they tried to interest the working people themselves in it? If they are to value its benefits, it ought to cost them something—self-denial, privation even."

"Yes, I know," Annie began.

"I'm not satisfied," the minister pursued, "that it is wise to provide people with even harmless amusements that take them much away from their homes. These things are invented by well-to-do people who have no occupation, and think that others want pastimes as much as themselves. But what working people want is rest, and what they need are decent homes where they can take it. Besides, unless they help to support this union out of their own means, the better sort among them will feel wounded by its existence, as a sort of superfluous charity."

"Yes, I see," said Annie. She saw this side of the affair with surprise. The minister seemed to have thought more about such matters than she had, and she insensibly receded from her first hasty generalization of him, and paused to reapproach him on another level. The little girl began to play with her glasses, and accidentally knocked them from her nose. The minister's face and figure became a blur, and in the purblindness to which she was reduced she had a moment of clouded volition in which she was tempted to renounce, and even oppose, the scheme for a Social Union, in spite of her promise to Mr. Brandreth. But she remembered that she was a consistent and faithful person, and she said: "The ladies have a plan for raising the money, and they've applied to me to second it—to use my influence somehow among the villagers to get them interested; and the working people can help too if they choose. But I'm quite a stranger amongst those I'm expected to influence, and I don't at all know how they will take it." The minister listened, neither prompting nor interrupting. "The ladies' plan is to have an entertainment at one of the cottages, and charge an admission, and devote the proceeds to the union." She paused. Mr. Peck still remained silent, but she knew he was attentive. She pushed on. "They intend to have a—a representation, in the open air, of one of Shakespeare's plays, or scenes from one—"

"Do you wish me," interrupted the minister, "to promote the establishment of this union? Is that why you speak to me of it?"

"Why, I don't know *why* I speak to you of it," she replied, with a laugh of embarrassment, to which he was cold, apparently. "I certainly couldn't ask you to take part in an affair that you didn't approve."

"I don't know that I disapprove of it. Properly managed, it might be a good thing."

"Yes, of course. But I understand why you might not sympathize with that part of it, and that is why I told you of it," said Annie.

"What part?"

"The—the—theatricals."

"Why not?" asked the minister.

"I know—Mrs. Bolton told me you were very liberal," Annie blundered on; "but I didn't expect you as a— But of course—"

"I read Shakespeare a great deal," said Mr. Peck. "I have never been in the theatre; but I should like to see one of his plays represented where it could cause no one to offend."

"Yes," said Annie, "and this would be

by amateurs, and there could be no *possible* 'offence in it.' I wished to know how the general idea would strike you. Of course the ladies would be only too glad of your advice and co-operation. Their plan is to sell tickets to every one for the theatricals, and to a certain number of invited persons for a supper, and a little dance afterward on the lawn."

"I don't know if I understand exactly," said the minister.

Annie repeated her statement more definitely, and explained, from Mr. Brandreth, as before, that the invitations were to be given so as to eliminate the shop-hand element from the supper and dance.

Mr. Peck listened quietly. "That would prevent my taking part in the affair," he said, as quietly as he had listened.

"Of course—dancing," Annie began.

"It is not that. Many people who hold strictly to the old opinions now allow their children to learn dancing. But I could not join at all with those who were willing to lay the foundations of a Social Union in a social disunion—in the exclusion of its beneficiaries from the society of their benefactors."

He was not sarcastic, but the grotesqueness of the situation as he had sketched it was apparent. She remembered now that she had felt something incongruous in it when Mr. Brandreth exposed it, but not deeply.

The minister continued, gently: "The ladies who are trying to get up this Social Union proceed upon the assumption that working people can neither see nor feel a slight; but it is a great mistake to do so."

Annie had the obtuseness about those she fancied below her which is one of the consequences of being brought up in a superior station. She believed that there was something to say on the other side, and she attempted to say it.

"I don't know that you could call it a slight exactly. People can ask those they prefer to a social entertainment."

"Yes—if it is for their own pleasure."

"But even in a public affair like this the work-people would feel uncomfortable and out of place, wouldn't they, if they staid to the supper and the dance? They might be exposed to greater suffering among those whose manners and breeding were different, and it might be very embarrassing all round. Isn't there that side to be regarded?"

"You beg the question," said the minister, as unsparingly as if she were a man. "The point is whether a Social Union beginning in social exclusion could ever do any good. What part do these ladies expect to take in maintaining it? Do they intend to spend their evenings there, to associate on equal terms with the shoe-shop and straw-shop hands?"

"I don't suppose they do, but I don't know," said Annie, dryly; and she replied by helplessly quoting Mr. Brandreth: "They intend to organize a system of lectures, concerts, and readings. They wish to get on common ground with them."

"They can never get on common ground with them in that way," said the minister. "No doubt they think they want to do them good; but good is from the heart, and there is no heart in what they propose. The working people would know that at once."

"Then you mean to say," Annie asked, half alarmed and half amused, "that there can be no friendly intercourse with the poor and the well-to-do unless it is based upon social equality?"

"I will answer your question by asking another. Suppose you were one of the poor, and the well-to-do offered to be friendly with you on such terms as you have mentioned, how should you feel toward them?"

"If you make it a personal question—"

"It makes itself a personal question," said the minister, dispassionately.

"Well, then, I trust I should have the good sense to see that social equality between people who were better dressed, better taught, and better bred than myself was impossible, and that for me to force myself into their company was not only bad taste, but it was foolish. I have often heard my father say that the great superiority of the American practice of democracy over the French ideal was that it didn't involve any assumption of social equality. He said that equality before the law and in politics was sacred, but that the principle could never govern society, and that Americans all instinctively recognized it. And I believe that to try to mix the different classes would be un-American."

Mr. Peck smiled, and this was the first break in his seriousness. "We don't know what is or will be American yet. But we will suppose you are quite right. The question is, how would you feel

toward the people whose company you wouldn't force yourself into?"

"Why, of course," Annie was surprised into saying, "I suppose I shouldn't feel very kindly toward them."

"Even if you knew that they felt kindly toward you?"

"I'm afraid that would only make the matter worse," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

The minister was silent on his side of the stove.

"But do I understand you to say," she demanded, "that there can be no love at all, no kindness, between the rich and the poor? God tells us all to love one another."

"Surely," said the minister. "Would you suffer such a slight as your friends propose, to be offered to any one you loved?"

She did not answer, and he continued, thoughtfully: "I suppose that if a poor person could do a rich person a kindness which cost him some sacrifice, he might love him. In that case there could be love between the rich and the poor."

"And there could be no love if a rich man did the same?"

"Oh yes," the minister said—"upon the same ground. Only, the rich man would have to make a sacrifice first that he would really feel."

"Then you mean to say that people can't do any good at all with their money?" Annie asked. In her heart she had hoped to do a great deal of good with her money, to make herself loved and valued through it, to become the friend of many deserving and even undeserving poor with it.

"Money is a palliative, but it can't cure. It can sometimes create a bond of gratitude perhaps, but it can't create sympathy between rich and poor."

"But *why* can't it?"

"Because sympathy—common feeling—the sense of fraternity—can spring only from like experiences, like hopes, like fears. And money cannot buy these."

He rose, and looked a moment about him, as if trying to recall something. Then, with a stiff obeisance, he said, "Good-evening," and went out, while she remained daunted and bewildered, with the child in her arms, as unconscious of having kept it as he of having left it with her.

Mrs. Bolton must have reminded him of his oversight, for after being gone so long as it would have taken him to walk to her parlor and back, he returned, and said, simply, "I forgot Idella."

He put out his hands to take her, but she turned perversely from him, and hid her face in Annie's neck, pushing his hands away with a backward reach of her little arm.

"Come, Idella!" he said. Idella only snuggled the closer.

Mrs. Bolton came in with the little girl's wraps; they were very common and poor, and the thought of getting her something prettier went through Annie's mind.

At sight of Mrs. Bolton the child turned from Annie to her older friend.

"I'm afraid you have a woman-child for your daughter, Mr. Peck," said Annie, remotely hurt at the little one's fickleness.

Neither Mr. Peck nor Mrs. Bolton smiled, and with some vague intention of showing him that she could meet the poor on common ground by sharing their labors, she knelt down and helped Mrs. Bolton tie on and button on Idella's things.

VII.

Next morning the day broke clear after the long storm, and Annie woke in revolt against the sort of subjection in which she had parted from Mr. Peck. She felt the need of showing Mrs. Bolton that, although she had been civil to him, she had no sympathy with his ideas; but she could not think of any way to formulate her opposition, and all she could say in offence was, "Does Mr. Peck usually forget his child when he starts home?"

"I don't know as he doos," answered Mrs. Bolton, simply. "He's rather of an absent-minded man, and I suppose he's like other men when he gets talking."

"The child's clothes were disgracefully shabby!" said Annie, vexed that her attack could come to no more than this.

"I presume," said Mrs. Bolton, "that if he kept more of his money for himself, he could dress her better."

"Oh, that's the way with these philanthropists," said Annie, thinking of Hollingsworth, in *Blithedale Romance*, the only philanthropist whom she had really ever known. "They are always ready to sacrifice the happiness and comfort of any one to the general good."

Mrs. Bolton stood a moment, and then went out without replying; but she looked as offended as Annie could have wished.

About ten o'clock the bell rang, and she came gloomily into the study, and announced that Mrs. Munger was in the parlor.

Annie had already heard an authoritative rustling of skirts, and she was instinctively prepared for the large, vigorous woman who turned upon her from the picture she had been looking at on the wall, and came toward her with the confident air of one sure they must be friends. Mrs. Munger was dressed in a dark, firm woollen stuff, which communicated its color, if not its material, to the matter-of-fact bonnet which she wore on her plainly dressed hair. In one of her hands, which were cased in driving gloves of somewhat insistent evidence, she carried a robust black silk sun-umbrella, and the effect of her dress otherwise might be summarized in the statement that where other women would have worn lace, she seemed to wear leather. She had not only leather gloves, and a broad leather belt at her waist, but a leather collar; her watch was secured by a leather cord passing round her neck, and the stubby tassel of her umbrella stick was leather: she might be said to be in harness. She had a large, handsome face, no longer fresh, but with an effect of exemplary cleanness, and a pair of large gray eyes that suggested the notion of being newly washed, and that now looked at Annie with the assumption of fully understanding her.

"Ah, Miss Kilburn!" she said, without any of the wonted preliminaries of introduction and greeting. "I should have come long ago to see you, but I've been dispersed over the four quarters of the globe ever since you came, my dear. I got home last night on the nine o'clock train, in the last agonies of that howling tempest. Did you ever know anything like it? I see your trees have escaped. I wonder they weren't torn to shreds."

Annie took her on her own ground of ignoring their past non-acquaintance. "Yes, it was awful. And your son—how did you leave him? Mr. Brandreth—"

"Oh yes, poor little man! I found him waiting for me at home last night, and he told me he had been here. He was blowing about in the storm all day. Such a spirit! There was nothing serious the matter; the bridge of the nose was all right; merely the cartilage pushed aside by the ball."

She had passed so lightly from Mr. Brandreth's heroic spirit to her son's nose that Annie, woman as she was, and born to these bold bounds over sequence, was not sure where they had arrived, till Mrs. Munger added: "Jim's used to these things. I'm thankful it wasn't a finger, or an eye. What is *that?*" She jumped from her chair, and swooped upon the Spanish-Roman water-color Annie had stood against some books on the table, pending its final disposition.

"It's only a Guerra," said Annie. "My things are all scattered about still; I have scarcely tried to get into shape yet."

Mrs. Munger would not let her interpose any idea of there being a past between them. She merely said: "You knew the Herricks at Rome, of course. I'm in hopes I shall get them here when they come back. I want you to help me colonize Hatboro' with the right sort of people: it's so easy to get the wrong sort! But, so far, I think we've succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. It's easy enough to get nice people together at the sea-side; but inland! No; it's only a very few nice people who will come into the country for the summer; and we propose to make Hatboro' a winter colony too; that gives us agreeable invalids, you know; it gave us the Brandreths. He told you of our projected theatricals, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Annie, non-committally, "he did."

"I know just how you feel about it, my dear," said Mrs. Munger. "Been there myself, as Jim says. But it grows upon you. I'm glad you didn't refuse outright;" and Mrs. Munger looked at her with eyes of large expectance.

"No, I didn't," said Annie, obliged by this expectance to say something. "But to tell you the truth, Mrs. Munger, I don't see how I'm to be of any use to you or to Mr. Brandreth."

"Oh, take a cab and go about, like Boots and Brewer, you know, for the Veneerings." She said this as if she knew about the humor rather than felt it. "We are placing all our hopes of bringing round the Old Hatborians in you."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken about my influence," said Annie. "Mr. Brandreth spoke of it, and I had an opportunity of trying it last night, and seeing just what it amounted to."

"Yes?" Mrs. Munger prompted, with

an increase of expectance in her large clear eyes, and of impartiality in her whole face.

"Mr. Peck was here," said Annie, reluctantly, "and I tried it on him."

"Yes?" repeated Mrs. Munger, as immutably as if she were sitting for her photograph and keeping the expression.

Annie broke from her reluctance with a sort of violence which carried her further than she would have gone otherwise. She ridiculed Mr. Peck's appearance and manner, and laughed at his ideas to Mrs. Munger. She had not a good conscience in it, but the perverse impulse persisted in her. There seemed no other way in which she could assert herself against him.

Mrs. Munger listened judicially, but she seemed to take in only what Mr. Peck had thought of the dance and supper; at the end she said, rather vacantly, "What nonsense!"

"Yes; but I'm afraid he thinks it's wisdom, and for all practical purposes it amounts to that. You see what my 'influence' has done at the outset, Mrs. Munger. He'll never give way on such a point."

"Oh, very well, then," said Mrs. Munger, with the utmost lightness and indifference, "we'll drop the idea of the invited supper and dance."

"Do you think that would be well?" asked Annie.

"Yes; why not? It's only an idea. I don't think you've made at all a bad beginning. It was very well to try the idea on some one who would be frank about it, and wouldn't go away and talk against it," said Mrs. Munger, rising. "I want you to come with me, my dear."

"To see Mr. Peck? Excuse me. I don't think I could," said Annie.

"No; to see some of his parishioners," said Mrs. Munger. "His deacons, to begin with, or his deacons' wives."

This seemed so much less than calling on Mr. Peck that Annie looked out at Mrs. Munger's basket-phaeton at her gate, and knew that she would go with very little more urgence.

"After all, you know, you're not one of his congregation; he may yield to them," said Mrs. Munger. "We must *have* him—if only because he's hard to get. It 'll give us an idea of what we've got to contend with."

It had a very practical sound; it was really like meeting the difficulties on their own ground, and it overcame the question of taste which was rising in Annie's mind. She demurred a little more upon the theory of her uselessness; but Mrs. Munger insisted, and carried her off down the village street.

The air sparkled full of sun, and a breeze from the southwest frolicked with the twinkling leaves of the overarching elms, and made their shadows dance on the crisp roadway, packed hard by the rain, and faced with clean sand, which crackled pleasantly under Mrs. Munger's phaeton wheels. She talked incessantly. "I think we'll go first to Mrs. Gerrish's, and then to Mrs. Wilmington's. You know them?"

"Oh yes; they were old girl friends."

"Then you know why I go to Mrs. Gerrish's first. She'll care a great deal, and Mrs. Wilmington won't care at all. She's a delicious creature, Mrs. Wilmington—don't you think? That large, indolent nature; Mr. Brandreth says she makes him think of 'the land in which it seemed always afternoon.'"

Annie remembered Lyra Goodman as a long, lazy, red-haired girl who laughed easily; and she could not readily realize her in the character of a Titianesque beauty with a gift for humorous dramatics, which she had filled out into during the years of her absence from Hatboro'; but she said "Oh yes," in the necessity of polite acquiescence, and Mrs. Munger went on talking:

"She's the only one of the Old Hatboro' people, so far as I know them, who has any breadth of view. Whoa!" She pulled up suddenly beside a stout, short lady in a fashionable walking dress, who was pushing an elegant perambulator with one hand, and shielding her complexion with a crimson sun-umbrella in the other.

"Mrs. Gerrish!" Mrs. Munger called; and Mrs. Gerrish, who had already looked around at the approaching phaeton, and then looked away, so as not to have seemed to look, stopped abruptly, and after some exploration of the vicinity, discovered where the voice came from.

"Oh, Mrs. Munger!" she exclaimed, bridling with pleasure at being called to in that way by the chief lady of South Hatboro', and struggling to keep up a dignified indifference at the same time. "Why, Annie!" she added.

"Good-morning, Emmeline," said Annie; she annexed some irrelevancies about the weather, which Mrs. Munger swept away with business-like robustness.

"We were driving down to your house to find you. I want to see the principal ladies of your church, and talk with them about our Social Union. You've heard about it?"

"Well, nothing very particular," said Mrs. Gerrish: she had probably heard nothing at all. After a moment she asked, "Have you seen Mrs. Wilmington yet?"

"No, I haven't," cried Mrs. Munger. "The fact is, I wanted to talk it over with you and Mr. Gerrish first."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Gerrish, brightening. "Well, I was just going right there. I guess he's in."

"Well, we shall meet there, then. Sorry I can't offer you a *seat*. But there's nothing but the rumble, and that wouldn't hold you *all*."

Mrs. Munger called this back after starting her pony. Mrs. Gerrish did not understand, and screamed, "*What?*"

Mrs. Munger repeated her joke at the top of her voice.

"Oh, I can walk!" Mrs. Gerrish yelled at the top of hers. Both the ladies laughed at their repartee.

"She's as jealous of Mrs. Wilmington as a cat," Mrs. Munger confided to Annie as they drove away; "and she's just as pleased as Punch that I've spoken to her first. Mrs. Wilmington won't mind. She's so delightfully indifferent, it really renders her almost superior; you might forget that she was a village person. But this has been an immense stroke. I don't know," she mused, "whether I'd better let her get there first and prepare her husband, or do it myself. No; I'll let *her*. I'll stop here at Gates's."

She stopped at the pavement in front of a provision store, and a pale, stout man, in the long over-shirt of his business, came out to receive her orders. He stood, passing his hand through the top of a barrel of beans, and listened to Mrs. Munger with a humorous, patient smile.

"Mr. Gates, I want you to send me up a leg of lamb for dinner—a large one."

"Last year's, then," suggested Gates.

"No; *this* year's," insisted Mrs. Munger; and Gates gave way with the air of pacifying a wilful child, which would get, after all, only what he chose to allow it.

"All right, ma'am; a large leg of this year's lamb—grown to order. Any peas, spinnage, cucumbers, sparrowgrass?"

"Southern, I suppose?" said Mrs. Munger.

"Well, not if you want to call 'em native," said Gates.

"Yes, I'll take two bunches of asparagus, and some peas."

"Any strawberries?—natives?" suggested Gates.

"Nonsense!"

"Same thing; natives of Norfolk."

"You had better be honest with *me*, Mr. Gates," said Mrs. Munger. "Yes, I'll take a couple of boxes."

"All right! Want 'em nice, and the biggest ones at the bottom of the box?"

"Yes, I do."

"That's what I thought. Some customers wants the big ones on top; but I tell 'em it's all foolishness; just vanity." Gates laughed a dry, hacking little laugh at his drollery, and kept his eyes on Annie. She smiled at last, with permissive recognition, and Gates came forward. "Used to know your father pretty well; but I can't keep up with the young folks any more." He was really not many years older than Annie; he rubbed his right hand on the inside of his long shirt, and gave it her to shake. "Well, you haven't been about much for the last nine or ten years, that's a fact."

"Eleven," said Annie, trying to be gay with the hand-shaking, and wondering if this were meeting the lower classes on common ground, and what Mr. Peck would think of it.

"That so?" queried Gates. "Well, I declare! No wonder you've grown!" He hacked out another laugh, and stood on the curb-stone looking at Annie a moment. Then he asked, "Anything else, Mrs. Munger?"

"No; that's all. Tell me, Mr. Gates, how *do* Mr. Peck and Mr. Gerrish get on?" asked Mrs. Munger, in a lower tone.

"Well," said Gates, "he's workin' round—the deacon's workin' round gradually, I guess. I guess if Mr. Peck was to put in a little more brimstone, the deacon 'd be all right. He's a great hand for brimstone, you know, the deacon is."

Mrs. Munger laughed again, and then she said, with a proselyting sigh, "It's a

pity you couldn't all find your way into the Church."

"Well, maybe it *would* be a good thing," said Gates, as Mrs. Munger gathered up her reins and chirped to her pony.

"He isn't a member of Mr. Peck's church," she explained to Annie; "but he's one of the society, and his wife's very devout Orthodox. He's a great character, we think, and he'll treat you very well, if you keep on the right side of him. They say he cheats awfully in the weight, though."

VIII.

Mrs. Munger drove across the street, and drew up before a large, handsomely ugly brick dry-goods store, whose showy windows had caught Annie's eye the day she arrived in Hatboro'.

"I see Mrs. Gerrish has got here first," Mrs. Munger said, indicating the perambulator at the door, and she dismounted and fastened her pony with a weight, which she took from the front of the phaeton. On either door jamb of the store was a curved plate of polished metal, with the name GERRISH cut into it in black letters; the sills of the wide windows were of metal, and bore the same legend. At the threshold a very prim, ceremonious little man, spare and straight, met Mrs. Munger with a ceremonious bow, and a solemn "How do you do, ma'am? how do you do? I hope I see you well," and he put a small dry hand into the ample clasp of Mrs. Munger's gauntlet.

"Very well indeed, Mr. Gerrish. Isn't it a lovely morning? You know Miss Kilburn, Mr. Gerrish."

He took Annie's hand into his right and covered it with his left, lifting his eyes to look her in the face with an old-merchant-like cordiality.

"Why, yes, indeed! Delighted to see her. Her father was one of my best friends. I may say that I owe everything that I am to Squire Kilburn; he advised me to stick to commerce when I once thought of studying law. Glad to welcome you back to Hatboro', Miss Kilburn. You see changes on the surface, no doubt, but you'll find the genuine old feeling here. Walk right back, ladies," he continued, releasing Annie's hand to waft them before him toward the rear of the store. "You'll find Mrs. Gerrish in my room there—my Growlery, as *I* call it." He seemed to think he had invented the name. "And Mrs. Gerrish tells me that you've really come back," he said, leaning decorously toward Annie as they walked, "with the intention of taking up your residence permanently among us. You will find very few places like it."

As he spoke, walking with his hands clasped behind him, he glanced to right and left at the shop-girls on foot behind the counter, who dropped their eyes under their different bangs as they caught his glance, and bridled nervously. He denied them the use of chewing-gum; he permitted no conversation, as he called it, among them; and he addressed no jokes or idle speeches to them himself. A system of grooves overhead brought to his counting-room the cash from the clerks in wooden balls, and he returned the change, and kept the accounts, with a pitiless eye for errors. The women were afraid of him, and hated him with bitterness, which exploded at crises in excesses of hysterical impudence.

His store was an example of variety, punctuality, and quality. Upon the theory, for which he deserved the credit, of giving to a country place the advantages of one of the great city establishments, he was gradually gathering, in their fashion, the small commerce into his hands. He had already opened his bazar through into the adjoining store, which he had bought out, and he kept every sort of thing desired or needed in a country town, with a tempting stock of articles before unknown to the shopkeepers of Hatboro'. Everything was of the very quality represented; the prices were low, but inflexible, and cash payments, except in the case of some rich customers of unimpeachable credit, were invariably exacted; at the same time every reasonable facility for the exchange or return of goods was afforded. Nothing could exceed the justice and fidelity of his dealing with the public. He had even some effects of generosity in his dealing with his dependents; he furnished them free seats in the churches of their different persuasions, and he closed every night at six o'clock, except Saturday, when the shop hands were paid off, and made their purchases for the coming week.

He stepped lightly before Annie and Mrs. Munger, and pushed open the ground-glass door of his office for them. It was like a bank parlor, except for Mrs. Gerrish sitting in her husband's leather-cushioned swivel chair, with her last-born in her

lap; she greeted the others noisily, without trying to rise.

"You see we are quite at home here," said Mr. Gerrish, with that laugh of the hard man which is more dismaying than his anger.

"Yes, and very snug you are, too," said Mrs. Munger, taking one half of the leather lounge, and leaving the other half to Annie. "I don't wonder Mrs. Gerrish likes to visit you here."

Mr. Gerrish laughed again, and said to his wife, who moved provisionally in her chair, seeing he had none, "Sit still, my dear; I prefer my usual perch." He took a high stool beside a desk, and gathered a ruler in his hand.

"Well, I may as well begin at the beginning," said Mrs. Munger, "and I'll try to be short, for I know that these are business hours."

"Take all the time you want, Mrs. Munger," said Mr. Gerrish, affably. "It's my idea that a good business man's business can go on without him, when necessary."

"Of course!" Mrs. Munger sighed. "If everybody had your *system*, Mr. Gerrish!" She went on and succinctly expounded the scheme of the Social Union. "I suppose I can't deny that the idea occurred to *me*," she concluded, "but we can't hope to develop it without the cooperation of the ladies of Old Hatboro', and I've come, first of all, to Mrs. Gerrish."

Mr. Gerrish bowed his acknowledgments of the honor done his wife, with a gravity which she misinterpreted.

"I think," she began, with her censorious manner and accent, "that these people have too much done for them *now*. They're perfectly spoiled. Don't you, Annie?"

Mr. Gerrish did not give Annie time to answer. "I differ with you, my dear," he cut in. "It is my opinion— Or I don't know but you wish to confine this matter entirely to the ladies?" he suggested to Mrs. Munger.

"Oh, I'm only too proud and glad that you feel interested in the matter!" cried Mrs. Munger. "Without the gentlemen's practical views, we ladies are such feeble folk—mere conies in the rocks."

"I am as much opposed as Mrs. Gerrish—or any one—to acceding to unjust demands on the part of my clerks or other employés," Mr. Gerrish began.

"Yes, that's what I mean," said his wife, and broke down with a giggle.

He went on, without regarding her: "I have always made it a rule, as far as business went, to keep my own affairs entirely in my own hands. I fix the hours, and I fix the wages, and I fix all the other conditions, and I say, plainly, 'If you don't like them, don't come,' or 'don't stay,' and I never have any difficulty."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Munger, "that if all the employers in the country would take such a stand, there would soon be an end of labor troubles. I think we're too concessive."

"And I do too, Mrs. Munger!" cried Mrs. Gerrish, glad of the occasion to be censorious and of the finer lady's opinion at the same time. "That's what I meant. Don't you, Annie?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand exactly," Annie replied.

Mr. Gerrish kept his eye on Mrs. Munger's face, now arranged for indefinite photography, as he went on. "That is exactly what I say to them. That is what I said to Mr. Marvin one year ago, when he had that trouble in his shoe shop. I said, 'You're too concessive.' I said, 'Mr. Marvin, if you give those fellows an inch, they'll take an ell. Mr. Marvin,' said I, 'you've got to begin by being your own master, if you want to be master of anybody else. You've got to put your foot down, as Mr. Lincoln said; and as *I* say, you've got to *keep* it down.'"

Mrs. Gerrish looked at the other ladies for admiration, and Mrs. Munger said, rapidly, without disarranging her face:

"Oh yes. And how much *misery* could be saved in such cases by a little firmness at the outset!"

"Mr. Marvin differed with me," said Mr. Gerrish, sorrowfully. "He agreed with me on the main point, but he said that too many of his hands had been in his regiment, and he couldn't lock them out. He submitted to arbitration. And what is arbitration?" asked Mr. Gerrish, levelling his ruler at Mrs. Munger. "It is postponing the evil day."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Munger, without winking.

"Mr. Marvin," Mr. Gerrish proceeded, "may be running very smoothly now, and sailing before the wind all—all—nicely; but I tell *you* his house is built upon the *sand*." He put his ruler by on the

desk very softly, and resumed with impressive quiet: "I never had any trouble but once. I had a porter in this store who wanted his pay raised. I simply said that I made it a rule to propose all advances of salary myself, and I should submit to no dictation from any one. He told me to go to—a place that I will not repeat, and I told him to walk out of my store. He was under the influence of liquor at the time, I suppose. I understand that he is drinking very hard. He does nothing to support his family whatever, and from all that I can gather, he bids fair to fill a drunkard's grave inside of six months."

Mrs. Munger seized her opportunity. "Yes; and it is just such cases as this that the Social Union is designed to meet. If this man had some such place to spend his evenings—and bring his family if he chose—where he could get a cup of good coffee for the same price as a glass of rum— Don't you see?"

She looked round at the different faces, and Mr. Gerrish slightly frowned, as if the vision of the Social Union interposing between his late porter and a drunkard's grave, with a cup of good coffee, were not to his taste altogether; but he said: "Precisely so! And I was about to make the remark that while I am very strict—and obliged to be—with those under me in business, *no* one is more disposed to promote such objects as this of yours."

"I was *sure* you would approve of it," said Mrs. Munger. "That is why I came to you—to you and Mrs. Gerrish—first," said Mrs. Munger. "I was sure you would see it in the right light." She looked round at Annie for corroboration, and Annie was in the social necessity of making a confirmatory murmur.

Mr. Gerrish ignored them both in the more interesting work of celebrating himself. "I may say that there is not an institution in this town which I have not contributed my humble efforts to—to—establish, from the drinking fountain in front of this store, to the soldiers' monument on the village green."

Annie turned red; Mrs. Munger said, shamelessly, "That beautiful monument!" and looked at Annie with eyes full of gratitude to Mr. Gerrish.

"The schools, the sidewalks, the waterworks, the free library, the introduction of electricity, the projected system of drainage, and *all* the various religious enterprises at various times, I am proud—I am humbly proud—that I have been allowed to be the means of doing—sustaining—"

He lost himself in the labyrinths of his sentence, and Mrs. Munger came to his rescue: "I fancy Hatboro' wouldn't be Hatboro' without *you*, Mr. Gerrish! And you *don't* think that Mr. Peck's objection will be seriously felt by other leading citizens?"

"*What* is Mr. Peck's objection?" demanded Mr. Gerrish, perceptibly bristling up at the name of his pastor.

"Why, he talked it over with Miss Kilburn last night, and he objected to an entertainment which wouldn't be open to all—to the shop hands and everybody." Mrs. Munger explained the point fully. She repeated some things that Annie had said in ridicule of Mr. Peck's position regarding it. "If you *do* think that part would be bad or impolitic," Mrs. Munger concluded, "we could drop the invited supper and the dance, and simply have the theatricals."

She bent upon Mr. Gerrish a face of candid deference that filled him with self-importance almost to bursting.

"No!" he said, shaking his head, and "No!" closing his lips abruptly, and opening them again to emit a final "No!" with an explosive force which alone seemed to save him. "Not at all, Mrs. Munger; not on any account! I am surprised at Mr. Peck, or rather I am *not* surprised. He is not a practical man—not a man of the world; and I should have much preferred to hear that he objected to the dancing and the play; I could have understood that; I could have gone with him in that to a certain extent, though I can see no harm in such things when properly conducted. I have a great respect for Mr. Peck; I was largely instrumental in getting him here; but he is altogether wrong in this matter. We are not obliged to go out into the highways and the hedges until the bidden guests have—er—declined."

"Exactly," said Mrs. Munger. "I never thought of that."

Mrs. Gerrish shifted her baby to another knee, and followed her husband with her eyes, as he dismounted from his stool and began to pace the room.

"I came into this town"—he never said Hatboro'—"a poor boy, without a penny in my pocket, and I have made my own

way, every inch of it, unaided and alone. I am a thorough believer in giving every one an equal chance to rise and to—get along; I would not throw an obstacle in anybody's way; but I do not believe—I do *not* believe—in pampering those who have not risen, or have made no effort to rise."

"It's their wastefulness, in nine cases out of ten, that keeps them down," said Mrs. Gerrish.

"I don't care *what* it is, I don't *ask* what it is, that keeps them down. I don't expect to invite my clerks or Mrs. Gerrish's servants into my parlor. I will meet them at the polls, or the communion table, or on any proper occasion; but a man's home is *sacred*. I will not allow my wife or my children to associate with those whose—whose—whose idleness, or vice, or whatever, has kept them down in a country where—where everybody stands on an equality; and what I will not do myself, I will not ask others to do. I make it a rule to do unto others as I would have them do unto me. It is all nonsense to attempt to introduce those one-ideaed notions into—put them in practice."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munger, with deep conviction, "that is my own feeling, Mr. Gerrish, and I'm glad to have it corroborated by your experience. Then you *wouldn't* drop the little invited dance and supper?"

"I will tell you how I feel about it, Mrs. Munger," said Mr. Gerrish, pausing in his walk, and putting on a fine, patronizing, gentleman-of-the-old-school smile. "You may put me down for any number of tickets—five, ten, fifteen—and you may command me in anything I can do to further the objects of your enterprise, if you will *keep* the invited supper and dance. But I should not be prepared to do anything if they are dropped."

"What a comfort it is to meet a person who knows his own mind!" exclaimed Mrs. Munger.

"Got company, Billy?" asked a voice at the door; and it added, "Glad to see *you* here, Mrs. Gerrish."

"Ah, Mr. Putney! Come in. Hope I see you well, sir!" cried Mr. Gerrish. "Come in!" he repeated, with jovial frankness. "Nobody but friends here."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Putney, with whimsical perversity, holding the door ajar. "I see that archconspirator from South Hatboro'," he said, looking at Mrs. Munger.

He showed himself, as he stood holding the door ajar, a lank little figure, dressed with reckless slovenliness in a suit of old-fashioned black; a loose neckcloth fell stringing down his shirt front, which his unbuttoned waistcoat exposed, with its stains from the tobacco upon which his thin little jaws worked mechanically, as he stared into the room with flamy blue eyes; his silk hat was pushed back from a high, clear forehead; he had yesterday's stubble on his beardless cheeks; a heavy mustache and imperial gave dash to a cast of countenance that might otherwise have seemed slight and effeminate.

"Yes; but I'm in charge of Miss Kilburn, and you needn't be afraid of me. Come in. We wish to consult you," cried Mrs. Munger. Mrs. Gerrish cackled some applausive incoherencies.

Putney advanced into the room, and dropped his burlesque air as he approached Annie.

"Miss Kilburn, I must apologize for not having called with Mrs. Putney to pay my respects. I have been away; when I got back I found she had stolen a march on me." His manner and tone distinguished her from the recent and common people present, and Annie felt absurdly flattered with the sense of being an Old Hatborian, and of meeting upon these superior terms a fellow-patrician. She replied with some condoning phrases, and he said: "But I'm going to make Ellen bring me at once. I don't think I've been in your house since the old Judge's time. Well, he was an able man, and a good man; I was awfully fond of the old Judge, in a boy's way."

"Thank you," said Annie, touched by something gentle and honest in his words.

"He was a Christian gentleman," said Mr. Gerrish, with authority.

Putney said, without noticing Mr. Gerrish, "Well, I'm glad you've come back to the old place, Miss Kilburn—I almost said Annie."

"I shouldn't have minded, Ralph," she retorted.

"Shouldn't you? Well, that's right." Putney continued, ignoring the laugh of the others at Annie's sally: "You'll find Hatboro' pretty exciting, after Rome, for a while, I suppose. But you'll get used to it. It's got more of the modern improvements, I'm told, and it's more

public-spirited—more snap to it. I'm told that there's more enterprise in Hatboro', more real *crowd* in South Hatboro' alone, than there is in the Quirinal and the Vatican put together."

"You had better come and live at South Hatboro', Mr. Putney; that would be just the atmosphere for you," said Mrs. Munger, with aimless hospitality. She said this to every one.

"Is it about coming to South Hatboro' you want to consult me?" asked Putney.

"Well, it is, and it isn't," she began.

"Better be honest, Mrs. Munger," said Putney. "You can't do anything for a client who won't be honest with his attorney. That's what I have to continually impress upon the reprobates who come to me. I say, 'It don't matter what you've done; if you expect me to get you off, you've got to make a clean breast of it.' They generally do; they see the sense of it."

They all laughed, and Mr. Gerrish said, "Mr. Putney is one of Hatboro's privileged characters, Miss Kilburn."

"Thank you, Billy," returned the lawyer, with mock-tenderness. "Now, Mrs. Munger, out with it!"

"You'll have to tell him sooner or later, Mrs. Munger!" said Mrs. Gerrish, with overweening pleasure in her acquaintance with both of these superior people. "He'll get it out of you anyway." Her husband looked at her, and she fell silent.

Mrs. Munger swept her with a tolerant smile as she looked up at Putney. "Why, it's really Miss Kilburn's affair," she began; and she laid the case before the lawyer with a fulness that made Annie wince.

Putney took a piece of tobacco from his pocket, and tore off a morsel with his teeth. "Excuse me, Annie! It's a beastly habit. But it's saved me from something worse. *You* don't know what I've been; but anybody in Hatboro' can tell you. I made my shame so public that it's no use trying to blink the past. You don't have to be a hypocrite in a place where everybody's seen you in the gutter; that's the only advantage I've got over my fellow-citizens, and of course I abuse it; that's nature, you know. When I began to pull up I found that tobacco helped me; I smoked and chewed both; now I only chew. Well," he said, dropping the pathetic simplicity with which he had spoken, and turning with a fierce jocularity from the shocked and pitying look in Annie's face to Mrs. Munger, "what do you propose to do? Brother Peck's head seems to be pretty level, in the abstract."

"Yes," said Mrs. Munger, willing to put the case impartially; "and I should be perfectly willing to drop the invited dance and supper, if it was thought best, though I must say I don't at all agree with Mr. Peck in principle. I don't see what would become of society."

"You ought to be in politics, Mrs. Munger," said Putney. "Your readiness to sacrifice principle to expediency shows what a reform will be wrought when you ladies get the suffrage. What does Brother Gerrish think?"

"No, no," said Mrs. Munger. "We want an impartial opinion."

"I always think as Brother Gerrish thinks," said Putney. "I guess you better give up the fandango; hey, Billy?"

"No, sir; no, Mr. Putney," answered the merchant, nervously. "I can't agree with you. And I will tell you why, sir."

He gave his reasons, with some abatement of pomp and detail, and with the tremulous eagerness of a solemn man who expects a sarcastic rejoinder. "It would be a bad precedent. This town is full now of a class of persons who are using every opportunity to—to abuse their privileges. And this would be simply adding fuel to the flame."

"Do you really think so, Billy?" asked the lawyer, with cool derision. "Well, we all abuse our privileges at every opportunity, of course; I was just saying that I abused mine; and I suppose those fellows would abuse theirs if you happened to hurt their wives' and daughters' feelings. And how are you going to manage? Aren't you afraid that they will hang around, after the show, indefinitely, unless you ask all those who have not received invitations to the dance and supper to clear the grounds, as they do in the circus when the minstrels are going to give a performance not included in the price of admission? Mind, I don't care anything about your Social Union."

"Oh, but *surely!*" cried Mrs. Munger, "you *must* allow that it's a good object."

"Well, perhaps it is, if it will keep the men away from the rum-holes. Yes, I guess it is. You won't sell liquor?"

"We expect to furnish coffee at cost

price," said Mrs. Munger, smiling at Putney's joke.

"And good navy-plug too, I hope. But you see it would be rather awkward, don't you? You see, Annie?"

"Yes, I see," said Annie. "I hadn't thought of that part before."

"And you didn't agree with Brother Peck on general principles? There we see the effect of residence abroad," said Putney. "The uncorrupted—or I will say the uninterrupted—Hatborian has none of those aristocratic predilections of yours, Annie. He grows up in a community where there is neither poverty nor riches, and where political economy can show by the figures that the profligate shop hands get nine-tenths of the profits, and starve on 'em, while the good little company rolls in luxury on the other tenth. But you've got used to something different over there, and of course Brother Peck's ideas startled you. Well, I suppose I should have been just so myself."

"Mr. Putney has never felt just right about the working-men since he lost the boycotters' case," said Mr. Gerrish, with a snicker.

"Oh, come now, Billy, why did you give me away?" said Putney, with mock-suffering. "Well, I suppose I might as well own up, Mrs. Munger; it's no use trying to keep it from *you;* you know it already. Yes, Annie, I defended some poor devils here for combining to injure a non-union man—for doing once just what the big manufacturing Trusts do every day of the year with impunity; and I lost the case. I expected to. I told 'em they were wrong, but I did my best for 'em. 'Why, you fools,' said I—that's the way I talk to 'em, Annie; I call 'em pet names; they like it; they're used to 'em; they get 'em every day in the newspapers—'you fools,' said I, 'what do you want to boycott for, when you can *vote?* What do you want to break the laws for, when you can *make* 'em? You idiots, you,' said I, 'what do you putter round for, persecuting non-union men, that have as good a right to earn their bread as you, when you might make the whole United States of America a Labor Union?' Of course I didn't say that in court."

"Oh, how delicious you are, Mr. Putney!" said Mrs. Munger.

"Glad you like me, Mrs. Munger," Putney replied.

"Yes, you're delightful," said the lady, recovering from the effects of the drollery which they had all pretended to enjoy, Mr. Gerrish, and Mrs. Gerrish by his leave, even more than the others. "But you're not candid. All this doesn't help us to a conclusion. Would you give up the invited dance and supper, or wouldn't you? That's the question."

"And no shirking, hey?" asked Putney.

"No shirking."

Putney glanced through a little transparent space in the ground-glass windows framing the room, which Mr. Gerrish used for keeping an eye on his salesladies to see that they did not sit down.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "There's Dr. Morrell. Let's put the case to him." He opened the door and called down the store, "Come in here, Doc!"

"What?" called back an amused voice; and after a moment steps approached, and Dr. Morrell hesitated at the open door. He was a tall man, with a slight stoop; well-dressed; full-bearded; with kind, boyish blue eyes that twinkled in fascinating friendliness upon the group. "Nobody sick here, I hope?"

"Walk right in, sir! come in, Dr. Morrell," said Mr. Gerrish. "Mrs. Munger and Mrs. Gerrish you know. Present you to Miss Kilburn, who has come to make her home among us after a prolonged residence abroad. Dr. Morrell, Miss Kilburn."

"No, there's nobody sick here, in one sense," said Putney, waiting for the doctor to greet the ladies. "But we want your advice all the same. Mrs. Munger is in a pretty bad way morally, Doc."

"Don't you mind Mr. Putney, doctor!" screamed Mrs. Gerrish.

Putney said, with respectful recognition of the poor woman's attempt to be arch, "I'll try to keep within the bounds of truth in stating the case, Mrs. Gerrish."

He went on to state it, with so much gravity and scrupulosity, and with so many appeals to Mrs. Munger to correct him if he were wrong, that the doctor was shaking with laughter when Putney came to an end with unbroken seriousness. At each repetition of the facts, Annie's relation to them grew more intolerable; and she suspected Putney of an intention to punish her. "Well, what do you say?" he demanded of the doctor.

"Ha, ha, ha! ah, ha, ha!" laughed the doctor, shutting his eyes and throwing back his head.

"Seems to consider it a *laughing* matter," said Putney to Mrs. Munger.

"Yes; and that is all your fault," said Mrs. Munger, trying, with the ineffectiveness of a large woman, to pout.

"No, no. I'm not laughing," began the doctor.

"Smiling, perhaps," suggested Putney.

The doctor went off again. Then, "I beg—I *beg* your pardon, Mrs. Munger," he resumed. "But it isn't a professional question, you know; and I—I really couldn't judge—have any opinion on such a matter."

"No shirking," said Putney. "That's what Mrs. Munger said to me."

"Of course not," gurgled the doctor. "You ladies will know what to do. I'm sure *I* shouldn't," he added.

"Well, I must be going," said Putney. "Sorry to leave you in this fix, Doc." He flashed out of the door, and suddenly came back to offer Annie his hand. "I beg your pardon, Annie. I'm going to make Ellen bring me round. Good-morning." He bowed cursorily to the rest.

"Wait—I'll go with you, Putney," said the doctor.

Mrs. Munger rose, and Annie with her. "We must go too," she said. "We've taken up Mr. Gerrish's time most unconscionably," and now Mr. Gerrish did not urge her to remain.

"Well, good-by," said Mrs. Gerrish, with a genteel prolongation of the last syllable.

Mr. Gerrish followed his guests down the store, and even out upon the sidewalk, where he presided with unheeded hospitality over the superfluous politeness of Putney and Dr. Morrell in putting Mrs. Munger and Annie into the phaeton. Mrs. Munger attempted to drive away without having taken up her hitching weight.

"I suppose that there isn't a post in this town that my wife hasn't tried to pull up in that way," said Putney, gravely.

The doctor doubled himself down with another fit of laughing.

Annie wanted to laugh too, but she did not like his laughing. She questioned if it were not undignified. She felt that it might be disrespectful. Then she asked herself why he should respect her.

IX.

"That was a great success," said Mrs. Munger, as they drove away. Annie said nothing, and she added, "Don't you think so?"

"Well, I confess," said Annie, "I don't see how, exactly. Do you mean with regard to Mr. Gerrish?"

"Oh no; I don't care anything about him," said Mrs. Munger, touching her pony with the tip of her whip-lash. "He's an odious little creature, and I knew that he would go for the dance and supper because Mr. Peck was opposed to them. He's one of the anti-Peck party in his church, and that is the reason I spoke to him. But I meant the other gentlemen. You saw how they took it."

"I saw that they both made fun of it," said Annie.

"Yes; that's just the point. It's so fortunate they were frank about it. It throws a new light on it; and if that's the way nice people are going to look at it, why, we must give up the idea. I'm quite prepared to do so. But I want to see Mrs. Wilmington first."

"Mrs. Munger," said Annie, uneasily, "I would rather not see Mrs. Wilmington with you on this subject; I should be of no use."

"My dear, you would be of the *greatest* use," persisted Munger, and she laid her arm across Annie's lap, as if to prevent her jumping out of the phaeton. "As Mrs. Wilmington's old friend, you will have the greatest influence with her."

"But I don't know that I wish to influence her in favor of the supper and dance; I don't know that I believe in them," said Annie, cowed and troubled by the affair.

"That doesn't make the slightest difference," said Mrs. Munger, impartially. "All you will have to do is to keep still. I will put the case to her."

She checked the pony before the bar which the flagman at the railroad crossing had let down, while a long freight train clattered deafeningly by, and then drove bumping and jouncing across the tracks. "I suppose you remember what 'Over the Track' means in Hatboro'?"

"Oh yes," said Annie, with a smile. "Social perdition at the least. You don't mean that Mrs. Wilmington lives 'Over the Track'?"

"Yes. It isn't so bad as it used to be, socially. Mr. Wilmington has built a very fine house on this side, and there are several pretty Queen Anne cottages going up."

They drove along under the elms which

here stood somewhat at random about the wide, grassless street, between the high, windowy bulks of the shoe shops and hat shops. The dust gradually freed itself from the cinders about the tracks, and it hardened into a handsome, newly made road beyond the houses of the shop hands. They passed some open lots, and then, on a pleasant rise of ground, they came to a stately residence, lifted still higher on its underpinning of granite blocks. It was built in a Boston suburban taste of twenty years ago, with a lofty mansard-roof, and it was painted the stone-gray color which was once esteemed for being so quiet. The lawn before it sloped down to the road, where it ended smoothly at the brink of a neat stone wall. A black asphalt path curved from the steps by which you mounted from the street to the steps by which you mounted to the heavy portico before the massive black walnut doors.

The ladies were shown into the music-room, from which the notes of a piano were sounding when they rang, and Mrs. Wilmington rose from the instrument to meet them. A young man who had been standing beside her turned away. Mrs. Wilmington was dressed in a light morning dress with a Watteau fall, whose delicate russets and faded reds and yellows heightened the richness of her complexion and hair.

"Why, Annie," she said, "how glad I am to see you! And you too, Mrs. Munger. How *vurry* nice!" Her words took value from the thick mellow tones of her voice, and passed for much more than they were worth intrinsically. She moved lazily about and got them into chairs, and was not resentful when Mrs. Munger broke out with "How hot you have it!" "Have we? We had the furnace lighted yesterday, and we've been in all the morning, and so we hadn't noticed. Jack, won't you shut the register?" she drawled over her shoulder. "This is my nephew, Mr. Jack Wilmington, Miss Kilburn. Mr. Wilmington and Mrs. Munger are old friends."

The young fellow bowed silently, and his heavy jaw, long eyes, and low forehead, almost hidden under a thick bang, expressed no pleasure in the ladies' visit. Annie instantly took a dislike to him. He sat down cornerwise on a chair, and listened, with a scornful thrust of his thick lips, to their talk.

Mrs. Munger was not abashed by him. She opened her budget with all her robust authority, and once more put Annie to shame. When she came to the question of the invited supper and dance, and having previously committed Mrs. Wilmington in favor of the general scheme, asked her what she thought of that part, Mr. Jack Wilmington answered for her with a contemptuous humph:

"I should think you had a right to do what you please about it. It's none of the hands' business if you don't choose to ask them."

"Yes, that's what any one would think —in the abstract," said Mrs. Munger.

"Now, little boy," said Mrs. Wilmington, with indolent amusement, putting out a silencing hand in the direction of the young man, "don't you be so fast. You let your aunty speak for herself. I don't know about not letting the hands stay to the dance and supper, Mrs. Munger. You know I might feel 'put upon.' I used to be one of the hands myself. Yes, Annie, there was a time after you went away, and after father died, when I actually fell so low as to work for an honest living."

"I think I heard, Lyra," said Annie; "but I had forgotten." The fact, in connection with what had been said, made her still more uncomfortable.

"Well, I didn't work very hard, and I didn't have to work long. But I was a hand, and there's no use trying to deny it. As Mr. Putney says, he and I have our record, and we don't have to make any pretences. And the question is whether I ought to go back on my fellow-hands."

"Oh, but Mrs. *Wilmington!*" said Mrs. Munger, with intense deprecation, "that's such a very different thing. You were not brought up to it; it was just temporary; and besides—"

"And besides, there was Mr. Wilmington, I know. He was very opportune. I might have been a hand at this moment if Mr. Wilmington had not come along and invited me to be a head—the head of his house. And the question is, Annie, whether I oughtn't to remember my low beginnings."

"I suppose we all like to be consistent," answered Annie, aimlessly, uneasily.

"Yes," Mrs. Munger broke in; "but they were *not* your beginnings, Mrs. Wilmington; they were your incidents—your accidents."

"It's very pretty of you to say so, Mrs. Munger," drawled Mrs. Wilmington. "But I guess I must oppose the little invited dance and supper, on principle. We all like to be consistent, as Annie says —even if we're inconsistent in the attempt," she added, with a laugh.

"Very well, then," exclaimed Mrs. Munger, "we'll *drop* them. As I said to Miss Kilburn on our way here, 'If Mrs. Wilmington is opposed to them, we'll drop them.'"

"Oh, am I such an influential person?" said Mrs. Wilmington, with a shrug. "It's rather awful—isn't it, Annie?"

"Not at all!" Mrs. Munger answered for Annie. "We've just been talking the matter over with Mr. Putney and Dr. Morrell, and they're both opposed. You're merely the straw that breaks the camel's back, Mrs. Wilmington."

"Oh, *thank* you! That's a great relief."

"Well—and now the question is, will you take the part of the Nurse or not in the dramatics?" asked Mrs. Munger, returning to business.

"Well, I must think about that, and I must ask Mr. Wilmington. Jack," she called over her shoulder to the young man at the window, "do you think your uncle would approve of me as Juliet's Nurse?"

"You'd better ask him," growled the young fellow.

"Yes, I know. But what do you think?"

"I think you could play any part you attempted."

"Well," said Mrs. Wilmington, with another laugh, "I'll think it over, Mrs. Munger."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Munger. "And now we must really be going," she added, pulling out her watch by its leathern guard.

"Not till you've had lunch," said Mrs. Wilmington, rising with the ladies. "You must stay. Annie, I shall not excuse you."

"Well," said Mrs. Munger, complying without regard to Annie, "all this diplomacy is certainly very exhausting."

"Lunch will be on the table in one moment," returned Mrs. Wilmington, as the ladies sat down again provisionally. "Will you join us, Jack?"

"No; I'm going to the office," said the nephew, bowing himself out of the room.

"Jack's learning to be superintendent," said Mrs. Wilmington, lifting her teasing voice to make him hear her in the hall, "and he's been spending the whole morning here."

In the richly appointed dining-room—a glitter of china and glass and a mass of carven oak—the table was laid for two.

"Put another plate, Norah," said Mrs. Wilmington, carelessly.

There was bouillon in teacups, chicken cutlets in white sauce, and luscious strawberries.

"*What* a cook!" cried Mrs. Munger, over the cutlets.

"Yes, she's a treasure; I don't deny it," said Mrs. Wilmington.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STREET TREES OF WASHINGTON.

BY PETER HENDERSON.

THE city of Washington, the capital of the nation, exceeds in beauty any city in the world. The grand conception of the plan of its broad streets and avenues paved with asphalt, smooth as marble, and its hundreds of palatial residences erected in the highest style of art, but above all, its magnificent trees, make it without a peer.

The streets radiate from the Capitol as a centre, each of the leading avenues being one hundred and sixty feet in width, and some of them, such as Pennsylvania Avenue, five miles in length. Although the conception of its lay-out dates back nearly half a century, the tree planting that has added so much to Washington was begun only in 1872. The street tree planting began under the Shepherd Board of Public Works, which instituted a board under the name of the "Parking Commission," which consisted of William R. Smith, Superintendent of the Botanic Garden, William Saunders, Superintendent of the Horticultural division of the Department of Agriculture, and John Saul, a local nursery-man. Messrs. Smith and Saunders yet retain their positions, not only as the heads of their several departments, but as members of the "Parking Commission," and it is rare indeed that any municipality or government has been so fortunate as ours has been in having two such men as the heads of such important work. They

are thoroughly practical men in all that relates to botany and horticulture.

The trees first planted were procured from the nurseries, but it was soon found that on account of the immense number required, and the difficulty of getting the kinds desired, it was necessary to raise the most of the trees; so that a nursery was begun, and the greater number of the trees now shading the streets in Washington were grown from seed sown since 1872. The grand results from the work of Messrs. Smith and Saunders are mostly due to the great care taken in every part of the work. The trees of all the kinds used were young, their height, according to kind, when planted, ranging from eight to twelve feet, and having a diameter of about one and a half inches. The average distance apart is twenty-five feet, the height of stem allowed before branching, from six to eight feet. In planting, the greatest care is exercised; when the soil is not naturally good, holes are dug two feet deep and nine feet in diameter, and filled in with good rich loam. The trees are lifted from the nursery with the greatest care, to preserve as far as possible the roots, and in transit to prevent them from drying or freezing. In planting, the soil is packed closely around the roots, and one copious watering is given. A tree protector is at once placed around them, for the purpose of preventing them from being shaken by the winds or gnawed by horses, and perhaps what is most important of all, to shade the stems of the trees until their own foliage is sufficient to do so. For this last reason, the best and cheapest tree protector yet used is one made of wooden strips placed three inches apart, and bound with iron hoops; this gives the necessary shade to the stem, and at the same time allows free circulation of air. The best height for the tree box is six feet. This shading referred to is all-important; when trees are growing in forests or in the nursery, they shade one another, and it must be evident, if set out without any protection from the blazing sun in the streets of a city, they must suffer. Many thousands of deciduous trees, both fruit and ornamental, perish annually the first year of planting through this cause. When taken from the closely planted nursery rows and exposed to the full sun and air, the change is too great, and unless the season is especially favorable, however carefully the planting may have been done, large losses must ensue unless the stems are shaded. Trees in orchards and other enclosures can be shaded by wrapping the stems up to the lower branches with straw or anything that will shade the trunk from the sun; but for trees in streets or elsewhere, exposed to injury, the slatted box is the best method of shading. The grand success in planting the avenues in Washington is no doubt due largely to the persistent use of this precaution, for it is never omitted, and the results attest its value. All trees for two years after planting are cultivated, just as if they were a crop of corn or potatoes, by the soil being stirred by a pronged hoe for four or five feet from the stem in all directions.

The planting of street trees has been largely experimental, and has resulted thus far in showing that the following are the best suited, and hence are used in the greatest numbers: 55 miles are planted with white maples, 16 miles with Carolina poplar, 10 miles with ash-leaved maple, 6 miles with Norway maples—in all, 87 miles. The other species, numbering about 37 kinds, aggregating 10,000 trees, fill the remaining 33 miles of streets.

The success with one tree used here is a matter of interest to all cities where soft coal is used. The Carolina poplar is found to be one of the most vigorous growers, and one of the most beautiful in leaf and form. It is similar to the Lombardy poplar in shape, but the head is fuller, its foliage is thick, and the leaves large, dark, and glossy. It grows rapidly from cuttings, and it is found that it will flourish even where a pall of coal smoke is thick enough to darken the atmosphere. In addition to these valuable if not wonderful characteristics, it is regarded as an anti-malarial tree because of its great capacity for absorbing water from the soil. Mr. Smith has named it the "American eucalyptus," and has used it most extensively in the lower portions of the city, and has given many thousands of it for planting on those sections of the Potomac flats which have been reclaimed.

The Tree Commission have also discovered a method of cultivating another tree, which will flourish in Western cities in spite of smoke, but which has been generally abandoned on account of the disagreeable odor given out when it is in bloom; this is the ailantus, which is semi-tropical and beautiful in appearance, but

disagreeable in odor. The simple operation of cutting back the branches every second year, thus preventing it from flowering, removes the whole difficulty. It is therefore in contemplation to restore it to the streets of Washington.

Such is the effect of the wonderful growth of the street trees, seen from the Capitol or other high buildings, that it to some extent presents the appearance of a city built in a forest. Many streets are now completely arched by trees throughout their entire length. Malaria, once such a bane to Washington, has been materially checked, and the night temperature during summer, that used to be almost unendurable, has now been materially lessened. The unprotected sidewalks open to the direct rays of the sun stored up heat during the day, which was rarely exhausted before morning, but now the shaded pavement absorbs little heat, and the nights are comparatively cool.

At present there are in all 240 miles of shade trees on the streets and avenues, or 120 miles of shaded streets. The care of them and the yearly additions cost less than $20,000 a year—a trifle when it is considered that it may save millions, in conducing, as it does, so much to the health of the city.

The number and varieties of trees in the streets and avenues of Washington city, D. C., under control of the Parking Commission, to the end of June 30, 1887, were as follows:

Common Name.	Botanic Name.	Number.
Soft or White Maple	Acer dasycarpum	23,305
Sugar and Black or Southern Maple	" saccharinum; A. nigrum	832
Norway Maple	" platanoides	2,786
Scarlet or Red Maple	" rubrum	864
Sycamore	" pseudo-platanus	422
Ash-leaved Maple or Negunda	" negunda	4,043
American Linden or Elm	Tilia americana	5,121
European " "	" europæa	409
American Ash (mixed)	Fraxinus americana and other species	967
Sycamore or Buttonwood or European Plane-Tree (mixed)	Platanus occidentalis / orientalis	4,575
American, European, Winged or Wha-whoo, and Slippery Elm (mixed)	Ulmus americana, alata, fulva, campestris	5,365
Carolina Poplar (mixed)	Populus monilifera / quadrangulata	7,050
Lombardy Poplar	" fastigiata	43
Grecian "	" græca	454
Turkistan "	Populus species from Turkistan	7
Catalpa (mixed)	Catalpa bignonoides / kempferü	854
Willow (laurel-leaved)	Salix pentandra	78
Ginkgo or Maidenhair-Tree	Salisburia adiantifolia	145
Sweet-Gum	Liquidambar styraciflua	73
Oaks (mixed)	Quercus palustris, phellos, bicolor, alba, heterophylis, robus, rubra, fastigiata, coccinea	273
Horse-chestnut	Æsculus hippocastanum	244
Kentucky Coffee	Gymnocladus canadensis	160
Honey-Locust	Gleditschia triacanthos	1,206
Tulip-Tree	Liriodendron tulipifera	1,712
Aspen Poplar	Populus alba	1,863
Ailantus	Ailantus glandulosa	54
Cork or White Elm	Ulmus racimosa	15
Paper Mulberry	Broussoneetia papyrifera	62
Cypress (mixed)	Taxodium distichum / sinense	24
Zelkona-Tree	Planera acuminata	5
	Philodendron amurienses	3
Total number		63,014

"OLD MISS" AND "SWEETHEART."

BY H. S. EDWARDS.

I HAD reached the ridge by such gradual ascents that I scarcely realized how high it was. The last single bird my dog had set passed straight away over the top, trailing a broken leg; and partly to seek him, and partly to reach a point from which I might locate the railroad from which in the early morning I had wandered, I followed the route he chose. At the top I found myself upon an old bastion, one of the few visible footprints of war, for Macon was not many miles away, and here, but for the armistice that followed Appomattox, Wilson would have met an armed foe instead of a flag of truce.

The scene before me was transcendently beautiful. An undulating plain lay spread at my feet, and ten miles away the blue hills rose up again and hemmed it in. This plain was dotted here and there with cabins—the mansions were nearly all gone. The exceptions stood forth in the distance—white homes studding the green slopes. Curving round the base of my hill ran the steel bands of the railroad, and not two miles away I saw the station.

The sun with me was shining with a fierce glare, and I wondered at the cheerful song of the negroes near at hand, picking cotton from the white rows which stood in ranks about the abandoned fort. But away off straight ahead a broad shadow lay upon the plain over which the clouds swept grandly eastward, and ten miles to the right I saw the trailing rain rushing across a darkened belt of woods. From off this cooling spot the wind came with a delicious touch.

"Yes, sir," said a boy, whose labors had brought him abreast of me, "dere's a spring down yonner."

He pointed to where on the plain two great Lombardy poplars lifted their boughs skyward, and thither, with almost parched lips, down the steep gravelly slopes, I moved.

As I approached nearer the two poplars I saw that they stood to the right and left of a plantation burial-ground, whose rocky wall was overgrown with ivy, and interior with weeds. Beyond, two desolate-looking chimneys reared themselves in a clump of cedars, the nearest trees blackened and dead, as if from the touch of flames. My dog, with his nose in air, ran into the inclosure, and stood upon a "point." Passing under the poplars, I followed, with my gun ready; but nothing rose, and after one or two hesitating starts, he pounced upon a dead bird and brought it to my feet. It had flown until its life was exhausted.

Then I noticed that the graves about me were marked by slabs, and on them I read the record of many Cassels who were "born" and who "died" according to the dates opposite these respective announcements. But one grave differed in its appointments. It bore the simple words "Old Miss," and was as white and clean as if laid but yesterday. There was no date, no epitaph; only the white slab and the legend "Old Miss." As I studied it curiously a gaudy lizard came out of the weeds upon the hot stone, and questioned me with his bright eyes.

Passing out, I saw, a short way off, beneath the low, wide-spreading limbs of a black-gum, a cabin, and the red and blue turbans of two negro women. The dog had already announced my presence, and hurried on to the spring, guided by an unerring instinct. A little darky in one short garment peeped out from behind his grandmammy, whence he had fled from the brute's cold, inquisitive nose, and as I approached, the eyes of all three were turned upon me.

"Yes, sah," one of the women replied, putting aside a bread tray, into which she was shelling pease; "en hit's good water too. Set down, sah, tell I fetch er gourd."

"No, sah, don't nobody live heah 'cep'n' me en de chillun," said the other, who had respectfully taken her cob pipe from her mouth and laid it aside. A pair of bright little eyes regarded me kindly from under a pair of enormous silver-rimmed spectacles, which had been pushed up over her forehead, and were blankly studying the sky. The voice was low and peculiarly gentle. "De Cass'ls used ter live heah tell de war cummed on, den dey uz mos'ly killed up; en den de yarmy cum erlong en bu'nt de place. En Ole Miss died." She looked at me curiously as she asked, suddenly, "Does you know any uv de fambly?"

"No; but I saw a grave up yonder, with 'Old Miss' cut on it."

The old face took on a new light as I spoke. I began to recognize the old "mammy" of an *ante bellum* Southern home.

"Yes, sah, we alls used to call 'er dat, 'cause she wuz Marse Alleck's widder; en atter while Young Miss cum erlong. Hit's er pity you didn' know Ole Miss. Lord, Lord, but she uz er lady fum erway back!"

"Dat she wuz," interpolated the younger woman, who stood by while I drank the cooling draught from her long-handled gourd. "None er dese heah hifalutin' kind; no, sah. She uz es tall 'mos' es you, en es straight es er Ingin, w'ich uz natchul, fur she cum fum Firginny, en dey do say one uv 'er great-grandmas wuz pure Ingin herse'f."

The dog having, after the fashion of settlers, cooled himself in the spring, was stretched upon the ground, watching me with half-shut eyes. The shade was refreshing and the rest welcome. I settled down in the white-oak chair, while the young woman resumed her pea-shelling, and let the garrulous old mammy continue with her memories. The show of attention was a small price to pay for the relaxation of limbs in this cool shade.

The speaker continued slowly: "But Ole Miss uz er lady, en er fine lady at dat, fum de time Ole Marster fetch 'er down heah in de kerridge, wid es grays jes er-prancin', tell she uz laid out up yonner by 'im, dead. Nobody nev'r saw 'er when she warn't dressed up like she uz er-goin' ter er party. En lace! Well, sah, up ter de las' ole silk dress she had lef' wuz splittin' in de creases she had real lace caps en collars, en lace on 'er sleeves en han'kerchiffs. W'en she warked she jes sorter move erlong wid 'er he'd 'way up yonner, en didn't look like she uz er stepp'n' at all. Nobody nev'r knowed 'er ter laf out loud; but she'd smile de sweetes', en 'er voice uz sof', like de win' out yonner in de pines. But dat uz w'en she uz at peace wid us all; but jus' you let 'er git riled—en et took er heap ter rile 'er, lemme tell you—en 'er eyes ud dance, en 'er words cut de arr like de oberseer's whup on er bad nigger's back. 'Twuz de same way w'en she uz er gal. But kind en good! Lord! I seen 'er meny er time go down dem back steps en set up over yonner in de quarters wid er sick nigg'r all night long, er-doin' fur 'er like she uz white en kin; en she wid 'er silks en laces on too! You know den dere warn't nair nigg'r on de place but 'd er died fur Ole Miss, en well dey might, fur God knows she uz er good ooman, en had seen er heap er trubbl. Ef hadn't er-been fur de baby, I don't reck'n she'd er held out es long es she did."

"So there was a baby?"

"Yes, sah. You see," she continued, "Marse Frank uz erbout all de Cass'ls dat uz lef' w'en he uz killed up yonner at —at—watcher call it?—Getty—"

"Gettysburg?"

"Yes, sah. W'en Marse Frank uz killed, ev'ybody sed de race uz gone; but bimeby er little gal cum, en er ma en Ole Miss all fell ter cryin', en dey gave 'er her pa's name. But 'er ma called 'er Sweetheart, en so ev'ybody got ter callin' her dat."

"En I reck'n," said Mandy, "nair nuther baby like 'er nev'r lived."

"You see," said the first speaker, whose memories had been stirred, "Mandy heah used ter nuss 'er, 'cause her ma uz weak en sickly; but nuth'n' ud do but I mus' tu'n gal ergin en ten' dat baby. Dat uz 'er gran'ma's noshun—Miss Carrie warn't nuth'n' but er gal 'erself w'en Marse Frank tuk 'er right out uv a ballroom en fetch 'er heah. But she uz er lady down ter 'er heels, en es good, en had es good er heart, es de bes'. Only she didn't know nuth'n' 'bout babies, en me en all de fambly, fum Ole Miss on, had ter he'p. But 'twarn't 'er fault de baby died."

"Died?"

"Yes, sah; hit died. I know'd fum de fust what uz er-goin' ter happ'n. Sumtime hit look ter me like er baby es er heap old'r'n hit is. Dis wun uz erlaughin' en er-crow'n' 'fo' hit uz er week ole, en I told Mandy den dat hit uz er bad sign. Cry? No, sah. En she know'd folks by deir names. Ef ennybody 'd say, 'Mammy,' she set eyes on me; en ef dey call her ma's name, she'd tu'n roun' en look like she uz er-lis'nin'. One night I wake up, en she uz er-lay'n' dere laugh'n' en er-call'n' 'Papa'; en hit look ter me like she uz er-talk'n' ter sumbody wot uz wid 'er; but dey wuzn't nobody dere, en 'er pa uz de'd en buryd 'mos' two years back. Lord! Lord! but de chile's ways did worry me; en I know'd w'at uz cummin'. W'en she l'arnt ter say 'Mamma,' look ter me like Miss Carrie ud kiss 'er ter def; en den she ud cry en say, 'Ef 'er pa cud only hev lived!' En den she'd hug de baby en cry ergin."

"Miss Carrie uz er mighty good oo-

man," said Mandy, pouring her pease into a basket, and replenishing her tray from the unshelled stock—"er mighty good ooman."

"Dat she wuz—es good es de bes'. En dat chile?—look like hit uz her life. Young marster, I reck'n you don't know nuthin' 'bout babies, en can't tell; but I 'tended Ole Miss, en Ole Miss's chillun, en dey chillun too, en I tell you sumtimes dere cum erlong one w'at's goin' ter 'stonish ev'ybody; en dis uz de wun in de Cass'l fambly. Hit warn't menny munts 'fo' hit ud lay erwake in de night, en talk en talk like grow'd-up folks, but nobody uz dere'bouts 'cep'n' me en Young Miss, en she uz mos' gener'ly ersleep: en, bless yo' soul, honey! I warn't goin' ter wake 'er up: hit ud cum soon ernuff. 'Tain't fur me ter say who dat chile uz er-talkin' ter, but dere uz sumbody dere wid 'er, en I kivered up my he'd many er time, 'cause I nev'r know'd w'at dey might er wanted ter say. Warn't nobody gwineter hu't dat chile, do'. En den ter heah 'er sing 'la! la! la!' en 'la! la! la!'—sorter prac'-s'n' like! Psha! I tole Mandy den po' Miss Carrie uz goin' ter see trouble. Hit warn't natchul fur er baby ter nev'r cry, en ter be er-talkin' ter 'erse'f in de night-time. En Ole Miss uz sorter worr'd 'bout et too, only she wouldn't let on dat she wuz. One day," she continued, after reaching over to shove a chunk under the kettle boiling near at hand—"one day she uz er-layin' dere singin', w'en er yaller butt'rfly cum in de room, en dance erbout tell 'e fin' 'er. He sorter balunce roun' 'er er minit, en sudden like she stop en look et hit wi' dem big brown eyes. En den de butt'rfly look at her, stan'in' on de piller en er-movin' es wings up en down, so"—she gave a capital representation of the movement—"en den he dance roun' en go out de winder ergin. Well, sah, dat chile jes lay dere lookin' at dat winder, en bime-by she sorter smile er li'l', en 'er eyes shot, en she uz ersleep 'fo' you could er tu'ned roun'. Jes 'bout dat time er mock'n'-burd fly down by de winder, and sing tell I hatter go en run em erway. Sum folks don't take note-us uv signs en warnin's," she continued, looking at me cautiously, "but dere ain' nuthin' kin keep ole mammy fum b'lievin' dere uz more in dat den er stray butt'rfly projec'n' roun'." She paused just long enough to bestow a whack upon the little darky for "chunkin'" chips at the dog.

"Ain' menny munts pass 'fo' dat baby start ter walkin', en den we had et, sho nuff. Look like she didn' wanter go no-w'ere but out yonner in de frunchard, where Ole Miss's flow'rs used ter wuz. I nev'r seed sech a chile fur flow'rs; en lemme tell you I tended 'em all fum erway back. She ain' pull 'em like nair nuth'r wun uv 'em. Now Marse Frank uz putty much de same way 'bout 'em; but he nev'r lef' nuthin' grow'n' w'en he went 'long, but ud knock down ev'yt'ing he could get es hands on; en menny's de time I seen Ole Miss box es jaws 'bout et, too," she added, shaking silently over the far-away picture. "But 'twarn't so wid de baby. Sum flow'rs she wouldn' tech ter save yer. She'd paddle right erlong by de pinks en de jewrainyems en de 'santhymums, en stan' up under er ole red rose bush en tek wun down. En she'd pick et open, en talk en talk en talk tell hit ud 'mos' run me crazy. En fus sing you know yonner she'd go er-paddl'n' cl'ar 'cross de yard, en git er ole mornin'-glory en talk ter hit. Needn' tell me dat chile didn' know w'at she uz erbout! En nuthin' wouldn' pest'r 'er nuth'r. I seen 'er tek er bumble-bee outn er mornin'-glory menny er time, en hold em up tell he'd fly off. 'Fear'd dey'd sting 'er? No, sah. Dey know'd 'er, en she know'd dem. You kin laugh, en I reck'n hit's hard fur city folks ter b'lieve, but hit's true. En de hummin'-burds? Lord! you'd er laughed sho nuff ter seen 'em sorter draw back outn re'ch uv 'er han's en look 'er in de eye, wid deir coats er-shinin' in de sun like er June-bug's back. En butt'rflies? Dey'd skip roun' 'er all de time, en ef she had shooger in 'er han's—which she had mighty of'n, 'cause Ole Miss let 'er go ter de shooger-dish 'bout when she wanted ter—dey'd set on top 'er fingers, en jes keep outn fum be-twix' 'em. Nuthin' would'n' hu't dat chile. No, sah. She slip off one day, w'en I uz er sorter nodd'n' out dere und'r de mulberry by de kitchen, en, bless yo' soul! w'en I woke up she uz er-sett'n' down frunt er ole Bull, er-pilin' san' on es he'd, en Bull uz er-layin' dere wid es years pull back, er-lett'n' 'er do 'bout like she please. Bad? Yes, sah. Ain' but one nigg'r on de place could tie up dat dog, en he wuz 'way off yonner in de cott'n. I tell you dere uz a time den, 'cause Ole Miss had dun cum out on de po'ch, en uz er-care'in' on pow'ful. Don't

make no diffunce w'ere dat baby wuz, Ole Miss cum erlong putty soon. En hit took er heap er talk'n' ter get de baby back, 'cause ev'y time ennybody went dere, Bull show'd es teef, en dat uz ernuff. But bime-by she git up en cum off by 'erse'f, en ole Bull sorter lay es he'd down on one foot, en sweep de groun' behin' 'em wid es tail, axin' 'er es plain es 'e could talk ter cum back. I know'd nuthin' warn't goin' ter hu't dat chile.

"Yes, sah, she kep' well too, 'cep'n' wid 'er teef. Dey uz mighty hard on 'er fum de fus, but she git erlong well ernuff tell dem eye-teef reddy ter cum. You see Miss Carrie uz er town gal, en es good er hearted ooman es ev'r lived—I ain' er-say'n' nuth'n' ergin 'er—but she didn't know nuth'n' 'bout de Cass'l babies; en w'en I brought er string er wood ants, jes same es Marse Frank cut teef wid, ter hang 'roun' de baby's neck, she laf 'erse'f 'mos' ter def, en sed we uz 'soopstishus nigg'rs,' en she wouldn' 'low no sech doin's wid *her* baby. En w'en Mandy fetched er string er snail shells, w'ich es mighty good deysevs, she laffed ergin, en give 'er er silver quarter; but she wouldn' let 'em go on de baby nuth'r. Den ole 'Liza cum wun day wid er mole's foot, en hit couldn' go dere nuth'r. En w'en Ole Miss wanted er rabbit killed en hit's brains rubbed on de baby's gums, Lord! but sech cryin' en care'in' on you nev'r seed sence you uz born'd.

"Well, so hit went; en one day I seed Miss Carrie dancin' de baby up en down 'fo' de lookin'-glass, en dat sett'l' et. I tole Mandy den dere uz er-goin' ter be troubl' sho. Ain' nuth'n' hu't me wuss 'n dat. I'd dun hel' in tell I couldn' stan' hit no long'r, en wun day I seed Ole Miss er-watch'n' de chile w'en she tort nobody uz erroun', en I seed fum 'er face she warn't satusfied. Den I sed, look'n' her fair in de face, 'Ole Miss, dere's sum'n' wrong wid dis heah chile, en you oughtn' ter set store by 'er too much.' Bless your soul! you orter seen 'er; she shuk all ov'r, en 'er face tu'n white.

"'Hush!' she said, so loud hit like ter skeer'd de life out er me. En den she whispered, 'No! no! no! dere's sum mussy lef' in Hebb'n yet,' en went straight ter 'er room. Den I know'd she'd dun seen hit too.

"Well, sah, troubl' cum right erlong. One day w'en I had been ov'r ter de Simkinses' ter see my tuther gal w'at 'd married er po' sort uv er nigg'r ov'r dere—en 'e ain' no better now 'n 'e wuz den—wud cum dat de baby uz mighty sick, en Ole Miss hed sont de kerridge fur me. W'en I got dere I foun' Miss Carrie settin' in 'er room wid de baby in 'er lap, en 'er eyes uz sot in er hard look. 'Mammy,' she said, jes es cool es I'm er-say'n' hit now, 'my baby es goin' ter die.' You see, hit ud dun cum ter 'er at las' jes like hit did ter me at fus. But I made b'lieve she uz only sorter skeered, en tuk de baby. Hit uz er-bu'n-in' up wid fev'r. Lord! Lord! how hit all cums back! She used ter lay 'er he'd down on my shoulder en sleep w'en she wouldn' sleep no uth'r way; en w'en I tuk 'er up, she jes say, loud ernuff ter heah, 'Mammy'; en I say, 'Yes, honey, mammy goin' ter stay wid yer.' En I lay 'er he'd down dere on my should'r. Well, sah, she uz er sick'r chile 'n I know'd; en w'en I look'd at 'er, I nev'r seed sech a change. Movin' 'er uz too much. 'Peared ter me like she uz alreddy de'd, en I uz er-lookin' down in de grave at 'er. En I b'lieve ef I hadn't laid 'er down mighty quick, she would er died right dere. En all she sed uz 'Mammy.' Lord! I've hyard dat wurd ev'r sence—'Mammy.'"

The old woman turned to the fire again, and made pretence to rearrange the chunks, while her daughter bent silently over the tray. Presently she resumed:

"Dem wuz hard times. You see, we ought'r had er heap we couldn' git. Quinine uz scyarce, en munny couldn' buy hit, en we couldn' bre'k de fev'r enny uther way. En ice uz scyarce too. Well, we watched en tended, tell bime-by de doct'r tuk Miss Carrie en say she mus' res'; en by dis time she might es well res', 'cause de baby didn' know nobody, en we all could do fer 'er heap bett'r'n hit's ma. So Miss Carrie went erlong upstairs 'mos' de'd 'erse'f, en I promis' 'er she should see de baby 'fo' hit die. Well, I watch' all dat night en nex' day, en w'en de sun went down I see er new look on 'er face—a hard, de'd look—en 'er han's were col' en stiff, en 'er eyes sot. Den I went up ter Miss Carrie's room, 'cause I know'd hit wuz time, but I didn' say nuth'n'. 'I know,' she said. 'Lemme see my baby wunst mo'.' En all I could do uz ter cry en ter he'p 'er down-stairs.

"Well, sah, I *wuz* 'stonished den, sho nuff, ter see how she tuk hit. I uz er-hold'n' 'er on my arm ter keep 'er fum fall'n', 'cause she uz mighty sick en weak

like 'erse'f. She didn' cry en care' on, but jes lif' 'er face up ov'r de baby en say, sof' like, 'Tek 'er, dear Christ, en keep 'er tell I cum.'

"'Cum now, honey,' says I, 'hit's ernuff, hit's ernuff. He'll tek kyar uv 'er; don't you worry 'bout dat.' En so, lean'n' on me, she tu'ned to go. But she 'ain' tek many steps 'fo' she look up in my face en say, like 'er heart uz break'n', 'Mammy, lemme tell my baby good-night—lemme tell 'er good-night.' En I couldn' er he'p'd et ter save my life. Hit uz jus' dark ernuff fur de lamps, en wun uz bu'nin' low. We went back, en she ben' down dere en put 'er face close ter de baby, en didn' nair wun uv 'em move, but jes staid dere face ter face. We all tried ter look tuth'r way, 'cause hit warn't right ter watch dem two, but sumhow I couldn'. En so at las' she tuk de littl' face in 'er han's en call'd 'er 'Sweetheart.' But dere ain' no word cum back. En so she said ergin, sof' like, 'Sweetheart'; en still no word. Den she sed—en I heah de wurds er-moan'n' in dat still room like hit uz yestiddy: 'Sweetheart, mamma's cum ter tell you good-night—good-night en good-by. You es goin' up ter God, my baby, ter Christ, ter sleep in es arms, not mine. I'm goin' ter miss yer, baby, but yer won't miss me, for He es tend'r—oh yes, He es tend'r, littl' one; en papa is dere ter meet yer too. Don't you git erfear'd uv de dark, Sweetheart. You won't be by yo'-se'f. Mammy will hol' wun han' tell Jesus teks de yuther. En sum day—oh God!' she moan'd out, tu'nin' 'er he'd er-way—'sum day, darling, I'm goin' ter cum too. Good-by! good-by! good-by!' She kep' on er-sayin' good-by, sof' like, tell I couldn' heah et, fur she dun got cl'ar down wid 'er cheek ergin de baby.

"Well, sah, de proof uz dere. Jes den dat chile cum back to hit's body fur de fus time in fo' days. Hit's eyes look right up a littl' while, en den hit lif' hits lips jes er littl', en den hits ma ben' down ergin en tech 'em. She lif' 'er lips dis way t'ree times, en all de wimmin cry out, en I shouted too: 'Hit's God's mussy; let 'er go now! Hit's God's mussy; let 'er go!' But she warn't reddy ter go. No, sah; she look dis way en dat way wid dem big eyes sot on me, en she lif' 'er lips; en 'er ma cry out, 'Kiss 'er, mammy, kiss 'er; she wants ter tell yer good-by.' En, bless yo' soul! I down on my knees en kiss 'er, en den 'er eyes shet.

"En Miss Carrie, wid er smile on 'er face, en stan'in' straight en strong, lif' me up en lead me ter de do', for I uz all broke down en er-cryin' like ev'body else. At de do' she tu'n ergin en say, jes es sweet like es ev'r she talk in 'er life: 'God es good ter me. We're goin' ter meet ergin, Sweetheart; you will sleep in mamma's arms ergin, but not ter-night, not ter-night.' En I felt 'er sorter tremble erginst me.

"Well, all this time Ole Miss warn't no mann'r account. She'd cum in de room en sit dere look'n' at dat chile 'en fannin' 'er slow en sof', en w'en de doctor cum she'd look at him ev'ytime 'e sed enny-thing, but nev'r so much es op'n' 'er mouf. Dere warn't no sleep in 'er eyes. Menny er time she'd cum in en look at me in de night er-settin' dere, en den at de baby, en go out. Bime-by she'd cum ergin. She look'd like ter me she uz er-warkin in 'er sleep 'erse'f, sorter skeer'd en simple like. I know'd she warn't herse'f den. But w'en me en Miss Carrie uz er-shak'n dere in de do', ev'ything change in er minit. You orter seen Ole Miss den. She'd been er-sett'n' dere, wid 'er face white en still, look'n' at de baby, en now she riz up sudd'n like, en stood wid 'er ha'r streamin' down on 'er should'rs, en she es straight es er Ingin, en 'er eyes er-blazin'.

"'Go,' she said, pointin' 'er long finger at me. 'Tek dat chile ter 'er room, en cum back heah.' Her voice sung out cl'ar, en cut de arr like er bell er-ringin'. I know'd 'er den. She started ter wark de room, en I hyard 'er keep er-sayin', 'Fools! fools! fools!' Miss Carrie give 'er one quick look, en I hyard *her* say, 'Po' ole mamma!' Den I got 'er upstairs ergin.

"W'en I cum back, dere wuz Ole Miss still er-wark'n' en er-sayin', 'Fools! po' weak fools!' ter 'erse'f. En ev'y wunst 'n er while she'd toss up 'er han's en shake 'er he'd en sorter trimble all over. All er sudd'n she shouted out, 'She shall *not* die!' Wid dat she warked out inter de nex' room like she uz done gone crazy sho nuff. I tell yer I uz skeer'd den, 'cause hit did look ter me like Ole Miss might give out en drop down de'd; so I slipp'd up ter de do' en watch'd 'er. She went er-stormin' up ter de closet dere, en took down de big Bible, where all de Cas-s'ls' names en de Wuthin'tons' uz writ, en I see'd 'er spread et op'n in de middle, en fling 'erse'f down on 'er knees dere, en lay 'er face on et. En dere she lay en



"EN PUT 'ER FACE CLOSE TER DE BABY, EN DIDN' NAIR WUN UV 'EM MOVE."

shuk er minit, but not long. She lif' up one han' at las', en tu'n her po' ole white face to, en cried out loud, wid de uth'r han' on de page, 'Look, my God! look! All gone!—all! all! all!—all but dis little one! Husban', fath'r, mudd'r, br'ers, sist'rs, sons—all!—all but this little lam'! Have I cried out befo'? Did I rebel erginst yer? One at Marnassus, one at Malvun Hill, one at Shiloh, one at Gettusburg—fever en bullet, shot en shell, but nev'r er word, O my God! One by one they brought 'em home—husban', fath'r, en sons. Hit uz thy will. These ole han's closed nev'r er eye. Hit uz thy will. These ears 'ceived no las' messurges. Hit uz thy will. I gave them inter thy keep'n', en fur dey country, w'en de call cum, en you took 'em. I gave 'em, I say, en no eye see'd de tears in mine. *I know'd hit all w'en dey march'd erway. I wuz ready!* My baby boy!—dat uz de hardes'. En dey tole me he cried out 'Mudder!' w'en he fell. O my God! my God! did you heah dat cry? I have hyard et ev'y day sence. En now dis chile, his chile, my only one! Leave 'er ter my ole age, O my God! leave me dis one. I been too proud en too col', but I am brok'n now. Leave my baby!'

"De words bu'nt inter me like fire. I crep' back dere en set down. Nobody nev'r seen Ole Miss broke down befo'. She uz iron all ov'r, en hit uz jes like she sed. Dey brought ole marster home fus, en den de young ones, tell de las' cum; en she stood by en saw de graves fill'd up, en nobody ev'r know'd et ef she ev'r shed er tear. She wen' down on 'er knees, en I hyard 'er hour atter hour cryin' out, 'Leave me dis one! leave me dis one!' En hit did look like she uz er-prayin' ergin def, for de baby uz col' den, en er-gettin' stiff. Dere warn't no bref. She uz de'd es ever I seen ennybody.

"Well, sah, I uz dat worn out, w'at wid Ole Miss sayin' de same t'ing hour atter hour in de night, en my bein' up so much, I sorter los' myse'f. Sum folks sez I uz noddin', but don't you b'lieve er word er hit. All uv er sudden hit look like I cud see er shinin' angel wid de baby in es arms, en Ole Miss er-holdin' on ter es robes, en 'er cryin' out, 'Leave me dis one!' En bime-by de angel cum back en lay de baby down on de bed, en I uz erbout ter call Ole Miss, w'en sudd'nly I hyard de Bible slam, bang! en Ole Miss shout, 'She will live!' Den she cum er-stompin' tru de do', wid 'er eyes er-blazin' en 'er face shinin' like nobody ev'r seen hit befo', en, bless yo' soul! jes den I hyard a little weak voice dere er-sayin', 'Mammy—mammy,' en I re'ch out my han'. De chile uz warm. 'Yes, yes,' I shouted; 'hit's His work! hit's His work! She done cum back fum de de'd.' En all de wimmin, hyarin' de noise, cum runnin' in, cryin' out, 'De baby es de'd! de baby es de'd!' But Ole Miss, er-stan'in' straight ergin, shouted back: 'Hit's er lie; she lives. Back fum de bed, en give 'er air. Back, I say!' En dey took one look et Ole Miss, en 'mos' bre'k deir necks gittin' out en down de steps. En erbout dis time Miss Carrie cum down, er-holdin' on de walls en do's, en er-steddyin' 'erse'f bes' she could. She cum en stood dere in de do', white es er ghos', but sayin' nuth'n'. En Ole Miss wen' up en put 'er arms roun' her, en tuk 'er ter de bed. 'Now you c'n lay down,' she sez, 'en sleep. De baby went up yonner, but God look down on us, en sont er angel ter fetch 'er back.' En Miss Carrie laid down en tech 'er lips ter de baby's. 'She's warm, en she sleeps,' she whispered. Den she sorter settled down, en fus sing you know we uz er-rub-bin' 'er, tryin' ter fetch 'er back too, 'cause she'd dun fainted, en staid fainted 'mos' an hour."

There was silence a moment. The scenes so vividly painted seemed to survive in my imagination. Suddenly the old woman broke in, with a low chuckle, "Mandy, you rec'lec' de nex' We'n'sday atter dat day?"

"Yes, marm. Ain' nobody w'at uz dere furgot et." The old woman rose up from the fire she had been punching again.

"Well, sah," she continued, "sech do-in's nev'r uz see'd on de plantation sence my day. Ole Miss sed de Lord hed dun show'd 'er mussy, en ev'ybody mus' have er hol'day. Choosdy de oberseer pick'd out 'leven fat hogs en fo' yearlines, en started de barbecue 'long 'bout dark. En while dey uz er-cookin' de vi'tu'ls, de nigg'rs uz er dancin' en er sing'n'. Look ter me like I nev'r seen nigg'rs dance en sing like dat befo'. Blind Billy uz dere wid es fiddle, en Mike Slow wid de bones, en Tom Peeples wid es banjo. Ole Miss let 'em have er littl' whiskey, en hit uz 'swing your cornders,' en 'han's all roun',' en 'sha-shay cross,' tell mighty nigh day. I do b'lieve Unc' Tom—Tom wuz de kerridge driver—uz de highes' stepper dere! Ain' nobody love dat baby bett'r 'n Unc' Tom. Ev'y mornin' 'mos' befo' de sun uz up good, he'd hetch up de horses, en wid me er sett'n' back in dere like er fine lady en de baby er sett'n' by me, he'd drive all ov'r ev'ywhere, en w'en we git back she'd sleep, en Unc' Tom ud tek 'er jes es tend'rly es ennybody, en car' 'er in de house w'ile I hol' de hosses. En w'en she uz so bad off, he'd cum ev'y mornin' ter de po'ch en look at we alls en shake es hed en go off. Dat night er big load uz off Unc' Tom, en 'e uz er-jumpin' roun' cuttin' de short dog good es de bes', en makin' b'lieve he uz goin' ter kiss sumbody.

"Sho nuff de next day de crops wuzn't wurk'd. De mules lay dey he'ds ov'r de fence en holler'd ter de cows, like dey uz er-askin' w'at uz de matt'r, 'cause dey know'd 'twarn't Sunday, en de cows hollered back en say dey dun know. Erbout dinn'r-time, do', ev'yt'ing uz reddy down dere by de spring, en de horn blow'd. Lord! Lord! how dem nigg'rs did eat en eat! Look ter me like sum er 'em would kill deysevs. Hog meat, biscuits fum de kitch'n, buttermick, chick'n, gingerbread, en corn beer uz es thick es cotton in de patch, en hit were er hol'day sho nuff.

"Well, sah, right den en dere I seed sum'n' w'at 'stonish me. Heah cum er-long er soger, en wark right up to de house, en w'en Ole Miss cum out on de po'ch hit would er made yer cry ter seen 'em. He uz wellnigh barefooted, en his clo'es uz rags. He uz dat white too dat you'd er said he uz er clayeat'r, en es 'e stood dere 'e put es han' on de rail ter steddy hissef. He warn't no bad-look'n' man nuther, jus' 'bout yo' size en buil', en de same forehead en curly hair, en er way er hold'n' up es he'd made me think 'bout 'im fus time I laid eyes on yer.

"'Madum,' he said, sof' like, er-tak'n' off es hat, 'I am er-makin' my way back ter New Orlyans, en am mighty nigh starv'd fur de want uv sum'n' ter eat. I mus' ask yer ter he'p me, en tek de chances er gitting paid w'en de war is ov'r, 'cause I ain' got no munny now.' Dat uz w'at 'e said, en bless yo' soul! 'e sed hit like 'e uz fresh from er ballroom, instid uv de hospit'l which 'e wuz, wid es arm gone, en so weak 'e couldn' stan' steddy. But you oughter seen Ole Miss. She stretch out 'er arm en draws 'im up ter 'er like 'e wuz 'er son, er-sayin', 'God dun sont you hyah, my boy. I sees hit now. You is my gues', God-sent.' Den she took 'im in de house, en made 'im set down by de big table, en de fus sing she did uz ter sen' me down in de cellar ter git er bottle er wine. Dere wuz'n but five lef', 'cause she done car'd de balunce ter Macon fur de sick sogers long ergo. Dey say hit uz made de year de stars fell, mighty nigh 'bout forty years befo'. Well, sah, she po'd out sum fur dat boy, en he didn' look like nuthi'n' but er boy, en 'e stood up lean'n' 'g'inst de table en drink ter es country, 'e ses, en es country's wimmin, jes like 'e wuz at er party. But she made 'im set down, en fetch'd 'im sum dinn'r wid 'er own han's. En w'en she got dun dere uz ernuff fur ennybody. Well, sah, de po' man took sum barbecue on es fork en lif' et up two times ter es mouf, en den put et back wid es han' er-shak'n', en w'en Ole Miss ax 'im w'at de matter, he cov'r es face wid es han' en shake all ov'r, er-sayin' 'e dat hungry 'e couldn' eat: dat 'e hed been tu'ned fum do' ter do' tell he uz 'mos' reddy ter give et up. But bime-by 'e get so 'e c'n eat, en den Ole Miss tek 'im upstairs en give 'im er room en sum uv Marse Frank's clo'es, en er p'ar boots en er nice cap. She look at dat cap er long time, en kiss hit, 'cause hit uz de cap 'e had on w'en he uz kilt. But she put et on de soger's he'd herse'f, en give 'im sum munny too, en sont down ter de pasture en ketch Marse Frank's hoss, which wuz Beauregard, en put Marse Frank's saddle on em too, 'cause de gemman say 'e 'bliged ter go on. W'en 'e cum down, you wouldn't er know'd 'im. He wuz like er new man, but mighty weak. When he kiss Ole Miss han' he lef' es tears dere. But Ole Miss, wid 'er han' on es shoul-der, ses, 'In God's name I bid you fare-well.' En 'e sed ef de pra'rs uv er wife en mudd'r en hisself, en de love uv er baby boy, uz good, she'd git 'er pay. But Ole Miss dun up en say de Lord dun settl' wid 'er alreddy, en I know'd w'at she wuz er-tarkin' erbout. Den 'e ride off, en out yonner he tu'n en take off es cap fur de las' time. He wuz ter write back ef 'e got dere safe, but nobody ain' hyard fum im, en ev'ybody sed 'e mus' er died erlong de way. But he didn'."

"And what became of the family?"

"Well, sah, de war cumm'd down hyah, en dey refugeed erway off yander ter fus one place en den ernuther. En de house got bu'nt, en all de stock uz run off. Den Ole Miss died sumw'ere, en uz sont back hyah, en Miss Carrie went back ter 'er folks, dey say; en all uv 'em uz dun got so po' dey couldn' do nuth'n' fer we all. One day Miss Carrie sont me er letter ter say I mus'n' let Ole Miss' grave get los', en I 'ain't. Fus I sot up a board out dere on de bury'n'-groun'; en den I scrape er little munny fum de tuckies en gyard'n en er cotton patch, en had er man ter put down dat slab."

"It must have taken considerable."

"Hit did; but not so much es ef I hadn' ter had de stone alreddy." She shifted herself uneasily in her chair, and looked down as she explained. "You see, Ole Cun'l Bill Cass'l uz buried up yonner too, wid er fine slab ov'r him, en 'e uz de meanes' white man you ever see'd w'en 'e uz livin', so I thought Ole Miss bett'r have dat stone en let 'im do 'thout fer er while; en we jes tu'ned hit ov'r en did de cuttin' en polishin' on tuth'r side. But hit ain' fix jes right. None uv us couldn' 'call de time w'en she uz born'd zactly, or w'en she died, en Miss Carrie dun gone off ergin ter er new place. I know'd she uz born'd uv er Sunday, en died uv er Sunday, but hit's er long time ergo. So I jus' tole 'em ter put 'Ole Miss' on et. En I ses ter

myse'f, ef Miss Carrie ev'r get back hyah, es she will ef she live, en we all dun gone, 'tain't goin' ter be no troubl' ter find de place. But she nev'r cum back. She died putty soon atter dat ov'r yonner at 'er uncl' Wuthin'ton, in Bald'in County. But de baby cum, bless yo' soul! en *he* cum too, dat baby boy fum erway out yonner in New Orlyans. It's cureyus how pra'rs wuk out. I uz er-sett'n' hyah jus' dis way 'bout er y'er ergo, w'en all er sudd'n er fine young gemman en er young lady dash up on horseback en stop right dere w'ere you es er-sett'n'. De minit I look in deir faces I hyard sum'in' er callin' ter me erway back yonner, en ev'ything sorter swim, en w'en she up en ses, 'Aunty, kin you tell me w'ere de Cass'l place es?' I cried out, 'Hyar hit es, en bless God hyar's er Cass'l dun cum back! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!' I sed, wid de tears er-runnin', 'Sweetheart!'

"'Yes,' she sed, en den I gather'd 'er roun' de knees. De tears uz er-stan'in' en 'er eyes too. 'This mus' be mammy,' she 'lowed, 'that po' mamma used ter talk so much erbout.' En she jumped down dere en I had 'er in dese ole arms wunst mo'. Den she laf er littl' en say, p'intin' ter de gemman, 'Now does yer know *him*?' I tuk one look at 'im, en hit seem ter me like 'e dun cum out er de ole times too. All uv er sudd'n 'e up en say, 'Does you 'member de po' soger w'at rode ole Beauregard erway?' 'Yes, sah,' ses I, 'jus' like hit uz yestiddy. De las' sing 'e said wuz, Ef de pra'rs uv er wife en mudd'r en hisse'f, en de love uv er baby boy, uz good, she'd git paid.' Wid dat de young gemman lif' off his hat en say, 'De pra'rs uv er fath'r en mudd'r, en de love uv de baby boy, has been blessed.'

"'Dey tole me den dat Sweetheart had been off ter school all 'er life mos', en de fus' time she went up yonner ter de Ferginny Springs dey'd met, en dat uz ernuff. Ennybody could er seed dey uz cut out fer one ernuther. Dey es er-cumm'n' back sum day ter buil' up de ole home ergin, but hit all won't nev'r b'long ter de Cass'ls ergin." The old woman laughed softly. "No, sah. 'Mammy' owns er hundred en fifty uv de bes' lan' hyah, en hit's bin hers ev'r since de day de babies cum back."

So ran the way-side tale. When I bade the homely souls good-by, and strode out to the railroad, I passed once more the old burial-ground, now bound with a new interest. The tall Lombardies, towering fifty feet above me, their limbs growing straight up, stood as motionless in the evening calm as monuments. There is not in nature a more placid tree. It never tosses its arms in the breeze, nor is lashed by the storm. The oak is often worked into rage, but the Lombardy bends its far-away crest in melancholy acquiescence to a superior power, and its leaves but twinkle peacefully. So stood they there in their still and solemn watch. And under them nestled the grave with its simple legend, "Old Miss."



THE GRAND TOUR—THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

BY W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

THE Western world is but gradually realizing the riches of the East—the true riches of the East—those which enrich the mind and imagination, and become part of a man's mental being, and which he carries with him for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health. How few educated persons realize that there is a whole picture gallery of the ancient world, as old as the Exodus, still to be seen on the walls of Thebes! or let me more precisely ask of many of my readers who have been up the Nile and "done" the ancient Egyptians (and been done by the modern Egyptians): Pray did you visit the King of the Amorites? Did you admire the Philistines? What did you think of the Hittites? Or have you only a general sense of having been shaken on donkeys, and baked in the sun, and confused by interminable glaring walls covered with heterogeneous figures? I fear this last is your case.

Yet there stand on those gray walls the effigies of conquered kings and warriors of renown. There may you see the rages of mighty battles, the prancing horses, and the bounding chariots, a multitude of slain, and the humbled captives, bitter of soul. There they have stood bleaching since the days when Egypt conquered the fresh world, as yet unwelded by any power, and passed into its dim homes of distant fables—when as yet there had not arisen the nations that lived on into what we call history. To walk around Thebes with open eyes is to make the grand tour of the ancient world; to see, to know, all the many peoples that lived from central Asia to Greece, and from the shores in the middle of the Mediterranean to the Syrian deserts.

Many attempts have been made—notably by Rosellini and Lepsius—to reproduce some of these priceless monuments, but no draughtsman, often working in uneasy postures and unfavoring lights, could copy them with satisfactory exactness. The differences between the drawings themselves were sufficient reason for distrusting any process of transcription, and it was generally felt by the Anthropological Institute (of London) that there should be no further delay in making some authentic copies of these remains, by photography, for the benefit of students of both anthropology and history. The British Association, having been applied to, made a small grant toward the expenses of such an undertaking, and I agreed to do what was practicable in the course of a season's study last year in Egypt.

Armed, therefore, with a stock of photographic plates, and with the far more essential stock of paper for making moulds or "squeezes" from the stone, I began work on the temples of Thebes. In most cases the sculptured surface has lost all trace of its coloring, and it may then be washed and soaked without any harm. First drenching it with water, a sheet of soaked paper is then laid on it, and worked into the hollows by the fingers; next, this is beaten with a brush until it is thoroughly pulped into all the carvings, and even into the very grain of the stone itself. Every line and chip and flaw must receive the paper as closely as a coat of paint; then, after any broken parts of the sheet have had extra pieces beaten on over them, another sheet is laid on and beaten until the two seem like one layer of pulp. In a couple of hours or so this will be dry; and the sheets, light and unchangeable, except by wet or heavy pressure, may be packed up and carried in parcels without any damage. In many cases the great battle scenes or rows of captives cover whole walls up to twenty or thirty feet from the ground. Here it was needful to hang a rope-ladder over the wall from the top, and enjoining my Arab above to stand steady on the end of it, and not to let go on any account whatever, I then scaled up, gripping the long brush, with the paper wound round it, between my teeth. Hitching an elbow in over a step to keep myself up, I unrolled the paper, and brushing over the stone with the wet brush, spread the sheet out, and beat it on. In other cases a high stack of boxes served for steps, and contained my collections afterward. On reaching England, the paper impressions were soaked with wax upon a stove plate, and were thus brought into a state for making any number of plaster casts. From a set of casts the photographs were at last taken, far better and more easily than if taken direct from the stone; the lighting can be precisely arranged, so as



KHUFU-ANKH AND HIS SERVANTS—EARLY EGYPTIANS.

to give the right extent and direction of shadow, and the scale can be made uniform. This first complete set of casts, after exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, will be preserved in the British Museum, and prints of the photographs from them may be had at cost price.*

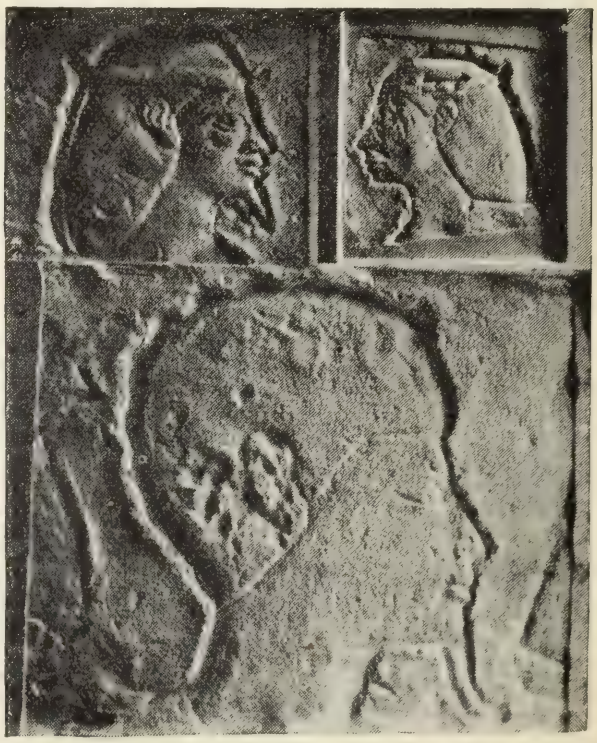
Besides the sculptures, there are many painted tombs, which are equally important. In one tomb, that of a Governor of the Sudan,† are portrayed all the southern races over which he ruled; the several chiefs, with their followers bearing bags of gold-dust and precious offerings as tribute; boats with negroes seated on them; herds of cattle decorated with hands—probably of metal—on the ends of their horns; and a great Queen in a chariot drawn by two piebald bulls (like the modern Abyssinian breed), with the state umbrella over her head. In another tomb we see captives making bricks—fair-skinned, blue-eyed men from the north. Elsewhere are seen the chiefs of Phœnicia and other countries offering helmets, vases, chariots, etc.; while in several of the royal tombs‡ there is the Egyptian summary of ethnology; the light-skinned and sometimes blue-eyed northerner from Syria or Asia Minor; the yellow-skinned western man of Tripoli and Algiers, with a long plaited tress of hair hanging down the side of his head; the black southern race, not negro, but of the high type of south Arabia, Abyssinia, etc.; and lastly, the red or native Egyptian race, who held themselves distinct from the rest of mankind, and who indeed were far different from any of the other three great classes. These tomb-paintings, when near the entrance, can be sufficiently lighted by successive reflectors of tin plate for good photographs to be taken; but for those deep in rock-hewn chambers, hundreds of feet from the outer light, magnesium is needed. The powdered metal is mixed with an equal amount of chlorate of potash;§ the camera is adjusted; the plate is put in and left exposed; and then, lighting the paper on which the powder lies, a single flash, bright as a sunny day, and a dull, heavy thud that rumbles through the long passages, tell that the work is

* Apply to Mr. Browning Hogg, 75 High Street, Bromley, Kent, England. The cost of printing is 2*s.* 3*d.* per dozen, or 45*s.* ($11) for the complete set mounted on sheets, post free.

† Tomb of Hui, at Kurnet Murrae, Thebes, XVIIIth dynasty.

‡ Tombs of Seti I., Merenptah, Seti II., Ramessu III., at Thebes.

§ Forty grains of each are needful, if exploded at eight feet from the object, in order to take a photograph in a camera without a stop. The powders should be mixed when wanted.



CHIEF OF PÛN AND TWO MEN.

done, and looking round in the blackness, a faint patch of yellow shows where the candle flame is. Some of these magnesium-light photographs are among the most successful.

The Egyptians themselves, in the earliest times that we know of, were of a mixed type. The dominant race had small aquiline noses, well formed chins, and fine foreheads, while the lower race had long



PULISTA (PHILISTINES).

snouty noses, prognathous mouths, and retreating foreheads. It is seldom that either race is seen without some mixture of the other; the blending appears to have begun long before the earliest monuments that we have, which are of the fourth dynasty, though it was not a case of entire fusion until far later times. The instance we have here in Khufu-ankh,* a son of King Khufu (or Cheops), will show that even in that early time there was some mixture of the coarse type in the royal family, though they were mainly of the high race. A most interesting tomb at Gizeh — now, alas! destroyed by the Arabs for stone—showed a man of the low, snouty type and his wife of the high race, she being called a royal cousin, while he had not that distinction. Most curiously, in the scene where they sat side by side, he had the high type given to his features, in order not to contrast unpleasantly with his wife, while where he was placed alone he appeared as a very inferior-looking be-

* Tomb at Gizeh, east of the Great Pyramid.

ing. Notwithstanding the race after race that has been poured into the country—the Hyksos, the Ethiopians, the various slave races from central Africa, the Greek and Roman infusion, and the great Arab scourge—it will surprise any one who is familiar with the old types to see how constantly they may be met with in the streets and villages. The women show them more often than the men, just as in the early sculptures the lower, snouty type is more often seen in women than in men. May it be true that female atavism reverts more often to an ancestress, and male atavism to an ancestor? or is a woman more influenced by climate and a man by race?

The origin of Egyptian civilization is a problem of long standing, and anything which throws light upon it is welcome. If any clew can be found to the source of the race, we have made a step toward the end. That the Egyptians are not of the fair or yellow stocks of the rest of North Africa, nor of the bushy-bearded Semites of Syria, nor of the woolly-haired negro peoples, is manifest; nor do they show any atavism to those types. But a large and important race near at hand has more claims to show. On both sides of the Red Sea, about its southern part, called by the Egyptians Pûn, there existed a good civilization in early times. To this day the marvellous terracing of the hills for cultivation up to a height of 6000 feet excites the wonder of the traveller, and this was



THAHENNU OF NORTH AFRICA.

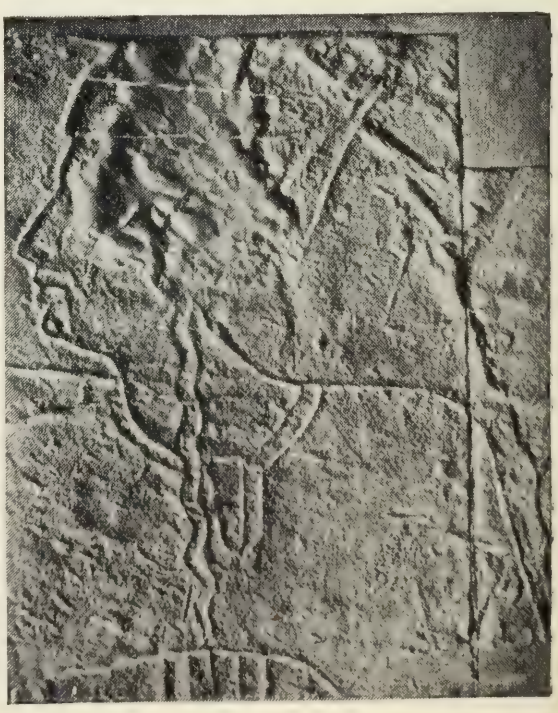
an ancient feature of the country, for it astonished the Egyptians 3000 years ago as much as it does ourselves. The people of this district were many of them of most refined and delicate appearance, and they were apparently regarded in a peculiar way by the Egyptians. Their land was called "the divine land"; they themselves were said to be "not of mankind." Furthermore, we here see the chief of Pûn* wearing exactly the beard which is the sacred beard of the Egyptians, a form reserved solely for the adornment of their gods. This very different tone of these Egyptian references from any estimates of theirs of other races—who are called "vile," "impure," and "miserable"—seems to indicate a traditional respect for the country very different from their contempt for other lands. And the only peaceable expedition that is recorded on the monuments is the grand one sent by Queen Hatasu to the land of Pûn, about 1600 B.C., to fetch thence the incense and incense trees, the ebony and ivory, the gold and spices, the giraffes and panthers and monkeys, which were freely supplied by this peaceful race, whose rulers also came back with the expedition to do homage to the great Queen.† No trace of force or of enslavement is to be seen in the whole account; they go in peace and return in peace. About a thousand years earlier another expedition for spices was sent to the same land by King Sankhkara; and again, in later times, we read that "the nobility of the divine land, going at the head of their tributes," came to Koptos; "they anchor in peace, with the products they carried," and "brought their tribute like marvels, their nobility adoring my face, smelling the ground, prostrated before me," says Ramessu III.‡

The high-class Egyptians, both in the early and later times, bore a considerable resemblance to this people of Pûn, as, for instance, in the familiar figures of Seti I. and Seti II.; and not only in the fine type, but also in heavier features, such as those of Khufukhaf, which may well be compared with the first man of Pûn above the chief. When we consider the close resemblance of these two red races, and how totally different was the treatment accorded by the Egyptians to the Pûnites from

* From tribute-bearers to Horemheb: Karnak, Thebes.

† F. Chabas, *Nations connues des anciens Égyptiens*, pp. 149–172.

‡ Harris papyrus: translated in *Records of the Past*, viii. 49.



HANEBU—GREEK WOMAN.

that vouchsafed by them to any other race, we shall hardly be presumptuous in supposing that the high-class stock of ancient Egypt were immigrants from the divine land. If they penetrated Egypt from the Red Sea through the desert road at Koptos, which was the high-road to Pûn in the earliest times, there would thus be explained the springing up of civilization in the midst of the Nile Valley, neither proceeding up from the sea nor down from Nubia. May not South Arabia hold the key to the beginnings of Egyptian art?

But it is also a question whether another and different development of the Pûnite race may not have taken place in a migration to the Mediterranean. When we look at the Pulista,* as they are called, there is a strong resemblance in them to many of the Pûnite heads. Unfortunately every point cannot be illustrated in our present limits, but the resemblance between the second Pûnite man above the chief and this Pulista will suffice to show the likeness between them. But who were these Pulista? That they belong to the Mediterranean is certain from the inscriptions; that they were a naval people is certain, as they continually fought in ships; and it is now agreed by all that the resemblance of Pulista and the Pelistim or Philistines of the Bible is too strong to be gainsaid. But this does not necessarily prove that they came from Palestine, as the Egyptians never seem to have met with the Pulista there; they belong rather to the Pelisti in Crete, which island is supposed to have been their head-quarters, and they were known as Cherethim to Ezekiel (xxv. 16) and Cherethites elsewhere in the Old Testament. These Philistines who fought naval battles with the Egyptians would thus be the same people as the Phœnicians, who were masters of the sea wherever they settled, whether in Palestine, Carthage, or Spain. And so close is the resemblance of their name, Poeni or Punici, to that of the land of Pûn, that it needs some care to avoid the ambiguity of the name Punic—an ambiguity of place rather than of race, as we may well believe when we compare their faces.

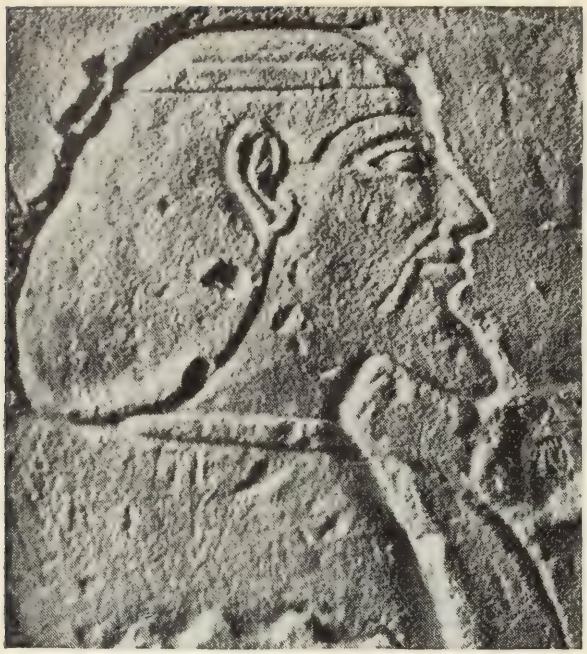
Turning to a wholly different stock, we see in the Thahennu† of North Africa the fair race with European features who are represented to the present day, by the Kabyles of Algeria. It may be questioned whether the name was a purely Egyptian appellation, as has been supposed, from *tahen*, crystal or clear, as referring to their complexion, or whether it may not be a native name slightly altered, since in their district stood the classical towns of Thenae, Then-teos, and Thenadassa—names which strongly recall the early Thahennu. These people appear as the most un-African race of Africa, the *Lebu* or Libyans, the *Mashuash* or Maxyes, and others, being of a coarser type. The historic interest of these tribes springs mainly from their great confederacies to swamp Egypt, first under Merenptah I., about 1300 B.C., and soon after, under Ramessu III. This confederation seems to have included nearly the whole power of the Mediterranean; not



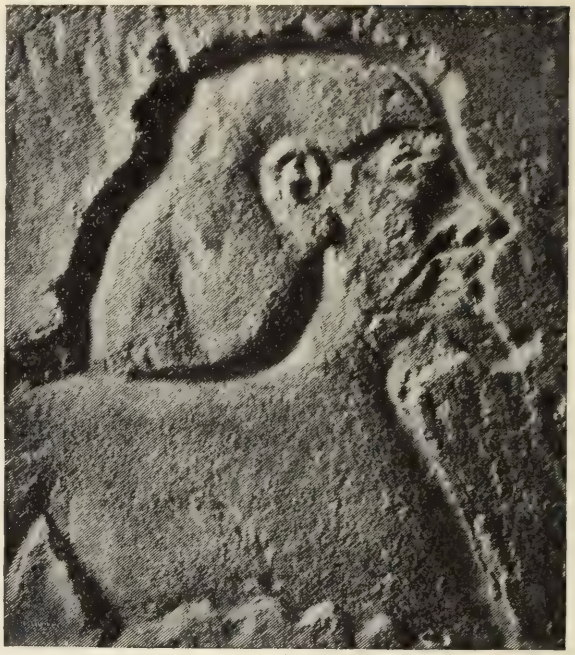
AMORITES.

* From triumph of Ramessu III.: at Medinet Habu, Thebes.

† From battles of Seti I.: north side of Great Hall, Karnak, Thebes.



GANAATA—JUDEAN.



IUTEHMALEK—JUDEAN.

only the African people, the Lebu or Libyans, the Mashuash or Maxyes, and the Thahennu, but also "all the lands of the north of the great sea," the Akauasha, Tuirsha, Leku, Shardana, and Shakalsha, who were first identified by De Rougè with the Achaeans, Etruscans, Lycians, Sardinians, and Siculi.* Difficulties exist in these identifications. However, that a great invasion of Mediterranean races was poured on to Egypt is undoubted. But they were thrust back, largely by the help of the allies of Egypt, who were enrolled as regular auxiliary troops. "For the auxiliaries of his Majesty were six hours slaughtering them. They put them to the sword.... When they were fighting, the vile chief of the Libyans looked on. His cowardly heart was afraid. He stretched out his legs in flight; he threw his bow beneath his feet. His weapons were left behind, and all he had. Violent despair took him, and terror spread in his limbs."† His silver and gold and vessels of brass, his wives' ornaments, his thrones, his bows, and all that he had brought with him fell to the Egyptians. Over nine thousand captives were seized, each armed with a bronze sword; 120,214 yokes of horses, with cattle, gold and silver drinking cups, and immense booty, all was seized by the victors, and Egypt was once more safe. "Then the whole land shouted to heaven, the villages and the counties were delighted at the marvels which had come to pass."‡ Again, under Ramesses III., nearly the same struggle took place, and again with the same result; Europe and the west were repelled from destroying the civilization of the world. In the second invasion the struggle was mainly on the sea, the Philistines and Sardinians having joined the confederacy in great force along with the Teucrians (Takkriu) of Asia Minor. After that the land had peace; a woman might walk where she liked, none making her afraid, and the useful auxiliaries "lay down all the length of their backs; they were not on the lookout, they did not attack Ethiopia or Syria; they ate and drank in jubilee, their wives with them, and their children at their side."§

Closely resembling the Thahennu is the head of a Greek woman, one of the Hanebu, or "lords of the north."‖ The refined face and delicately pointed nose, the ample lips and full chin, agree with a high class of Aryan race; while the long wavy black hair and the ringlet in front recall the hair so constantly shown on the early Greek vases. Whether this woman were from Hellas or from Asia Minor is uncertain, as the name Hanebu was not very closely localized in early times;

* Inscription at Karnak of Merenptah: translated in *Records of the Past*, iv. 39.

† Above, p. 44.

‡ Inscription at Karnak of Merenptah: translated in *Records of the Past*, iv. 46.

§ Harris papyrus: in *Records of the Past*, viii. 50.

‖ Triumph of Horemheb: Karnak.

but it certainly belongs to what we should broadly call a Greek people. That Greeks necessarily had what we know as a Grecian nose is of course a fallacy, the early vases showing us a very *retroussé* nose, and a face far removed from any type that we should call Greek. The type idealized by the sculptors was exceptional and not essential.

Passing through Asia Minor, where the Derdeni or Dardanians are identical in face with the Amorites, we come into Syria. The most European-looking race found there is undoubtedly the Amorite, known in the hieroglyphics as the Amar. "His height was as the height of the cedars, and he was strong as the oaks," says the prophet Amos. This valiant people were powerful foes of the Egyptians, and were in constant alliance and intermixture with the Hittites. The group of three Amorites we have here are from a chariot in the great scene on the pylon at the Ramesseum, where the host of Hittite and Amorite chariots cover the field, each bearing three warriors. These people occupied the whole of Palestine, afterward divided among the twelve tribes, from the Lebanon and Mount Hermon in the north to Kadesh Barnea in the south—perhaps the "Kadesh of the Amorites" named on the monuments. Mount Tabor, in Galilee by Nazareth, the "Tapur of the Amorites," was a great fastness of theirs. On the east of Jordan all Bashan was theirs, as Og, King of Bashan, and Sihon, King of Heshbon, are often named as the two kings of the Amorites, in Joshua and elsewhere, and they extended half-way down the east side of the Dead Sea to the Arnon. Judea was especially their stronghold, as their five kings, whose overthrow was the turning-point in the capture of West Palestine, were all grouped closely together to the south and west of Jerusalem. The tragic day of Makkedah, when their power was broken, was not, however, by any means the end of their race. Israel dwelt among the Amorites; they could not be driven out; peace was at last made with them under Samuel, and they became tributary to Solomon. So strong was their influence on the Israelites, not only in faith but in blood, that Ezekiel says of Jerusalem, "thy father was an Amorite, and thy mother a Hittite."*

That the Amorites were largely represented among the later inhabitants of Palestine is fully borne out by the likeness between the Judean captives of Shishak† and the Amorite portraits. The Judeans here have a somewhat thinner beard, more resembling the scanty beard of the Arabs or Shasu; and their expression is rather more subtle and town bred, lacking the bold, open, warrior type of the fighting Amorites. But they are evidently considerably Amorite; and of these places, like Jerusalem, the sentence is certainly borne out, "thy father was an Amorite." The captive bearing the name Iutehmalek was at first ascribed to the King of Judea; as, however, all the other captives in Shishak's list bear the names of cities, it is most likely that this figure represents some royal city in Judea, perhaps that known as Jehud. The other captive, with the name of Ganaata, represents the town or district still known as the Wady Ganāta.



MEN OF ASHKELON.

Closely akin to these Judeans are the men of Ashkelon‡—Askaluna, as it is named on the monuments. Remembering that these men are earlier than the Israelitish invasion, and that the heads of Iutehmalek and Ganaata are done three centuries later from captives taken after the

* Ezekiel, xvi. 3.

† Triumph of Shishak: on south wall of Great Hall, Karnak.

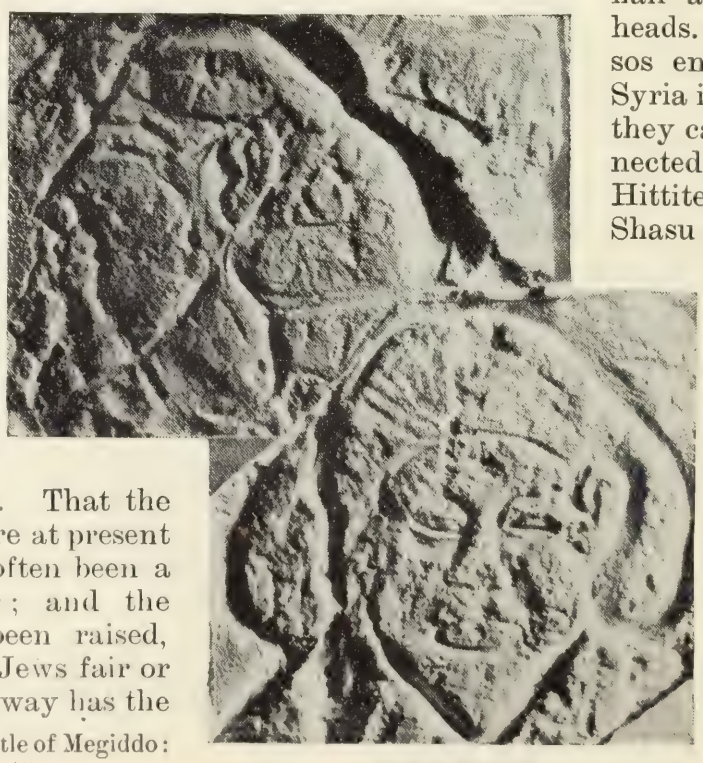
‡ War of Ramessu II.: south of Great Hall, Karnak.



HYKSOS SPHINX.

Israelite settlement, we see what a very slight change appears in the type of the population owing to the Jews who occupied the country. These men of Ashkelon are represented standing on the top of their fort, with outstretched hands in supplication, the women also being with them. Probably they were feeling much as did the unhappy people of Megiddo when 103 prisoners yielded themselves to the Egyptians, "starved out by the enemy."* It appears from the evidence of the portraits that, broadly speaking, Palestine was mainly inhabited by the one Amorite race, subdivided into various tribes, and that but little impression was made on the racial type by the Israelite immigration. That the Jews of the East are at present a light race has often been a cause of wonder; and the questions have been raised, were the original Jews fair or dark? and which way has the change taken place? May it not be that the color shows the extent of Amorite admixture? The Amorite chief of Kadesh, in a tomb at Thebes, appears painted white, with light brown eyes and hair.

A more bushy-haired people occupied the region north of Palestine, with thicker and heavier features than those of the Amorites. Such are the people of the Lebanon, and of Khal, or the region of Khalib (Aleppo) and the Khalus River. In the heads here, which, although the precise place is not named on the temple wall at Luxor, are from North Syria, there is a near approach to the type of the celebrated sphinxes which have been attributed to the Hyksos.† We see in the profile the same forehead in one line with the nose, the same slight bridge of the nose, and the same heavy and broad, though not projecting, tip, sloping beneath. The high cheek-bones, the heavy facial lines by the mouth, the expression of the lips, and the straight beard parallel to the line of the face, are all points of similarity; while the vast bell-shaped head of hair agrees exactly with the masses of hair around the Hyksos heads. That the Hyksos entered Egypt from Syria is certain; and that they can scarcely be connected with the beardless Hittites or thinly bearded Shasu seems clear. Here we have in all the details of the face and hair their exact parallel in northern Syria, and it is to that region we must look for their origin. It is certain that the Hittites were es-



NORTH SYRIANS.

* Thothmes III., battle of Megiddo: *Records of the Past*, ii. 45.

† Black granite sphinx from Tanis: in the Bulak Museum.

tablishing and extending their dominion long before the Egyptians met with such a formidable and well organized resistance to the conquests of Ramessu II.; and we might well suppose that it was the movement of the Hittite race from their northern home into Syria which impelled the North Syrians forward into Egypt and caused the Hyksos conquest in the XIVth dynasty.

The great people known as Khiti (Hittites) in the Hebrew, and as Khita in Egyptian, formed a powerful state in North Syria and on the Euphrates, from Lebanon to the Great River being all of it "the land of the Hittites." Their appearance is peculiar:* always beardless, with very retreating foreheads running back into a pointed head, thus forming a considerable angle between the lower part of the face and the upper, with very deeply marked facial lines or wrinkles down the sides of the mouth, and with the forehead often, perhaps always, shaven. A long tail of hair hung down behind, and in some cases it appears to have been double, as two masses, one on each side of the face, are seen in some front views. Their portraits, as seen on their monuments, lately discovered in northern Syria, are strikingly like the representations of them on the Egyptian monuments. This people maintained a military supremacy in North Syria for many centuries. With Ramessu the Great, 1400 B.C., they were at constant war, defying the strength of the Egyptians, who very narrowly escaped a crushing defeat. Their powers were so nearly equal that at last a long treaty was made, with honorable stipulations on both sides,† and the daughter of the Hittite king became a wife of Ramessu II. This treaty, however, does not appear to have been the first, as others between previous kings are mentioned in it. Later on we find Ramessu III. at war with them, and he carefully specifies, when decorating the outside of his palace at Medinet Habu with the sculpture of the King of the Khita, that the luckless ruler was "taken captive alive." Later still the Khita appear as valued auxiliaries of the Israelite kings, Ahimelech the Hittite and Uriah the Hittite being among David's mighty men. It is only under the reign of Solomon that we read of their being a tributary race, and somewhat later the Syrians were panic-stricken at the thought of the kings of the Hittites and Egyptians coming against them.‡ That the Hittites and Amorites were continually fighting side by side is evident. The forts taken by the Egyptians are garrisoned by their joint forces, as we see at Tabor (Dapur) and at Kadesh (Katesh), while in the battle scenes the chariots are mingled together, Hittite and Amorite alternately, and the bodies of troops are similarly mixed. That this was not merely because of a confederacy or alliance is shown by the accounts in Genesis,§ where in the heart of the Amorite country we find Abraham buying the cave of Machpelah from Ephron the Hittite, and bowing himself to the people of the land, "even to the children of Heth." While soon after, apparently at Beersheba, in the southern limit of Palestine, Esau married two Hittite wives,‖ not over-meek to their mother-in-law either, for she said, "I am weary of my life because of the daughters of Heth: if Jacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life do me?"¶ It seems not improbable that these Hittites settled among the Amorites were those known as Ruthennu to the



KING OF THE HITTITES.

* From the pylon of the Ramesseum and the Great Hall of Karnak.

† Translated in *Records of the Past*, iv. 25.

‡ 2 Kings, vii. 6.

§ Genesis, xxiii. 3.

‖ Genesis, xxvi. 34.

¶ Genesis, xxvii. 46.

Egyptians. That some of the Ruthennu were Hittites, little if at all modified, is certain from their portraits; and as they appear in South and Middle Syria, they can hardly be other than the Hittites who mingled with the Amorites.

The Hittite empire has within the last few years been put before us mainly by Professor Sayce, and more by means of the explanation and juxtaposition of disregarded facts than by the discovery of fresh monuments.* The race appears to have come from the highlands of Cappadocia and Armenia, and thence to have seized on and spread over northern Syria on the one hand and Asia Minor on the other. Their capital cities were Carchemish, the Greek Hierapolis (whence the modern name Jerablûs), standing on a branch of the Euphrates nearest to Antioch, Hamath on the Orontes, and Kadesh on an island in the same river. Thence their power extended itself as a military supremacy over the people of southern Syria—a supremacy accompanied by settlement, not unlike the invasion of another Mongolian race, the Turks. In Asia Minor they extended their dominion even to the western coast, their monuments being found as far as Sardes. This explains how it came about that the Hittites are joined with the Dardanians of the Troad (northwest of Asia Minor) at the triumph of Ramessu II. Warring continually with the rival powers of Egypt and Assyria, they held their country for many centuries, until the cities of Kadesh and Hamath were regained by the Syrians, from whom they had been wrested; and lastly their capital, Carchemish, was swept into the Assyrian empire by Sargon in 717 B.C. Thus ended a rule which had lasted for about a thousand years.



HITTITES.

We have now made in brief the grand tour of the ancient world at the time when its various races began to extend their relations to one another, when the Egyptian and the Hittite were the powers apparently responsible for the civilization of the world, and when the old Babylonian culture had not yet been spread abroad by the Assyrians, whom we often now call the first of the great monarchies. As yet the influence which the west of the Mediterranean was destined to exert was as little foreseen as was the influence of the Celtic or Teutonic savages, who were then still roaming far east of their later homes. The course of empire, for aught that could then be seen, might as well have gone eastward as westward. Here we have gone back through many cycles, and stood at the parting of the streams, when men knew not as yet what would be the end or whither they would flow.

* See Professor Sayce's Herodotos, pp. 425–435.

COMMERCE WITH THE SKIES.

BY JAMES HERBERT MORSE.

EARTHLY sorrows surely vanish
Under these benignant skies!
See how swiftly heaven shall banish
Tears of maids and maiden sighs!
Seas with wide and tranquil bosom,
Earth with every sweetest blossom,
Each "commercing with the skies,"
Where milk-white argosies sail through
Some remote, mysterious portal,
Far and far and far unto
Quays of jasper built immortal;
Thence, with freight of sapphire stone
And opal gems, sail back alone,
Sail alone, dispersing these
All along new golden quays.

Buy, sweet maiden! Load thine eyes
With this immortal merchandise!
See! Thy very eyes shall shine;
Grief in thee shall grow divine.
Tears that rose from sorrow's sources
Shall fall pearls in shining courses.
Stole shall pale, and cypress wither;
Youth and gayety come hither,
Claspèd hands and rings thereafter,
Wedding bells and bridemaids' laughter;
Then sweet children, jasper-eyed,
To sport upon that holy ground—
A mother's bosom, lucent, round—
A doubled sweet thus sanctified;
And heavenly manna, fallen duly,
There be gathered daily, newly.

So shall seas and summer skies
Banish dole from weeping eyes,
That, weeping, still behold their tears
Roll away in radiant spheres,
Each a world of sunset dyes,
Only barred with transient fears,
Which the sun, still unforgetting,
Shall himself illume ere setting.
Youth is deepened, youth is chastened,
All its spring-time growth but hastened,
When along its verdant plains
Rush a sudden sorrow's rains,
When the blue lakes shudder under
Forkèd fires and rattling thunder.
See! earth hardly waits till morn
Ere it flaunts its flowery banners,
And a thousand buds new-born
Sing upon the hills hozannas!

Buds are born in May, and blossoms
Shed their sweetest fragrance soon.
Oft, ere June, by storms o'ertaken,
I have seen those blossoms shaken—
I have seen them fall ere June.
Buy, sweet maiden, ere the sun
Far along thy May be run;
Buy these gems that then are rarest!
Babes lie best on mother's bosom
When that bosom is the fairest.
Buy, sweet maiden! Let thine eyes
Up from stole and cypress rise!
Let them commerce with these skies,
While yon fleeting argosies
Linger at the golden quays
With their jasper merchandise!



NATURE *VERSUS* ART.

Just as Stodge is about to explain the recondite ethical subtleties of his picture to a select circle of deeply interested and delightfully sympathetic women, his wife must come in with the *baby*, confound it! —Drawn by George Du Maurier.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Horatian philosophy, to gather rose-buds while we may, is accounted Epicurean and self-indulgent. But although Longfellow was not a Horatian, it is the substance of his exhortation in the "Psalm of Life" to act in the living present, and Longfellow renders the *carpe diem* in his musical and famous line. The same wisdom lurks in the words which Paul Flemming reads upon the marble tablet in the chapel at St. Gilgen: "Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the future without fear, and with a manly heart."

There are many ways in which this wise philosophy can be applied, because there are many kinds of rose-buds. If we should put the Horatian wisdom in a phrase, and say, Lose no opportunity, it would not be an invitation to a mad dance merely, to the wine cup, and the rose wreath fading at sunset. The soldier's opportunity is battle and death. Every man's opportunity is helping somebody else. But opportunity certainly has its softer and alluring aspect when you please yourself, as the Easy Chair reflected recently, remembering that the Wallack company was to play its last nights in the familiar and most comfortable of theatres, in which it would appear in the old English comedy. In the spirit of the St. Gilgen inscription, the Easy Chair resolved wisely to improve the present.

There is persuasive music in those words, the old English comedy. It is something as unique, and often as remotely related to actual human life, as the art of a half-barbarous people. It is a world of its own, with grotesque and suggestive resemblances to the world that we know. It holds the mirror up to a realm beyond any nature with which we are familiar. The better name for it is that of Charles Lamb, the artificial comedy of the last century, except that Lamb meant an earlier play, which our stage would not tolerate. Such preposterous virtue, such astounding vice, such swift conversions, such noble sentiments, such overwhelming priggishness of goodness, are not found out of the domain of this old comedy.

There is Morton's *Town and Country*, which was played delightfully by the Wallack company—was there ever anything in fairy lore more amazing? There is a hero who saves everybody's life, including that of the villain, and then saves everybody's soul, excepting the villain's, which resists his longest sermons. There is a brother whom he reclaims from the gambling-house to the home, a brother's wife whom he transforms from the Lamia of fashion to the domestic Madonna, and all with phrases even more unctuous and incontrovertible than those of Joseph Surface. The moment this extraordinary and lugubrious hero appears, your prophetic soul awaits the uplifted eye and the solemn voice of Joseph declaring that "the man who" is dead to the finest sentiment.

Then there is John Gilbert as the good old uncle with bottomless pockets full of gold, who cures all ills and repairs all wrongs with that miraculous solvent, bringing the city tastes and habits of London into the country, and clearing up confusion with his cheery good sense and steady temper. It is very interesting, as the Easy Chair has heretofore remarked, to observe the delicate distinctions and admirable gradations in Gilbert's representations of the English squire and London merchant or gentleman. The rose-bud that it had in mind to gather was the last opportunity of seeing him in these parts with the admirable company which it is sad to think is disbanded. It was the end of the thirty-sixth season of the company known as Wallack's, and which as a company will play no more. *Town and Country* is not a very definite play, and it has no figures whose names are representative or familiar, like Sir Peter or Squire Hardcastle. But when the Squire himself made his appearance toward the close of the season the house was so full that it seemed as if the charm of the play might have filled it for many a week.

It is hard to conceive that Mr. Gilbert can have any adequate successor in his own parts. He has created the standard, and when living memory can no longer measure the comparative excellence of other performances of them, they will be tested by the traditions of Gilbert. The plain good-breeding of his Hardcastle has yet a rustic quality, or flavor rather, which

is delicately discriminated from the courtly refinement of his Sir Peter. There is the essential gentleman in both, but it is the country gentleman in one, and the city gentleman in the other. The touch of chuckling senility in Hardcastle's pleasure with Diggory's enjoyment of his stories, and the uxorious fondness of Sir Peter, are both of a kind, but they are not the same, and you feel the difference. Neither of these characters can be dissociated from Gilbert by those who have seen him in them, and to know that they will not be seen again under the same conditions and support is to be conscious of a public loss.

The humor of *The School for Scandal* is of that brilliant, staccato, literary kind which can be enjoyed without the acting. But *She Stoops to Conquer* requires to be seen that its humor may be fully perceived. If you had read it merely, you might be greatly surprised in the theatre to find how constant is the laugh during the representation. The enjoyment, indeed, is very various. There is, among other charms, the distinct pleasure of recognizing the unreality of the world which is depicted. There is no such place; there never was. There are no such people. But in history and in stories there are descriptions of a certain kind of life in England a century ago, and from those descriptions the whole drama is evolved. The squire from whom Hardcastle is drawn was not a rural gentleman. Hardcastle is made partly of the figures of the earlier comedies and partly of Goldsmith's fancy of the squires whom he saw. Addison's Sir Roger was probably much more realistic.

But, however devised, Hardcastle, as impersonated by Gilbert, is a delightful character, and the whole plot of the play is natural and full of comedy. It has, indeed, the broad tone of the time, and probably of the life. Throughout there is a veiled coarseness, which is relieved and contrasted by the refinement of Hardcastle, and the constant movement is amusing. The pleasure lies in the way in which the characters are represented, not in the characters themselves. Marlowe and his friend, and Miss Hardcastle and her friend, and Tony Lumpkin and Mrs. Hardcastle, are not edifying or interesting people. But they are all in high spirits, and there has been the fun of a good romp when the curtain falls.

When it fell at last upon the old Wallack company it closed a long series of admirable performances and a long season of innocent pleasure. That opportunity, at least, cannot be seized again, and it is a pleasure to leave upon this page a record of the admirable genius and art of Mr. Gilbert. All, indeed, were good, but all will concede that the finished elegance of his performance was the central charm, and that wanting him, the want would have been fatal. There seemed no reason to doubt that, if not in the old place and with the familiar conditions, yet with all the old facility and fascination, the performance might be renewed, and Hardcastle and Sir Peter still increase "the public stock of harmless pleasure." To have increased it so long and so successfully is to feel that a life has not been ill spent, and the great public whom he has charmed so long will always regard Mr. Gilbert as a public benefactor.

THE visitor to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design this year who paused before the picture of "A Burgomaster of New Amsterdam," by the President of the Academy, Mr. Huntington, and which occupied the post of honor, if he glanced a little to the left and saw a large landscape by Mr. James M. Hart, called "Rain is Over," and a smaller work, "Charging an Earthwork," by Mr. Gilbert Gaul, would have seen side by side an illustration of the old exhibitions and of the new. The picture of Mr. Hart is one of the tranquil, simple, pleasing landscapes such as Durand used to paint, and which was the prevailing landscape type of those days. Mr. Gaul's work is a war picture. It recalls a great and all-absorbing national interest and movement, which in the day of Durand seemed as impossible as another Punic war, and yet which is already passed for nearly a quarter of a century.

The exhibition of this year was, upon the whole, perhaps the best in the history of the Academy. Looking about the rooms, the signal progress since the days in Beekman Street and at the corner of Leonard Street and Broadway was plainly visible. In those days, indeed, there were the vigorous and manly portraits of Henry Inman, and the velvet-smooth works of Ingham, Cole's brilliant landscapes and pretty and obvious allegories in color, and the graver, stately landscapes of Durand.

It was a simple, artless display of art, in which the chief works were those of these men. There were others who were beginning, and upon those old walls hung the first essays of artists whose names are familiar now. Charles Elliott soon overtook Inman, and easily passed with his vigorous stroke the ivory finish of Ingham, and his best works still stand among the fine American portraits; and Kensett, with his sensitive, delicate, refined, and faithful touch, wrote his name deep upon the record of American landscape-painting, as he wrote it also upon the hearts of his friends.

A more gentle, modest, attractive man, more truthful and generous, a closer and more patient and accurate student of nature, than John Kensett, is not found in the host of our living and distinguished painters. He was singularly free from the foibles of the artistic temperament, as it is called. He was full of sympathy and appreciation for the work of others, and never spared his warm commendation. Envy, jealousy, and the huckstering spirit of the peddler had no place in his sweet, transparent nature. His steady, even temper kept the peace for all his comrades, and he was ruffled only by what he thought to be wanton injustice to his fellow-artists. If he cherished, but in vain, the dream that comes to youth, and walked for a time in the enchanted realm

"Of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower,"

then saw the enchanting vision fade away, not less his manly soul with its natural sweetness accepted the fate which men may surmount but not control, and none who did not know all ever suspected the pang of that noble heart.

The exhibition of to-day reveals the wider range of study and experience by which our artists have been trained. But it is remarkable how little trace of the civil war now appears in the pictures. The constant revolutionary upheavals of France have affected its literature and art almost as much as politics and the government. It would be, however, difficult to infer from the six hundred pictures in this year's gallery of the Academy that heroes of the civil war are still young, and that changes so immense and momentous have been effected. Yet the little work that we have mentioned, "Charging an Earthwork," is a vivid and grim reminder both of the struggle and of the fierce valor upon both sides with which it was waged. The scattered, desperate, hand-to-hand fight, the terrible bayonet thrust at close quarters, the glistening rifle shot, the courage, the tragedy—they are all in this little picture, as in the memory of thousands who stop and study it with a kind of interest which no other picture upon the wall commands.

The absence of such works is another sign of the peaceful oblivion into which not the significance or the consequence, but the incidents and details, of the bloody strife in the field have happily fallen. Among the quiet spectators loitering about the galleries are the very men who in such sharp and sanguinary conflicts as the picture shows were brave and undaunted foes. But as they have long since exchanged the blue or gray uniform for the ordinary dress of citizens, so they have cherished no rancor of feeling, and leave to belated politicians to wage a furious sham-fight upon fields where real soldiers in heroic shocks of battle gained real victories. The absence of such pictures—for it was a civil war—marks the character of American civilization, and the essential generosity and humanity of the national character. There is no renunciation of a common gain. There is no recrimination in manly hearts. Even the infrequent picture attests the common courage.

Shall the observer in the gallery not add that the very prices named upon the catalogue for the pictures show the stronger grasp of the interests of art upon the public mind? Perhaps the prices illustrate the painter's own conception of the pecuniary value of his work rather than its comparative worth. But in that earlier day if some "jobber" of dry-goods in Pearl Street had ventured into Clinton Hall, and had seen on a Tyrolean landscape a small ticket indicating five thousand five hundred dollars as its price, he might have been impressed with a reverence for art in a way which he understood. If a picture of moderate size, Pearl Street might have reasoned, be worth that sum, painting pictures is an exceedingly gentlemanly business, and I shall not longer withstand my boy's inclination.

Moreover, as the observer will remark, it is not the lowest priced pictures which are marked sold. If the character of the exhibition has advanced, not less has

taste and discrimination in the choice of pictures. The influx of fine pictures for a generation, the fashion of collecting, has educated us all. It has raised the standard to which our own artists are obliged to conform. The exhibition of the Cole and Durand epoch, could it now be spread upon the Academy walls, would strike us as the illustrations in the first numbers of this Magazine now strike our eyes, educated by the marvellous development of American wood-engraving.

Even upon the swollen current of material prosperity float the symbols and the works of spiritual culture, reminding us of the great and permanent achievements of civilization. It is not the temple, it is the art in the design of the temple, which asserts the genius of Greece, and maintains over successive generations of civilized men the sway of a national power which as a state has practically ceased.

"The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule
Our spirits from their urns"

are not Tyre and Sidon and the great marts of trade. They are the "unseen powers" of the human mind which manifest themselves in religion and literature and art. It is in this view that the excellence of the Academy exhibition, the general interest in it, and those handsome figures upon the catalogue are all facts of the highest and pleasantest significance.

When, after the fascinating and romantic voyage on your camel, "the ship of the desert," you arrive in Jerusalem, you find that the scenes and customs and costumes have a strange familiarity, which is not precisely intelligible until you remember that they were among the earliest impressions of your childhood. Unconsciously the child's mind while most plastic is filled with impressions of the Bible lands. His eye becomes familiar with the pictures which illustrate Eastern life, the most changeless of lives from generation to generation. The turbans, the flowing robes, the palm-trees, the camels, the domed mosques, the minarets, the flat-roofed houses, the veiled women, are all from the first inseparable parts of his mental world, and whenever he may actually see them they will have no alien air.

So with the Scriptural stories, the first that many children hear, and often repeated. In how many of them the house-top is a peculiar phrase, but used in a manner almost incomprehensible to us. There is one of these phrases which haunts the memory of the imaginative child, "Let him which is upon the house-top not come down to take anything out of his house." It opens a realm in which he has no clew. The only denizens of the house-top that he has known are the little chimney-sweep of other years, crying from the awful mouth of the chimney, and the men who shingled the roof. It is to the child a fearful declivity, a guardless slope, down which, should he once venture through the scuttle, his foot would surely slip, and plunge him to a terrible fate. Gradually he perceives that in the Eastern countries the house-top is an important floor of the house. But not until he comes as a traveller to Jerusalem, and after he has eaten ascends to the roof, does he comprehend its charm and value.

It is the most delightful resort of the Eastern house, and that of the inn at Jerusalem will be forever memorable to him. The aerial dome which he sees, so light that the evening wind might float it away, is the Mosque of Omar, upon the site of the Temple. The narrow, barren defile beyond the walls is the Vale of Jehoshaphat. The gentle acclivity still beyond is the Mount of Olives. There is no more impressive, suggestive, historic landscape than the sad, bare panorama that he sees from the house-top in Jerusalem. But when his feeling has had its way, the intelligent American pilgrim looks around him, and contemplating the advantage and the comfort of the outer story of the house, asks himself why that stroke of domestic economy had not occurred to the American mind, and why in the crowded cities of his native land the beneficent space of the house-top has not been, in the characteristic phrase of that land, "utilized."

This is the precise question which has occurred with such force to a good physician of New York, Dr. Gouverneur M. Smith, that he has asked the question aloud, and called public attention to the "wasted sunbeams." Thousands of men and women and children in the city of New York require more fresh air and more sunshine, which are both waiting and ready to serve them. Thousands of acres of accessible upland, through whose purer air the sun shines unchecked, lie waste above

our heads. Kind women send little children and hard-worked girls to the seaside, to a sanatorium, into the country, for a week, a fortnight, a month. It is a beneficent generosity. But if, when the pilgrims return, the sanatory service could continue and the benefits be retained, how much the kindly blessing would be enhanced!

The good sense of skilful and thoughtful builders, as in the Equitable Building and in clubs, has already placed the kitchen on the upper floor, that the culinary fumes may not pervade the house. The change shows at least the overthrow of the tradition that the highest and airiest floor should be devoted to cells for domestics and dungeons for trunks and lumber. But the house-top can serve a much more generous and beneficent purpose than affording a slope for the easy escape of rain. It can be transformed into a garden, a play-ground, a promenade, a sanatorium. The sun-bath is the miracle-worker. The blue-glass mystery was simply the curative virtue of sunshine. The sun is the universal benefactor. In the very slums there are these opportunities, which may be readily adapted to substitute sun, air, space, exhilaration, and health, for the damp, dark, noisome kennel in which the hollow-eyed child of the poor wallows and sickens.

Dr. Gouverneur Smith has suggested a project which will open to us lordly possessions of our own of which we were ignorant. We are richer than we knew. There are possible hanging gardens which we have only to enter and cultivate, and aerial solar pavilions in which the sick and the feeble may be revived as in the pool of Siloam. The house-top which was so vaguely familiar to the boy reading of the East may become most happily familiar to the benevolent man proud of the West for its humane science and true charity. Goethe, in his ripe age, died saying "More light." It is the legend of the age in which he is so great a figure. In all its senses it is a cry for spiritual and material welfare. Dr. Smith's proposal is a clear echo of Goethe's cry.

Dickens's Rogue Riderhood, who says "Easy does it, guvner," was a very practical man. But there is no motto which is more susceptible of perversion. Mr. Seward said the same thing in his last great speech. "I early learned from Jefferson that in politics we must do what we can, not what we would." It is not only plausible, but it is true. Yet its truth can be most readily abused to defeat everything for which it is urged.

> "'I weep for you,' the walrus said;
> 'I deeply sympathize.'
> With tears and sobs he sorted out
> Those of the largest size,
> Holding his pocket-handkerchief
> Before his streaming eyes."

It was necessary that the walrus should eat, and it was very sad that the oysters should satisfy the necessity. But it is obvious that wicked walruses who have no intention whatever of not eating oysters would sob aloud with heart-rending vehemence as proof of a virtue which they do not possess. The foes of progress are always anxious that its friends should go easily. "Easy does it, guvner." But meanwhile they are anything but easy in obstructing. In the race, the sly gentleman who bets on Tom whispers confidentially to the jockey who rides Jerry that he had better "go easy." The friends of the saloon hope that the true friends of temperance are aware that the only way of success is to avoid fanaticism. But they omit to hide their bodies as well as their heads, for they are unsparing fanatics on their own behalf.

When Gustavus, in deference to his dear Griselda, promised to begin to reform the baleful habit of smoking, his Griselda was jocund as the dawn. But at the end of a week she did not observe that there were fewer cigars consumed, and she pleasantly asked him if the good resolution had escaped his memory. "By no means," he answered; "quite the contrary. But you remember what Rogue Riderhood said, 'Easy does it, guvner.' We must move warily upon the intrenched enemy, dearest Grizzle. Remember that Rome was not built in a day." Griselda remembered faithfully. But still the cigars continued, and upon a further gentle remonstrance Gustavus rejoined: "Certainly; but we must be reasonable. There are many steps, my dear Griselda. In siege operations the great masters of war approach by parallels, after making ample and thorough preparation. That is what I am doing. I am beginning to prepare to begin. Easy does it, you know. Don't forget Rome."

Still Gustavus smoked, and still Griselda waited, and at the end of six months

she asked with a smile how far he had advanced in abandoning the habit of smoking. "Dear Grizzle," he answered, "you remember the weeds that sprang up and soon withered because they had no depth of soil. I wish my reform of this naughty habit to be well rooted, that it may long endure. None of your spasmodic virtue, your superficial goodness, for me! Great reforms, even in personal habits, my dear Mrs. Gustavus, cannot be accomplished in a day. Even Rome was not built in that time. I am working for great results, to which all my tastes and habits must conform. I must lay the foundations broad and deep. Easy does it, my rose-bud."

Gustavus continues to smoke, and Easy continues to do it. But there is another saying quite as wise as that of Rogue Riderhood, which exhorts him who puts his hand to the plough not to look back. The trouble with Riderhood's apothegm is that it supplies an endless excuse for not doing it. If the habit is too strong, and will not budge, you can soothe your conscience and make the most plausible of pleas by insisting that human nature and long custom and uniform tradition and the honest doubt whether smoking is, after all, injurious, must all be carefully considered. That is what Dickens also calls the great art of how not to do it. "My son, if you wish a thing done, do it yourself; if not, send," said the wise father; and the pioneers, the men without whose one idea and uncompromising energy and conciliation nothing would be accomplished, say with Sumner, "There is but one side," and with Cato, "*Delenda est Carthago.*"

It is true that everything cannot be done at once, but something must be done all the time; and you will observe that it is not when the work is advancing, but when it stops or goes backward, that we hear the familiar wisdom of the Rogue that Easy does it. That is what makes it a suspicious saying. "What are you doing, sir?" thundered the master to the boy. "Nothing, sir," replied the frightened pupil. "Just as I thought, sir. Don't you know that your business is to do something?" When a man says "easy does it," he may be doing all that he can; but the immense probability, the almost absolute certainty, is that he is doing nothing, or, like the amiable Gustavus, he is "beginning to prepare to begin."

Editor's Study.

I.

IT has been interesting to note the effect of Matthew Arnold's death upon a people whom his criticism had just irritated against him. The sad event cut short many expressions of resentment, and even turned to kindness the more difficult mood of those who were disposed to laugh at him. It restored the perspective in which we had seen him before he came to us, and enabled us again to value his censure aright. Upon the whole, the impression which Americans had received from him personally was not one of great dignity, and though this was partly the result of that mischievous license of the reporters which he complained of, it was also partly due to something in his own mental make-up and attitude. He became, in a certain degree, one of our national jokes, and he suffered a slight with those who most deplored the injustice done him by this fate. Something of D'Oyly Carte, and association with the management of Mr. Oscar Wilde's mission and Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's comic operas; something of the ignominy of subjection to calls of "Louder!" at his half-heard lectures; something of the malicious pleasure men take in finding an arbiter of taste saying things in bad taste, and a wise person committing indiscretions, contributed to his lapse as a cult among us; but we must not deny that this happened also because we are an irreverent people, and find from time to time a pleasure in trampling on the idols we set up. Now, however, that is all past; death has made it impossible for us to rail or smile at the man whose presence could not always command our homage, and we can freely admit his greatness in literature and his good-will toward a perverse generation. Even while we perceive that his observation of our life wanted breadth and depth and finality, we must acknowledge that in its superficial way, and as far as it went, it was mainly just. We cannot deny that we are a loud and vain and boastful nation; that our reporter-

ized press is often truculently reckless of privacy and decency; that our local nomenclature is beggarly in its poverty and horribly vulgar, and that tens of thousands of our places seem to have been named with less sense and less taste than dogs and horses are named; that our cabs and hotels are expensive; that a moderate income does not go so far here as in England; and that to the average person of culture we must be less entertaining than almost any other nation. We are not picturesque, and we are not splendid. Our towns, when they are tolerably named, are not varied in their characteristics, and our civilization, as a means of pleasure to polite people of limited means and of sympathies narrowed to their own class, with the historic ideals of beauty and grandeur, is very much of a failure. Mr. Arnold might have said with some truth that we have not even been equal to our political and economic opportunities; we cannot be particularly proud of our legislatures and administrations; the relations of capital and labor in our free democracy are about as full of violence as those in any European monarchy; we have wasted the public lands which we won largely by force and fraud, and we are the prey of many vast and corrupting monopolies. Perhaps any other Aryan race could have done as well as we have done with our liberties and resources; and if the future is still ours, the present is by no means without its danger and disgrace.

II.

Yet some good things we have done, some great things achieved, and among these is the abolition of that "distinction" which Mr. Arnold found wanting in our life. We have noticed a disposition among the critics of his criticism to dispute the fact, but it is his only stricture upon our conditions which we should gladly accept as true. If we have really got rid of distinction of the sort he seems to prize, we have made a great advance on the lines of our fundamental principles. If we understand it aright, distinction of the sort that shows itself in manner and bearing toward one's fellow-men is something that can exist only through their abeyance, not to say their abasement. Our whole civilization, if we have a civilization of our own, is founded upon the conviction that any such distinction is unjust and deleterious, and our whole political being is a protest against it. In every way our history has said that a game of that kind was not worth the candle, and that human nature was better in itself than any aristocratic extract or decoction from it. One of the truths which Americans have always held to be self-evident was that a man, if he was honest, was not only privileged, but was in duty bound, to look other men in the face, with eyes as nearly upon the same level as congenital differences would allow. The fear with most Americans to whom this truth is precious has been that our social structure was not responsive to our political ideal; that the snobbishness, more or less conscious, which alone makes distinction possible was at least microscopically present in our composition. But if an observer like Mr. Arnold, accustomed to distinction as it shows itself in European civilization, was unable to perceive it here—if he could find great ability, power, goodness, in our noted men, and every virtue except distinction, we may reasonably console ourselves with the hope that snobbishness is also absent from all Americans not corrupted by the evil communications of the Old World.

So far from feeling cast down by Mr. Arnold's failure to detect distinction in a nation which has produced such varied types of greatness in recent times as Lincoln, Longfellow, Grant, Emerson, John Brown, Mrs. Stowe, Hawthorne, not to name many others eminent in art and science and finance, we are disposed to a serene complacency by it. Here, we may say, with just self-gratulation, is positive proof that we have builded better than we knew, and that our conditions, which we have always said were the best in the world, have evolved a type of greatness in the presence of which the simplest and humblest is not abashed. Somehow, the idea that we call America has realized itself so far that we already have identification rather than distinction as the fact which strikes the foreign critic in our greatness. Our notable men, it seems, are notable for their likeness to their fellow-men, and not for their unlikeness; democracy has subtly but surely done its work; our professions of belief in equality have had their effect in our life; and whatever else we lack in homogeneity, we have in the involuntary recognition of their common humanity

by our great men something that appears to be peculiarly American, and that we think more valuable than the involuntary assumption of superiority, than the distinction possible to greatness, among peoples accustomed to cringe before greatness.

III.

We have come to this rather lately, and we fear we have not come to it so fully as Mr. Arnold would have the world believe. But we may see the progress we have made in the right direction by the study of our own past, and especially of that formative period when the men who invented American principles had not yet freed themselves from the influence of European traditions. We spoke in a recent Study of the character of Franklin, and we think of him now as the most modern, the most American, among his contemporaries. Franklin had apparently none of the distinction which Mr. Arnold lately found lacking in us; he seems to have been a man who could no more impose upon the imagination of men used to abase themselves before birth, wealth, achievement, or mastery in any sort, as very many inferior men have done in all times, than Lincoln or Grant. But he was more modern, more American, than any of his contemporaries in this, though some of them were of more democratic ideals than he. His simple and plebeian past made it impossible for a man of his common-sense to assume any superiority of bearing, and the unconscious hauteur which comes of aristocratic breeding, and expresses itself at its best in distinction, was equally impossible to him. It was very possible, however, with other men as ardently and unselfishly patriotic and as virtuous as he, and distinction was not wanting to the men of the Republic's early days. Washington had it, and Hamilton; Jefferson tried hard not to have it; but Burr had it, and Hancock had it; and most of the great men whom New York contributed to that period of our history had it; and of course the Carolinians, as far as they were eminent. Above all, Gouverneur Morris had it, and he had it for the very reason that Franklin hadn't it, because he was well-born, because he was brought up in the heart of a rich, gay, patrician society, because all the foolish things which have been done since the world began to differentiate men from men socially had been done for him in the full measure of the Colonial possibilities.

In the brilliant sketch which Mr. Theodore Roosevelt has written of Morris's brilliant career (it is among the very best of Mr. Morse's "American Statesmen" series) the reader may study one of the most interesting characters of our history, with the advantages of a most suggestive, intelligent, and comprehensive authority, and it will be his own fault if he fails of that finer meaning of the book which is sometimes tacit even for the writer of it. The one thoroughly admirable thing in Morris, his prompt and unfailing patriotism, in which he was as American as his antitype, Franklin, remains the consolation of such as cannot admire his other qualities. These were the qualities of a brave, truthful, generous, impulsive, yet clear-headed aristocrat; and his greatness was limited chiefly by his want of sympathy with men outside of his own class. His services were given freely and fearlessly to his country; yet what he did for nationality, for democracy, was done somewhat from that curious inverted pride which is a common foible of the aristocratic temperament. In his long mission to France he saw too much of the nobility and too much of the mob for a man of his make to believe fully in either: he wrote of both with contemptuous sarcasm: but at home he was of those who distrusted the popular initiative, while foreseeing the future greatness of the country which that initiative could alone promote. In private life he was at least as blameless as Franklin, if that is not saying very much; he was not scrupulous about women, and he had those traits of a man of the world which all silly women admire, and some sensible women admire sillily. When a young man he lost a leg by an accident which his own coxcombry provoked, but he bore his misfortune through life with uncomplaining dignity and with bitter irony in about equal parts. His courage was cavalieresque, but he had an eighteenth century skeptical spirit, and he was neither saintly nor exactly heroic. In spite of his foibles, he was a man of great common-sense, and though he took himself seriously as a "gentleman," he did not take himself solemnly; he was too critical to be altogether disdainful. His political services were general rather than particular; as a statesman he forecast the material rather than

the political future of the country, and the social future growing out of it; he would not have liked or trusted modern Americanism any more than Mr. Arnold, to whom, if he could have appeared, he would certainly have appeared distinguished. Distinction, in fact, is what one feels throughout in regard to Gouverneur Morris, and in the end one feels that if he had been less distinguished he would have been greater; he would have been a lesson and an incentive, which, with all the respect his qualities inspire, one can hardly say that he was. Did his distinction, that effect of waning traditions, that result of the misfortune of being born with all the advantages, keep him just short of the highest usefulness to his generation as well as ours? Probably Mr. Arnold would not think so; but all the same, as a historical figure, he remains more decorative than structural; that is, the Revolution could have been without such a man as Morris infinitely easier than without such a man as Franklin. He was a brilliant finial, but the temple of our liberties in no wise rests upon him.

IV.

Far be it from us to say anything against the decorative in its place. It is something that we cannot afford to lose out of life; but somehow it must be had at less cost than hitherto, and we must not mistake it for anything vital. It is valuable, in a way it is even important, but it is not vital, and in our haste to be finer and politer than our critics will allow us to be, we ought not to seek it at the cost of anything vital, of anything that keeps men humble and simple and brotherly, the greatest with the meanest. Except as distinction can grow out of an absolutely unassuming attitude, and the first man among us appear distinguished from the rest only by his freedom from any manner of arrogation, we are much better without it. The distinction that abashes and dazzles, this is not for any people of self-respect to cultivate or desire; and we mean here precisely the best distinction that Mr. Arnold can mean. We do not mean the cheap and easy splendor of the vulgar aristocrat or plutocrat, but that far subtler effect in lives dedicated to aims above the common apprehension, and apart from the interests and objects of the mass of men; we mean the pride of great achievement in any sort, which in less fortunate conditions than ours betrays itself to the humiliation of meaner men. The possessor of any sort of distinction, however unconscious he may be of the fact, has somewhere in his soul, by heredity, or by the experience of his superiority, the spark of contempt for his fellow-men; and he is for that reason more deplorable than the commonest man whom his presence browbeats. If our civilization is so unfavorable to the expression of contempt that Mr. Arnold could find no distinction among our great men, then we may hope that in time it may be wholly quenched.

We are so far from taking his discovery ill of him that we cheerfully excuse to it his failure to detect the existence of literature and art among us. Comparisons are odious, as we found ourselves when Mr. Arnold compared Emerson to his disadvantage with several second-rate British classics, and we will not match painter with painter, architect with architect, sculptor with sculptor, poet with poet, to prove that our art and literature are at least as good as those of present England. In some points we might win and in others lose, but in any case it would be an idle game. What we should like to do, however, is to persuade all artists intending greatness in any kind among us that the recognition of the fact pointed out by Mr. Arnold ought to be a source of inspiration to them, and not discouragement. We have been now some hundred years building up a state on the affirmation of the essential equality of men in their rights and duties, and whether we have been right or been wrong the gods have taken us at our word, and have responded to us with a civilization in which there is no distinction perceptible to the eye that loves and values it. Such beauty and such grandeur as we have is common beauty, common grandeur, or the beauty and grandeur in which the quality of solidarity so prevails that neither distinguishes itself to the disadvantage of anything else. It seems to us that these conditions invite the artist to the study and the appreciation of the common, and to the portrayal in every art of those finer and higher aspects which unite rather than sever humanity, if he would thrive in our new order of things. The talent that is robust enough to front the everyday world and catch the charm of its workworn, care-worn, brave, kindly face, need not fear the encounter, though it seems

terrible to the sort nurtured in the superstition of the romantic, the bizarre, the heroic, the distinguished, as the things alone worthy of painting or carving or writing. The arts must become democratic, and then we shall have the expression of America in art; and one reproach which Mr. Arnold is half right in making us shall have no justice in it. The implication of his censure was not so much that we had no literature or no art, as that we had nothing that was strictly American in either; but even in this he seems to have been speaking without the documents. Here and there a man has detached himself from tradition, and has struck something out of our life that is ours and no other's. Of late this has been done more and more in our fiction, which, if we were to come to those odious comparisons, we need not be afraid to parallel book for book with contemporary English fiction; and no one can look at Mr. St. Gaudens's head of Sherman in the Academy and fail to see how possible the like achievement is in sculpture—at least to a St. Gaudens. It has no distinction, in Mr. Arnold's sense, no more distinction than he would have found in the great soldier's actual presence, but it seems to express the grandeur of a whole people, a free people, friendly, easy, frank, and very valiant.

VI.

There is a lovely prose poem of Tourguénief's, telling how he went into a church when a boy, and knelt down beside a peasant. Suddenly it rushed into the boy's mind that this man was Jesus Christ, and for a while he could not look round at his companion for awe of his own hallucination; when he did so, there was only the plain, common man. Then it was borne in upon him that Christ was really like that poor peasant when he was on earth, and only a plain, common man. There is, indeed, no evidence that the founder of our religion struck his contemporaries as "distinguished," and there is considerable proof in the record of his doings and sayings that he would hardly have valued distinction in others.

We need not at least impute it to ourselves as a serious moral shortcoming if we are without it, and we may find some consolation in the fact that we have in a measure realized the Christian in the democratic ideal. There is something sweet, something luminous, in the reflection that apparently there is in the ordinary American the making of the extraordinary American; that the mass of our people were so near to such great men as Grant and Lincoln in sympathy and intelligence that they could not be awed from them to the distance that lends distinction. It was the humane and beneficent effect of such grandeur as theirs that it did not seem distinguished, but so natural that it was like the fulfilment of the average potentiality.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 14th of May.—The most important transactions of Congress during the month were as follows: Resolution upon the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase United States bonds with a surplus in the Treasury, passed, House, April 16th; bill to provide for the admission of the State of Dakota into the Union and for the organization of the Territory of Lincoln, passed, Senate, April 19th; River and Harbor Bill, passed, House, May 7th; Chinese treaty (amended) ratified, Senate, May 7th; Chace International Copyright Bill, passed, Senate, May 9th; new treaty with Peru ratified, Senate, May 10th.

Up to April 20th, the one-hundredth day of the first session of the Fiftieth Congress, the total number of bills and resolutions introduced in the Senate and House was 12,568; bills passed by House, 425; by Senate, 831. Bills sent by House to the President for his approval, 185; by Senate, 24.

April 30th, the nomination of Melville Weston Fuller, of Illinois, as Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was sent to the Senate, and, May 9th, of Robert B. Roosevelt, of New York, as Minister to the Netherlands.

April 17th, Francis T. Nicholls, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor of Louisiana by 85,786 majority.

The following bills were passed by the New York Legislature: Crosby High License, Senate, April 26th (vetoed by Governor Hill May 9th); Ballot Reform, Assembly, May 3d, Senate, May 10th; to provide for the execution of murderers by electricity, Senate, May 8th.

In the House of Commons the bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister was passed April 18th; Local Government

Bill, read a second time without division, April 20th; Irish County Government Bill defeated, April 25th; Irish Land Commission Bill passed, on its second reading, April 30th.

April 18th, the Pope confirmed the declaration of the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition condemning the use of means known as "the plan of campaign" and "boycotting" in the contests between landlords and tenants in Ireland. A circular embodying this decision was addressed to the Irish bishops April 20th.

The Panama Lottery Loan Bill was passed by the French Chamber of Deputies April 28th.

The new Dutch Ministry is as follows: Interior, Baron Mackay; Justice, M. Ruys van Beerenbrock; Finance, M. Godin de Beaufort; Foreign Affairs, M. Hartsen; Colonies, M. Keuchenius; War, Colonel Bergansius; Marine, M. Schimmelpenninck; Commerce, M. Havelaar.

The bill to abolish slavery in Brazil was approved by the Regent May 13th.

DISASTERS.

April 16th.—Advices from Calcutta reported the death of over one hundred persons and injuries to over one thousand in a recent tornado at Dacca.—News in London of the sinking of the steamer *Vena* in a collision with the steamer *Biela* off Deal. Ten of the crew lost.

April 19th.—Twenty-two persons killed by an explosion in a colliery at Workington, England.

April 29th.—The ship *Smyrna* sunk in a collision with the steamer *Moto* off the Isle of Wight. Thirteen persons drowned.

May 7th.—Advices from India announced the death of about one hundred and fifty persons in hail-storms at Delhi and Moradabad.

OBITUARY.

April 17th.—In Brooklyn, Ephraim George Squier, the archæologist, aged sixty-six years.

April 18th.—In New York, Dr. Cornelius Rea Agnew, aged fifty-seven years.—In New York, John R. G. Hassard, aged fifty-one years.

April 19th.—In Baltimore, A. S. Abell, founder of the Baltimore *Sun*, aged eighty-one years.

April 20th.—In New York, William B. Dinsmore, President of the Adams Express Company, aged seventy-seven years.

April 21st.—In Boston, Brigadier-General William Dwight, aged fifty-six years.—In Ottawa, Thomas White, Canadian Minister of the Interior, aged fifty-eight years.

April 22d.—In New Brunswick, New Jersey, Rear-Admiral Charles Stewart Boggs, aged seventy-seven years.

April 26th.—In New York, Mrs. Clemence S. H. Lozier, M.D., aged seventy-four years.

May 2d.—In Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, John Henry Hobart Brown, Bishop of the Fond du Lac Diocese, aged fifty-six years.

May 3d.—In Ann Arbor, Michigan, Professor Edward S. Dunster, aged fifty-four years.

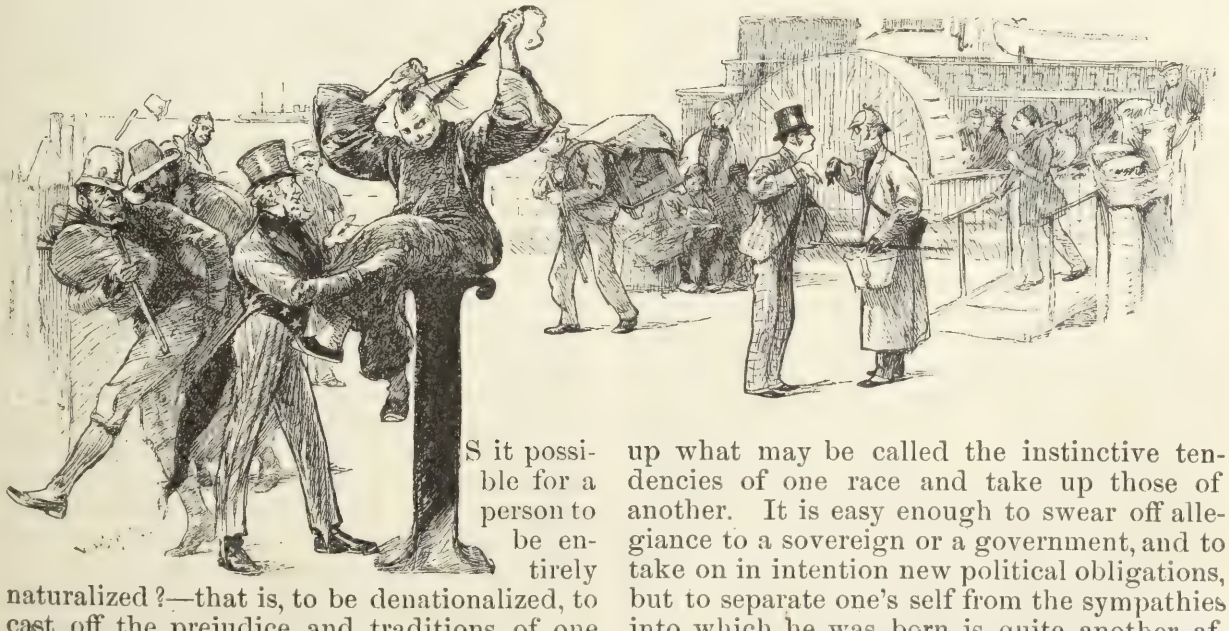
May 6th.—In Amherst, Massachusetts, Laurens Perseus Hickok, ex-President of Union College, aged eighty-nine years.

May 8th.—In London, Professor Leone Levi, aged sixty-six years.—Announcement of the death, April 14th, in Valencia, Spain, of Joseph S. Alemany, late Archbishop of San Francisco, aged seventy-four years.

May 12th.—In Toronto, Canada, John Joseph Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, aged seventy-two years.

May 13th.—In Portsmouth, England, Vice-Admiral Sir William Nathan Wrighte Hewett, aged fifty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



IS it possible for a person to be entirely naturalized?—that is, to be denationalized, to cast off the prejudice and traditions of one country and take up those of another, to give up what may be called the instinctive tendencies of one race and take up those of another. It is easy enough to swear off allegiance to a sovereign or a government, and to take on in intention new political obligations, but to separate one's self from the sympathies into which he was born is quite another affair. One is likely to remain in the inmost

recesses of his heart an alien, and as a final expression of his feeling to hoist the green flag, or the dragon, or the cross of St. George. Probably no other sentiment is so strong in a man as that of attachment to his own soil and people, a sub-sentiment always remaining, whatever new and unbreakable attachments he may form. One can be very proud of his adopted country, and brag for it, and fight for it, but lying deep in a man's nature is something, no doubt, that no oath nor material interest can change, and that is never naturalized. We see this experiment in America more than anywhere else, because here meet more different races than anywhere else with the serious intention of changing their nationality. And we have a notion that there is something in our atmosphere, or opportunities, or our government, that makes this change more natural and reasonable than it has been anywhere else in history. It is always a surprise to us when a born citizen of the United States changes his allegiance, but it seems a thing of course that a person of any other country should, by an oath, become a good American, and we expect that the act will work a sudden change in him equal to that wrought in a man by what used to be called a conviction of sin. We expect that he will not only come into our family, but that he will at once assume all its traditions and dislikes, that whatever may have been his institutions or his race quarrels, the moving influence of his life hereafter will be the "Spirit of '76."

What is this naturalization, however, but a sort of parable of human life? Are we not always trying to adjust ourselves to new relations, to get naturalized into a new family? Does one ever do it entirely? And how much of the lonesomeness of life comes from the failure to do it! It is a tremendous experiment, we all admit, to separate a person from his race, from his country, from his climate, and the habits of his part of the country, by marriage; it is only an experiment differing in degree to introduce him by marriage into a new circle of kinsfolk. Is he ever anything but a sort of tolerated, criticised, or admired alien? Does the time ever come when the distinction ceases between his family and hers? They say love is stronger than death. It may also be stronger than family—while it lasts; but was there ever a woman yet whose most ineradicable feeling was not the sentiment of family and blood, a sort of base-line in life upon which trouble and disaster always throw her back? Does she ever lose the instinct of it? We used to say in jest that a patriotic man was always willing to sacrifice his wife's relations in war; but his wife took a different view of it; and when it becomes a question of office, is it not the wife's relations who get them? To be sure, Ruth said, thy people shall be my people, and where thou goest I will go, and all-that, and this beautiful sentiment has touched all time, and man has got the historic notion that he is the head of things. But is it true that a woman is ever really naturalized? Is it in her nature to be? Love will carry her a great way, and to far countries, and to many endurances, and her capacity of self-sacrifice is greater than man's; but would she ever be entirely happy torn from her kindred, transplanted from the associations and interlacings of her family life? Does there anything really take the place of that entire ease and confidence that one has in kin, or the inborn longing for their sympathy and society? There are two theories about life, as about naturalization: one is that love is enough, that intention is enough; the other is that the whole circle of human relations and attachments is to be considered in a marriage, and that in the long-run the question of family is a preponderating one. Does the gate of divorce open more frequently from following the one theory than the other? If we were to adopt the notion that marriage is really a tremendous act of naturalization, of absolute surrender on one side or the other of the deepest sentiments and hereditary tendencies, would there be so many hasty marriages—slip-knots tied by one justice to be undone by another? The Drawer did not intend to start such a deep question as this. Hosts of people are yearly naturalized in this country, not from any love of its institutions, but because they can more easily get a living here, and they really surrender none of their hereditary ideas, and it is only human nature that marriages should be made with like purpose and like reservations. These reservations do not, however, make the best citizens or the most happy marriages. Would it be any better if country lines were obliterated, and the great brotherhood of peoples were established, and there was no such thing as patriotism or family, and marriage were as free to make and unmake as some people think it should be? Very likely, if we could radically change human nature. But human nature is the most obstinate thing that the International Conventions have to deal with.

ONE ADVANTAGE OF BEING "EDICATED."

FREEDWOMAN LIZZIE, a good servant, was married to an unworthy husband, and made complaint of his unkindness. One of the young ladies of the family in which she served, desirous of knowing how she happened to be so married, asked her about their love-making and courtship.

"Lizzie, what on earth did Watt say to you to make you marry him?"

"Law! Miss Sallie," answered Lizzie, "*you* know I couldn't make no answer to Watt when he come co'tin' of me, 'cause Watt's *edicated*." (With guileful wisdom of words he "come co'tin' of her.") "And," she continued, "he got *some* on his words out de *jogafy* and *some* out de *dicshunary*. And *co'se, you* know, Miss Sallie, *I* couldn't make no 'sistance to Watt."



THE TRIALS OF AUTHORS.

SCAPEGRACE SON (*introducing his old father to young lady*). "Miss Gladys, the author of my being."
OLD GENTLEMAN (*bowing*). "A work that has been much criticised."

BACON'S LOST OPPORTUNITY.

AT a dinner held in New York not long ago, the guests fell to discussing the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. Among the guests was an aged Western gentleman, who said very little and listened a great deal. Finally he was asked what he thought of the question.

"Well," he replied, deliberately, "of course I don't know much about it, but if Lord Bacon did not write those plays, he lost the greatest opportunity of his life."

For a wonder, this view of the controversy was received without a dissenting voice.

TWO QUEER SERVANTS.

A STORY OF CENTRAL RUSSIA.

"YOU talk of having trouble with your servants, Courtenay, my boy," said Captain Lansdowne, of the British Dragoon Guards, as he sat at the double window of his hotel in Moscow, watching the red winter sunset fade behind the great white battlements and green-tiled towers encircling the "Gorodskaya Tchast" (city quarter). "Well, just you come and live in Russia for a year or two, and then you'll think all Western servants absolute perfection."

"That's so," assented Mr. Hiram Boyler, with a dry smile upon his keen American face. "I've engineered three railroads between this and the Volga, and I ought to know what sort of critters the Russians are."

"But really, now, you know," expostulated Courtenay—who, as a new arrival, was being put through a course of Russian manners and customs by his two friends—"some of these stories that they tell about servants can't possibly be true. For instance, fancy anybody expecting one to believe that an officer's servant could bring his master two odd boots, and say: 'Faith, I don't know what's got into thim boots to-day. There's another pair down-stairs in that very same scrape, shure!'"

"Well, I'm sorry to contradict you, old fellow," said the captain, laughing, "but it happens that *I saw that done myself*, and the officer was the senior major of our regiment."

"And if you want a parallel case," chimed in Mr. Boyler, "I guess we can accommodate you right away."

So saying, he stepped to the door, and shouted into the passage, "Vanya!" (Johnny).

"Sei-tchass" (directly), answered a hoarse voice, and in came a short, square, low-browed fellow with a red calico shirt *outside* all his other clothes, and a face whose profound and placid stupidity was worthy of a Tartar idol.

"Bring two logs for the stove," said the

American; "and mind that one must be longer than the other."

Away plodded honest Ivan like a plough-horse, and returned presently with two split logs of unequal length.

"Durak!" (fool), cried Mr. Boyler, with admirably feigned anger. "I told you to have one piece longer than the other, and instead of that you've got one piece *shorter* than the other!"

Ivan hung his big head in confusion. "So I have, sure enough. It's all my fault, barin" (master); "but I'll go and change it this moment."

"Well," cried Courtenay, as Ivan disappeared, "if there's another such fool as that in Russia, I'd like to see him, that's all!"

"So you shall, in less than half a minute," said Captain Lansdowne, going to the door in his turn. "Meesha!" (Mike).

A hasty step was heard outside, and a tall, scraggy fellow entered, whose gaunt face had none of the stolid self-satisfaction which marked the heavy features of Ivan. On the contrary, he wore a restless and troubled look, as if he were dimly conscious that he *was* a fool, and was always trying to find out how and why.

"Were you pleased to call, Yury Petróvitch?" (George, son of Peter), asked he.

"Yes; I want you to do a job for me. You know Pashkoff's store just across the street? Well, here are two twenty-kopeck pieces" (silver coins worth about a dime). "Go and bring me twenty kopecks' worth of white bread and twenty kopecks' worth of cheese."

Off went Michael on his errand, and Mr. Courtenay—who could not imagine how any one could manage to bungle such a plain commission—was greatly puzzled when a quarter of an hour went by without any sign of his return.

"Something must have happened to him, surely," said he at last.

"I haven't the slightest doubt of it," answered the captain, with a sly smile, "and I can pretty well guess what that something is. Clap on your coat and hat, and come along. Pashkoff's isn't far off, and I'll be bound we shall find Master Michael at the door of the shop."

There they found him, sure enough, with such an expression as might be worn by a man who had just upset a plate of soup over his wife's new dress. He was scratching his head perplexedly with one hand while he held out the two silver coins in the other.

"Oh, barin, barin," cried he on seeing them, "it was written for me at my birth that I should be unlucky, and there's no escaping it."

"Why, what's wrong?" asked the captain, with a side glance at Courtenay's astonished face.

"I've *mixed* the two coins," answered Michael, in heart-broken tones, "and now I don't know which was the one for the bread, and which was the one for the cheese."

A SERIOUS HUMORIST.

My story is a sad one, and won't take long to tell.
To any sort of metre I can suit it just as well.
You'll understand my misery before the tale is done.
It all began one hapless day—the day I made a pun;
And ever since that fatal hour the people do declare
That I became a humorist, alas! right then and there:
Though to be considered serious I'd give a lot of money,
Whatever I may say or do, they will insist it's funny.

I might perhaps have since escaped the direful consequences
Had I not penned a feeble joke when hardly in my senses.
'Twas printed in a paper of tremendous circulation,
And I was dubbed a humorist by all the laughing nation.
In vain I tried to prove myself a libelled individual,
The fatal truth confronted me—the joke was quite original.
Where'er I went there followed me that dreadful reputation,
And every word I spoke aroused uproarious cachinnation.

If I remarked in casual tones upon the gloomy weather,
The people laughed until they cried, and laughed and cried together;
When I gave information of some accident distressing,
They roared with mighty merriment exceedingly depressing;
And when I failed in business, and despairing told my wife,
She, laughing, vow'd I'd never been so funny in my life!
I dressed in sombre black, assumed a grim, funereal air,
And spoke in woe-enveloped tones, my face distraught with care.

I wept a little when I could, all steep'd in melancholy,
But people only laughed again, and whispered, "Ain't he jolly!"
In fact, the more that I became a sacrifice to sadness,
The more I met the wretched glee that drove me near to madness.
Full half my time is spent declining pressing invitations
To humorous banquets and to write for comic publications,
And scented notes and letters couched in words as sweet as honey—
"Now won't you send your autograph? and please to make it funny."

If I should sink beneath my trials, and leave this mortal sphere,
The world would give me credit for the best joke of the year;
And doubtless folks who came to gaze upon my monument
Would find it quite impossible to keep their laughter pent.
'Tis useless to deny it now, alack! the mischief's done,
And I must be a humorist, tho' an unconscious one.
I've only this request to make, which no one can resist:
Please call me in my epitaph the *Serious Humorist.*

HERBERT HALL WINSLOW.



FARMER JIMSON (*ending a long dissertation on "picturs," and "ile paintens" in particular*). "Yes, sir, I like 'em; and there ain't no one appre-shi-ates 'em more'n I do; and I do b'lieve ef I had a hundred thousand dollars I'd be durned fool enough to buy some of them things."

THE VISIT.

WEARING a suit of simple gray,
I called upon a friend to-day.

He straight unlocked his cedar room;
My senses swam with the perfume.

From shelves above, at wondrous height,
He took down wear that dimmed my sight.

Breeches that buckled at the knee—
"Smallclothes"—but much too large for me—

Laced doublets, and cross-gartered hose:
It was a wondrous wealth of clothes.

But 'twas not meant that I should share:
They were not brought for me to wear.

'Twas only meant that I should see
How very fine my friend could be.

And while he walked in brave array,
I needs must sit in simple gray.

Think you, that when I left his door,
I went much richer than before?

CHARLES HENRY WEBB.

IN the early days Kline's ranch, in southwestern Colorado, was a famous stopping-place for the stage-coaches, and there was always a goodly (and somewhat diversified) assemblage of travellers around the fireside every evening. One evening a tourist, who had been devoting the summer to trout-fishing in the Cimarron, was telling some pretty good-sized fish stories to a long-haired frontiersman, who, while listening, was evidently studying how he might "see" the tourist and "raise him" on the size of his yarn. The tourist ended. The frontiersman shifted his quid of tobacco to the other cheek, and said: "Well, mister, them was pretty good-sized trout ye caught; but, Lord! ye should ha' bin with me up at the mouth of the Columby, in Oregon. Why, we used to ketch salmon there every mornin' that would run all the way from ninety to a hundred and fifty pounds."

For a moment the tourist was silent; then, looking sadly at the triumphant frontiersman, he said: "My friend, I don't doubt your story in the least. On the contrary, I believe it fully and implicitly. I will only remark that my experience has taught me that in Colorado the man who tells the first story has a darned poor show."

STEAM-BOAT travelling on the Missouri is constantly enlivened by sounding, and the calls, "Six feet," "Five-and-a-half," "No bottom," etc., have come to be given after a traditional musical formula, very much like intoning. A recent importation from the land of "praties" having been ordered to the lead, went bravely to work, and sang out thusly: "Too-rul," "Too-rul-i-rul," "Too-rul-i—"

"What's that you are saying?" shouted the mate.

"Faix," answered Pat, "oi remimber the chune, but oi've forgot the wurrds intoirely."

An old fellow was once indicted for a rather trifling offence, but having no money, and few friends, was forced to remain in jail for want of bail until the meeting of the term of court when he was to be tried.

The old reprobate being of a comparatively harmless nature, and the confinement proving wearing upon him, his jailer was in the habit of letting him out on pleasant days to wander about town, to return "home" at night. One day some kindly sympathizers with his misfortunes treated him to much-appreciated liquor, and he set out to have a good time.

After a while he strolled into a session of court that was being held in the locality, and reeling into the court-room, suddenly bawled out, "A high old court this is!"

The judge observed his intoxicated condition, and ordered his removal, warning him not to return under penalty of sentence for contempt of court.

Soon after,. however, back he came, and walking inside the bar, deliberately yelled out again, "A high old court this is!"

Amidst the sensation this renewed performance created the judge justly lost his patience, and calling upon the bailiff to arrest the intruder, condemned him to twenty days' imprisonment in jail for contempt.

"Why, jedge," said the undismayed fellow, "that don't hurt *me; I live there!* A high old court this is!" he shrieked, triumphantly, as he was led off.

Devoted colored servitor of tender years to young mistress, directly after the departure of the latter's mother: "Mis' Nichols do set a heap by you, ma'am, don't she, dough?"

Young Mistress. "Yes, I suppose she does, Alice, because I am all the child she has."

D. C. S. (lost in sudden meditation, with her arms crossed, and the dust-pan projecting from one hand and the brush from the other). "Po' Mis' Nichols! An' if you wasn't her chile, she wouldn't be the mother of nobody."



"AS(S) IN A LOOKING-GLASS."

Would you believe it? This dude hit upon the notion of standing in front of his toilet-glass with his eyes shut, that he might see how "real elegant" he looked when he was asleep!



"AT NOON, THE HAYMAKERS SIT THEM DOWN."—From a drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See "The Leather Bottèl."]

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A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

Second Paper.

XIII.

FOLLOWING the wonderful Rue Victor Hugo in the direction of the fort, crossing the Rivière Roxelane, or Rivière des Blanchisseuses, whose rocky bed is white with unsoaped linen far as the eye can reach, you descend through some very tortuous and steep narrow streets into the market-place—a square, well paved and well shadowed, with a fountain in the midst. Here the dealers are seated in rows; one half of the market is devoted to fruits and vegetables; the other, to the sale of fresh fish and meats. On first entering you are confused by the press, and deafened by the storm of creole speech; then you begin to discern some order in this chaos, and to observe curious things.

Right in the middle of the pavement are lying long boats filled with fish—boats carried up from the water upon men's shoulders or upon rollers, and set down close to the market fountain. Such fish!—black, scarlet, lilac, gold, bright blue, roseate, green. No phantom tints these, but colors luminous and strong like fire. Then, again, you see heaps of long thin fish, looking like piled bars of polished silver, absolutely dazzling, of equal thickness from head to tail; further on you observe heaps of flat, bright pink creatures, a metallic carmine; further yet you perceive a mass of azure backs and gold-yellow bellies. Here also are the monsters, some twelve or fifteen feet long, of sinister dark colors—the eccentricities: some round, perfectly round disks, of amazing thinness, with fleshy, brilliant, long, wormy feelers instead of fins—feelers that look like depending silver fringe flickering in all directions; others bristle with spines; others are checkered in satiny yellow and blue; others, serpent-bodied, are so speckled in red, black, and white as to exactly resemble highly polished red granite. Ask their names, and you will be dazzled by the multiplicity of unfamiliar appellations: the *cavally*, the *bécunne*, the *lune*, the *tazard*, the *balaon*, the *barracouta*, the *dorade*, the *aiguille-de-mer*, the *lambi*, the *coulion*, the *caringue*, the *bonnique*, the *couronné*, the *zorphi*, the *moringue*, the *ton*, the *vermeil*, the *crapaud-de-mer*. As the sun gets high, banana leaves are laid over the fish.

Infinitely more puzzling are the astonishing varieties of green and yellow and party-colored fruits and roots and vegetables, out of the confusion of which you retain only a memory of calabashes and cocoas, guavas and sapotillas, barbadines and pommes-cythères, guinettes and bunches of tiny bananas about two inches long, immense oranges and lemons—the former extraordinarily sweet and juicy, the latter of an aroma and acid puissance without parallel. And among the vegetables you may catch sight of something you cannot even guess the nature of from observation alone—a huge cylindrical gray-white mass. It is palm pith, the edible core of the cabbage-palm, the brain of a noble tree, which had to be totally destroyed in order to procure it. It is eaten in a great variety of dishes, cooked in a score of ways—hashed, stewed, fried—and also eaten raw as a salad, with vinegar and oil. Also with the pulp are made those delicious little cakes called *marinades*, which you hear the colored peddlers calling out for sale: "*Mi moin, zenfants!—ça qui vlé manger marinades!*" Perhaps you may likewise catch sight of the *ver-palmiste* in the market, esteemed

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here as a wonderful delicacy; it is a huge white worm found in the heart of the cabbage-palm, and is said to taste, when cooked, like almonds. Again, there may be iguanas for sale, edible lizards; they are said to make a most luscious dish!

Then you begin to look about you at the black, brown, and yellow faces that are studying you curiously from beneath the yellow-striped Madras turbans, or from under the shadow of mushroom-shaped straw hats large as umbrellas. Watching the bare backs, bare shoulders, bare legs and arms and feet, you find that the colors of flesh are more varied and surprising than the colors of fruits. And it is only with fruit colors that many of these skin tints can be compared at all, the only terms of comparison used by the colored people themselves being terms of this kind, such as *peau-sapotille*, "sapota skin." The sapota or sapotille is a juicy brown fruit, with a rind satiny like a human cuticle, and just the color, when fresh and ripe, of a fine mulatto skin. But among the brighter half-breeds I think the colors are much more fruit-like: there are gourd tints, banana tints, orange colors, with occasional flushes of pink showing through, like the first pink of the mango. Agreeable to the eye the darker tints certainly are, and often very remarkable, all tones of bronze being represented; but the brighter hues are absolutely beautiful in certain half-breed types, coolie and quadroon. Standing perfectly naked at doorways, or playing naked in the sun, astonishing children may be seen—banana-colored and orange-colored babies. But there is one peculiar type, totally unlike all the rest: the skin is an exquisite metallic yellow, a perfect gold tone; the eyes are long and black; the intensely dark and lustrous hair falls over the neck in a heavy mass of thick, rich, glossy curls that show blue lights in the sun. What mingling of races produced this beautiful type? There is some strange blood in the blending, not of coolie, nor of African, nor of Chinese, although there are Chinese types here of indubitable beauty.*

All this population is vigorous, graceful, healthy; all you see passing by are well made; there are no sickly faces, no scrawny limbs. If by some rare chance you encounter a person who has lost an arm or a leg, you can be almost certain you are looking at a victim of the fer-de-lance—the serpent whose venom putrefies living tissue. Without fear of exaggerating facts, I can venture to say that the muscular development of the working-men here is something which must be seen in order to be believed; to study fine displays of it, one should watch the blacks and half-breeds working naked to the waist—on the landings, in the gas-houses and slaughter-houses, or on the nearest plantations. They are not large men, perhaps not extraordinarily powerful; but they have the aspect of sculptural or even of anatomical models; they seem absolutely devoid of adipose tissue; their muscles stand out with a saliency that astonishes the eye. It is marvellous. At a tanning-yard, while I was watching a dozen blacks at work, a young mulatto, with the mischievous face of a faun, walked by, wearing nothing but a clout about his loins; and never, not even in bronze, did I see so beautiful a play of muscles. A dem-

* I subsequently discovered the mystery of this very strange and beautiful mixed race, many fine specimens of which may also be seen in Trinidad. Three widely diverse elements have combined to form it: European, negro, and Indian; but, strange to say, it is the most savage of these three bloods which creates the peculiar charm. I cannot speak of this comely and extraordinary type without translating a passage from Dr. J. J. J. Cornilliac, an eminent Martinique physician, who recently published a most valuable series of studies upon the ethnology, climatology, and history of the Antilles. In these he writes:

"When, among the populations of the Antilles, we first notice those remarkable *métis* whose olive skins, elegant and slender figures, fine straight profiles, and regular features remind us of the inhabitants of Madras or Pondicherry, we ask ourselves in wonder—while looking at their long eyes, full of a strange and gentle melancholy (especially among the women), and at the black, rich, silky-gleaming hair curling in abundance over the temples and falling in profusion over the neck—to what human race can belong this singular variety, in which there is a dominant characteristic that seems indelible, and always shows more and more strongly in proportion as the type is further removed from the African element. It is the Carib blood, blended with blood of Europeans and of blacks, which in spite of all subsequent crossings, and in spite of the fact that it has not been renewed for more than two hundred years, still conserves, as remarkedly as at the time of the first interblending, the race-characteristic that invariably reveals its presence in the blood of every being through whose veins it flows."—*Recherches chronologiques et historiques sur l'Origine et la Propagation de la Fièvre Jaune aux Antilles.* Par J. J. J. Cornilliac. Fort-de-France: Imprimerie du Gouvernement. 1886.

But I do not think the term "olive" always indicates the color of these skins, which seemed to me exactly the tint of gold; and the hair flashes with bluish lights, like the plumage of certain black birds.



MARKET-PLACE, ST. PIERRE.

onstrator of anatomy could have used him for a class model; a sculptor, wishing to shape a fine Mercury in bronze, would be satisfied to take a cast of such a body, without thinking of making one modification from neck to heel. "Frugal diet is the cause of this physical condition," a young French professor assures me. "All these men," he says, "live upon salt codfish and fruit." But frugal living alone could never produce such symmetry and saliency of muscles; race-crossing, climate, perpetual exercise, healthy labor—many conditions and surroundings must combine to cause it. Also it is certain that this tropical sun has a tendency to dissolve spare flesh, to melt away all superfluous tissue, leaving the muscular fibre dense and solid as mahogany.

At the landing, below a green hill, is the bathing-place—a rocky beach rounding away under heights of tropical wood; palms curving out above the sand, or bending half-way across it; ships at anchor in blue water, against golden-yellow horizon; a vast blue glow; water clear as diamond, and lukewarm.

It is about one hour after sunrise, and the higher parts of Mont Pelee are still misty blue. Under the palms and among the lava rocks, and also in little cabins further up the slope, bathers are dressing or undressing; the water is also dotted with heads of swimmers. Women and girls enter it well robed from feet to shoulders; men go in very sparsely clad; there are lads wearing nothing; young boys—yellow and brown little fellows—run in naked, and swim out to pointed rocks that jut up black above the bright water. They climb up, one at a time, to dive down. Poised for the leap upon the black lava crag, and against the blue light of the sky, each lithe figure, gilded by the morning sun, has a statuesqueness and a luminosity impossible to paint in words. These bodies seem to radiate color, and the azure light intensifies the hue astoundingly; it is idyllic, incredible. Coomans used paler colors in his Pompeiian studies, and his figures were never so symmetrical. This flesh does not look like flesh, but like fruit pulp.*

* Perhaps more than one reader of these lines may deem them highly exaggerated. Let me therefore quote the recent opinion of a Martinique creole—an impartial and learned man, who has travelled much in Europe and elsewhere—regarding the beauty of these mixed-race types: "La race de sang-mêlé, issue des blancs et des noirs, est éminemment civilisable. Comme types physiques, elle fournit dans beaucoup d'individus, dans ses femmes en général, les plus beaux spécimens de la race humaine."—*Le Préjugé de Race aux Antilles Françaises.* Par G. Souquet-Basiège. Saint Pierre, Martinique. 1883. Pp. 661–2.

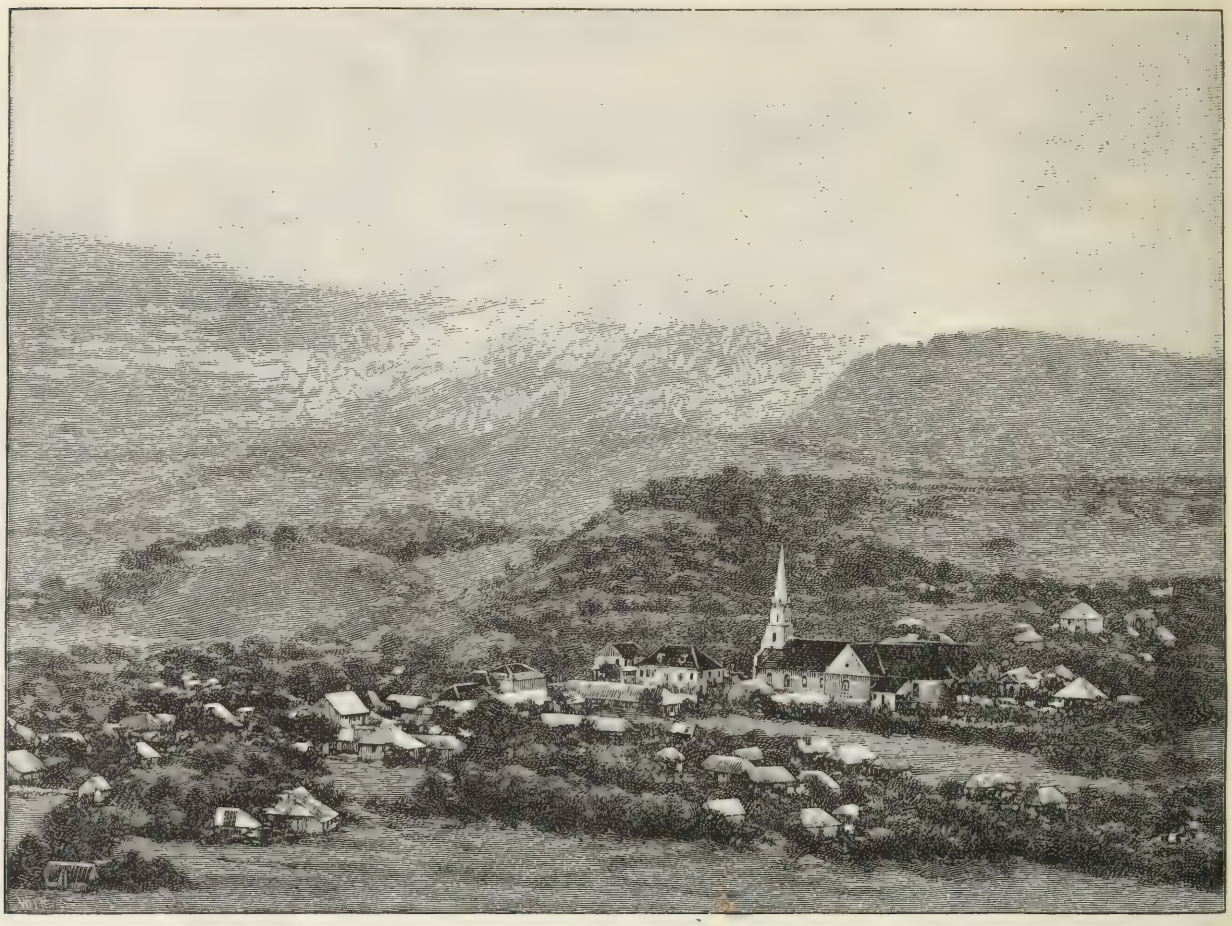
XIV.

Everywhere crosses, little shrines, little images—figures of saints or martyrs, of angels or apostles. You will find, in the hollows and in the forks of huge trees, statuettes and crucifixes. As you climb the mountain roads, you will see, every mile or half-mile, some tiny chapel devoted to the Mother of God, or some little niche, deeply built into a wall, containing a Madonna or a Christ, at whose feet perpetually burns some votive lamp. Over the village of Mont Rouge—two thousand feet above the sea-level—a place of pilgrimage as well as a resort of pleasure—successions of tiny chapels and shrines rise to the very crest of the green height: imitations of Calvary, fourteen little tabernacles, each containing a *rilievo*, representing incidents of the Saviour's Passion.† From the porch of the

† Concerning an aged French priest who built at his own expense the dainty little church at Mont Rouge, there is a story told which might have delighted Rossetti. An aristocrat by birth, title, and training, he is said as a young man to have made a brilliant figure in fashionable Parisian society. Rendered suddenly dumb, in the best years of his youth, either by some unfortunate accident or by some unfamiliar malady, he found himself compelled to abandon the career for which he had been destined, and to forsake those elegant circles he had charmed so often by his delicate wit and irreproachable grace of manner. Leading physicians of the time exhausted their skill in unsuccessful efforts to restore his speech: his case was pronounced hopeless; in the pleasures or distractions of travel he sought that forgetfulness of his misfortune which familiar scenes and faces might render impossible at home. He went to Italy. There, while wandering in some world-famous gallery—I know not whether in Florence, Venice, or Milan—he beheld for the first time a certain celebrated Madonna, a masterpiece of the grandest period of Italian art: perhaps one of those *chefs-d'œuvre* wherein the painter has told the whole secret of his love, and through the idealization of a woman's worshipped face made manifest the holiness of beauty. Astounded, fascinated, thrilled with emotion by the immortal loveliness of the work, the young traveller cried out in a voice that rang through all the colossal building: "*Oh! que c'est beau!—que c'est divin!*" The passion-magic of the master three hundred years entombed—the marvellous power of the long-dead hand surviving centuries—had thus given strength of utterance to the dumb, had unloosed the bonds of speech! Science may offer in these days a simple physiological explanation for similarly strange results of intense emotional feeling; but in the ear-



ONE OF THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.



VILLAGE OF MONT ROUGE, MARTINIQUE.

highest structure, the village of Mont Rouge itself lies so far below these "stations of the cross" that it almost gives you vertigo to look at it; but thousands of feet further down you see magnificent valleys unfolding in blue and green and gold to the sea. On the neighboring heights all around you are votive chapels and places of prayer; the mountain-tops are crowned with statues. Above the fort a gigantic Christ overlooks the streets of St. Pierre from the forest summit; and from Mont Orange a great white Virgin watches the harbor—patron of mariners—Notre Dame de la Garde—outstretching her hands in ghostly welcome to all the ships that sail.

Then, thrice daily, from the towered white Cathedral, huge bells roll out a carillon. Sometimes, on great holidays, the chimes are wonderfully rung: the ringers are African. When they make the *bourdon* speak, the effect is startling: all the city vibrates to a weird sound difficult to describe—an enormous moan, quivering, abysmal, producing unfamiliar harmonies as the voices of the smaller bells are caught up and interblended by it. A trained musician might protest against so strange a manner of ringing the chimes; but he could not possibly deny that it has impressiveness: it is wild, barbaric, incantatory—it is a monstrous musical conjuration.

Behind the cathedral, higher than the peaked city roofs, and at the feet of the green mountain, the dead sleep, guarded by a wall whose every jointure is being attacked by vigorous little weeds, whose every stone is made green by a microscopic and velvety moss. Most of the tombs are covered with small square black and white tiles, exactly set after the fashion of the squares upon a chessboard: at the foot of each stands a black cross, bearing at its centre a little white plaque, on which the name is graven in delicate and tasteful lettering. Oh, how pretty the little tombs are! It is almost like a toy cemetery. Here and there,

ly part of this century, more than at present, such an occurrence must have seemed to religious minds supernatural, miraculous, a manifestation of heavenly mercy, a sign of the Celestial Will. Thus did the young nobleman, indeed, interpret this wonderful recovery of his speech; he forsook society forever and became a priest.

again, are tiny little marble chapels—little shrines built over the dead—containing Madonnas and white Christs and little angels, while flowering creepers climb around the pillars. Death seems luminous here; everything is bright and white and neat; the air is heavy with jasmine scent and odors of roses; and the palm—emblem of immortality—lifts its head a hundred feet above the walls. There are rows of them, these beautiful symbolic trees: two enormous ones guard the gate; the others spring from between the tombs, white-stemmed, outspreading huge parasols of verdure far above the cathedral towers.

Behind all this the savage forest seems trying to descend from the height to invade the sleep of the dead. It is perpetually thrusting green hands over the wall, pushing vast serpent roots underneath, and it is no easy work to keep it back. Some day things will change, perhaps, in the little city of St. Pierre; there may be less money, less zeal, less remembrance of the lost. Then all the green embattled



SOUTHERN PART OF CEMETERY, ST. PIERRE.

host will move forward, slowly, irresistibly, sacrilegiously; creepers will prepare the way, hiding the pretty tombs, pulling away the checkered tiling; then come the giants, rooting deeper—very deep—feeling among the dust of hearts, groping for the bones; and all that has been hidden away so long shall be restored unto Nature—absorbed into the rich juices of her verdure, revitalized in her bursts of color, resurrected in her upliftings of emerald and gold before the great sun.

XV.

But all the wonderful little city is just one minute patch of color on the curving coast, relieved against the blazing green of forests climbing thousands of feet above it, and behind it, and all around it. To describe the monstrous beauty of these woods, so as to convey to the reader anything like an adequate idea of the impression they produce, seems to me almost impossible: there are forms, there are tones, there are colors, which seem to demand the creation of new words to express. Painters are filled with astonishment and despair by the splendor of these woods: no human art can mock their glory; it could be painted only with green fire!

You have only to follow any one of the mountain roads leading out of St. Pierre to find yourself, within twenty minutes, before the forest verge. The city roofs lie far below your feet already, with the blue strip of sea beyond; above you the woods climb up to the clouds, a prodigious precipitous surface of burning green, solid and rugose like a cliff. You do not distinguish whole trees in the mass; you only perceive suggestions, dreams of trees—phantasmagorias, Doresqueries; sylvan shapes that seem to be staggering under great drooping burdens rise a hundred feet above you; still huger laboring forms tower far above these; and yet, at a more dizzy altitude, a legion of fetiches, goblins, monstrosities, spectres, are nodding, bending, writhing, tossing up green arms, pushing out prodigious knees, projecting huge curves like backs and shoulders, intertwining colossal mockeries of limbs. But you discern no suggestions of heads, except where some royal palm, after an astounding struggle, has succeeded in pushing up its crest two hundred feet to greet the sun. All else appears as if under a ponderous veil, half hidden, half smothered by drooping things. Blazing green vines cover every branch, every twig, every stem; they form mantles and draperies and curtains and tapestries, pouring down over all projections like a thick, slow flood of incandescent color, cascading over all in one amazing inundation of parasitic life. All this may rise to two thousand, three thousand, four thousand feet above you, according to the height of the mountain; and one perpetual, never-slackening storm of shrill sound rises from it—innumerable voices of birds, insects, and tree-climbing frogs.

But this absolutism of green does not eternally prevail; in the season corresponding to our winter these woods suddenly break into one enormous conflagration of color, and such colors!—flame-yellow, flesh-pink, blood-scarlet, burning azure, vermilion—colors that shimmer in sheets, often without touching or blending; there are cataracts of these colors that pour from the mountain crests unbrokenly to the roofs of the city; there are curtains of pure crimson or fiery lilac; there are precipices of canary-yellow; there are rose-burning glens; and between these, when flowering species intermingle in the merciless tropical struggle for life, there are supernal coruscations of a hundred hues, pyrotechnical splendors of tint blendings and tint contrasts impossible to describe, impossible to paint, bewildering to vision, dazzling the eye like some tremendous kindling of chemical fires.

XVI.

Lest I be suspected of exaggeration, permit me to translate a brief description from a work published by Dr. Rufz, a creole of Martinique, to whom these spectacles were familiar from infancy. After observing that no one who had not visited these colonies could form any idea of what the tropical forests are, he continues:

"The sea, the sea alone, because it is the most colossal of earthly spectacles—only the sea affords us any term of comparison for an attempt to describe a *grand bois;* but even then one must imagine the sea, on a day of storm, suddenly surprised and immobilized in the expression of its mightiest fury; for the summits of these huge woods repeat all the inequalities of the soil which they cover, and these in-



RIVIÈRE DES BLANCHISSEUSES.

equalities are mountains from 4200 to 4800 feet in height, and valleys of equal profundity. All this is hidden, blended together, levelled by verdure, in soft and immense undulations—in enormous billowings of foliage. Only, instead of a blue line at the horizon, it is a green line; instead of flashings of blue, you see flashings of green, and with all the shades, all the combinations, of which green is capable—deep green, light green, yellow-green, black-green....

"When your eyes grow weary—if it is indeed possible for them to weary—of contemplating the exterior of these tremendous woods, try to penetrate a little into their interior. What an inextricable chaos it is! The sands of a sea are not more closely pressed together than the trees are here—some straight, some curved, some upright, some toppling, fallen, or leaning against one another, or heaped high upon each other. Climbing lianas, which cross from one tree to the other, like ropes passing from mast to mast, help to fill up all the gaps in this treillage; and parasites—not timid parasites like ivy or like moss, but parasites which are trees grafted upon trees—dominate the primitive trunks, overwhelm them, usurp the place of their foliage, and fall back upon the soil, forming factitious weeping-willows. You do not find here, as in the great forests of the North, the eternal monotony of birch and fir: this is the kingdom of infinite variety; species the most diverse elbow each other, interlace, strangle, and devour each other: all ranks and orders are confounded, as in a human mob. The soft and tender *balisier* opens its parasol of leaves beside the *gommier*, which is the cedar of the colonies; you see the *acomat*, the *courbaril*, the mahogany, the *tendre-à-caillou*, the iron-wood—but as well enumerate by name all the soldiers of an army! Our oak, the balata, forces the palm to lengthen itself prodigiously in order to get a few thin beams of sunlight; for it is as difficult here for the poor trees to obtain one glance from this King of the world as for us, subjects of a monarchy, to obtain one look from our monarch. As for the soil, it is needless to think of looking at it; it lies as far below us probably as the bottom of the sea; it disappeared, ever so long ago, under the heaping of débris, under a sort of manure that has been accumulating there since the creation; you sink into it as into slime; you walk upon

putrefied trunks, in a dust that has no name. Here indeed it is that one can get some comprehension of what vegetable decrepitude signifies; a lurid light (*lurida lux*), greenish, as wan at noon as the light of the moon at midnight, confounds forms, and lends them a vague and fantastic aspect; a mephitic humidity exhales from all parts; an odor of death prevails; and a calm which is not silence (for the ear fancies it can hear the great movement of composition and of decomposition perpetually going on within) tends to inspire you with the old mysterious horror which the ancients felt in the primitive forest of Germany and of Gaul:

"'Arboribus suus horror inest.'"*

XVII.

But the sense of awe inspired by the view of a tropical forest is unutterably greater than any mystical fear which any wooded wilderness of the North could ever have inspired. The very brilliancy of these colors—that seem preternatural to Northern eyes—is terrifying; but the vastness of the mile-broad and mile-high masses of frondage, their impenetrability, the violet-blackness of the few rare apertures in their perpendicular façades, where mountain torrents break through to the sun, and their enormous murmur, made up of a million inexplicable crawling, creeping, crumbling sounds—all combine to produce the conception of a creative force that appalls. Man feels here like an insect, fears like an insect ever on the alert for merciless enemies. To enter these green abysses without a guide were madness; even with the best of guides it is a peril. Nature is dangerous here; the powers that build here are also the powers that putrefy; here life and death are perpetually interchanging office in the never-ceasing transformation of forces, melting down and reshaping living substance simultaneously within the same awful crucible. There are trees distilling venom; there are plants that have fangs; there are perfumes that affect the brain; there are cold green creepers whose touch consumes flesh like fire; while in all the recesses and the shadows is a swarming of unfamiliar life, beautiful or hideous—insect, reptile, bird—interwarring, devouring, observing, preying. Strange spiders of burning colors, immense lizards, scaribs cuirassed in all tints of metal, humming-birds plumaged in all splendor of jewel radiance, flies that flash like fire, centipedes of gigantic growth. And the lord of all these, the despot of these vast domains, is the terrible *Fer-de-lance*, the trigonocephalus, the Bothrops lanceolatus, the craspodecephalus, deadliest of Occidental thanatophidia.

XVIII.

There are eight varieties of him, the most common being the gray speckled with black, precisely the color that enables the monster to hide himself among the roots of the trees by simply coiling about them and concealing his triangular head. Sometimes he is a beautiful flower yellow; then he may never be distinguished from the bunch of bright bananas among which he hangs coiled; or he may be a dark yellow, or a yellowish-brown, or the color of wine lees speckled with pink and black, or a perfect ash tint, or black with a yellow belly, or black with a rose belly—all hues of tropical mould, of old bark, of putrefying trees, of forest detritus. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes; at night it glows like incandescent charcoal.

And the fer-de-lance reigns absolute king over the mountains and the ravines; he is lord of the forests and the solitudes by day, and by night he extends his dominion over the public roads, the familiar paths, the parks, the pleasure resorts. People must remain at home after dark unless they dwell in the city itself; if you happen to be out visiting after sunset, only a mile from town, your friends will caution you anxiously not to follow the boulevard as you go back, and to keep as closely as possible to the very centre of the path. Even in the brightest noon you cannot venture to enter the woods unescorted; you cannot trust your eyes to detect danger; at any moment a seeming branch, a knot of lianas, a pink or gray root, a clump of pendent yellow fruit, may suddenly take life, writhe, swell, stretch, spring, strike. Then you will need aid indeed, and most quickly; for within the space of a few heart-beats the stricken flesh chills, tumefies, softens, changes color, spots violaceously, and an icy coldness crawls through all the blood. If the physician or the *pauseur* arrives

* *Enquête sur le Serpent de la Martinique.* (Vipère Fer-de-Lance, Bothrops Lancéolé, etc.) Par le Docteur E. Rufz. 2 ed. 1859. Paris: Germe-Ballière. Pp. 55–57 (note).



IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

in time, and no artery or vein has been directly pierced, there is hope; but the danger is not passed when the life has been saved. Necrosis of the tissues begins; the flesh corrupts, tatters, tumbles from the bone; and the colors of its putrefaction are frightful mockeries of the hues of vegetable death, of forest decomposition, the ghastly pinks and grays and yellows of rotting trunks and roots melting back into the thick fetid clay that gave them birth. You moulder as the trees moulder; you crumble and dissolve as dissolves the substance of the balatas and the palms and the acomats: the Death-of-the-Woods has seized upon you!

And this pestilence that walketh in darkness, this destruction that wasteth at noonday, may not be exorcised. Each female produces viviparously from forty to sixty young at a birth. The haunts of the creature are in many cases inaccessible, inexplorable; its multiplication is prodigious; it is only the surplus of its swarming that overpours into the cane fields, and makes the high-roads perilous after sunset, yet to destroy three or four hundred thanatophidia on a single small plantation during the lapse of twelve months has not been uncommon. The introduction of the mangouste (the ichneumon) may, it is hoped, do much toward

protecting the workers in the cane fields and on the cocoa and coffee plantations; but the mangouste's powers are limited, and the ocean of death is illimitable.

The experience of fear has enabled domestic animals to discern the presence of the enemy while invisible to man. Your horse rears and plunges in the darkness, trembles and sweats: do not try to ride on until you are assured the way is clear—your animal has perceived far ahead two scintillating points, two moving sparks of fire. Or your dog may come running back, whining, shivering: accept his warning. The animals kept about country residences have learned to fight for their lives, the hen battles hopelessly for her chickens, the bull tries to gore his supple enemy, the pig gives more successful combat; but the creature who fears the monster least is the brave cat. Seeing a snake, she at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow. How the emerald and the topazine eyes glow then!—they are flames. A moment more, and the triangular head, hissing from the coil, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the strong stroke of the armed paw that smites the horror aside, flinging it, mangled and gasping, in the dust. Nevertheless, pussy does not yet dare to spring; the enemy, still active, has almost instantly reformed his coil; but she is again in front of him, watching—vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke; again the beautiful countering; the living death is hurled aside, the scaled skin is deeply torn, one eye-socket has ceased to flame. Once more the stroke of the serpent; once more the light, quick, cutting blow. But now the trigonocephalus is blind, is stupefied; before he can attempt to coil, Pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her!—in vain! he will never lift his head: an instant more, and he lies still; the fine white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebræ just behind the triangular skull.

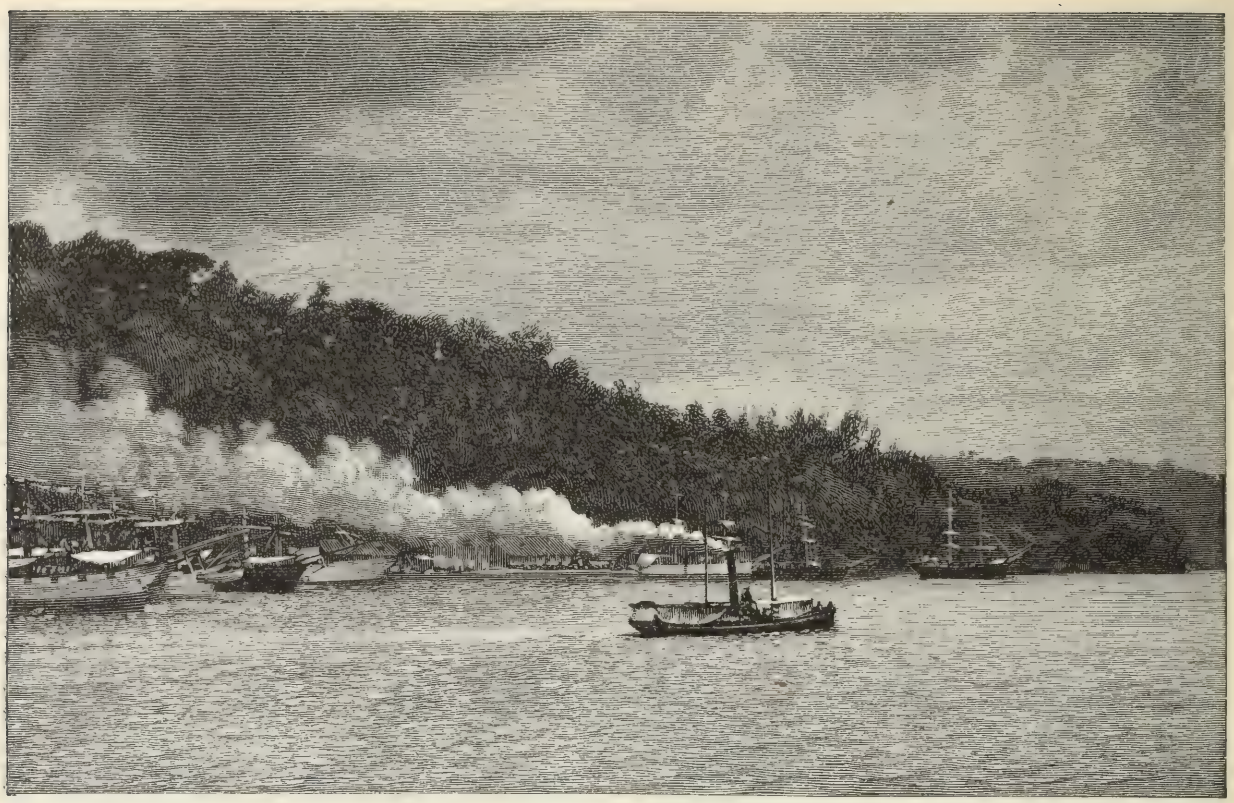
XIX.

The Jardin des Plantes is not absolutely secure from the visits of the serpent; for the trigonocephalus goes everywhere, mounting to the very summits of the cocoa-palms, swimming rivers, ascending walls, hiding in palm-thatched roofs, breeding in bagasse heaps. But, despite what has been printed to the contrary, this reptile fears man and hates light: it rarely shows itself voluntarily during the day. Therefore, if you desire to obtain some conception of the magnificence of Martinique vegetation, without incurring the risk of entering the primeval woods, you can do so by visiting the Jardin des Plantes, only taking care to use your eyes well while climbing over fallen trees, or picking your way through dead branches. The garden is less than a mile from the city, on the slope of a mountain; and the grand mountain forest itself has been utilized in the formation of it. The greater part of the garden is a natural formation; nature has accomplished here infinitely more than man (although man has done much); and the result is, I think, one of the wonders of the world.

Almost immediately after passing the gate you are in twilight, though the light of noon may be blinding on the high-road without. Before you and about you is a green gloaming, up through which you see, in every direction, immense trunks mounting to reach the day. You follow a path that slopes upward, overlooking a continually deepening hollow: on your right is an emerald precipice; on your left, a foliage-shrouded cliff, towering up out of sight into crepuscular gloom. Palms, rooted a hundred feet below you, hold their heads a hundred feet above you, yet they have not yet reached the sun. The ravine deepens, widens, and frames in a long lake, palm-ringed, and dotted with artificial islands, which are miniatures of Martinique, Guadeloupe, and Dominica. Arborescent ferns of unfamiliar elegance curve up from cliff edge or lake brink; and the great *arbre-du-voyageur* outspreads its colossal fan. Giant lianas droop down over the path in knots, in loops, in festoons; and roots descend, thick as cables, from enormous parasites that coil about the trees like boas. Trunks shooting up out of sight into the green wilderness above display no bark; you cannot guess what sort of trees they are: they are so thickly wrapped in creepers as to seem pillars of leaves. Between you and the sky, where everything is fighting for sun, there is an almost un-



CASCADE IN THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.



DEPARTURE OF STEAMER FOR FORT-DE-FRANCE.

broken vault of leaves, a chaos, a cloudy green confusion in which nothing particular is distinguishable.

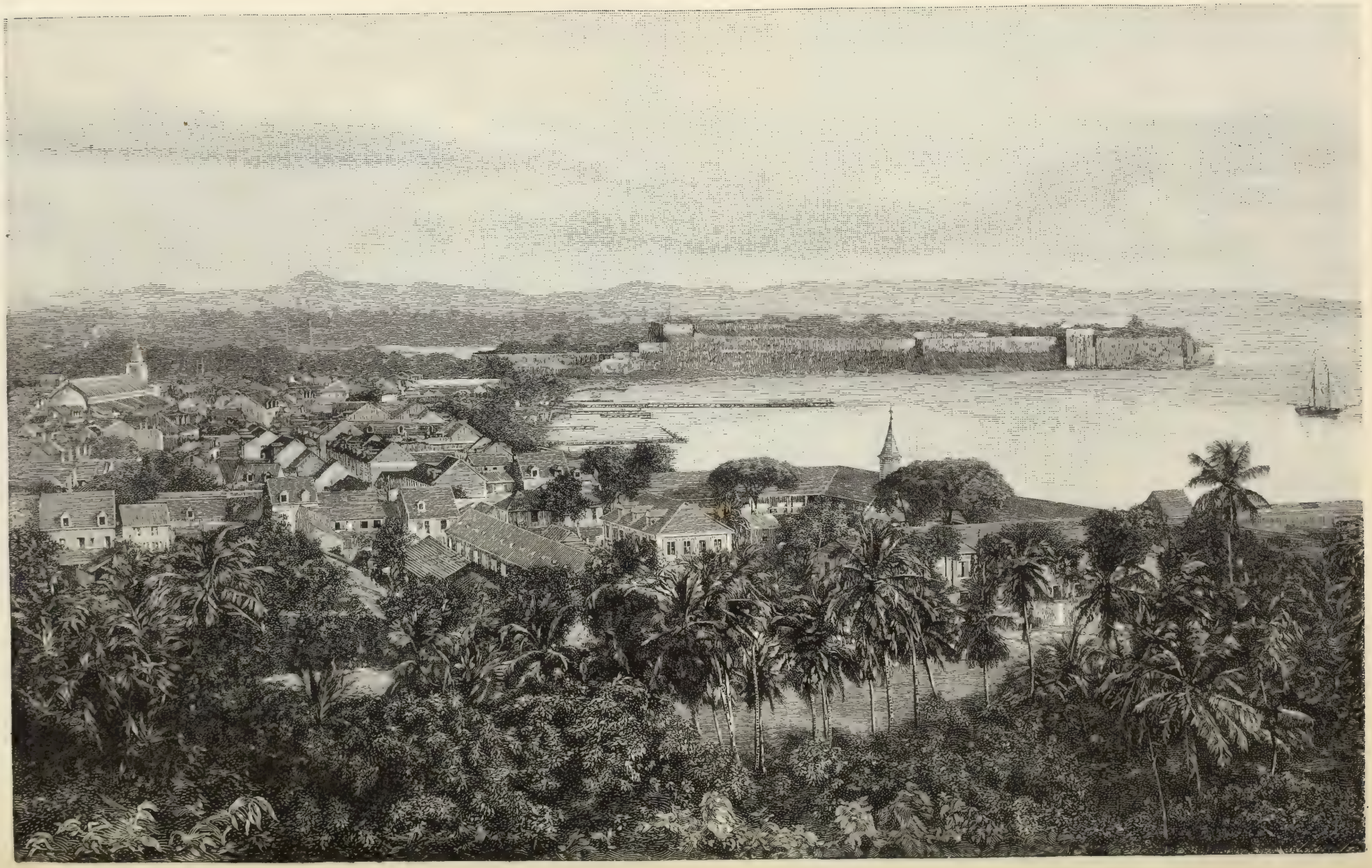
You come to breaks now and then in the green steep to your left, openings created for cascades pouring down from one mossed basin of brown stone to another, or gaps occupied by flights of stone steps slippery with mosses and chocolate-colored by time. These steps lead to loftier paths through successions of terraces, and all the stone-work of the park, all the grottoes, bridges, terraces, basins, steps, walls, are rococo and green-patched, and chocolate-colored with age. It is very old, this garden, it is very quaint; it suggests an art spirit older than Versailles, older than Louis XIV.; but it is unutterably beautiful.

You reach the end, where the green dimness is deepest, and the trees are hugest, and the sounds of crumbling and creeping and dripping make the greatest murmuring. Before you is the mountain itself. There is one break in the vault of green, and against the burst of descending light you discern a precipice verge. Over it, down a green furrow in its brow, tumbles the rolling foam of a cataract, like a falling smoke, to be caught below by four moss-velveted basins of dark stone. Look up again, and you will perceive on either side of the water-fall two palms, lifting their leaves so high into the light that the loftiness of them is dizzy, gives the sensation of vertigo. Did Josephine really walk these paths, dream among these shadows? How must they have haunted her dreams in the after-time!

The vast height, the verdant depth, the crepuscular shadowing, the solitude, the fantastical bulks, the strangeness of shapes—serpentine, columnar, contorted, knotted and twined and intertwisted—creating fancies of agony, of aspiration, of triumph or despair—all combine to produce an impression of such terrible beauty as creates fear—fear of the Invisible. You are alone, you hear no human voice, you see no human face, but you observe all around you the labors of man in stone being gnawed and devoured by Nature—broken bridges, sliding steps, fallen arches; and your nostrils are filled with a pungent odor of decay. This odor, omnipresent and sinister, this stench of the vast chemistry of dissolution everywhere in operation, unpleasantly affects the æsthetic sense; it never ceases to remind you that when Nature is most puissant to charm, there also is she



STATUE OF JOSEPHINE.



FORT-DE-FRANCE.

mightiest to destroy, to transmute, to obliterate forever.*

XX.

Fancy is crushed by the power of this Nature. Read in her presence, the pages of the greatest singers seem colorless, lifeless. The enormous silent poem of the woods and the heights—of color and light—so far surpasses imagination as to paralyze it, absorbing you, filling you with amazement, mocking the language of admiration, defying all power of expression. That which perhaps you were wont to deem the Impossible is before you, real, tangible—that which can never be painted or chanted, because there is no cunning of art or speech able to reflect it. Nature strikes you dumb by satiating your most hopeless ideals, by realizing your maddest dreams of the beautiful, even as one gives toys to a child.

The thinker, beholding before him the supreme terrestrial expression of the creative magic, finds thought numbed within his brain. In the great centres of civilization we only admire and study the results of mind, the best products of human endeavor; here one views only the work of Nature, studies only the eternal enchantment of her transformations. What is a city here?—merely a little stony point in the radiant and enormous ocean of green. Man bears scarcely more relation to the life about him than an insect; the most puissant results of human thought seem impotent by comparison with the operation of those vast blind forces which clothe the hills and crown the dead craters with prodigious and impenetrable woods. The very air seems inimical to thought; it is heavy with soporiferousness, thick with substance of vegetable being, pregnant with activities of dissolution so powerful that the mightiest tree melts like wax from the moment it has ceased to live, and man pays the penalty of the least rashness by falling at once within the range of these viewless and terrible forces. To live is an effort; and in the perpetual struggle of the blood to preserve the integrity of its corpuscles there is such an expenditure of vital energy as leaves little surplus for mental exertion.

Not less than poet or philosopher does the artist feel his helplessness. Wonderful street vistas, unequalled picturesqueness of types, matchless forms and hues of costume, will fascinate him in the city; but once he finds himself face to face alone with Nature, he will discover that he has no colors. The very Garden of Eden seems to tower there before him, yet he cannot attempt to paint it.

I did see one fervent attempt, but it was enough to deter any artist who beheld it from all similar undertakings—an immense aquarelle that at first sight resembled a solid green surface. It represented the foot of a mountain; trees smothered in creepers and interlinked by lianas; the verge of a wood reflected in perfectly green water. If the aquarelle were exhibited in New York, the public would certainly deem the artist stark mad, yet he was only telling the truth to the best of his ability; he could not make his painting greener, and it was not green enough by one hundred shades; the luminosities of this foliage could only be imitated in flame. He who wishes to paint a West Indian wood must view it from a great distance; must make his landscape from some great height over some immense space, through which the colors come to his eye softened, subdued, toned with blues or purples.

It is now sunset, and there are witchcrafts of color. Looking down one narrow steep street leading to the bay, opening right on the water between two ponderous buildings of hewn stone, I see the motionless silhouette of a great steamer sitting on a perfectly green sea, under a lilac sky, against a prodigious orange light.

XXI.

You reach Fort-de-France, the capital of Martinique, by steamer from St. Pierre, in about an hour and a half. There is an overland route; but it is a twenty-five mile ride, and very wearisome under the hot sun, notwithstanding the indescribable beauty of the forests through which the narrow way winds like a thin white thread. And horses are not easy to hire.

* The beautiful garden had been sadly neglected before I saw it. Storms and torrential rains had greatly damaged it, and no attempt had been made to repair the bridges washed away, or the grottoes that had tumbled in. Still, neglect alone would not have totally ruined the loveliness of the place; barbarism was necessary for such a devastation. And since the above lines were written I was shocked to learn that under the negro radical rule orders had been given for the destruction of trees a hundred generations old: marvels that can never be replaced were cut down and converted into charcoal for the use of the *lycées*.

Rebuilt in wood after the destruction by an earthquake of its once picturesque streets of stone, Fort-de-France (formerly Fort-Royal) has little of interest by comparison with St. Pierre. There are not many trees outside of the Savanna; the town lies in a marshy plain, and has few fine buildings. But the Savanna itself, the great green place with its shadowy rows of tamarinds, is pleasant to see, and is made romantic by the marble memory of Josephine.

I went to look at the white dream of her there, the wonderful statue, executed by master-sculptors, erected by the creoles of the colony. It is absolutely lovely!

Sea winds have bitten it; tropical rains have streaked it; some sombre microscopic growth has darkened the exquisite hollow of the throat. And yet such is the human loveliness of the figure that you fancy you are gazing at a living presence, that it almost seems to you it would not be folly to speak to her. Perhaps the profile is less human—statuesque to the point of revealing the chisel. But when you look straight up into the sweet creole face you can believe she lives: all the wonderful West Indian charm of the woman is there.

She is standing just in the centre of the Savanna, robed in the fashion of the Directory, with gracious arms and shoulders bare to the winds; one white hand leans upon a medallion sculptured with the eagle profile of Napoleon. Seven tall palms stand in a circle about her, lifting their comely heads into the blue glory of the tropical day. Within their enchanted ring you feel that you are treading sacred soil, the holy ground of artist and poet. Here, in the silence, all historical gossip is hushed; the recollections of Memoir writers vanish away; here you do not care to know how rumor avers that she lived, or spoke, or laughed, or wept; only the bewitchment of her lives under the thin shadowing of these feminine palms, the soft creole grace, the whole spell of womanly sweetness. Over blue spaces of summer sea, through the vast splendor of azure light, she looks forever yearningly back to the dear, silent, drowsy place of her birth—back to emerald, old-fashioned Trois-Islets, always with the same half-dreamy, half-plaintive smile, unutterably touching.

And everybody loves her: you will not think it foolish for them to love her, once you have looked into her face. Every one is proud of her: the black laborers, the brown marines, the market-women, the *bonnes*—all the curious many-colored population of this quaint little town. If they do not wash her often, if they do not twine flowers about her beautiful neck and lay bouquets before her white feet, it is only because they are so very, very lazy, dreadfully lazy (and everybody gets lazy sooner or later in this climate); it is not because their affection for her has grown the least bit cold. There is not one black or brown or yellow mother in all this antiquated, earthquake-shaken city who does not teach her baby to love "Manzelle 'Fifine," the pretty white creole girl who became the bride of an emperor.

That is all they know about her, all they care to know: it is enough. To their childish fancy she always lives, immortal in the summer of her beauty, a darling young mistress of the olden time, a fine white creole lady to be always petted, to be always revered, to be always approached with a smile. No doubt they often greet her, on their morning way to the market—to fill their baskets with grotesque vegetables and fantastic fruit, with golden and scarlet and azure fish—salute her in their many-vowelled, caressing creole speech. "*Bonjou', chè!—chè doudoux, doudoux-cocott'!*" For they all talk to themselves here—I do not know why (even the white settlers fall into the habit)—talk to themselves and to imaginary beings, and to the trees, the clouds, and the eternal hills, like the women of the *Kalevala*. And they would lay down their lazy, happy lives to save her from one wanton scratch.

Once she needed all their love very much indeed. It was after the fall of the Second Empire, when Republicanism, even in Martinique, was furious in its zeal to destroy every memory of the Napoleons. Even Manzelle 'Fifine was doomed; preparations were made for her destruction; a rope was fastened about her white neck. But in this torrid, lazy land all things are done slowly, and the news of the design had time to spread far and wide before the statue could be moved.

It was never moved. One morning at sunrise the Radical workmen, entering the Savanna, were driven back by a host of turbaned women, brandishing axes, hatchets, cutlasses borrowed from the planta-

tions, knives snatched from the market stalls. "*Vidé! bande salopris! Ouè donc!—vini fouté lamain yonne fois assou statue-là! Ou pas capab touché li! Vidé!*" All the passionate affection of the slave for the mistress, all the fierceness of African devotion to a fetich, thrilled in the wrath of the crowd that barred the way against the iconoclasts, and held it fearlessly—tigerish and terrible. The black Radicals recoiled, abandoned their purpose, and left "Manzelle 'Fifine" to smile and dream in peace. Then the crowd cut the ropes away, the women garlanded their idol with flowers, wreathed jasmine blossoms about her throat, heaped bouquets before her white feet. And she stands unchanged in the heart of the drowsy town, in her circle of towering palms, always smiling as in reverie, always looking across the violet sea, through the azure light, toward the green shadows of silent Trois-Islets, where nobody now ever goes.

MAIWA'S REVENGE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that we had gone through, perhaps, indeed, on account of it—for I was thoroughly worn out—I slept that night as soundly as poor Gobo, round whose crushed body the hyenas would now be prowling. Rising refreshed at dawn, we went on our way toward Nala's kraal, which we reached at nightfall. It is built on open ground after the Zulu fashion, in a ring-fence and with beehive huts. The cattle kraal is behind, and a little to the left. Indeed, both from their habits and their talk, it was easy to see that these Butiana belong to that section of the Bantu people which since T'Chaka's time has been known as the Zulu race.

We did not see the chief Nala that night. His daughter Maiwa went on to his private huts as soon as we arrived, and very shortly afterward one of his headmen came to us, bringing a sheep and some mealies and milk with him. "The chief sent us greeting," he said, and would see us on the morrow. Meanwhile he was ordered to bring us to a place of resting, where we and our goods should be safe and undisturbed. Accordingly he led the way to some very good huts just outside Nala's private enclosure, and here we slept comfortably.

On the morrow about eight o'clock the headman came again, and said that Nala requested that I would visit him. Accordingly I followed him into the private enclosure, and was introduced to the chief —a fine-looking man of about fifty, with very delicately shaped hands and feet, and a rather nervous mouth. The chief was seated on a tanned ox-hide outside his hut. By his side was his daughter Maiwa, and round him, squatted on their haunches, were some twenty headmen or Indunas, whose number was continually added to by fresh arrivals. These men saluted me as I entered, and the chief rose and took my hand, ordering a stool to be brought for me to sit on. When this was done, he with much eloquence and native courtesy thanked me for protecting his daughter in the painful and dangerous circumstances in which she found herself placed, and also complimented me very highly upon what he was pleased to call the bravery with which I had defended the pass in the rocks. I answered in appropriate terms, saying that it was to Maiwa herself that thanks were due, for had it not been for her warning and knowledge of the country we should not have been here to-day, while as to the defence of the pass, I was fighting for my life, and that put heart into me.

These courtesies concluded, Nala called upon his daughter Maiwa to tell her tale to the headmen, and this she did most simply and effectively. She reminded them that she had gone as an unwilling bride to Wambe; that no cattle had been paid for her, because Wambe had threatened war if she was not sent as a free gift. Since she had entered the kraal of Wambe her days had been days of heaviness, and her nights nights of weeping. She had been beaten, she had been neglected, and made to do the work of a low-born wife—she, a chief's daughter. She had borne a child, and this was the story of the child. Then, amidst a dead silence, she told them

the awful tale which she had already narrated to me. When she had finished, her hearers gave a loud ejaculation. "*Ou!*" they said—"*ou!* Maiwa, daughter of Nala!"

"Ay," she went on, with flashing eyes—"ay; it is true. My mouth is as full of truth as a flower of honey; and for tears, my eyes are like the dew upon the grass at dawn. It is true; I saw the child die. Here is the proof of it, councillors;" and she drew forth the little dead hand, and held it before them.

"*Ou!*" they said again—"*ou!* it is the dead hand."

"Yes," she continued, "it is the dead hand of my dead child, and I bear it with me that I may never forget, never for one short hour, that I live that I may see Wambe die, and be avenged. Will you bear with it, my father, that your daughter and your daughter's child should be so treated by a Matuku? Will ye bear it, men of my own people?"

"No," said an old Induna, rising; "it is not to be borne. Enough have we suffered at the hands of these Matuku dogs and their loud-tongued chief. Let us put it to the issue."

"It is not to be borne indeed," said Nala; "but how can we make head against so great a people?"

"Ask of him—ask of Macumazahn the wise white man," said Maiwa, pointing at me.

"How can we overcome Wambe, Macumazahn the hunter?"

"How does the jackal overreach the lion, Nala?"

"By cleverness, Macumazahn."

"So shall you overcome Wambe, Nala."

At this moment an interruption occurred. A man entered, and said that messengers had arrived from Wambe.

"What is their message?" asked Nala.

"They come to ask that thy daughter Maiwa be sent back, and with her the white hunter."

"How shall I make answer to this, Macumazahn?" said Nala, when the man had withdrawn.

"Thus shalt thou answer," I said, after reflection. "Say that the woman shall be sent, and I with her, and then bid the messengers begone. Stay; I will hide myself here in the hut, that the men may not see me." And I did.

Shortly afterward through a crack in the hut I saw the messengers arrive, and great truculent-looking fellows they were. There were four of them, and they had evidently travelled hard. They entered with a swagger, and squatted down before Nala.

"Your business," said Nala, frowning.

"We come from Wambe, bearing the orders of Wambe to Nala his servant," answered the spokesman of the party.

"Speak," said Nala, with a curious twitch of his nervous-looking mouth.

"These are the words of Wambe, 'Send back the woman, my wife, who has run away from my kraal, and send with her the white man who has dared to hunt in my country without my leave, and to slay my soldiers.' These are the words of Wambe."

"And if I say I will not send them?" asked Nala.

"Then on behalf of Wambe we declare war upon you. Wambe will eat you up. He will wipe you out. Your kraals shall be stamped flat—so;" and with an expressive gesture he drew his hand across his mouth to show how complete would be the annihilation of the chief who dared to defy Wambe.

"These are heavy words," said Nala. "Let me think before I give an answer."

Then followed a little piece of acting that was really very creditable to the untutored savage mind. The heralds withdrew, but not out of sight, and Nala went through the show of earnestly consulting his Indunas. The girl Maiwa, too, flung herself at his feet, and appeared to weep and implore his protection, while he wrung his hands as though in doubt and tribulation of mind. At length he summoned the messengers to draw near, and addressed them, while Maiwa sobbed very realistically at his side.

"Wambe is a great chief," said Nala, "and this woman is his wife, whom he has a right to claim. She must return to him, but her feet are sore with walking; she cannot come now. In eight days from this day she shall be delivered at the kraal of Wambe; I will send her with a party of my men. As for the white hunter and his men, I have naught to do with them, and cannot answer for their misdeeds. They have wandered hither unasked by me, and I will deliver them back whence they came, that Wambe may judge them according to his law. They shall be sent with the girl. For you, go your ways. Food shall be given you without the kraal, and a present for Wambe

in atonement of the ill-doing of my daughter. I have spoken."

At first the heralds seemed inclined to insist upon Maiwa's accompanying them then and there, but ultimately, on being shown the swollen condition of her feet, they gave up the point, and departed.

When they were well out of the way I emerged from the hut, and we went on to discuss the situation and make our plans. First of all, as I was careful to explain to Nala, I was not going to give him my experience and services for nothing. I heard that Wambe had a stockade round his kraal made of elephant tusks. These tusks, in the event of our succeeding in our enterprise, I should claim as my perquisite, with the proviso that Nala should furnish me with men to carry them down to the coast.

To this modest request he and the headmen gave an unqualified and hearty assent, the more hearty, perhaps, because they never expected to finger them.

The next thing that I stipulated was that if we conquered, the white man John Every should be handed over to me, together with any goods that he might claim. His cruel captivity was, I need hardly say, the only reason that induced me to join in so hare-brained an expedition, but I was careful, from motives of policy, to keep this fact in the background. Nala accepted this condition. My third stipulation was that no women or children should be killed. This being also agreed to, we went on to consider ways and means. Wambe was, it appeared, a very powerful petty chief; that is, he could put at least six thousand fighting men into the field, and always had from three to four thousand collected about his kraal, which was supposed to be impregnable. Nala, on the contrary, could not at such short notice collect more than from a thousand to twelve hundred men, though, being of the Zulu stock, they were of much better stuff for fighting purposes than Wambe's Matukus.

These odds, though large, were not, under the circumstances, overwhelming. The real obstacle to our chance of success was the difficulty of delivering a crushing assault against Wambe's strong place. This was, it appeared, fortified all round with schanses, or stone walls, and contained numerous caves and koppies in the hillside and at the foot of the mountain which no force had ever been able to capture. It was said that in the time of the Zulu monarch Dingaan, a great Impi of that king's, having penetrated to this district, had delivered an assault upon the kraal, then owned by a forefather of Wambe's, and been beaten back with the loss of more than a thousand men. Having thought the question over, I closely interrogated Maiwa as to the fortifications and the topographical peculiarities of the spot, and not without results. I discovered that the kraal was indeed impregnable to a front attack, but that it was very slightly defended at the rear, which ran up the slope of the mountain—indeed, only by two lines of stone walls. The reason of this was that the mountain is quite impassable, except by one secret path, supposed to be known only to the chief and his councillors, and this being so, it had not been considered necessary to fortify it.

"Well," I said, when she had done, "and now as to this secret path of thine, knowest thou aught of it?"

"Ay," she answered; "I am no fool, Macumazahn. Knowledge learned is power earned. I won the secret of that path."

"And canst thou guide an Impi thereon, so that it shall fall upon the town from behind?"

"Yes, that can I do, if only Wambe's people know not that the Impi comes, for if they know, then can they block the way."

"So, then, here is my plan. Listen, Nala, and say if it be good; or, if you have a better, show it forth. Let messengers go out and summon all thy Impi, that it be gathered here on the third day from now. This being done, let the Impi, led by Maiwa, march on the morrow of the fourth day, and crossing the mountains, let it travel along on the other side of the mountains till it come to the place on the further side of which is the kraal of Wambe; that shall be some three days' journey in all [about 120 miles]. Then, on the night of the third day's journey, let Maiwa lead the Impi in silence up the secret path, so that it comes to the crest of the mountain that is above the Strong Place, and here let it hide among the rocks. Meanwhile, on the sixth day from now, let one of the Indunas of Nala bring with him two hundred men that have guns, and take me and my men as prisoners, and take also a girl from among the Butiana people who by form and face is like unto Maiwa, and bind her hands, and pass by the road on

which we came, and through the cutting in the cliff, on to the kraal of Wambe. But the men shall take no shields or plumes with them, only their guns and one short spear, and when they meet the people of Wambe, they shall say that they come to give up the woman and the white man and his party to Wambe, and to make atonement to Wambe. So shall they pass in peace, and travelling thus, on the evening of the seventh day we shall come to the gates of the place of Wambe, and nigh the gates there is, so says Maiwa, a koppie very strong and full of rocks and caves, but having no soldiers thereon except in time of war, or, at the worst, but a few such as can easily be overpowered.

"This being done, at the dawn of day must the Impi on the mountain behind the town light a fire, and put wet grass thereon, so that the smoke goes up. Then at the sight of the smoke will we in the koppie begin to shoot into the town of Wambe, whereon all the soldiers will run to kill us. But we will hold our own, and while we fight, the Impi shall charge down the mountain-side and climb the schanses, and put those who defend them to the assegai, and then, falling upon the town, shall surprise it, and drive the soldiers of Wambe as the wind blows the dead husks of corn. This is my plan. I have spoken."

"Ou!" said Nala; "it is good; it is very good. The white man is cleverer than a jackal. Yes, so shall it be, and may the Snake of the Butiana people stand up upon its tail and prosper the war, for so shall we be rid of Wambe and the tyrannies of Wambe!"

After that the girl Maiwa stood up, and once more producing the dreadful little dried hand, made her father and several of his head councillors swear by it and upon it that they would carry out the war of vengeance to the bitter end. It was a very curious sight to see, and the fight that ensued was, by-the-way, thereafter known among the tribes of that district as the "War of the Little Hand."

The next two days were busy ones for us. Messengers were sent out, and every available man of the Butiana tribe was ordered up to "a great dance." The country was small, and by the evening of the second day some twelve hundred and fifty men were assembled, with their assegais and shields, and a fine hardy troop they were.

At dawn of the following day, the fourth from the departure of the heralds, the main Impi started, under the command of Nala himself, who, knowing that his life and chieftainship hung upon the issue of the struggle, wisely determined to be present to direct it. With them went Maiwa, who was to guide them up the secret path. Of course we had to give them two days' start, as they had more than a hundred miles of rough country to pass, including the crossing of the great mountain range which ran north and south, for it was necessary that the Impi should make a wide detour in order to escape detection. At length, however, at dawn on the sixth day, I took the road, accompanied by my most unwilling bearers, who did not at all like the idea of thus putting their heads into the lion's mouth. Indeed, it was only the fear of Nala's spears, together with a vague confidence in myself, that induced them to accept the adventure. With me also were about two hundred Butianas, all armed with guns of various kinds, for many of these people had guns, though they were not very proficient in the use of them. But they carried no shield, and wore no head-dress or armlets; indeed, every warlike appearance was carefully avoided. With our party went also a sister of Maiwa's, though by a different mother, who strongly resembled her in face and form, and whose mission it was to personate the runaway wife.

That evening we camped upon the top of the cliff up which we had so barely escaped, and next morning at the first breaking of the light we rolled away the stones with which we had blocked the passage some days before, and descended to the hill-side beneath. Here the bodies, or rather the skeletons, of the men who had fallen before my rifle still lay about. The Matuku soldiers had left their comrades to be buried by the vultures. I descended the gully into which poor Gobo had fallen, and searched for his body, but in vain, although I found the spot where he and the other man had struck, together with the bones of the latter, which I recognized by the waist-cloth. Either some beast of prey had carried Gobo off, or the Matuku people had disposed of his remains, and also of my express rifle which he carried. At any rate, I never saw or heard any more of him.

Once in Wambe's country, we adopted a very circumspect method of proceeding.

About fifty men marched ahead, in loose order, to guard against surprise, while as many more followed behind. The other hundred were gathered in a bunch between, and in the centre of these men I marched, together with the girl who was personating Maiwa, and all my bearers. We were disarmed, and some of my men were tied together, to show that we were prisoners, while the girl had a blanket thrown over her head, and moved along with an air of great dejection. We headed straight for Wambe's place, which was at a distance of about twenty-five miles from the mountain pass.

When we had gone some five miles we met a party of about fifty of Wambe's soldiers, who were evidently on the lookout for us. They stopped us, and their captain asked where we were going. The headman of our party answered that he was conveying Maiwa, Wambe's runaway wife, together with the white hunter and his men, to be given up to Wambe, in accordance with his command. The captain then wanted to know why we were so many, to which our spokesman replied that I and my men were very desperate fellows, and that it was feared that if we were sent with a smaller escort we should escape, and bring disgrace and the wrath of Wambe upon their tribe. Thereon this gentleman, the Matuku captain, began to amuse himself at my expense, and mock me, saying that Wambe would make me pay for the soldiers that I had killed. He would put me into the "Thing that bites"—in other words, the lion trap—and leave me there to die like a jackal caught by the leg. I made no answer to this, though my wrath was great, but pretended to look frightened. Indeed, there was not much pretence about it—I was frightened. I could not conceal from myself that ours was a most hazardous enterprise, and that it was very possible that I might make acquaintance with that lion trap before I was many days older. However, it was quite impossible to desert poor Every in his misfortune, so I had to go on, and trust to Providence, as I have so often had to do before and since.

And now a fresh difficulty arose. Wambe's soldiers insisted upon accompanying us, and what is more, did all they could to urge us forward, as they were naturally anxious to get to the chief's place before evening. But we, on the other hand, had excellent reasons for not arriving till night was closing in, since we relied upon the gloom to cover our advance upon the koppie which commanded the town. Finally they got so importunate that we had to flatly refuse to move faster, alleging as a reason that the girl was tired. They did not accept this excuse in good part, and at one time I thought that we should have come to blows, for there is no love lost between Butianas and Matukus. At last, however, either from motives of policy or because they were so evidently outnumbered, they gave in, and suffered us to go our own pace. I earnestly wished that they would have added to the obligation by going theirs, but this they absolutely declined to do. On the contrary, they accompanied us every foot of the way, keeping up a running fire of allusions to the "Thing that bites" that jarred upon my nerves and discomposed my temper.

About half past four in the afternoon we came to a neck or ridge of stony ground, whence we could plainly see Wambe's town, lying some six or seven miles away, and three thousand feet beneath us. The town is built in a valley, with the exception of Wambe's own kraal; that is situated at the mouth of some caves upon the slope of the opposing mountains, over which I hoped to see our Impi's spears come flashing in the morrow's light. Even from where we stood it was easy to see how strongly the place was fortified with schanses and stone walls, and how difficult of approach. Indeed, unless taken by surprise, it seemed to me quite impregnable to a force operating without cannon, and even cannon would not make much impression on rocks and stony koppies filled with caves.

Then came the descent of the pass, and an arduous business it was, for the path—if it may be called a path—was almost entirely composed of huge water-worn bowlders, from the one to the other of which we had to jump like so many grasshoppers. It took us two hours to get down, and travelling through that burning sun, when at last we did reach the bottom, I, for one, was pretty nearly played out. Shortly afterward, just as it was growing dark, we came to the first line of fortifications, which consisted of a triple stone wall pierced by a gateway so narrow that a man could hardly squeeze through it. We passed this without question, being accompanied by Wambe's soldiers. Then

came a belt of land three hundred paces or more in width, very rocky and broken, and having no huts upon it. It was in hollows in this belt that the cattle were kraaled in case of danger. On the further side were more fortifications, and another small gateway shaped like an inverted V, and just beyond and through it I saw the koppie we had planned to seize looming up against the line of mountains behind. As we went I whispered my suggestions to our captain, with the result that at the second gateway he halted the cavalcade, and addressing the captain of Wambe's soldiers, said that we would wait here till we received Wambe's word to enter the town.

The other man said that that was well, only he must hand over the prisoners to be taken up to the chief's kraal, for Wambe was "hungry to begin upon them," and his "heart desired to see the white man at rest before he closed his eyes in sleep"; and as for his wife, surely he would welcome her. Our leader replied that he could not do this thing, because his orders were to deliver the prisoners to Wambe at Wambe's own kraal, and they might not be broken. How could he be responsible for the safety of the prisoners if he let them out of his hand? No; they would wait there till Wambe's word was brought.

To this, after some demur, the other man consented, and departed, remarking that he would soon be back. As he passed me he called out, with a sneer, pointing, as he did so, to the fading red in the western sky, "Look your last upon the light, white man, for the 'Thing that bites' lives in the dark."

Next day it so happened that I shot this man, and, do you know, I think that he is about the only human being who has come to harm at my hands for whom I do not feel sincere sorrow and, in a degree, remorse.

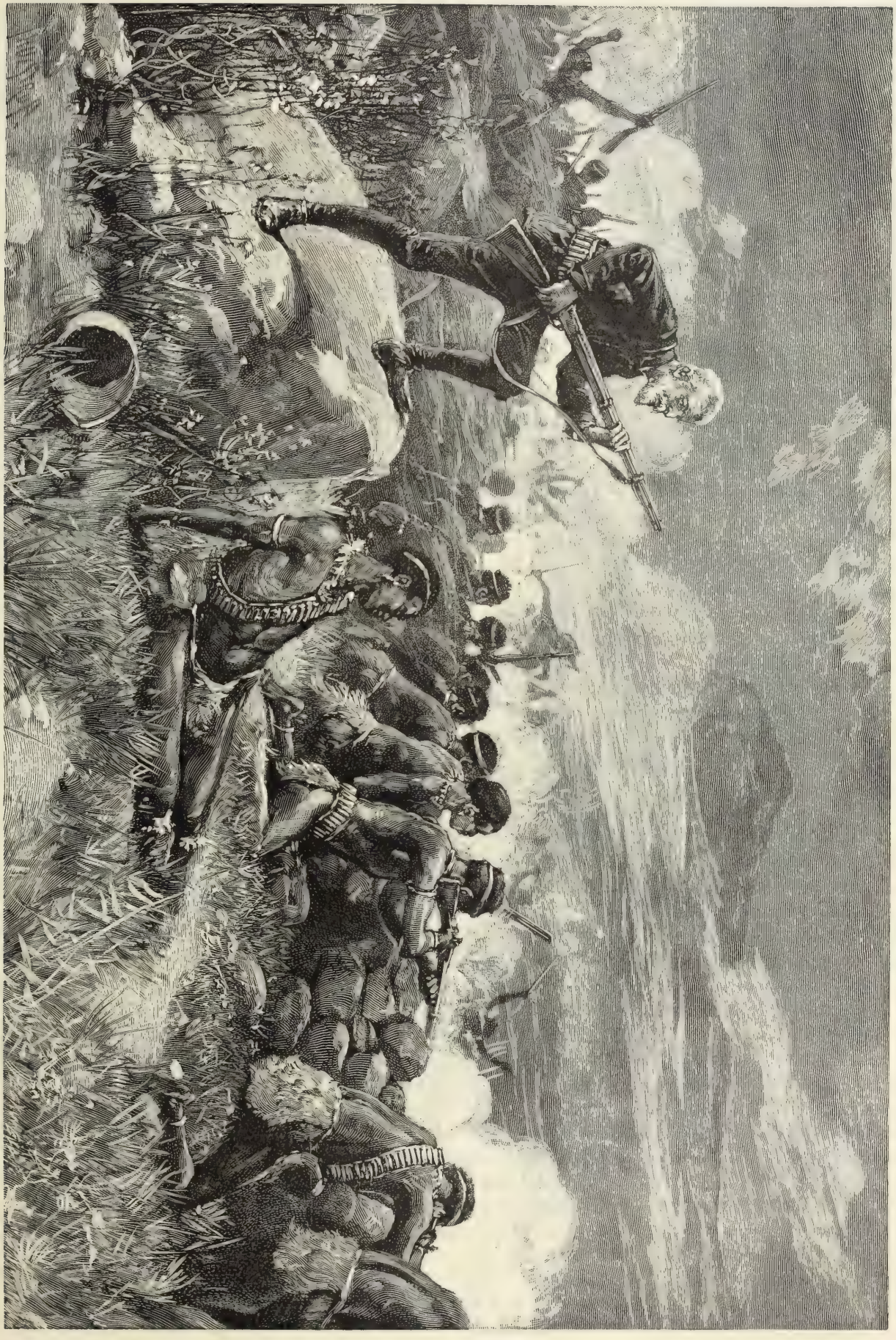
CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK.

JUST where we halted ran a little stream of water. I looked at it, and an idea struck me. Probably there would be no water on the koppie. I suggested this to our captain, and acting on the hint, he directed all the men to drink what they could, and also to fill the seven or eight cooking pots which we had with us with water. Then came the crucial moment. How were we to get possession of the koppie? When our captain asked me, I said that I thought we had better march up and take it, and this accordingly we went on to do. When we came to the narrow gateway, we were, as I expected, stopped by two soldiers who were on guard there, and asked our business. The captain answered that we had changed our mind, and would follow on to Wambe's kraal. The soldiers said no; we must now wait.

To this we replied by pushing them to one side, and marching in single file through the gateway, which was not distant more than a hundred yards from the koppie. While we were getting through, the men we had pushed away ran toward the town, calling for assistance—a call that was promptly responded to, for in another minute we made out scores of armed men running hard in our direction. So we ran too, for the koppie. As soon as they understood what we were after, which they did not at first, owing to the dimness of the light, they did their level best to get to the koppie before us. But we had the start of them, and with the exception of one unfortunate man, who stumbled and fell, we were well on to it before they arrived. This man they captured, and when fighting began on the following morning, and he refused to give any information, they killed him. Luckily they had no time to torture him, or they would certainly have done so, for these Matuku people are very fond of torturing their enemies.

When we reached the koppie, the base of which covered about half an acre of ground, the soldiers who had been trying to cut us off halted, for they knew the strength of the position. This gave us a few minutes, before the light had quite vanished, to reconnoitre the place. We found that it was unoccupied, fortified with a regular labyrinth of stone walls, and contained three large caves and some smaller ones. The next business was to post the men to such advantage as time would allow. My own men I was careful to put right at the top. They were perfectly useless from terror, and what I feared was that they might try to escape and give information of our plans to Wambe. So I watched them like the apple of my eye, telling them that should they dare to stir they would be shot.



"FIRE, YOU SCOUNDRELS!"

Then it grew quite dark, and presently out of the darkness I heard a voice; it was that of the leader of the soldiers who had escorted us, calling to us to come down. We replied that it was too dark to move; we should hit our feet against the stones. He insisted upon our descending, and we flatly refused, saying that if any attempt was made to dislodge us, we would fire. After that, as they had no real intention of attacking us in the dark, the men withdrew, but we saw from the watch fires that were lit around that they were keeping a strict watch upon our position.

That night was a wearing one, for we never quite knew how the situation was going to develop. Fortunately we had some cooked food with us, so we did not starve. It was, however, lucky that we had drunk our fill before coming up, for, as I had anticipated, there was not a drop of water on the koppie.

At length the night wore away, and with the first tinge of light I began to go my rounds, and stumbling along the stony paths, make things as ready as I could for the attack, which I felt sure would be delivered before we were two hours older. The men were cramped and cold, and consequently low-spirited, but I exhorted them to the best of my ability, bidding them remember the race from which they sprang, and not show the white feather to a crowd of Matuku dogs. At length it began to grow light, and presently I saw long columns of men advancing toward the koppie. They halted, under cover, at a distance of about a hundred and fifty yards, and just as the dawn broke, a herald came forward and called to us. Our captain stood up upon a rock and answered him.

"These are the words of Wambe," he said. "Come forth from the koppie and give over the evil-doers, and go in peace, or stay on the koppie and be slain."

"It is too early to come forth as yet," answered our man, in fine diplomatic style. "When the sun sucks up the mist, then will we come forth. Our limbs are stiff with cold."

"Come forth even now," said the herald.

"Not if I know it, my boy," said I to myself; but the captain replied that he would come out when he thought proper, and not before.

"Then make ready to die," said the herald, for all the world like the villain of a transpontine piece, and stalked majestically back to the soldiers.

I made my final arrangements, and looked anxiously at the mountain crest, a couple of miles or so away, from which the mist was now beginning to lift, but no column of smoke could I see. I whistled, for if the attacking force had been delayed or made any mistake, our position was likely to grow pretty warm. We had barely enough water to wet the mouths of the men, and when once that was finished we could not hold the place for long in the burning sun.

At length, just as the sun rose in glory over the heights behind us, the Matuku soldiers, of whom some fifteen hundred were now assembled, set up a queer whistling noise, which ended in a chant. Next some shots were fired (for the Matuku had a few guns), but without effect, though one bullet passed just by a man's head. "Now they are going to begin," I thought to myself, and I was not far wrong, for in another minute the body of men divided into three companies, each about five hundred strong, and, heralded by a running fire, charged at us on three sides. Our men were now all well under cover, and the fire did us no harm. I mounted on a rock, so as to command a view of as much of the koppie and plain as possible, and yelled to our men to reserve their fire till I gave the word, and then to shoot low, and load as quickly as possible. I knew that, like all natives, they were sure to be execrable shots, and that they were armed with weapons made out of old gas-pipes, so the only chance of doing execution was to let the enemy get right on to us.

On they came with a rush. They were within eighty yards now, and as they drew near the point of attack, I observed that they closed their ranks, which was so much the better for us.

"Shall we not fire, my father?" sung out the captain.

"No—confound you!" I answered.

"Sixty yards — fifty — forty — thirty. Fire, you scoundrels!" I yelled, setting the example by letting off both barrels of my elephant gun into the thickest part of the company opposite to me.

Instantly the place rang with the discharge of two hundred and odd guns, while the air was torn by the passage of every sort of missile, from iron pot legs down to

slugs and pebbles coated with lead. The result was very prompt. The Matukus were so near that we could not miss them, and at thirty yards a lead-coated stone out of a gas-pipe is as effective as a Martini rifle, or more so. Over rolled the attacking soldiers by the dozen, while the survivors, fairly frightened, took to their heels. We plied them with shot till they were out of range; I made it very warm for them with the elephant gun by the way, and then we loaded up in quite a cheerful frame of mind, for we had not lost a man, whereas I could count more than fifty dead and wounded Matukus. The only thing that damped my ardor was that, stare as I would, I could see no column of smoke upon the mountain crest.

Half an hour elapsed before any further steps were taken against us. Then the attacking force adopted different tactics. Seeing that it was very risky to try to rush us in dense masses, they opened out into skirmishing order, and ran across the open space in lots of five and six. As it happened, right at the foot of the koppie the ground broke away a little in such fashion that it was almost impossible for us to search it effectually with our fire. On the hither side of this dip Wambe's soldiers were now congregating in considerable numbers. Of course we did them as much damage as we could while they were running across, but this sort of work requires good shots, and that was just what we had not got. Another thing was that so many of our men would insist upon letting off the things they called guns at every little knot of the enemy that ran across. Thus the first few lots were indeed practically swept away, but after that, as it took a long while to load the gas-pipes and old flint muskets, those who followed got across in comparative safety. For my own part, I fired away with the elephant gun and repeating carbine till they grew almost too hot to hold, but my individual efforts could do nothing to stop such a rush, or perceptibly lessen the number of our enemies. At length there were at least a thousand men crowded into the dip of the ground within a few yards of us, whence those of them who had guns kept up a continued fusillade upon the koppie. They killed two of my bearers in this way and wounded a third, for, being at the top of the koppie, these men were most exposed to the fire from the dip at its base. Seeing that the situation was growing most serious, I at length, by the dint of threats and entreaties, persuaded the majority of our people to cease firing useless shots, to reload and prepare for the rush. Scarcely had I done so when the enemy came for us with a roar. I am bound to say that I should never have believed that Matukus had it in them to make such a determined charge. A large party rushed round the base of the koppie and attacked us in flank, while the others swarmed wherever they could get a foothold, so that we were taken on every side.

"*Fire!*" I cried; and we did, with terrible effect. Many of their men fell, but though we checked, we could not stop them. They closed up, and rushed the first fortification, killing a good number of its defenders. It was almost all cold-steel work now, for we had no time to reload, and that suited the Butiana habits of fighting well enough, for the stabbing assegai was a weapon which they understood. Those of our people who escaped from the first line of walls took refuge in the second, where I stood myself, encouraging them, and here the fight raged fiercely. Occasionally parties of the enemy would force a passage, only to perish on the hither side beneath the Butiana spears. But still they kept it up, and I saw that, fight as we would, we were doomed. We were altogether outnumbered, and to make matters worse, fresh bodies of soldiers were pouring across the plain to the assistance of our assailants. So I made up my mind to direct a retreat into the caves, and there expire in a manner as heroic as circumstances would allow, and while mentally lamenting my hard fate, and reflecting on my sins, I fought away like a fiend. It was then, I remember, that I shot my friend the captain of our escort of the previous day. He had caught sight of me, and making a vicious dig at my stomach with a spear (which I successfully dodged), shouted out, or rather began to shout out, one of his unpleasant allusions to the "Thing that—" He never got as far as "bites," because I shot him after "that."

Well, the game was about up. Already I saw one man throw down his spear in token of surrender—which act of cowardice cost him his life, by-the-way—when suddenly a shout arose.

"Look at the mountain!" they cried; "there is an Impi on the mountain-side."

I glanced up, and there, sure enough, about half-way down the mountain, nearing the first fortification, the long-plumed double line of Nala's warriors were rushing down to battle, the bright light of the morning glancing on their spears. Afterward we discovered that the reason of their delay was that they had been stopped by a river in flood, and could not reach the mountain crest by dawn. When they did reach it, however, they instantly saw that the fight was already going on—was "in flower," as they put it—and so advanced at once without waiting to light fires.

Meanwhile they had been observed from the town, and parties of soldiers were charging up the steep side of the hill to occupy the schanses and the second line of fortifications behind them. The first line they did not now attempt to reach or defend: Nala pressed them too close. But they got to the schanses or pits protected with stone walls, and constructed to hold from a dozen to twenty men, and soon began to open fire from them and from isolated rocks. I turned my eyes to the gates of the town, which were placed to the north and south. Already they were crowded with hundreds of fugitive women and children flying to the rocks and caves for shelter from the foe. As for ourselves, the appearance of Nala's Impi produced a wonderful change for the better in our position. The soldiers attacking us, realizing that the town was being assailed from the rear, simply turned, and clambering down the koppie, streamed off to protect their homes against this new enemy. In five minutes there was not a man left except those who would move no more, or were too sorely wounded to escape. I felt inclined to ejaculate "*Saved!*" like the gentleman in the play, but did not, because the occasion was too serious. What I did do was to muster all the men and reckon up our losses. They amounted to fifty-one killed and wounded, sixteen men having been killed outright. Then I sent men with the cooking pots to the stream for water, and we drank. This done, I set my bearers, as being the most useless part of the community from a fighting point of view, to the task of attending the injured, and turned to watch the fray.

By this time Nala's Impi had climbed the first line of fortifications without opposition, and was advancing in a long line upon the schanses or pits which were scattered about between it and the second line, singing a war chant as it came. Presently puffs of smoke began to start from the schanses, and with my glasses I could see several of our men falling over. Then, as they came opposite a schanse, that portion of the long line of warriors would thicken up and charge it with a wild rush. I could clearly see them leap on to the walls and vanish into the depths beneath, some of their number falling backward on each occasion, shot or stabbed to death. Next would come another act in the tragedy. Out from the hither side of the schanse would pour such of its defenders as were left alive, perhaps three or four, and perhaps a dozen, running for dear life, with the war-dogs on their tracks. One by one they would be caught, then up flashed the great spear, and down fell the pursued, dead. I saw ten of our men leap into one large schanse, but though I watched for some time, nobody came out. Afterward we inspected the place, and found these all dead, together with twenty-three Matukus. Neither side would give in, and they had fought it out to the bitter end.

At last they neared the second line of fortifications, behind which the whole remaining Matuku force, numbering some two thousand men, was rapidly assembling. One little pause to get their breath, and they came at it with a rush, and a long wild shout of "*Bulala Matuku*" (Kill the Matuku) that went right through me. Then came an answering shout, and the sounds of heavy firing, and presently I saw our men retreating, somewhat fewer in numbers than they had advanced. Their welcome had been a warm one, for the Matuku fight splendidly behind walls.

This decided me that it was necessary to create a diversion. If we did not do so, it seemed very probable that we should be worsted, after all. I called to the captain of our little force, and rapidly put the position before him. Seeing the urgency of the occasion, he agreed with me that we must risk it, and in two minutes more we were, with the exception of my own men, whom I left to guard the wounded, trotting across the open space, and through the deserted town, toward the spot where the struggle was taking place, some seven hundred yards away. In seven or eight minutes we reached a group of huts—it was a headman's kraal, that was situated



"FOLLOW ME, CHILDREN OF NALA!"

about a hundred and twenty yards behind the fortified wall—and took possession of it unobserved. The enemy was too much engaged with the foe in front of them to notice us, and besides, the broken ground rose in a hog-back shape between. There we waited a minute or two and recovered our breath, while I gave my directions. So soon as we heard the Butiana Impi begin to charge again, we were to run out in line to the brow of the hog-back, and pour our fire into the mass of the defenders behind the wall. Then the guns were to be thrown down, and we must charge with the assegai. We had no shields, but that could not be helped; there would be no time to reload the guns, and it was absolutely necessary that the enemy should be disconcerted at the moment that the main attack was delivered.

The men, who were as plucky a set of fellows as ever I saw, and whose blood was now thoroughly up, consented to this scheme, though I could see that they thought it rather a large order, as indeed I did myself. But I knew that if the Impi was driven back a second time the game would be up, and for me, at any rate, it would be a case of the "Thing that bites," and this sure and certain knowledge filled my breast with valor.

We had not long to wait. Presently we heard the Butiana war-song swelling loud and long. They had commenced their attack. I made a sign, and the hundred and fifty men, headed by myself, poured out of the kraal, and getting into a rough line, ran up the fifty or sixty yards of slope that intervened between ourselves and the crest of the hog-backed ridge. In thirty seconds we were there, and immediately beyond us was the main body of the Matuku host, waiting the onslaught of the enemy with guns and spears. Even now they did not see us, so intent were they upon the coming attack. I signed to my men to take careful aim, and suddenly called out to them to fire, which they did with a will, dropping thirty or forty Matukus.

"*Charge!*" I shouted again, throwing down my smoking rifle, and drawing my revolver, an example which they followed, snatching up their spears from the ground where they had placed them while they fired. The men set up a savage whoop, and we started. I saw the Matuku soldiers wheel round in hundreds, utterly taken aback at this new development of the situation. And looking over them, before we had gone twenty yards, I saw something else. For of a sudden, as though they had risen from the earth, there appeared above the wall hundreds of great spears, followed by hundreds of savage faces shadowed with drooping plumes. With a yell they sprang upon the wall, shaking their broad shields, and with a yell they bounded from it straight into our astonished foes.

Crash! we were in them now, and fighting like demons. *Crash!* from the other side. Nala's Impi was at its work, and still the spears and plumes appeared for a moment against the brown background of the mountain, and then sprang down and rushed like a storm upon the foe. The great mob of men turned this way and turned that way, astonished, bewildered, overborne by doubt and terror. Meanwhile the slayers stayed not their hands, and on every side spears flashed, and the fierce shout of triumph went up to heaven. There, too, on the wall stood Maiwa, a white garment streaming from her shoulders, an assegai in her hand, her breast heaving, her eyes flashing. Above all the din of battle I could catch the tones of her clear voice as she urged the soldiers on to victory. But victory was not yet. Wambe's soldiers gathered themselves together and bore our men back by the sheer weight of numbers. They began to give, then once more they rallied, and the fight hung doubtfully.

"Slay, you war whelps!" cried Maiwa from the wall. "Are you afraid, you women, you chicken-hearted women? Strike home, or die like dogs! What—you give way! Follow me, children of Nala!" And with one wild, long cry she leapt from the wall as leaps a stricken antelope, and holding the spear poised on high, rushed right into the thickest of the fray. The warriors saw her, and raised such a shout that it echoed like thunder against the mountains. They massed together, and following the flutter of her white robe, crashed into the dense heart of the foe. Down went the Matuku before them like trees before a whirlwind. Nothing could stand before such a rush as that. It was as the rush of a torrent bursting its banks. All along their line swept the wild, desperate charge, and there, straight in the fore-front of the battle, still waved the white robe of Maiwa.

Then they broke, and stricken with utter panic, Wambe's soldiers streamed away, a scattered crowd of fugitives, while after them thundered the footfall of the victors.

The fight was over; we had won the day; and for my part I sat down upon a stone and wiped my forehead, thanking his arm. By his side stood Maiwa, panting, but unhurt, and wearing the same proud and terrifying air.

"They are gone, Macumazahn," said the chief; "there is little to fear from them; their heart is broken. But where is Wambe, the chief; and where is the white man thou camest to save?"



EVERY'S RESCUE.

Providence that I had lived to see the end of it. Twenty minutes later, Nala's warriors began to return, panting. "Wambe's soldiers had taken to the bush and the caves," they said, "where they had not thought it safe to follow them," adding, significantly, that many had stopped on the way.

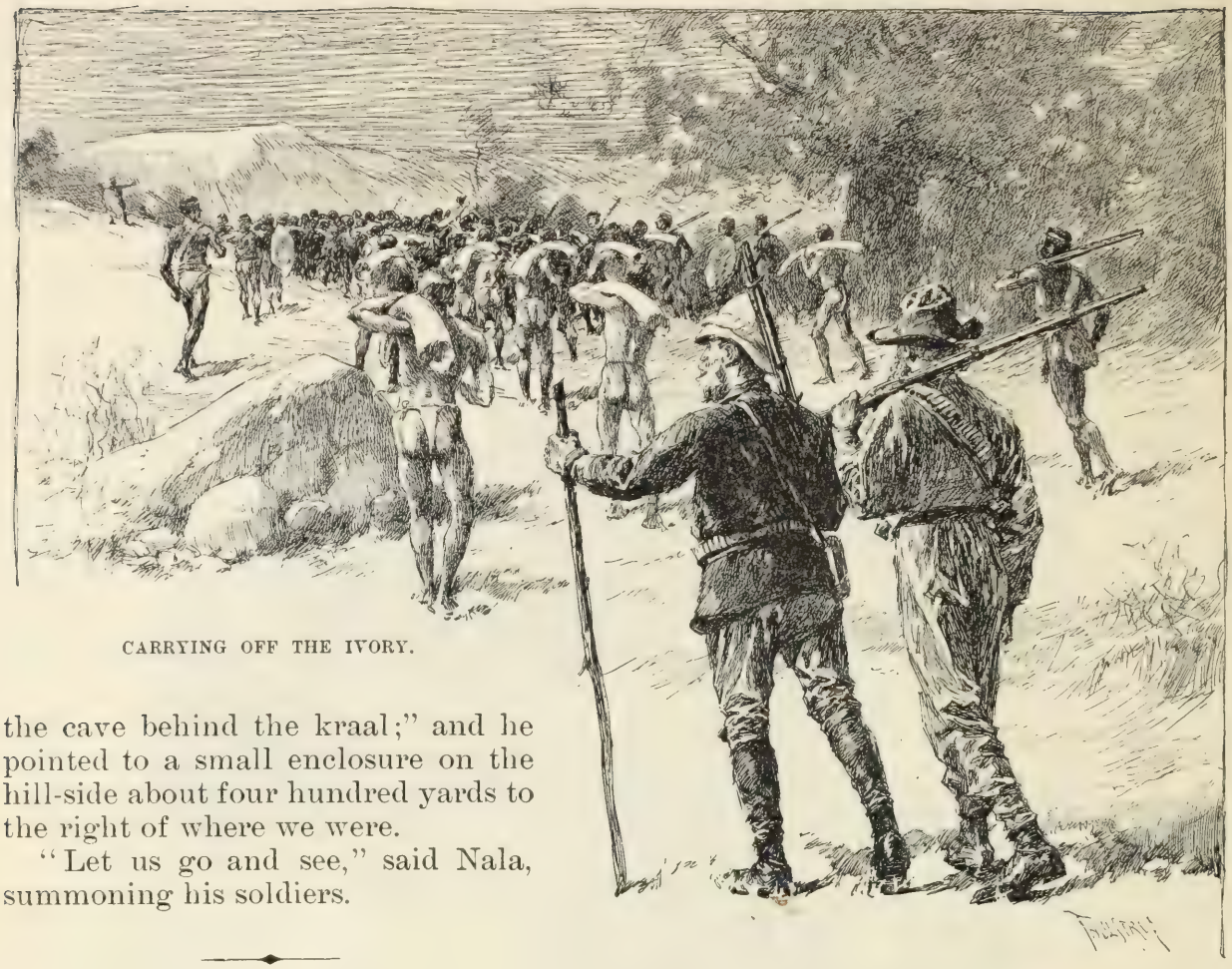
I was utterly dazed, and now that the fight was over, my energy seemed to have left me, and I did not pay much attention, till presently I was aroused by somebody calling me by my name. I looked up, and saw that it was the chief Nala himself, who was bleeding from a flesh wound in

"I know not," I answered.

Close to where we stood lay a Matuku, a young man who had been shot through the fleshy part of the calf. It was a trifling wound, but it prevented him from running away.

"Say, thou dog," said Nala, stalking up to him, and shaking his red spear in his face—"say, where is Wambe? Speak, or I slay thee. Was he with the soldiers?"

"Nay, lord, I know not," groaned the terrified man. "He fought not with us. Wambe has no stomach for fighting. Perchance he is in his kraal yonder, or in



CARRYING OFF THE IVORY.

the cave behind the kraal;" and he pointed to a small enclosure on the hill-side about four hundred yards to the right of where we were.

"Let us go and see," said Nala, summoning his soldiers.

CHAPTER VIII.

MAIWA IS AVENGED.

THE Impi formed up. Alas! an hour before, it had been stronger by a third than it was now. Then Nala detached two hundred men to collect and attend to the injured, and at my suggestion issued a stringent order that none of the enemy's wounded, and above all no women or children, were to be killed, as is the savage custom among African natives. On the contrary, they were to be allowed to send word to their women that they might come in to nurse them, and fear nothing, for Nala made war upon Wambe the tyrant, and not on the Matuku tribe. Then we started with some four hundred men for the chief's kraal. Very soon we were there. It was, as I have said, placed against the mountain-side, but within the fortified lines, and did not cover more than an acre and a half of ground altogether. Outside was a tidy reed fence, within which, neatly arranged in a semicircular line, stood the huts of the chief's principal wives. Maiwa of course knew every inch of the kraal, for she had lived in it, and led us straight to the entrance. We peeped through the gateway. Not a soul was to be seen. There were the huts, and there was the clear open space, floored with a concrete of lime, on which the sun beat fiercely, but nobody could we see or hear.

"The jackal has gone to earth," said Maiwa. "He will be in the cave behind his hut," and she pointed with her spear toward another small and semicircular enclosure, over which a large hut was visible, that had the cliff itself for a background. I stared at this fence. By George, it was true! — it was entirely made of tusks of ivory planted in the ground, with their points bending outward. The smallest ones, though none were small, were placed nearest to the cliff on either side, but they gradually increased in size till they culminated in two enormous tusks, which, set up so that their points met something in the shape of an inverted V, formed the gateway to the hut. I was dumfoundered with delight, and indeed where is the elephant hunter who would not be, if he suddenly saw five or six hundred picked tusks set up in a row, and only waiting for him to take them away? Of course the stuff was what is known as

"black" ivory; that is, the exterior of the tusks had become black from years or perhaps centuries of exposure to wind and weather, but I was certain that it would be none the worse for that. Forgetting the danger of the proceeding, I actually ran, in my excitement, right across the open space, and drawing my knife, scratched vigorously at one of the great tusks to see how deep the damage was. As I thought, it was nothing; there beneath the black covering gleamed the pure white ivory. I could have capered for joy, for I fear that I am very mercenary at heart, when suddenly I heard the faint echo of a cry for assistance. "Help!" screamed a voice in the Sisutu dialect from somewhere beyond the hut—"help! they are murdering me."

I knew the voice. It was John Every's. Oh, what a selfish brute was I! for the moment that miserable ivory had driven the recollection of him out of my head, and now perhaps it was too late.

Nala, Maiwa, and the soldiers had now come up. They too had heard the voice, and interpreted its tone, though they had not caught the words.

"This way!" cried Maiwa; and we started at a run, passing round the hut of Wambe. Behind was the narrow entrance to a cave. We rushed through it, heedless of the danger of an ambush, and this was what we saw, though very confusedly at first, owing to the gloom:

In the centre of the cave, and with either end secured to the floor by strong stakes, was a huge double-springed lion trap, fringed with sharp and grinning teeth. It was set, and beyond the trap, indeed almost over it, a terrible struggle was in progress. A naked or almost naked white man, with a great beard hanging down over his breast, was, in spite of his furious struggles, being slowly forced and dragged toward the trap by six or eight women. Only one man was present, a fat, cruel-looking man, with small eyes and a hanging lip. It was the chief Wambe, and he stood by the trap ready to force the victim down upon it so soon as the women had dragged him into the necessary position.

At this instant they caught sight of us, and there was a moment's pause; and then, before I knew what she was going to do, Maiwa lifted the assegai she still held, and whirled it at Wambe's head. I saw the flash of light speed toward him, and so did he, for he stepped backward to avoid it—stepped backward right into the trap. He yelled with pain as the iron teeth of the "Thing that bites" sprang up like living things and fastened into him. Such a yell I have not often heard. Now at last he tasted of the torture which he had inflicted upon so many, and though I trust I am a Christian, I cannot say that I felt sorry for him.

The assegai sped on, and struck one of the women who had hold of the unfortunate Every, piercing through her arm. This made her leave go—an example that the other women quickly followed, so that Every fell to the ground, where he lay gasping.

"Kill the witches," roared Nala, in a voice of thunder, pointing to the group of women.

"Nay," gasped Every; "spare them. He made them do it." And he pointed to the human fiend in the trap. Then Maiwa waved her hand to us to fall back, for the moment of her vengeance was come. We did so, and she strode up to her lord, and flinging the white robe from her, stood before him, her fierce, beautiful face fixed like stone.

"Who am I?" she cried, in so terrible a voice that he ceased his yells. "Am I that woman who was given to thee for wife, and whose child thou slewest? Or am I a spirit come to see thee die? What is this?" she went on, drawing the withered baby hand from the pouch at her side. "Is it the hand of a babe; and how came that hand to be thus alone? What cut it off from the babe, and where is the babe? Is it a hand, or is it the vision of a hand that shall presently tear thy throat? Where are thy soldiers, Wambe? Do they sleep and eat and go forth to do thy bidding, or are they perchance dead and scattered like the winter leaves?"

He groaned, and the fierce-eyed woman went on: "Art thou still a chief, Wambe, or does another take thy town and power? and, say, lord, what doest thou there, and what is that slave's leglet upon thy knee? Is it a dream, Wambe, great lord and chief, or"—and she lifted her clinched hands and shook them in his face—"hath a woman's vengeance found thee out, and a woman's wit overmatched thy tyrannous strength? and art thou about to slowly die in torments horrible to think on, O thou accursed murderer of little children?" and with one wild scream she

dashed the dead hand of the child straight into his face, and then fell senseless on the floor. As for the demon in the trap, he shrank back as far as its iron bounds would allow, his eyes starting out of his head with pain and terror, and then once more began to yell.

The whole scene was more than I could stand.

"Nala," I said, "this must not go on. That man is a fiend, but he must not be left to die there. See thou to it."

"Nay," answered Nala, "let him taste of the food wherewith he hath fed so many; leave him till death shall find him."

"That will I not," I answered. "Let his end be swift. See thou to it."

"As thou wilt, Macumazahn," answered the chief, with a shrug of the shoulders. "First let the white man and Maiwa be brought forth."

So the soldiers came forward and carried Every and the woman into the open air. As the former was borne past his tormentor, the fallen chief, so cowardly was his wicked heart, actually prayed him to intercede for him, and save him from a fate which, but for our providential appearance, would have been Every's own.

So we went away, and in another moment one of the biggest villains on the earth troubled it no more. Once in the fresh air, Every quickly recovered. I looked at him, and horror and sorrow pierced me through to see such a sight. His face was the face of a man of sixty, though he was not yet forty, and his poor body was cut to pieces with stripes and scars and other marks of the torments which Wambe had for years amused himself with inflicting on him.

As soon as he recovered himself a little he struggled on to his knees, burst into a paroxysm of weeping, and clasping my legs with his emaciated arms, would have actually kissed my feet.

"What are you about, old fellow?" I said, for I am not accustomed to that sort of thing, and it made me feel uncomfortable.

"Oh, God bless you!" he moaned—"God bless you! If only you knew what I have gone through! And to think that you should have come to help me, and at the risk of your own life! Well, you were always a true friend—yes, yes, a true friend."

"Bosh!" I answered, testily; "I'm a trader, and I came after that ivory," and I pointed to the stockade of tusks. "Did you ever hear of an elephant hunter who would not have risked his immortal soul for them, and much more his carcass?"

But he took no notice of my explanations, and went on God-blessing me as hard as ever, till at last I bethought me that a nip of brandy, of which I had a flask full, might steady his nerves a bit. I gave it him, and was not disappointed in the result, for he brisked up wonderfully. Then I hunted about in Wambe's hut, and found a kaross for him to put over his poor bruised shoulders, and he was quite a man again.

"Now," I said, "why did the late lamented Wambe want to put you in that trap?"

"Because, as soon as they heard that the fight was going against them, and that Maiwa was charging at the head of Nala's Impi, one of the women told Wambe that she had seen me write something on some leaves and give them to Maiwa before she went away to purify herself. Then, of course, he guessed that I had had something to do with your seizing the koppie and holding it while the Impi rushed the place from the mountain, so he determined to torture me to death before help could come. Oh heavens! what a mercy it is to hear English again!"

"How long have you been a prisoner here, Every?" I asked.

"Six years and a bit, Quatermain; I have lost count of the odd months lately. I came up here with Major Aldey and three other gentlemen and forty bearers. That devil Wambe ambushed us, and murdered the lot to get their guns. They weren't much use to him when he got them, being breech-loaders, for the fools fired away all the ammunition in a month or two. However, they are all in good order, and hanging up in the hut there. They didn't kill me because one of them saw me mending a gun just before they attacked us, so they kept me as a kind of armorer. Twice I tried to make a bolt of it, but was caught each time. Last time Wambe had me flogged very nearly to death: you can see the scars upon my back. Indeed I should have died if it hadn't been for the girl Maiwa, who nursed me by stealth. He got that accursed lion trap among our things also, and I suppose he has tortured between one and two hundred people to death in

it. It was his favorite amusement, and he would go every day and sit and watch his victim till he died. Sometimes he would give him food and water to keep him alive longer, telling him or her that he would let him go if he lived till a certain day. But he never did let them go. They all died there, and I could show you their bones behind that rock."

"The devil!" I said, grinding my teeth. "I wish I hadn't interfered. I wish I had left him to the same fate."

"Well, he got a taste of it, anyway," said Every. "I'm glad he got a taste. There's justice in it; and now he's gone to a place where I hope there is another one ready for him. By Jove! I should like to have the setting of it!"

And so he talked on, and I sat and listened to him, wondering how he had kept his reason for so many years. But he didn't talk, as I have written it, in good English. He spoke very slowly, and as though he had got something in his mouth, continually using native words, because the English ones had slipped his memory.

At last Nala came up and told us that food was made ready, and thankful enough we were to get it, I can tell you. After we had eaten we held a consultation. Quite a thousand of Wambe's soldiers were put *hors de combat*, but at least two thousand remained hidden in the bush and rocks, and these men, together with those in the outlying kraals, were a source of possible danger. The question arose, therefore, what was to be done: were they to be followed or left alone? I waited till everybody had spoken, some giving one opinion and some another, and then, being appealed to, I gave mine. It was to the effect that Nala should take a leaf out of the great Zulu T'Chaka's book, and incorporate the tribe, not destroy it. We had a good many women among the prisoners. Let them, I suggested, be sent to the hiding-places of the soldiers and make an offer. If the men would come and lay down their arms and declare their allegiance to Nala, they and their town and cattle should be spared. Wambe's cattle alone would be seized as the prize of war. Moreover, Wambe having left no children, his wife Maiwa should be declared chieftainess of the tribe, under Nala. If they did not accept this offer by the morning of the second day, it should be taken as a declaration that they wished to continue the war. Their town should be burned, their cattle, which our men were already collecting and driving in in great numbers, would be taken, and they should be hunted down.

This advice was at once declared to be wise, and acted on. The women were despatched, and I saw from their faces that they never expected to get such terms, and did not think that their mission would be in vain. Nevertheless we spent that afternoon in preparations against possible surprise, and also in collecting all the wounded of both parties into a hospital which we extemporized out of some huts, and there attending to them as best we could. That evening poor Every had the first pipe of tobacco that he had tasted for six years. Poor fellow! he nearly cried with joy over it. The night passed without any sign of attack, and on the following morning we began to see the effect of our message, for women, children, and a few men came in in little knots, and took possession of their huts. It was, of course, rather difficult to prevent our men from looting, and generally going on as natives, and, for the matter of that, white men too, are in the habit of doing after a victory. But one man who, after warning, was caught maltreating a woman, was brought out and killed by Nala's order, and though there was a little grumbling, that put a stop to further trouble.

On the second morning the headmen and numbers of their followers came in in groups, and about mid-day a deputation of the former presented themselves before us without their weapons. They were conquered, they said, and Wambe was dead, so they came to hear the words of the great lion who had eaten them up, and of the crafty white man, the jackal who had dug a hole for them to fall in, and of Maiwa, Lady of War, who had led the charge and turned the fate of the battle.

So we let them hear the words; and when we had done, an old man rose and said that in the name of the people he accepted the yoke that was laid upon their shoulders, and that the more gladly because even the rule of a woman could not be worse than the rule of Wambe. Moreover, they knew Maiwa, the Lady of War, and feared her not, though she was a witch, and terrible to see in battle.

Then Nala asked his daughter if she

was willing to become chieftainess of the tribe under him.

Maiwa, who had been very silent since her revenge was accomplished, answered yes, that she was, and that her rule should be good and gentle to those who were good and gentle to her, but the froward and rebellious she would smite with a rod of iron, which, from my knowledge of her character, I thought exceedingly probable.

The headmen replied that that was a good saying, and they did not complain at it, and so the meeting ended.

Next day we spent in preparations for departure. Mine consisted chiefly in superintending the digging up of the stockade of ivory tusks, which I did with the greatest satisfaction. There were some five hundred of them altogether. I made inquiries about it from Every, who told me that the stockade had been there so long that nobody seemed to exactly know who had originally collected the tusks. There was, however, a kind of superstitious feeling about them, which had always prevented the chiefs from trying to sell this great mass of ivory. Every and I examined it carefully, and found that although it was so old, its quality was really as good as ever, and there was very little soft ivory in the lot. At first I was rather afraid lest, now that my services had been rendered, Nala should hesitate to part with so much valuable property; but this was not the case. When I spoke to him on the subject he merely said, "Take it, Macumazahn, take it—you have earned it well." And to speak the truth, though I say it who shouldn't, I think I had. So we pressed several hundred Matuku bearers into our service, and next day marched off with the lot.

Before we went I took a formal farewell of Maiwa, whom we left with a bodyguard of three hundred men to assist her in settling the country. She gave me her hand to kiss in a queenly sort of way, and then said: "Macumazahn, you are a brave man, and have been a good friend to me in my need. If ever you want help or shelter, remember that Maiwa has a good memory for friend and foe. All I have is yours."

And so I thanked her, and went. She certainly was a very remarkable woman. A year or two ago I heard that her father Nala was dead, and that she had succeeded to the chieftainship of both tribes, which she ruled with great justice and firmness.

I can assure you that we ascended the pass leading to Wambe's town with feelings very different from those with which we had descended it a few days before. But if I was grateful for the issue of events, you can easily imagine what poor Every's feelings were. When we got to the top of the pass he actually, before the whole Impi, flopped down upon his knees and thanked Heaven for his escape, with the tears running down his face. But then, as I have said, his nerves were shaken; though now that his beard was trimmed, and he had got some sort of clothes on his back and hope in his heart, he looked a very different man from the poor wretch whom we had rescued from death by torture.

Well, we separated from Nala at the little stairway or pass over the mountain, Every and I and the ivory going down the river which we had come up a few weeks before, and the chief returning to his own kraal on the further side of the mountain. He gave us an escort of a hundred and fifty men, however, with instructions to accompany us for six days' journey, and keep the Matuku bearers in order, and then return. I knew that in six days we should be able to reach a district where porters were plentiful, and whence we could easily get the ivory conveyed to Delagoa Bay.

"And did you land it up safe?" I asked.

"Well, no," said Quatermain; "we lost about a third of it in crossing a river. A flood came down suddenly, just as the men were crossing, and many of them had to throw down their tusks to save their lives. We had no means of fishing it up, and so we had to leave it, which was very sad. However, we sold what remained for nearly seven thousand pounds; so we did not do so badly. I don't mean that I got seven thousand pounds out of it, because, you see, I insisted upon Every taking a half share. Poor fellow, he had earned it, if ever a man did. He set up a store in the old colony on the proceeds, and did uncommonly well."

"And what did you do with the lion trap?" asked Sir Henry.

"Oh, I brought that away with me also, and when I got to Durban I put it in my house. But really I could not bear to sit opposite to it at nights as I smoked. Vi-

sions of that poor woman and the hand of her dead child would rise up in my mind, and also of all the other horrors of which it had been the instrument. I began to dream at last that it had me by the leg. This was too much for my nerves, so I packed it up and shipped it to its maker in Sheffield, whose name was stamped upon the steel, sending him a letter at the same time to tell him to what purpose the infernal machine had been put. I believe that he gave it to some museum or other."

"And what became of the tusks of the three bulls which you shot? You must have left them at Nala's kraal, I suppose."

The old gentleman's face fell at this question.

"Ah," he said, "that is a very sad story. Nala promised to send them with my goods to my agent at Delagoa, and so he did. But the men who brought them were unarmed, and, as it happened, they fell in with a slave caravan under the command of a half-breed Portuguese, who seized the tusks, and what is worse, swore that he had shot them. I paid him out afterward, however," he added, with a smile of satisfaction; "but it did not give me back my tusks, which no doubt have long ago been turned into hair-brushes." And he sighed.

"Well," said Good, "that is a capital yarn of yours, Quatermain; but—"

"But what?" he asked, sharply, foreseeing a draw.

"But I don't think that it was so good as mine about the ibex—it hasn't the same *finish*."

Mr. Quatermain made no reply. Good was beneath it.

"Do you know, gentlemen," he said, "it is half past two in the morning, and if we are going to shoot the big wood tomorrow, we ought to leave here at nine-thirty sharp."

"Oh, if you shoot for a hundred years, you will never beat the record of those three woodcock," I said.

"Or of those three elephants," added Sir Henry.

And then we all went to bed, and I dreamt that I had married Maiwa, and was much afraid of that determined lady.

THE END.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE.

BY S. HOXIE.

THE ancestry of these cattle may be traced unalloyed for more than two thousand years. The history of the Netherlands goes back three hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era. At that time that portion of country bordering on the North Sea was called Frisia. It extended over the present provinces of North Holland, Friesland, and Groningen, and over the German border to the river Ems. Its inhabitants were classed by the Romans with the "Northern barbarians." They differed from their neighbors in their love of peaceful pursuits, especially the care and breeding of cattle.

In 1282 came the decisive inundation that produced the Zuyder Zee—a broad and permanent channel from the sea far inland, separating these cattle breeders into two groups—the western occupying a stretch of country that was for a long time called West Friesland, now constituting the major part of North Holland; the eastern, the present provinces of Friesland and Groningen. In the western division the influence of Batavian and Celtic blood has rendered the inhabitants less conservative, and changed the language to modern Hollandish. In both divisions the cattle are the same in blood; they are kept in the same manner and used for the same purposes. The farmers are all dairymen, and all combine the production of butter, cheese, veal, and beef in their pursuit.

The system of dairying pursued differs slightly in the two divisions. In Friesland butter-making takes precedence. From the skim-milk, cheese is made. The whey is fed to calves or older cattle, with an allowance of oil-cake. Their cattle are always kept in what American farmers would call superior condition. In North Holland the only material variation from this system is in making cheese from the milk immediately as it comes from the herd. The noted Edam cheese is produced. It will be noticed that these systems involve the utilization of every cattle product—milk, butter, cheese, veal, and beef. They thus draw profit from both the lead-

ing tendencies of bovine nature—milk-giving and flesh-making. They give no credit to the theory that the functions of the one antagonize those of the other. On the contrary, they have demonstrated on the largest possible scale that when intense activity of the functions of the one ceases, if an animal is normally developed, healthy, and well fed, intense activity of the functions of the other begins. In looking on their herds there is a strong impression that these peasant-farmers are correct in their views. The broad loins and wide rumps of their cattle seem just the place for the finest quality of beef, and equally the proper support of capacious udders.

At two years of age, with rare exceptions, they commence giving milk, and at six or seven years old they uniformly go loaded with flesh to the butcher. These dairymen do not lose their dairy plant at the end of every eight or ten years in a lot of old and worthless cows. They sell their cows well fattened at an age when their flesh is of the best quality. The price obtained pays for extra food that may have been used, and replaces them, at a profit, with younger animals.

As a race stock these cattle have become widely noted. They have sent offshoots into all the richer grass sections of northern and central Europe. In some instances these have been established so long that, prevailing over the native cattle, and slightly changed by environments, they have taken names corresponding to their location. Some of the most renowned breeds of Europe are of such origin. Among these are the Flanders or Flamande breed of Belgium and France, the Breitenburg and Oldenburg breeds of Germany, and the Kolmogorian breed of Russia. Our Secretary of State in 1883 procured reports from our consuls upon the breeds and products of cattle throughout the world. From Belgium such reports call especial attention to "the Hollandaise or Dutch cow, and the Flamande or Belgian cow." In one of these reports the consul says: "The breeds to which I allude present in outward appearance, and in results for both the dairy and for beef, cattle that cannot be surpassed in the world."

The reports from France are confirmatory of those from Belgium. The origin of Flemish cattle, the pure Flamande breed, and the sub-breeds that have taken the names Boulonaise and Artésienne, are credited to importations from the shores of the North Sea, whence, says one of the writers, "came the breeds of Holland, Schleswig, Holstein, and Jutland, all remarkable for their milking qualities." Similar reports also come from Germany. The consul of the province of Silesia selected four hundred of the largest herds of cattle in his district with the view of ascertaining the favorite breed. Two hundred and seventy-two handled exclusively pure Dutch cattle; the balance was occupied by a dozen or more of other breeds and their grades.

The most interesting of all was that from Consul-General Stanton, of St. Petersburg. He found on the fertile lands at the mouth of the river Dwina, within two and a half degrees of the arctic circle, an offshoot of this race, named from the locality the Kolmogorian breed. It was originally a cross between this breed and the native cattle of Archangel, and dates from the time of Peter the Great. It is remarkable for its yield of milk, and the fine quality of veal which it produces. It is the favorite breed at St. Petersburg, and is used to improve other Russian breeds.

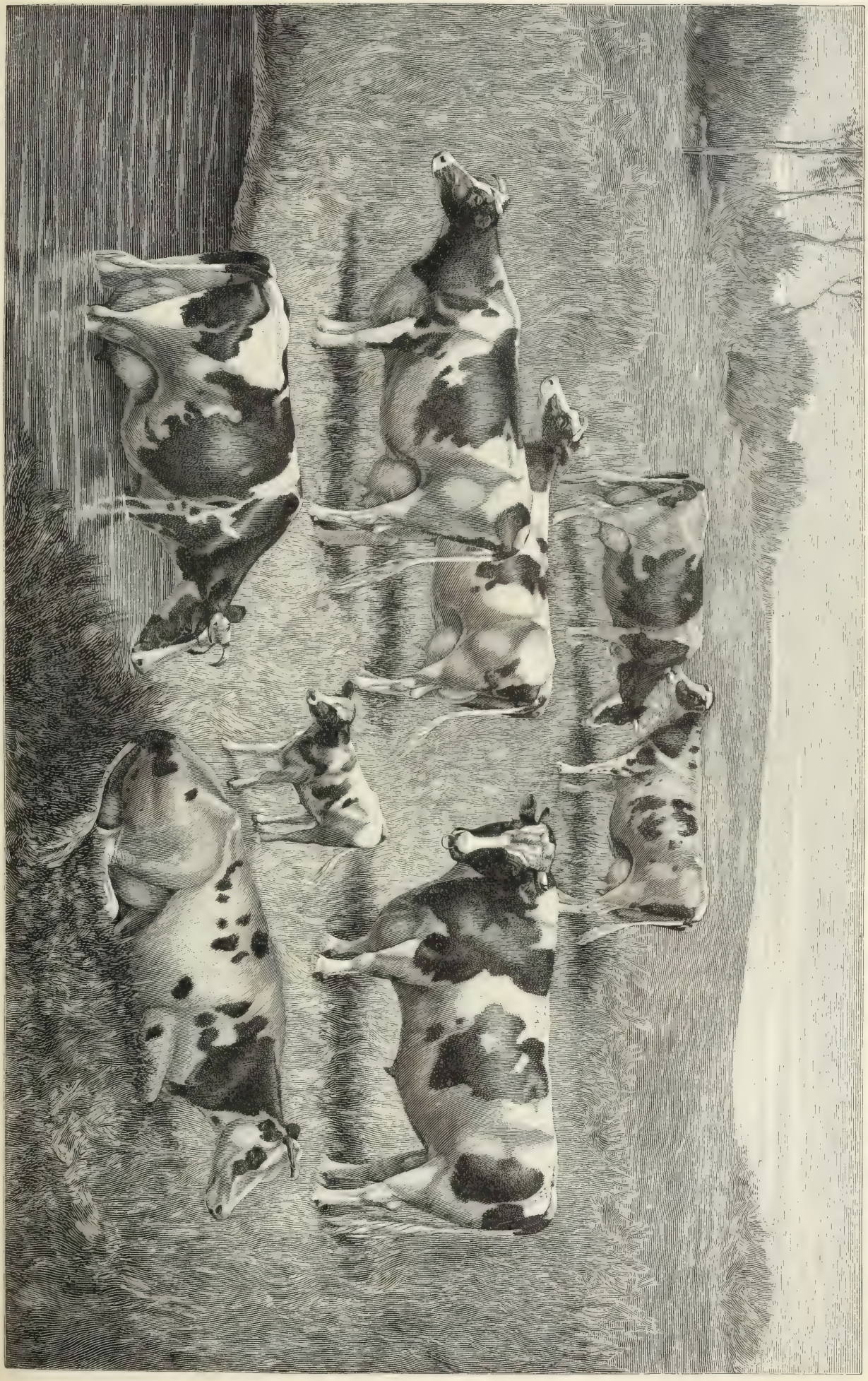
In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries these cattle appear to have been largely imported into the British Islands, and became influential in the formation of some of the most renowned breeds of England and Scotland. Professor Low, whose writings are regarded as eminent authority on the British breeds, says: "The Dutch breed was especially established in the district of Holderness, on the north side of the Humber, whence it extended northward through the plains of Yorkshire, and the cattle of Holderness still retain the distinct traces [in 1840] of their Dutch origin, and were long regarded as the finest dairy cows of England. Further to the north, in the fertile district of the Tees, importations likewise took place of the cattle of the opposite countries, sometimes from Holland, and sometimes, by the way of Hamburg, from Holstein or the countries on the Elbe." He adds: "Of the precise extent of these early importations we are imperfectly informed, but that they exercised a great influence on the native stock appears from this circumstance, that the breed formed by the mixture became familiarly known as the Dutch or Holstein breed, under which

name it extended northward through Northumberland, and became naturalized in the south of Scotland. It was also known as the Teeswater, or simply the Short-horned, breed." From whence our modern improved Short-horn breed originated. Sanford Howard, an equally eminent authority, in writing of the Ayrshire breed, says: "It is not improbable that the chief nucleus of the improved breed was the 'Dunlop stock' so called, which appears to have been possessed by a distinguished family by the name of Dunlop, in the Cunningham district of Ayrshire, as early as 1780. This stock was derived at least in part from animals imported from Holland."

The attention of American breeders has never been called to these cattle to any extent until within the last fifteen years. The fact of our using a common language with our English cousins, and the assumption of English breeders that they alone possessed breeds of cattle worthy of our attention, have been a bar to our study of the Continental breeds. One that even now is difficult for many to break over. Yet it is inferred that a strain of these cattle was introduced into this country at an early date. From 1621 to 1664 the eastern part of the State of New York was the Dutch colony of New Netherlands. During this period many Holland farmers settled along the Hudson River and in the rich valley of the Mohawk. They probably brought cattle with them from their native land, and crossed them with cattle purchased from the other colonies. Of one thing there is a certainty, for many years after, the cattle of the Mohawk Valley were called Dutch cattle, and were especially esteemed for their superior milking qualities. The first importation of which we have any positive knowledge was made more than a hundred years later. We are indebted to Mr. Dudley Miller, of Oswego, New York, for an interesting account of it. It consisted of six cows and two bulls, and was sent, in 1795, by the Holland Land Company, which then owned large tracts in the State of New York, to their agent, Mr. John Lincklaen, of Cazenovia. As described by one of the early settlers of that village, "the cows were of the size of oxen; their colors clear black and white in large patches; very handsome bodies and straight limbs; horns middling size, but gracefully set; their necks were seemingly too slender to carry their heads." In 1810 a bull and two cows were imported by Hon. William Jarvis, and placed on his farm at Weathersfield, Vermont. About the year 1825 another importation was made by Herman Le Roy, a part of which were sent into the valley of the Genesee; the rest were kept near New York city. Still later an importation was made into the State of Delaware. No records were kept of the descendants of these cattle. Their blood was mingled and lost in that of the native cattle, yet its impress was long recognized in the various localities to which these importations went. The first permanent introduction of this breed was due to the perseverance of Hon. Winthrop Chenery, of Belmont, Massachusetts. His first two importations and their increase, with the exception of a single animal, were destroyed by the government of Massachusetts, in consequence of a contagious disease by which they were unfortunately attacked. He made a third importation in 1861. This was followed, in 1867, by an importation for Hon. Gerrit S. Miller, of Peterborough, New York, made by his brother, who had been attending the noted agricultural school at Eldena, Prussia, where this breed was regarded with great favor. These two importations, with an Oldenburg cow owned by Hon. W. H. Russell, of Lawrence, Massachusetts, and three animals from East Friesland, imported by General William S. Tilton, of the National Military Asylum, Maine, formed the nucleus of the *Holstein Herd-Book*, the first volume of which was published in 1872. The time was propitious for the introduction of a breed with the characteristics of these cattle. Dairying had become an important industry of the Northern States, and was extending to the prairie lands of the West, where especially large cattle were demanded. No breed ever spread with such rapidity. Its progress was opposed by strong prejudices, yet it seemed to gather new force from every public manifestation of such opposition, until now, in less than sixteen years from the publication of that apparently insignificant volume, it has become one of the largest and most popular breeds in our country.

It has greatly enlarged the possibilities of milk and butter production throughout our richer dairy sections. Our dairymen have been awakened, and their views

changed in regard to the capacity to which they may raise their herds. Thirty pounds of milk a day, 5000 pounds a year, and 7 pounds of butter a week were considered twenty years ago as large yields, and even now are above the capacity of unimproved cows. The progress of such change of views may be traced in the progress of records that have been made by cows of this breed and publicly credited. The cow Crown-Princess, owned by Hon. Gerrit S. Miller, of Peterborough, New York, in six years, from 1870 to 1876, made a record of 61,112 pounds of milk, an average of 10,185 pounds a year. This was followed by the record of Lady Clifden, owned by Hon. William H. Russell, of Lawrence, Massachusetts. In 1875 she gave in 362 days 16,274 pounds; in 1876, in 282 days, 12,243 pounds; and commencing May 1, 1877, in 396 days, 13,232 pounds. The Maid of Twisk, owned by the Unadilla Valley Association, a company of dairy farmers in central New York, followed this by a record for 303 days, in 1876, of 12,563$\frac{1}{8}$ pounds; for 325 days, in 1877, of 14,312 pounds; and for 336 days, in 1878, of 15,960$\frac{5}{8}$ pounds. Next came the records of the noted cows Aegis and Aaggie, owned by Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb, of Syracuse, New York. In 1880, in 365 days, the former gave 16,823$\frac{5}{8}$ pounds, and the latter 18,004$\frac{15}{16}$ pounds. With the exception of Aegis, these were all imported cows, and it began to be questioned whether such cows could be produced in this country. The answer came in a test of the cow Echo, bred by Mr. Miller, and owned by Mr. F. C. Stevens, of Attica, New York. It was for two successive years, beginning March 19, 1882, and closing May 28, 1884. During the first year she gave 18,120$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, and during the second year, after a brief rest of about ten weeks, she produced 23,775$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. These records aroused the attention of dairy writers, especially in England. They were pronounced impossible. Plausible arguments were made to show the inconsistency of such records with the amount of material for making milk that a cow could digest. Public confidence in them was shaken for a brief period. At this stage of public sentiment a test was begun of the cow Clothilde, owned by Smiths, Powell, and Lamb. They invited the closest scrutiny. They offered to pay the expenses of some of the most prominent scientists to come and thoroughly investigate this test. A number of gentlemen availed themselves of this offer. It was also placed in the official charge of the superintendent of the Holstein-Friesian Advanced Register, who from time to time sent official inspectors to watch the milkings, to test the scales upon which they were weighed, to examine into the accuracy of the account that was being kept, and into every other detail in which there might be a possibility of error. None was discovered, and the accuracy of the record was put beyond all reasonable doubt. The result was the production of 26,021$\frac{1}{8}$ pounds in 365 consecutive days —a record of more than 2000 pounds above any that had been previously made. It seemed at that time that the extreme capacity of milk production by a single cow had been reached. But now, while this is being written, the cow Pieterjie 2d, owned by Mr. Dallas B. Whipple, of Cuba, New York, has reached a year's record of 30,318$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds. The production of this has also been closely watched by disinterested parties; and the proof is so convincing that it will be received by the public with much less doubt than were the early records of half this amount. Since 1880 many other cows have exceeded Aaggie's noted record. Among these are Ethelka, at 18,131$\frac{7}{16}$ pounds, and Jamaica, at 19,547 pounds, both owned by John Mitchel, Vail's Gate, New York; Violet, at 18,677$\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, by Edgar Huidekoper, Meadville, Pennsylvania; Lady De Vries, at 18,848$\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, by L. H. Payne, Garrettsville, Ohio; Empress, at 19,714$\frac{1}{4}$ pounds, by Hon. G. S. Miller, Peterborough, New York; Glenburnie, at 20,138$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, by B. B. Lord and Son, Sinclairville, New York; Rhoda, at 21,309 pounds, by F. C. Stevens, Attica, New York; Princess of Wayne, at 20,469$\frac{9}{16}$ pounds, and Aaggie 2d, at 20,763$\frac{3}{16}$ pounds, both by T. G. Yeomans and Sons, Walworth, New York; Boukje, at 21,679$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, by Stone and Carpenter, Waverly, Pennsylvania; Koningen van Friesland 5th, at 19,700$\frac{1}{8}$ pounds, by A. Bradley and H. D. Warner, Lanesville, Connecticut; Koningen van Friesland 3d, at 23,617$\frac{7}{8}$ pounds, by H. O. Warner, New Milford, Connecticut; Sultana, at 22,043$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, by H. C. Jewett and Co., Buffalo, New York; and Albino 2d, at 18,484$\frac{13}{16}$ pounds (in two-year form), Netherland Belle, at 19,516$\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, Aaggie Rosa, at 20,227$\frac{3}{16}$ pounds, Lady Fay, at 20,602$\frac{3}{16}$ pounds,



A GROUP OF THE AAGGIE FAMILY.

and Clothilde 2d, at 23,602⅝ pounds, by Smiths, Powell, and Lamb.

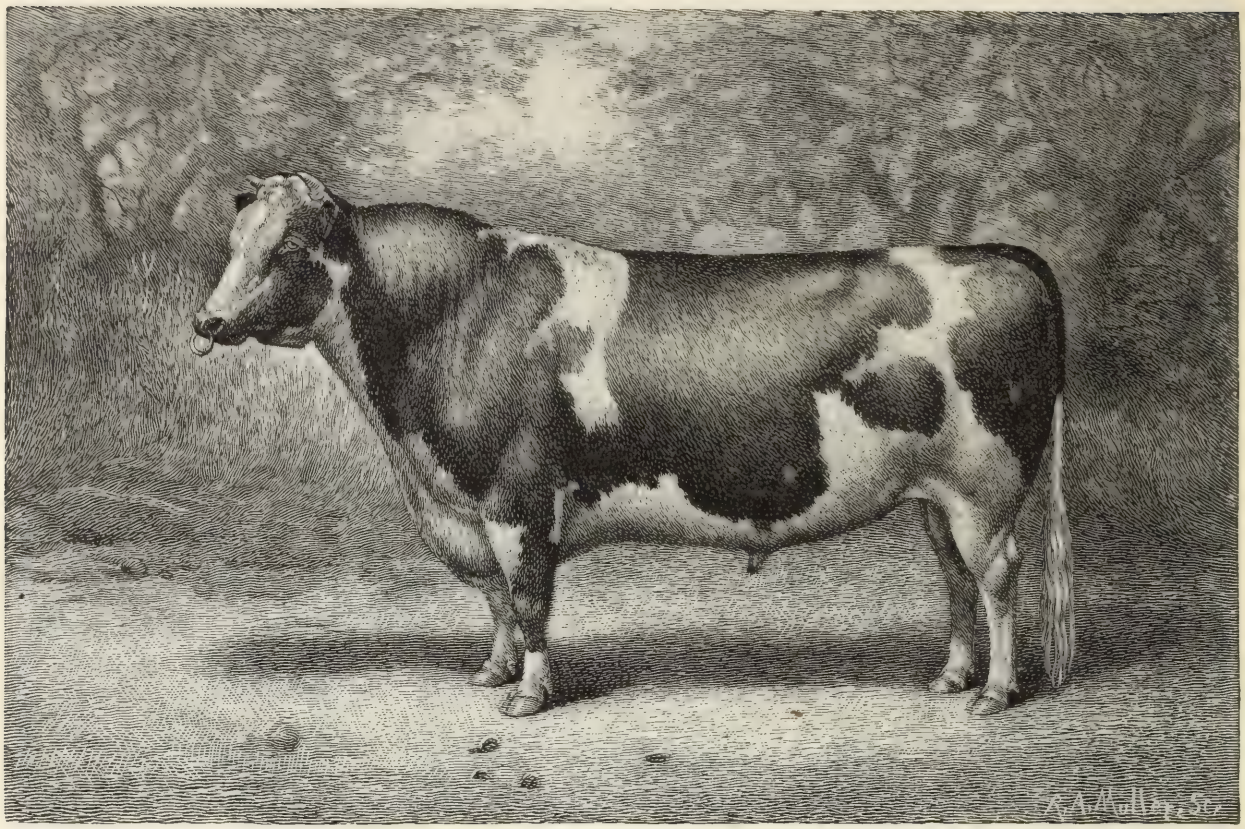
Such records have been of so much interest in this country that the breeders have given much more attention to the production of quantity than to quality of milk. They have fed and cared for their cattle to produce quantity. In consequence many have inferred that this breed is an excellent one for the production of milk and cheese, but that it is not adapted to the production of butter. Notwithstanding this impression it has now entered into a contest for the highest place as a butter breed, and the rapidity with which it is gaining such a position is a public surprise. The first step toward this was the winning of the Challenge Cup offered by the *Breeders' Gazette*, of Chicago, for the largest thirty days' butter record. The contest for this cup was open to the world and to all breeds until July 1, 1883. It was won by Mercedes, a cow of this breed, owned by Thomas B. Wales, of Iowa City, Iowa. Her record was 99 pounds 6½ ounces. This result awakened much controversy. Demands were made for further competitive trials. Several took place in the three years following, at cattle shows in the Western States, uniformly resulting in the success of this breed. Yet they were not considered conclusive, as the best cows of other breeds were not put in competition. At this stage of public opinion the New York Dairy Show of 1887 was conceived. Long before its opening it was widely known that one of its most important features would be a contest for the championship in butter production. This was to be decided by a twenty-four hours' trial in the hands of an impartial committee. It was entered upon for the purpose of testing the claims of the different breeds. Cattle clubs and breeders' associations were deeply interested in it, and gave every possible encouragement to the bringing forward of the best representatives of the breeds they maintained. Probably no similar contest was ever arranged and conducted on more even terms. No criticisms were made against the management up to the hour of announcing the result. The championship was won for this breed, the cow Clothilde receiving the first prize, and the three-year-old heifer Clothilde 4th the second prize, both owned by Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb. In other departments there were contests for quality of butter, where the breeds were indirectly pitted against one another. In these contests this breed also won more than its proportionate share of prizes.

It is only within the last five years that the breeders of these cattle have been specially testing the butter capacity of their cows. Messrs. T. G. Yeomans and Sons were pioneers in this work. In tests made of their herd of less than 40 cows, 29 were found to average a seven days' production of 17 pounds 7½ ounces. Aaggie 2d made 26 pounds 7 ounces in this length of time, 105 pounds 10½ ounces in thirty days, and 304 pounds 5½ ounces in ninety days. This was followed by tests of other breeders. Mr. Thomas B. Wales also found 29 cows owned by him that made an average of 17 pounds 2.67 ounces. One of these, Tritomia, at four years of age, made 25 pounds 3½ ounces. Messrs. Smiths, Powell, and Lamb find 100 cows owned by them that average 18 pounds 0.06 ounces in tests of the same length of time. Among these, Netherland Princess 4th, at twenty-eight months old, made 21 pounds 10¾ ounces; Albino 2d, at three years old, 25 pounds 14¼ ounces, while in thirty days she produced 106 pounds 14 ounces. Their cow Clothilde, at full age, made in seven days 28 pounds 2¼ ounces. In the small herd of Mr. Eugene Smith, of Nashville, Tennessee, 7 cows are reported with an average of 17 pounds 6.57 ounces in seven days. Among other noted tests is that of Florence Herbert, owned by Home Farm, Hampton, Iowa, at 27 pounds 13½ ounces in seven days, and that of Nieltje Korndyke, the property of E. J. Burrell, Little Falls, New York, at 93 pounds 12 ounces in thirty days.

Notwithstanding the antiquity of this breed, its first herd-book was that issued by American breeders in 1872. This was followed in 1875 by one in the Netherlands, its original home. Five years later another was published in America by an association of breeders who objected to the name Holstein, by which they were generally known in this country, and against which there were strong protests from the breeders in Europe. In view of their origin and the source from whence they were imported, this association adopted the name Dutch-Friesian. In the same year another herd-book was issued in and for the province of Friesland, where the breed had been especially guarded for ages.



A GROUP OF THE CLOTHILDE FAMILY.



HOLSTEIN BULL "NETHERLAND PRINCE."

Since then herd-books of these cattle have been published both in Belgium and Germany. In 1885 the two American associations compromised on the name Holstein-Friesian, and united their registry.

In their native country none but select cattle are admitted to the herd-books. It is not enough that they are pure bred; they must also be superior. This requirement is of the highest importance. Being the "common cattle" of the Netherlands, and handled by all classes of breeders, some of whom are indifferent to their standing, in whose hands they degenerate as in other hands they improve, there are great diversities in their build, quality, and capacity. To the credit of American importers, they have generally sought for the best. Yet it is beginning to be felt that continued selection is the basis of continued success. This is true not only of the breeders of these cattle, but also of those handling other leading breeds. In consequence of this, a system of advanced registration has been commenced in this country for this breed, conditioned on superior build and quality, and especially on capacity for milk or butter production. The first volume of this registry was published in 1887. The standard for butter production of this volume, below which no full-aged cow was accepted, is 15 pounds in seven consecutive days, and the standard of milk production of cows of the same age is 10,700 pounds in ten consecutive months. It has proportionately lower standards for younger cows. It contains over seven hundred records. The actual average of these records for full-aged cows is $13,437\frac{13}{16}$ pounds of milk in ten months, or 18 pounds 13.6 ounces of butter in seven days. Below this, for four-year-old heifers the average is $12,901\frac{5}{16}$ pounds of milk, or 17 pounds 3 ounces of butter; for three-year-old heifers, $10,889\frac{7}{8}$ pounds of milk, or 15 pounds 0.33 ounces of butter; and for two-year-old heifers, $9435\frac{15}{16}$ pounds of milk, or 11 pounds 3 ounces of butter.

American skill and enterprise find in this breed peculiar material on which to work. It is as hardy as the American scrub, it has no hereditary tendencies to diseases of any kind, and it is peculiarly plastic in its adaptations, as may be seen by its perfect acclimation in the rigorous climate of Archangel as well as in the sunny climate of France. And as an object of pleasure and of beauty no cattle respond more generously, or appear more picturesque on a background of green fields, and none are more emblematic of rural wealth and content.



'TWAS God above that made all things,
The heav'ns, the earth, and all therein,
The ships that on the sea do swim
To guard from foes that none come in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Twas for one end—the use of man,
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good;
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay:
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottèl,
And the stopple in, all had been well.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.



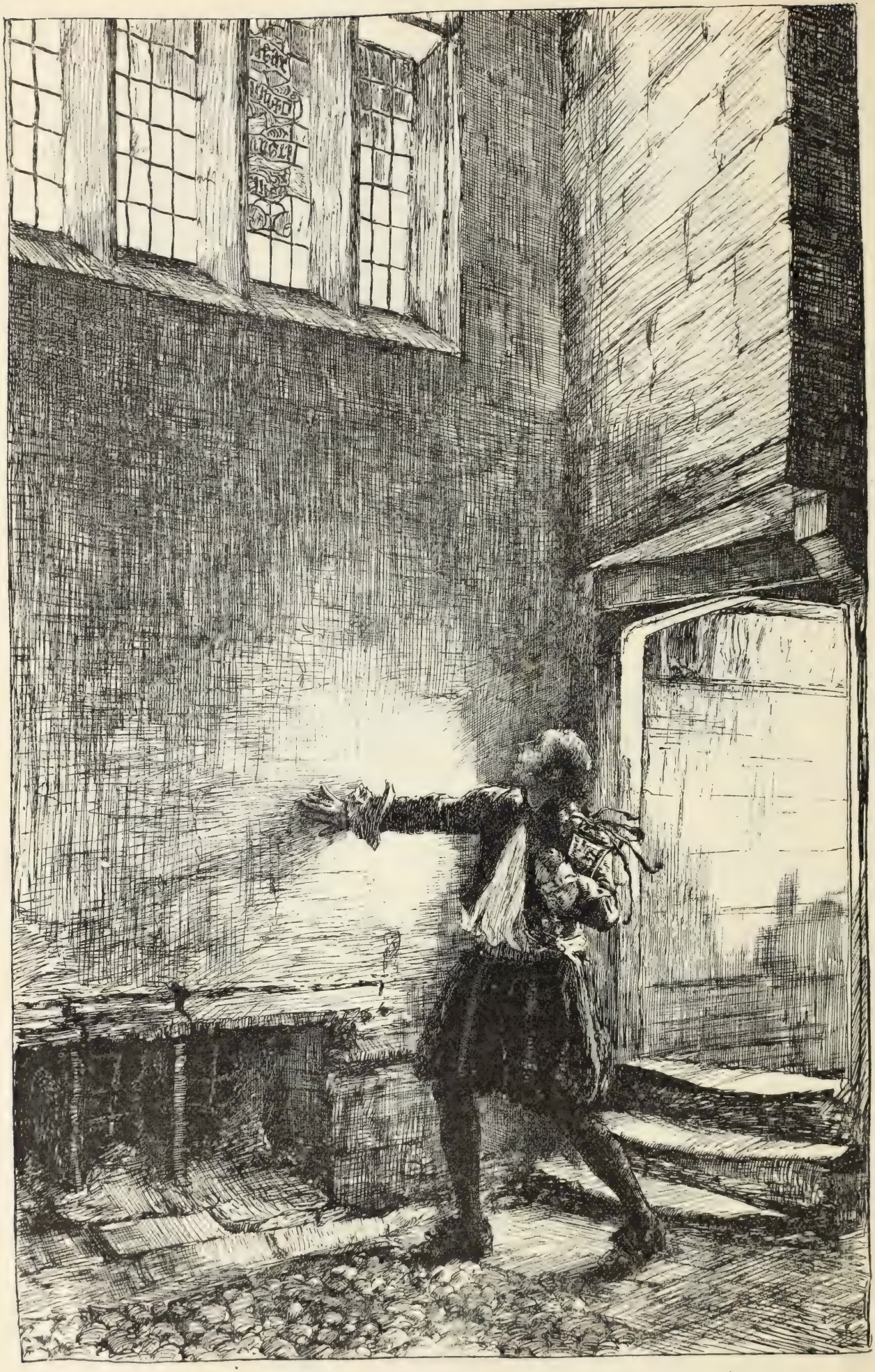
"NOW, WHAT DO YOU SAY TO THESE CANS OF WOOD?"



"IF A MAN AND HIS WIFE SHOULD NOT AGREE."

Then what do you say to these black pots three?
If a man and his wife should not agree,
Why they'll tug and pull till their liquor doth spill:
In a leather bottèl they may tug their fill,
And pull away till their hearts do ake,
And yet their liquor no harm can take.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say to these flagons fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For when a Lord is about to dine,
And sends them to be filled with wine,
The man with the flagon doth run away,
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.



"BECAUSE IT IS SILVER MOST GALLANT AND GAY."



A leather bottèl we know is good,
Far better than glasses or cans of wood,
For when a man's at work in the field,
Your glasses and pots no comfort will yield;



"FOR WHEN HE'S HUNTING OF THE DEER."

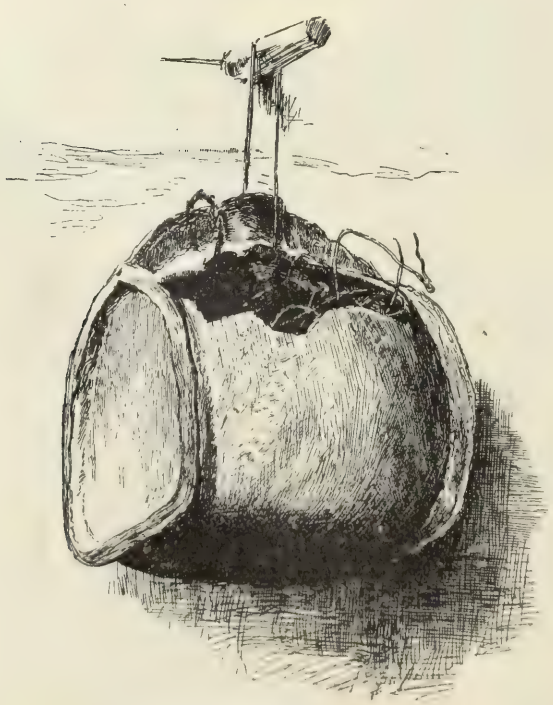
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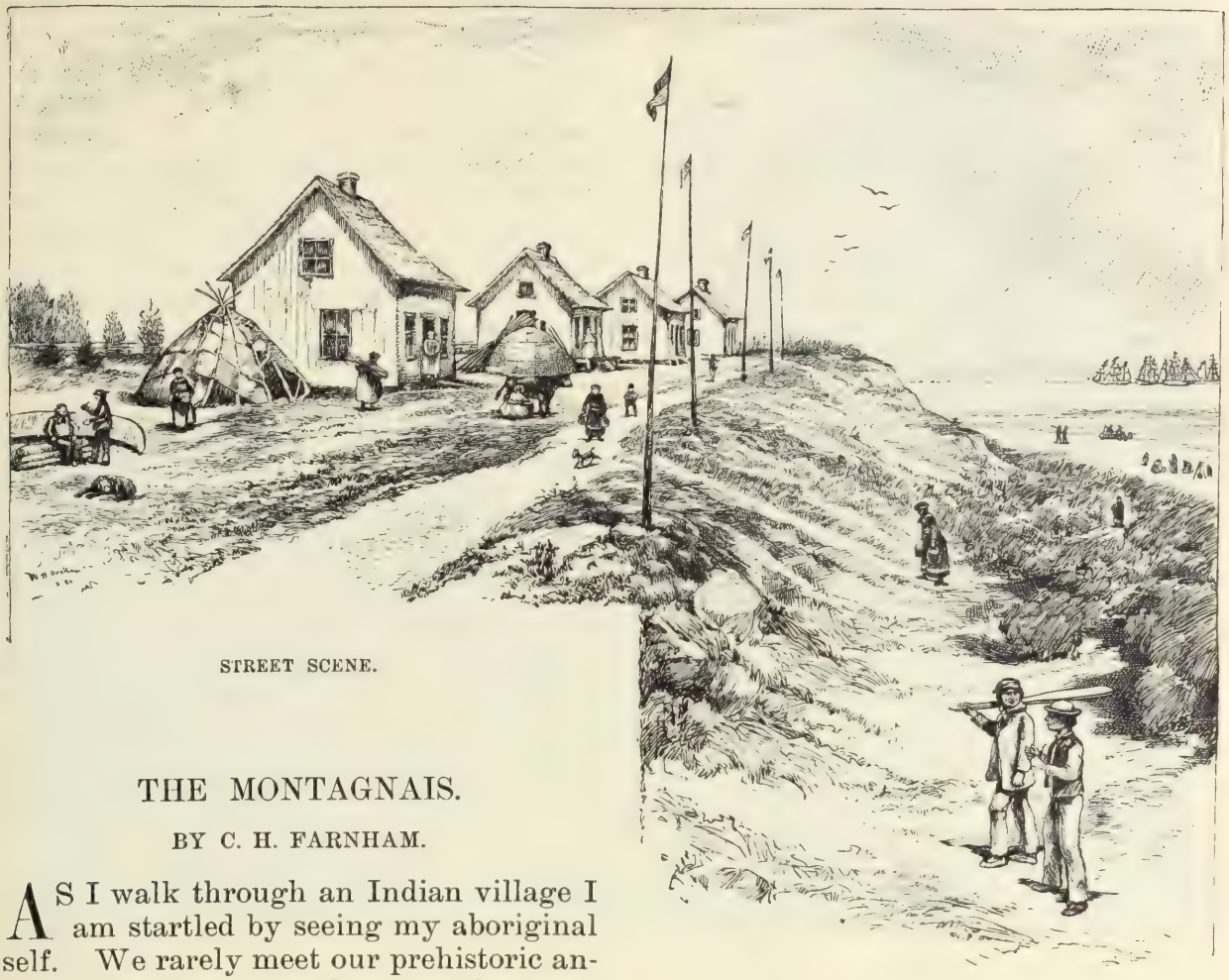
But a good leather bottle standing by,
Will raise his spirits, whenever he's dry.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

At noon, the haymakers sit them down,
To drink from their bottles of ale nut-brown;
In summer too, when the weather is warm,
A good bottle full will do them no harm.
Then the lads and the lasses begin to tattle,
But what would they do without this bottle?
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

There's never a Lord, an Earl, or Knight,
But in this bottle doth take delight;
For when he's hunting of the deer,
He oft doth wish for a bottle of beer.
Likewise the man that works in the wood,
A bottle of beer will oft do him good.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.

And when the bottle at last grows old,
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the side you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish in heaven his soul may dwell,
That first found out the leather bottèl.





STREET SCENE.

THE MONTAGNAIS.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

AS I walk through an Indian village I am startled by seeing my aboriginal self. We rarely meet our prehistoric ancestors, but here I sit down on the earth with my disconnected forefathers; I talk with men and women who still are absolutely a part of nature. Although a man has no measure of his future progress, yet he learns where he started when he meets a savage. Here I see how far we have come since my family left the woods. These untrodden wilds of human nature have a wonderful interest. They lead you on, by the fascination of discovery, from swamp to glades, through rugged gorges up to commanding summits, and they keep you meanwhile under the enchantment of nature's mysteries. I met yesterday on the beach an Indian coming from a seclusion of two years in the heart of the continent. He had lived without any of what we call the necessities of civilization, and yet he was quite like other men in flesh and limb. The shyness and quietness of nature were upon him so strongly that I would not break into his reserve, nor dissipate the awe I felt in his presence. He had a very different feeling for me; he knew a hundred men, even a whole tribe, far more skilful at getting a living out of the wilderness, so he had no wonder to waste on an inferior. His wife and family disembarked, and they set up their lodge on the sands with lordly independence.

Betshiamits is the chief mission for these Montagnais Indians, about eighty miles east of the Saguenay. The chapel, parsonage, Father Arnaud's interesting museum of natural history and Indian antiquities, Hudson Bay Co.'s store, and about thirty small square houses are scattered along the bank rising above the sand beach. Across the mouth of the Betshiamits River is a lumber-mill and its attendant shanties. The forest comes down to the village and its fields, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence rolls in upon it, raising all about the mouth of the river a gleaming wall of breakers out on the bars. Their roar is in keeping with the wildness and solitude of the Labrador coast. The whitewashed houses, with crude furniture, seem out of place in an Indian village. The Indians had them built many years ago; they find them convenient for hiding away the goods and chattels not taken to the woods, and for sleeping in if they arrive here too late in the day to put up their wigwams.



A MONTAGNAIS BELLE.

It is a common thing to see the family camping in the yard while the house stands empty. Indeed, they seem far more at home out-of-doors, with the canoe turned up near the wigwam, a few stones for a fire-place, and the unfenced world for their door-yard. The domestic economy is in full view. The acme of a husband's devotion is as rarely seen here as elsewhere; it is only a genius in affection that cuts wood and draws water for his squaw. When the sunset glows through the spruces you see a group of dark, toiling figures against the golden sky, each with her axe bends and plods along under a back-load of wood suspended by a tump-line across the forehead. At the lodge she drops her load, and without remark cuts it up to cook supper. She may take a boy with her in the canoe, and paddle away toward the horizon; hours afterward she returns with a load —wood, the net she has been seining with in some retired cove, and perhaps some fish. She carries her many armfuls across the beach, and gets another squaw to help her bring up the canoe. When a seal is brought in, the squaws and dogs do the butchering. The women often throw a shawl or blanket over some poles, and compose a picturesque group in the shade, sewing, splitting spruce roots for canoe-making, and chatting away as glibly as if they knew English. Their wash-day is the most ameliorated I have seen. The girl kneels or squats by the tub on the ground, while her beaux lounge close by, and contend for the smiles and the suds, and often her straight black hair hangs down her back, while a younger sister combs it. The door-yard would seem empty without the children playing Indian house-keeping: they stand up poles, cover them with bark, and collect stones for a fireplace; the range of their fancy covers sleeping and eating.

The Indian's home, properly speaking, does not exist; he is not half so domestic as the beaver, which builds a house and raises its family in a given locality. He owns land, yet moves about more than a bird which nests in a tree. Even the bear is a better tenant, and the woodchuck is an older settler in his neighborhood. These Indians by their mode of living seem to be the shyest and most nomadic and isolated of creatures; but in fact they surprise me with their strong social qualities. We shall see farther on that his material circumstances as well as his instincts mould the life and character of this wild natural man as much as they decide the features of our civilization. Betshiamits is the Indian's Newport, his summer resort by the sea-side, where he lives in comparative luxury, and enjoys a taste of civilization. The wigwam is still his favorite cottage, and certainly this primitive and picturesque shelter is the best suited to his life and character. It has a natural form, like the mound of a mole—an elliptical dome about seven feet high and eighteen feet long. It is made of bent poles sustaining long strips of birch bark; the windows are an irregular opening at each end covered with cotton, and the little door is closed with a curtain. As I stooped to look inside of a lodge, Louis, the Indian host, politely bid me come in. No one, however, arose to give me a chair—there were no chairs; but I crouched along under the roof and found a seat on a chest. The place was full of people, squatting, sitting, and lying about the floor in many different attitudes. The men wear the ordinary costumes of to-day with a red sash about the waist. The women have but one noteworthy article of dress, the Montagnais cap, with its alternate black and red pieces meeting at the top, and its band of bright silk embroidery; they wear a red kerchief or a shawl over the shoulders. Their

hair is bound up in a queer little club covering each ear. While the men lounged and smoked, the women chewed gum with remarkable energy. These sat on a piece of matting near the windows and embroidered their caps and moccasins. The children and dogs kept up a moderate activity in coming and going over the crouching figures. The lodge was furnished with a stove, guns, chests of personal effects, cooking utensils, although it is fragile and portable, yet it is essentially the same house that sheltered the men of this continent unknown ages ago. I inferred that the four families living there—thirteen people and nine dogs—had each a certain part of the lodge, but no boundaries appeared to be established. At night they assembled on their respective plots of floor, I suppose, and drew their blankets over their respective families.

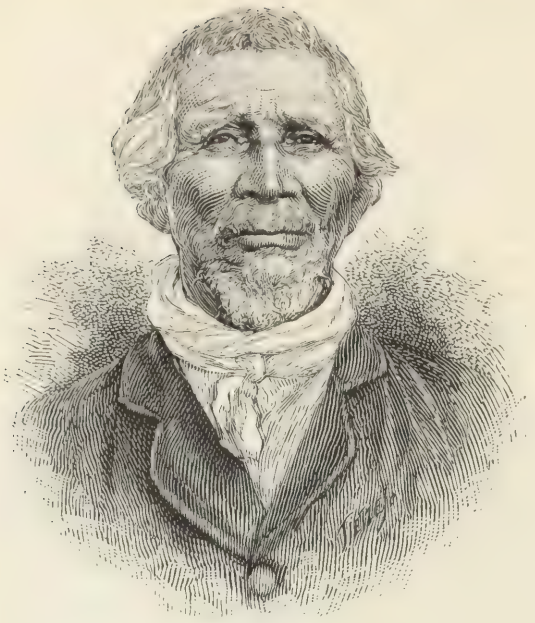


SQUAWS BRINGING WOOD INTO CAMP.

clothes hanging over poles on each side, and heaps of blankets and pillows pushed up against the wall; and there were bags, boots, and bottles enough to fill up the nooks. As there were no beds, shelves, table, etc., the poles of the roof held a great part of these domestic articles; shoes, stockings, and a pail of water were about my head; further on were a branch of tamarack blest for religious uses, vials of holy-water, chaplets, and pictures of the Pope. Even the baby was hung up on the wall in a rude hammock. The community comb is kept in a sheath attached to a piece of porcupine's tail armed with fine sharp quills; this device for cleaning is so efficient as to be rather suggestive. The low arched roof of white poles and rich bark was dimly lighted by the cotton windows near the ground; the walls were shaded by masses of dark clothes, relieved here and there by strong reds and yellows; and the full light fell upon the squaws at the window with bright silks on their laps. It had a domestic, cheerful aspect on that sunny day; but it was an odd little place as a home of ancient date. For

The inmates of this Indian home were the strangest part of the scene. The tidy women were squatting on the floor, some cross-legged like Turks, others sitting on one foot as a cushion, or on their toes turned inward under them, or on their knees and heels. They were quite erect, yet easy, in these attitudes, as comfortable as we are upon luxurious furniture.

One of them changed her dress by detachments at my elbow. The men were waiting for dinner; one slept curled up in a heap near the wall; another sat flat on the floor by his wife; and the other two lay stretched across the opposite end of the lodge. The children showed a remarkable capacity for stowing themselves away in grotesque shapes in nooks and corners, whence they stared at me with black bead-like eyes as expressionless as those of animals. Meanwhile the people kept up a general conversation in their own tongue; their voices were low, even in laughter, and expressive of a kind and considerate nature. You notice a good deal of abruptness in their talk; but this is due to their language, in which you



PAUL ST. OUGE.

hear many inarticulate grunts, short, brusque inflections, and long, disjointed, unmelodious words. But when they talk French, which the most of them understand, their speech is quite agreeable. I tried in many ways to engage the squaws in conversation in this tongue, but they turned to me a deaf ear, or else their husband's. It seems that the missionaries advise the tribe to have but little intercourse with whites; they will often pretend not to understand you, or will grant your request without replying to your speech.

In addressing an Indian I realize that I am talking to nature; I feel a complex sentiment—doubt as to making myself understood, curiosity, sympathy, and awe at intruding upon his reserve. Louis was one of those heavy-faced Indians that seem alive, yet as unapproachable as a beaver. For a while his answers seemed to come as if by chance, as the breeze eddies about a rock, or as if sent by some other inward being; a certain courtesy pervaded his reserved manner, but expressed no reverence for a superior; he was simply shy, and refused to come out of his burrow. At last, however, he lost his restraint and became passively sociable.

"How was the hunting, Louis, last winter? Did you get a good lot of fur?"

"The hunting, sir, was very poor. The woods seem to be dead. Ptarmigan, hares, beavers, fish, everything, is so scarce that we can hardly live. We go sometimes three or four days without anything to eat. It's a hard life sometimes."

"What does it cost you to live in the woods?"

"It costs you a good deal. Every year we buy about five barrels of flour, forty pounds of tea, eighty pounds of sugar, seventy pounds of lard, and eighty pounds of pork, that much for each family, four to six persons. We eat almost all of that here on the coast and on the way up to the hunting-grounds; for we take with us only enough provisions to last till we reach the woods, it is such hard work to make the portages. Our supplies, traps, clothes, etc., cost us about $250 or $300 per year. Some families spend more and some less. There in the woods we live on game and fish—no bread or pork, but we have tea there. We need about 3000 hares, 100 beavers, a great many fish. It costs the Indian a great deal to live. And if he gets short of food up in the woods, he can starve to death. There are some trading posts inland, but they sell flour at eight and a half cents a pound, and pork at thirty cents."

"How much do you make out of your hunts?"

"That depends on the season. Sometimes the best hunters get $400 worth of furs; one of our men has sold $22,000 worth of fur to this post; the most of us get from $100 to $200."

I may add that from the earliest times the Indian has always been so improvident as to exhaust all his resources each year; he gets his supplies on credit, with the understanding that he is to pay for them the next summer with his winter furs. This system worked well enough when the Hudson Bay Company was the only accessible trader. The Indians were both disposed and obliged to be faithful to their obligations, so much so as to have made that corporation one of the wealthiest in the world. But since the advent of unscrupulous traders the Indians have learned dishonest tricks, and many of them now sell their furs to other parties than the ones they owe.

The dinner meanwhile had been prepared by one of the squaws. She set out a number of plates on the floor, and Louis invited me to eat of their stewed ducks. I accordingly settled from the chest where I sat to the floor. Only the men came to the meal; for it is a custom among

them to serve the men first; the women, having less exposure and travel to endure in winter, consider their needs as secondary; they will absolutely fast when provisions are scarce. And yet, notwithstanding their extra nourishment, in times of starvation the men always succumb first. We helped ourselves from the kettle; and when we had finished, two of the men rolled up into heaps and went to sleep. The women, children, and dogs then gathered about the dishes. Each one had an attendant dog at her elbow, ready for any emergency. The meal was social and pleasant, with good-natured talking, and manners quite deferential. But the dogs were an aggressive element. They were eager and unscrupulous; if a hand remained too long away from the plate, a dog captured the contents. Now and then a yelp, or a crescendo of ire on the word "ahwis," broke the calmness of the conversation. The dog of the prettiest maiden kept advancing his nose toward her plate, and she kept pounding his head with her spoon till he concluded to retreat. Another cur sat very quietly for some time beside a child; but at last he rose in open rebellion. I rushed to the plate. The child screamed, spoons flourished in the air, and screams resounded; and finally the dog settled back on his haunches with a revengeful snarl. When the women had finished their meal they sat still and let the dogs struggle over their laps, and take possession of the entire culinary department. After setting things to rights the women resumed their sewing on the floor, and I left them chatting away the afternoon, more happily than many of our care-worn house-keepers in their palaces of taste and educated discontent.

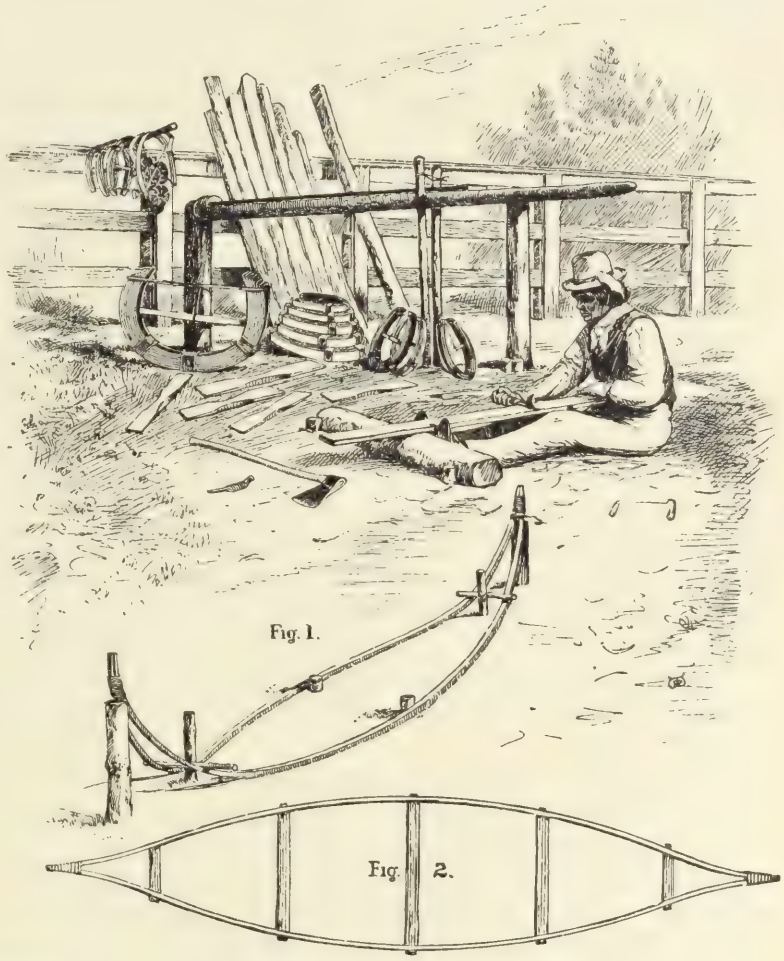


Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

CANOE-MAKING.

The bark canoe is the Indian's *chef-d'œuvre*. It seems to me not only a beautiful object, but a suggestive emblem of his life. It is the most natural boat in the world: to make it he peels the bark from a birch, splits a cedar for timbers and planks, binds it together with roots, and closes the seams with pitch from the pine. His tools are an axe, a crooked knife, and an awl made of a deer's bone. No compass and square cover his weakness, for every piece tells the exact truth of his hand and eye; not even a bench removes him from the earth, nor a roof covers him from the sky; he kneels at his work. And the women embody their attachment in the pitch they press into the cracks. It is nature's model, made by the wild man in the woods. The life of the bark canoe is equally poetic; it floats through mountain lakes with the beaver, and runs rapids with the otter; indeed, all of its companions are creatures of the forest; it is faithful to nature to the very last, when it retires to the shore of some lonely pond to mould under its mound of feathery moss. I never meet this most poetic of wrecks without recalling its romantic human interests. It was the home of a family; it was the scene of the whole tragedy of life, from the beginning to the end, strange with untamed characters, and intense with real storms, real misery, joy,

or love, passing in the isolation of the wilderness.

Canoe-building is the chief industrial event of the Indian's life. As the craft lasts in hunting only two or three years, about one-third of the tribe build canoes here every summer. This important work is intrusted only to men of experience. And although they have here some civilized tools, yet the whole operation is full of the Indian's originality; you see men at work sitting on the ground, holding a stick, perhaps, between their feet, to shave it, or on their knees, to plane it, and they depend mostly upon the eye, without measures, in shaping their symmetrical, beautiful craft. I often loitered about the canoe built by Paul St. Ouge, the patriarch of the tribe. Although he is one hundred and five years old, yet he is quite erect, sprightly, and still skilful with his axe and crooked knife.

"Paul, how many canoes have you built?"

"I don't know; about 175; but I sha'n't build many more—the Lord will soon give me another job. I am waiting for Him every day." And straightening up to his full height, he looked off to the horizon with a very expectant and practical expression.

"You must have travelled a good ways in these light craft in a hundred and five years?"

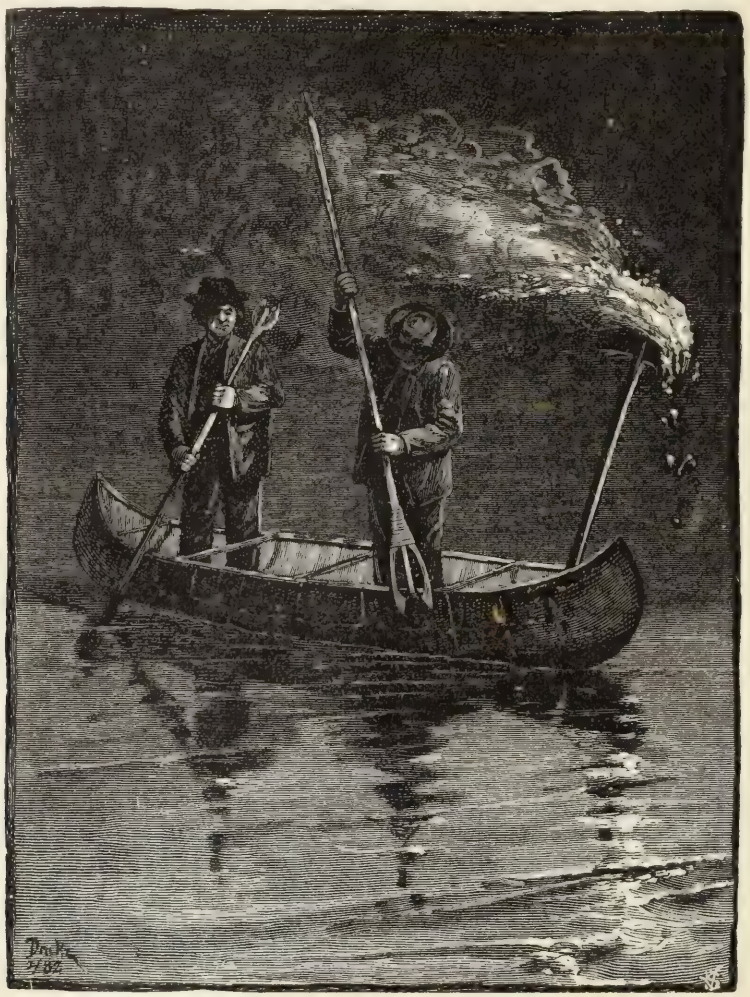
"Yes," said he, turning over his stick on his narrow bench, "I've been everywhere—all over," swinging his long arm toward every point of the compass. Then, as he went on shaving and shaping his sticks, I kept him telling me how he makes a canoe. The birch-bark canoe might be called a cedar or spruce canoe, for two-thirds of its material—the timbers and planks—are of wood. The timbers, or knees, are split out of green stuff, and shaved down to a thickness of a quarter of an inch, and a width of two and a half to three inches. In the woods this is done with a knife, but here a rude bench and a drawing-knife facilitate the work. The timbers, after soaking a week or two, are bent in pairs over the knee, and bound in bundles to season, in the sizes and shapes required at various parts of the canoe. The gunwales also are bent to the desired sheer, and seasoned in shape on the ground by the help of props and weights. After seasoning, the crossbars are morticed into them. The planks or battens are long strips from an eighth of an inch thick to a quarter along the bottom, and three to four inches wide. The choice of a bark is made with care, to secure one that is tough and free from knot-holes. A canoe generally requires three pieces of bark, the main one covering the bottom and bow and stern, and a smaller one sewed on to the main one on each side to reach the gunwales. After they are peeled from the trees they are tied up in rolls for transportation; and if they have been peeled some weeks before use, they are soaked several days to make them pliable. The loose layers on the outside are stripped away to leave only the tight layers; and the rough grain on the inside is scraped off to make it smooth. The bark is then set up in the general shape of a canoe, to be cut and sewed in the following manner: The main bark is laid on a smooth level ground, the inside surface downward, and a flat frame—shaped like the gunwales, but without any sheer—is laid on the middle of it and weighted with stones to keep everything in place. The bark is bent up along each side of this frame, and stakes are driven in to hold it; the gunwales are set up inside the stakes, and supported by props under the crossbars, and weighted to keep them in position; strips inside and outside the bark keep it flat along the sides. Each edge of the bark is then cut off to receive the additional pieces put on to reach the gunwale; the fulness of the bark along each side is taken out by cutting gores; the additional pieces are cut and pinned in place. Then the squaws come with their split spruce roots, thongs of deer's hide, and awls, to sew up the seams, excepting those at the bow and stern. The long seam of each additional piece has a half-round spruce root laid along the outside, under the stitches, to prevent the rawhide from splitting the edge of the bark; the edges of the gores—not lapping but meeting—are held by a stitch here and there. The edge of the bark is then trimmed off all around, bent over the gunwale, and sewed fast to it with roots. After the canoe is otherwise finished, a lighter gunwale or strip is nailed or wrapped on top of the main gunwale, to cover this wrapping and the edge of the bark, and the crossbars are lashed to the gunwales by roots rove through holes near their ends. When the seams have been sewed and the gun-

wales finished, the stem and stern seams are sewed up, thus: A pair of light cedar strips a quarter by half an inch are bent to the desired curve of each end of the canoe; a strip is laid on each side of the bow as a kind of welt; the rawhide thongs, passing through the bark and over these strips, draw the two barks closely and firmly together. The bark is then trimmed off along these curves.

The weights and the bottom frame are now removed, and the inside of the canoe is covered with a coat of pitch—resin and grease—and this, again, is covered with some thin pieces of bark. The bark has now been cut to the general shape of a canoe, and secured to the gunwales, and the seams have been sewed up; it is ready to receive the planks and timbers that are to hold it in the desired form. Beginning at the bow, the long thin planks or battens are nicely fitted into the canoe, forming a lining running fore and aft. The peculiarly shaped stem-post is slipped into place. The gunwales had been bevelled on the under and outer corner, to form a groove between them and the bark, to receive the ends of the timbers. Beginning at the bow again, the first timber is cut of the proper length, the ends are slipped under the gunwale at their proper place, and the timber is driven, at its centre, forward over the lining till it stands plumb. It thus stretches the bark taut, and keeps its place. Thus the timbers are successively fitted in, working from the bow and the stern toward midships; they are the moulds that decide the shape of the canoe. And as they are a series of inverted arches springing from the gunwales across the bottom, and standing about half an inch apart, they form the strongest lining of the canoe. The craft is now capsized, the seams are packed full of warm pitch mixed with a dry red pigment, and those of the bow and stern are, moreover, covered with a strip of muslin. The bark canoe is a remarkable invention for beauty, lightness, and strength; I doubt that even the most learned inventor could make anything better adapted to its uses.

The Canadian Indians have a remarkably complete history, dating from the advent of the Jesuits, who first tried to civilize them, and plausible speculation leads us still further back. I have always felt proud of a scalp and a bark canoe as the most original productions of America. But "one has only to read the narratives of Martin Sauer, Abernethy, and Santini in order to see that birch-bark canoes, houses, and baskets, skin dresses and lodges, snow-shoes and calumets, quill-work and moccasins, were, and are probably still, in use among the Tungus, who must have invented them ages before they appeared in the Western Continent; so also scalping, a practice unknown among Malays or any Old World people of the present day, was an accomplishment of the ancestors of Asiatic Koriaks and American Iroquois in the far-off days of Herodotus." If we lose our scalps, there is indeed nothing new for us under the sun. Columbus, after all, may have to surrender the palm to one of our brother canoeists from Asia. "There is no difficulty," says Dr. Pritchard, "in supposing them to have passed the strait which divides the two continents. The habitations of the nearest Americans are only thirty or forty leagues distant from the dwellings of the Tchuktchis. These people carry on a trade of barter with the Americans. They employ six days in passing the strait, directing their course from island to island, the distances between which are so short that they are able to pass every night on shore. Such was the information obtained by persons sent into the country of the Tchuktchis by the Russian government in 1760. In winter the two continents are joined by ice, and the people pass over in one day with their reindeer." If the Asiatics peopled the northern part of our continent, they left very inadequate traces and legends by which we can follow their movements and divisions into the tribes of North American Indians. The two principal Canadian races, the Iroquois and the Algonquins, were found to be generally at war by Cartier in 1535, first one and then the other getting possession of the St. Lawrence. Champlain in 1609 accompanied the Algonquins to Lake Champlain, and with one discharge of his blunderbuss put their enemies to rout. The Iroquois thus became the sworn enemies of the Canadians, and as they inhabited the Mohawk Valley, they naturally became more or less the allies of the Dutch and English colonists. The contrast between the United States and Canada is very striking in the treatment of the Indians. From the very first we kept them

at a distance, sent them to fight our neighbors, and all the while pursued our policy of extermination. We may grant the political wisdom of refusing an alliance with an uncivilized and unreliable race, and it is plausible to explain that our tribes were warlike, aggressive, that they did not diminish as fast as immigrants increased, and that they occupied lands needed by the growing nation; but all this and much more will never excuse our injustice to the Indians.



SPEARING SALMON.

The Canadians merit but few national reproaches from their Indians. While the English came to America for their own salvation, the French came largely for the salvation of the Indians. Champlain therefore inaugurated at once the veritable and permanent policy of the French Canadian government in making them his allies, and that fostering spirit has always prevailed in the Dominion. The Canadian Indians therefore have been taken into the body of the national life far more than our outcast tribes; their relations with civilization have been comparatively intimate in four powerful elements, the government, the commerce in furs, the social life by marriage, and the religious influence of the missionaries. The government found its Indian question very much simplified by the Iroquois, who exterminated the Hurons and Algonquins, and thus settled their titles to the soil. The other tribes diminished faster than immigrants arrived, and, moreover, they occupied lands not very desirable for agriculture. The slow-growing nation, having room enough to stretch itself, has never found it necessary to turn anybody out—excepting the Huguenots in early days. The Hudson Bay Company controlled the commercial relations of the Indians. It saved them from much of the demoralizing influence of border life; it carefully excluded settlers from encroaching on their hunting-grounds; it dealt with them in a uniform and reliable manner, though at an outrageous profit, and it kept them in their

wild natural life, sometimes helping them in distress, yet making them earn their own living. It was, on the whole, a powerful conservative of the Indians by its patriarchal management. Intermarriage and immoral intimacy with European races was quite an element in their lives. It is not very clear that this has been prejudicial to their physical existence, for their means and habits of living have not been changed, and certainly their social life has been improved by civilization. Their chief defects in contact with the whites are immorality, which has decreased, drunkenness, which is not general enough to be injurious, and dishonesty in trading, which we white men can scarcely admit to be fatal. It is a significant fact that although even the faintest trace of Indian's blood predominates over that of the more effeminate yet conquering blood of Europeans, yet the pure-blooded Indians have almost disappeared, while the half-breeds now compose the Canadian tribes. The disappearance of the Indians must be due to some hidden psychological influence rather than to any adverse material conditions. Even here, under the best attainable relations with civilization and the least possible change of habits, they are diminishing about as fast as our abused tribes. Scrofula and small-pox are their most common diseases, and they injure their health by unnecessary exposure, overloading on the carries, inordinate feasting and fasting, and excessive labor in running down the reindeer and moose; and their losses are not made up by their small families. Sickness is much dreaded, and if one or two die in a place, any one else who is indisposed thinks he also is to die, and the others gather about and express the same opinion. Those writers err who assert that insanity and deformity are unknown among them; they have a superstition that an evil spirit is taking possession of such persons, to change them into a supernatural creature that will wander about the woods and devour men. They therefore strangle the demented and many of the ill-formed.

The Catholic missionaries are the most interesting and influential element in the Indians' life. Their courage in following the savages into the wilderness, their heroism in dreadful martyrdoms, and their persistent zeal are vividly set forth by Mr. Francis Parkman in his work *The Jesuits in North America.* The detested, devoted, and disciplined order of Jesuits never followed a more unselfish aim than in christianizing the American Indian. And these striking figures of Canadian history displayed unsurpassable zeal and courage in their discouraging labors, their dangerous journeys, their disgusting experiences, and their awful martyrdoms. And perhaps no effort requiring so much intelligence and self-sacrifice ever produced such temporary results. They established themselves at Quebec as early as 1625, and built a college even in 1637, where they formed their small army with their renowned perfection of organization. As soon as they had learnt the intricate Indian tongues, they went into the vast wilderness with the savages, and founded missions among these Montagnais, the Algonquins, the Hurons, the tribes of the Great West, and extended the field of their labors from Labrador to Louisiana. They were successful in getting the Indian to transfer his zealous devotion from his manitous and jugglery to the rites of the Catholic Church. The fathers testify to his faithfulness in religious observances, and thank God for the abundance



PARSONAGE.

of their spiritual harvest. It is very likely that they improved somewhat his social existence, but I have met with no statement of the inward results of this conversion on his national or private character.

It seems evident that this conversion produced but a superficial impression, and



THE DEPARTURE FOR THE HUNT.

demanded but an external compliance with forms, for it lacked the vitality of a growing influence. After the abolition of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XIV., in 1773, the Montagnais Indians lost their last missionary by the death of Father La Brosse in 1782. Secular priests met them here and there—often enough, one would think, to preserve the vital spark; but they no longer had the helpful companionship of the devoted Jesuit, who made himself one of them. When the Oblat Fathers, the present missionaries, resumed the effort to civilize them, in 1844, they found that the Montagnais had lost all traces of Christianity, excepting a tradition of the Jesuits as men, and that they had returned to barbarism in a single lifetime. They number now about 5000, of which one half are converted. The other half still live as heathens, having, however, lost the fur clothes, the war-paint, and the bows and arrows. They are still under the guidance of jugglers; they live in painful fear of one another; for they believe that the lack of game, and consequently starvation, comes from the evil charm cast by some acquaintance, whom they kill on the first opportunity. They often flee from a region when they see a stranger's track. They abandon even their children that are unable to keep up on the march. When a member of a family dies, some of them bury the corpse, while the others move the lodge to a new site; and as fast as death comes they flee from its field, until the last escapes alone from the lodge to die in the forest. When the Oblat Fathers resumed the missionary labors they had to begin with such people, and meet again the general experiences of the Jesuits in travelling inland among these tribes. They soon made some converts, who brought others to the missions; and now the Fathers meet the Indians at various posts on the confines of civilization. My observation of these Catholic missions was made here at Betshiamits, at Seven Islands, at Moisie, and at Lake St. John, the head waters of the Saguenay.

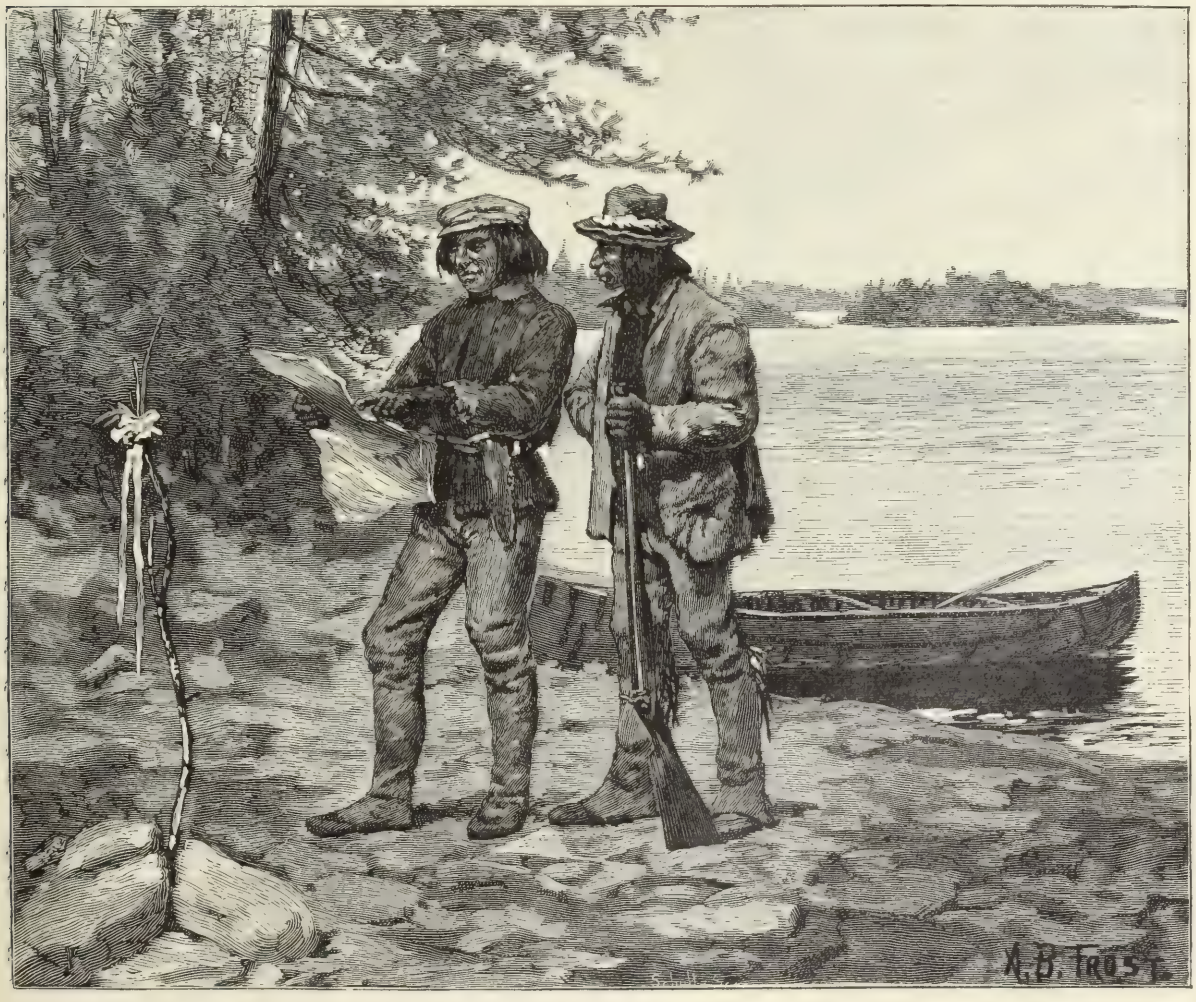
The modern Montagnais seem to have degenerated. They are generally strong, and enduring as animals, but very homely and ungainly. Some of them seem but half-formed lumps of flesh, bowlegged, in-toed, and as awkward as a goose on land. Their extreme ungracefulness comes from their constant confinement in wigwams, in canoes, or their hampered gait on snow-shoes. A few, however, are erect, elastic figures, with shapely faces and delicate hands. The children are generally as grotesque and chunky as cubs. The wildness of their life shows itself in their actions; they lounge about their tents in attitudes quite beyond the average civilized body. They often get into the most abject positions, heads and limbs together, or the face stuck into the floor of boughs; you might fancy the tribe suffers with *cholera-morbus*. And they have a dog's facility in dropping on to the ground anywhere, at any time, and in any position.

In strolling about this mission I get many glimpses into their nature, but some

of their most characteristic traits can be seen only in the freedom and seclusion of the forest. The Indian excels us all in wooing Nature, but he has not the art to write her love-letters. Even a bear does not sit down on the sand with more confidence.

I have reverently practised his grotesque attitudes, and done some loafing in my day, but I cannot reach an Indian's peace of mind. When my family left the woods we gave our birthright of freedom for a mess of duties.

Their contentment seems at times almost supernatural; they sit as still as a corpse, in some uncomfortable position, until you long for a resurrection. The impression is still stronger from the absence of any reverie on their dark faces; they never dream, but always watch. Their happy, careless disposition seems incompatible with their grave appearance; you hear laughter and low but merry conversation in a lodge; you look in at those taciturn faces and wonder who was moved to such levity. On a winter's night, in the heart of a polar wilderness, if you could look into their solitary lodge when the last morsel of food is being devoured, you would find them perfectly contented and joyful, provided that meal was a full one. Their only comment would be that they must turn out early the next morning. They have given up scoffing, joking, and slandering to a considerable extent, for I am told that they are now extremely sensitive to ridicule. This Newport of the Indians has quite as much social life in its way as our resorts. They are constantly visiting, either at their lodges or about the grounds. They evidently make the most of their short season; the youths play ball, the maids frolic, the men smoke and chat in groups about the checker-board, the card-playing on the floor, or the canoe-making, and the women are not silent over their sewing, washing, and butchering. Their nature is really sociable, but their mode of living, by hunting and fishing, isolates them in the forest, and produces many strange animal tendencies. One after-



FINDING A BIRCH-BARK LETTER IN THE WOODS.

noon, while walking on the beach, I saw five canoes coming into port. As they passed the statue of the Virgin each fired a salute. Here and there an Indian of the village looked over the edge of the bluff to see who was coming, and then resumed his lounging. When the canoes were beached, twenty-two people of various ages and ten dogs came out on the sand. While the men carried up some of the luggage, and then the canoes, their families stood together in a picturesque group, rather tired, forlorn, and dirty. They also seemed indifferent to the village and the event of their arrival. At last they got their broad, awkward figures under way, and waddled across the beach, with the paddles in their hands, and mounted the bank to the street. They set up their cabins near the rest, but no one came to welcome them, nor did they expect any salutation. And yet they were regular members of the community, who had not met their friends since the parting of last summer. In a day or two I noticed them quite at home among the rest of the tribe into which they had strayed, as animals browsing about mingle with a herd without any recognition.

The departure for the woods gives another view of their customs. The families that were to "leave town" were on foot early in the morning, packing up for their long and solitary voyage. As I had discovered no leave-taking on the previous day, I was on the watch for it during the loading of the canoes at the water's edge. The cotton sheeting or the tent was spread on the bottom amidships, to protect the bags of flour, rolls of blankets, guns, kettles, traps; there were also rolls of birch bark for roofing the cabin, a roll of baby, packed in moss for swathing-cloths and laced up in its straight envelop, and from three to five dogs in each canoe. The only people on the beach besides the travellers were half a dozen girls, who squatted on the sand, and surveyed the preparations with considerable indifference.

"Aboard!" said the man. His wife struck her paddle against the side of the canoe, and dipped her moccasined feet in the water to get rid of the sand, and then climbed over the luggage to her place in the bow. The dogs were thrown in for the fourth time, the children settled among the packs, and he shoved off. They paddled away in silence, the wife kneeling in the bow, the heads of children and dogs showing above the gunwale, and the man sitting up on the bar at the stern. Their families and their fortunes were all intrusted to a frail little craft; their separate routes lay through a wilderness, following the tracks of wild animals; and their last stage may be a fruitless hunt, starvation, and death in a polar night. And yet there was not a wave of the hand from a single soul, nor even a last look at a friendly face. I had never before realized how exclusively sympathy is an exquisite flower of civilization.

These converted Indians have been raised above their ancient barbarisms and conjurations; they have come again to observe with fidelity the rites of the Catholic Church, even when alone in the heart of the forest. Their domestic life is improved in regard to cleanliness and decency; but improvidence still goes hand-in-hand with starvation. Immorality has diminished somewhat; but unfortunate girls still have the benefit of a tradition that sterility is a greater blemish than impurity. They are now, as of old, respectful and considerate of one another; their differences are always settled by a quiet conference, or by the judgment of the chief or the missionary, and their domestic life is peaceable and contented. One of the strangest anomalies in their character is an extraordinary sense of freedom and self-appreciation, joined with abject humility of manner; they have a shrinking way of getting out of your path, avoiding your eye, or failing to answer you; their dumbness is partly due to the desire of the missionary that they shall have no intercourse with whites. But notwithstanding this excessive shyness they consider themselves equal to the highest dignitaries of the world.

The missionary who turns a race from a barbarous to a brotherly existence must feel his humility sorely tried with satisfaction. He has, however, a corrective in the loneliness, the mental famine of his isolation. Father Arnaud, Father Babel, and the others have but little diversion; their only social recreation is their season of seclusion once a year in their Oblat Monastery at Quebec. Father Arnaud came to this wide and wild field of duty thirty-two years ago, with the enthusiasm of a young Provencial. He was a lover of Nature and of her dark



BLIND INDIAN AND DAUGHTER SETTING TRAPS.

children of the forest. His travels, canoeing along the Labrador coast to Baffin's Strait and Hudson's Bay, and through the inland waters between these regions and the Ottawa, and wintering in the lodges of various tribes, have given him many pleasures in scenery and in opportunities to collect his museum of natural history. Such a life, after all, presents many charms to an intelligent man, in the grandeur and the infinite beauty of nature. Moreover, work and duty enliven the dullest route. He is a robust man of medium height, with a full, benevolent face, and observant gray eyes. He has kept through these years of exceptional experience a cheerful and contented spirit; but now and then I saw an expression of loneliness on his face that tells of weariness he never mentions. The hardest of his work is done, his Indians now come to him here, and he lives in a comfortable parsonage; in the garden, the only oasis I met on the Labrador coast, he cherishes a few amenities of civilization; there were some vegetables, a few hardy flowers, some struggling, adventurous apple-trees, a peacock, still

courtly and gorgeous in its exile to a desert, and at the foot of a high black cross grew a cluster of fleur-de-lis. As we walked at sunset into this retreat he passed his arm through mine with a deferential yet sympathetic manner. "This fleur-de-lis, you know, is the royal flower of France, and it recalls my native land; and besides, I am a monarchist; not wishing, however, any harm to your grand republic," he added, with apologetic courtesy.

"You must have found it very lonely in those long journeys and winters with the Indians."

"Well, no; some of my happiest days have been passed among them; they are pleasant companions, and I like the life of the woods."

"Was it not very difficult to give them Christian principles? How did you begin?"

"It was all very simple; it had to be simple, for an Indian of eighteen is not above a white child of six years. It was hard work for them to learn to read their own tongue; but a few learned to read and sing from manuscript books written in the characters of our printed alphabet. As they are exceedingly fond of music, and liked our melodies far better than their own dull chants, they at once took to copying these hymns. Music led them on, till, finally, nearly all have learned to read their hymns and catechism now printed for them. They write a good many letters for me to carry from post to post. And in the woods they frequently give news and make appointments in the hunting-grounds by writing on birch bark, which they put into a split stick erected on some frequented route. This primitive postal service is quite reliable, and brings me news often from even the most remote families; and you would be surprised at the delicacy and strength of sentiment in some of those letters. Their earliest literature, so to speak, is geography, very accurate maps of their country drawn on birch bark to guide the first traders and missionaries; some of them are still preserved by the Hudson Bay Company, at Montreal. But to return to their conversion, their progress was comparatively easy after they became interested in the hymns."

"What do you try to teach them?"

"Simply to read the hymns and catechism. Then our preaching is upon the most elemental duties and morality of Christians. They need nothing beyond this in their simple existence; in fact, they are with us so little, and have such slow minds, that it would be impracticable to do more. They cannot count even beyond ten, excepting by additions to ten, as ten-one, ten-two, etc."

"Do you find any difficulty in governing them?"

"None whatever, if they keep away from the whites. They are very obedient, and they worship the missionary as veritably the representative of God. And we have to be doctor and magistrate as well as teacher and preacher to them. They take very easily the leading ideas of Christianity, and follow them pretty well; and they are very regular in their religious duties, even in the woods."

"But why don't you give them more of the material advantages of civilization, and extend their education more?"

"That is scarcely practicable. They will not change their mode of life. The only way to help the Indian is to give him the simplest code of moral and religious conduct, make him feel the constant criticism of God even in his isolation, and then let him continue his natural life in the woods. They must be kept firmly under control, but only through kind and sympathetic relations, and through the influence of religious duties. I think that your Indians and every wild race could be governed peaceably by such means, instead of by armies and industrial civilization that they will not accept."

The winter life of these Montagnais is essentially the same as that of their heathen forefathers. They all start for the woods in August in their canoes, loaded down with provisions, etc. They travel slowly up the various rivers of the coast in companies to the far interior; there each family leaves its companions as it reaches its hunting-ground, and sets up its lodge on its ancestral domain. They spend a month or more preparing snow-shoes, toboggans, etc., for winter; then, as navigation closes, they put up their canoe and begin the winter's hunt. The game is too small and scarce to allow more than a family or two to live in a given locality; so the arctic winter passes in dreary isolation. But they are happy, contented, and busy. The men breakfast by starlight, and hunt every day excepting Sunday; they follow their line of traps—a two days'



THE DANCE.

march around the camp—and sleep in a trench in the snow without any covering. One likes to fancy them comfortable in warm furs, even while trees burst with the intense cold; but, in fact, fashion rules these wild men as well as our delicate belles; they consider otter and beaver too common for a stylish Indian, wear store clothes, and the same suit of ordinary warmth the year round. The women are busy with camp work, cooking, sewing, dressing furs, and cutting their 200 to 300 cords of wood. The children also help, and set traps near home for rabbits.

When the game is exhausted they shoulder their packs, load their toboggans, break camp, and move off on their snow-shoes to another part of their hunting-ground or to another region. If they are so fortunate as to have a superfluous amount of game or food, they make a *cache* to keep it from animals: the top of a tree is cut off about fifteen feet from the ground, a platform is built thereon, and the goods put upon it are covered with bark. A notice is often stuck up on the bank of the river or lake to invite needy travellers to help themselves; and those who may thus take food, or trespass on a neighbor's hunting-ground, leave a word of acknowledgment and make amends. When game is plenty they make their living easily; but they often fast, and sometimes starve to death. One of the most pathetic objects I have ever seen is a blind Indian here; for life is hard enough to those who have all their keen senses in perfection. This man has thus far managed to keep his family alive every winter by the help of his oldest girl; she leads him about the forest, tells the signs she sees, helps set the traps, and thus far has led him back to camp. But how often death must have been at their heels!

Indians are still very much guided by dreams. At midnight a hunter may sit up on his blanket, and begin humming and drumming. As his imagination warms, his voice rises with a few words, while he sways back and forth, crouching low over his knees. Other men soon awake, and if the song records a promising vision, they get up and dance until the genius of the dream is won to favor their hunt. It is a unique scene—the figurative language, the dimness of night about the dying fire of the wigwam, and the men jumping wildly to those strange and melancholy measures.

The Indians at Betshiamits and at Moisie honored me with an exhibition of their national dances. The ballroom was a bare log house, dimly lighted by a lamp on a high shelf. A great shadow covered the tawny faces just under the beams of the ceiling, and fell aslant the circle of men, squaws, and children squatting on the floor in front of those standing about the walls. An aged couple and some dogs occupied a bed in one corner, along with a number of babies done up in rolls and corded against the wall. The old woman gave the dogs and her husband to drink from a saucepan, and the old man often lay back on the

pillows with one leg across the other to finger his toes. Now and then a squaw picked her way among the crouching figures on the floor to the bed, hauled out her roll of baby, and gave it to suck. The women wore their national caps of black and red, but the men presented more variety, wearing felt hats, or red handkerchiefs that floated about the shoulders, or letting their long, black, straight, greasy hair whip up and down on their cheeks. The band consisted of a drum like a common sieve, hung from the ceiling by a string in front of the drummer-singer. His score was very simple, and yet the low notes of the voice, at a fifth and a fourth below the drum, were quite effective with a sombre color suited to the shadowy, fantastic scene.

The first set was like all the rest in general form: a number of men came out of the crowd, and began following one another around the stove near the centre of the room. Their steps consisted in advancing one foot, ducking, by bending the knees, then sliding back the advanced foot nearly to the other one. Their chief motion was, therefore, ducking, as if the entire company in unison had trodden upon one another's corns; and although they took three steps forward on each foot, yet by drawing this back, they advanced but an inch or two in each measure, and their legs, like those of a dancing-jack, seemed to be jointed only at the knees. The keeping of time was in the ducking, for there was no stamping. After a number of rounds thus in single file about the stove they retired, and some of the squaws came reluctantly out to perform. They danced as the men did, ducking, however, still more suddenly, and advancing still less at each step. They were extremely funny, notwithstanding their great decorum, their rather heavy figures, erect and rigid as statues, with downcast eyes and a shy turn of the head, bobbed up and down with overpowering solemnity. They soon gave place to the men again. A young Huron Indian now took the drum, and sang a more spirited and varied air to enliven the dance. The men closed up the file, forming a continuous circle of ducking figures. Their steps were longer and freer, and they began moving their arms about, and grunting, "Hé! hé! hé!" As the drumming quickened, they increased their grotesque contortions and their shouting; here and there a man turned about to face his neighbor, and the two carried on with the ducking an extravagant pantomime, portraying the hunt or the war; the music rose in the most frantic *crescendos* and savage discords; the actors, bounding about, bent over and tore the scalps from their prostrate victims, while yells and groans filled the air. It was the ancient war-dance, lacking only the lurid fire on the plumes and bloody tomahawks of the naked, painted savages.

"THE GUEST OF THE EVENING."

BY ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON.

GOOD actions are a fruitage ripe and rare
That bears not fingering. Let me then beware
To touch with venturous hand this curving branch,
Nor lean too heedlessly against a tree
Thus at its prime o'erladen heavily
With golden harvest of a stock so stanch,
Lest I by some rude shock at this light hour
Bring down the Virtues in a mellow shower.

To drop the figure, friends—let's be content
The guest shall fancy less than we have meant.
Speak not too closely of his special good:
That we are here tells more than trumpets could.
Our friendship holds his merits as the light
Holds the hid rainbow: storm but makes them bright.
The modest veil they wear I may not raise,
Lest he should blush to hear, and I to praise.

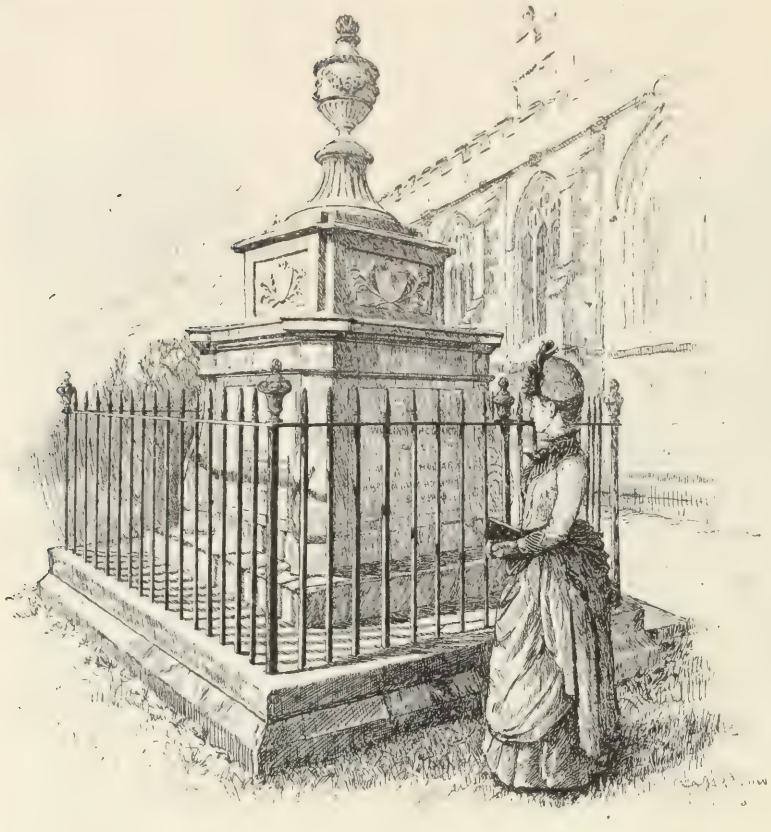


CHISWICK HOUSE.

A CHISWICK RAMBLE.

BY MONCURE D. CONWAY.

ON a charming summer day I started out for a westward walk from Hammersmith, that suburb of London in which I resided. There are few regions in this prosaic world which can better repay a little sentimental journey of this kind. Even this straggling suburb, which now bears the plebeian name of Hammersmith, has traditions that link it with the twilight of time. Its name was not always so plebeian either; in Doomsday-book it is Hermoderworth; and while the Anglo-Saxon scholars have been debating for generations whether it is allowable to believe that this ancient name has been gradually trampled by cockneys into the present one, the villagers themselves long ago settled the history of the name. Two sister giantesses, converted to Christianity, determined to build each a church; one founded hers at Fulham, the other hers at Putney, between which places runs the Thames. The sisters had only one hammer between them, a huge hammer, which they used to toss to each other back and forth across the river as their labors proceeded. But the hammer was broken by one of these flings, and the work of building was arrested until a smith could be found capable of mending the huge implement. This smith was found in the next village, thereafter called Hammersmith. The admirable artist of Fulham, Mr. Burne-Jones, who recently painted a wonderful picture of the Grææ passing from one to the other that flashing eye which had to serve the three, was anticipated by the imagination of his humble neighbors the Folk, who in their lowly lore had transformed the one tooth those sisters also had in common into a hammer. How did this ancient myth reach the side of the Thames? Probably along with the Greek coin occasionally dug up on the same shore. A good story will outlast the best coin. Chiswick turns up its nose at Hammersmith; but in fact, as Hammersmith has lost the dignity of its ancient name, Chiswick has cunningly concealed the fact that it was originally Cheesewick, so called because it had a great mart for cheese. As for wick, it means the corner of a mouth; but, as applied to places, it generally means the



HOGARTH'S MONUMENT.

mouth of a little stream, consequently the name of aristocratic Chiswick means a creek where cheeses are manufactured. There is no significance in the name now; it is particularly difficult to get a good cheese in Chiswick. It became more famous for its beautiful printing than it had been for its cheeses. But the "Chiswick Press" has long been superseded also. Neither smiths, cheeses, nor printing-presses suggest to a stranger what he would find surviving from the past in these villages. Along the several malls —so the shady walks beside the river are called—one may see on one side the soft shore curves of the beautiful stream which has made gold enough to leave Pactolus behind, and on the other, pleasant and pretty homes, which leave behind the grand mansions of Belgravia. In one of these old houses William Morris, poet and artist, has fixed his abode. From his door there is a scene which it would be difficult to surpass for quiet loveliness, while within there is such decoration as naturally surrounds the poet who has done so much to satisfy the longings he has awakened for a more beautiful world. Another of these river-side homes is associated in my memory with a company of persons of artistic tastes who were now and then gathered on summer evenings to witness beautiful tableaux or picturesque theatricals, and to sit on the balcony overlooking the moonlit Thames. We had no reason to envy those who once made these houses the scene of such hot restless revelries as those described in the Memoirs of Grammont and the Diary of Pepys. They who now appear to find most pleasure in the old houses and antique furniture of earlier times are, according to my observation, very apt to be liberal and progressive, if not indeed radical, in their general opinions. The fact is, these lovely old houses, which are loosely called after Elizabeth and Queen Anne, represent an English evolution; the charm of them is akin to the charm of the landscape which they partly express. And in most of these old houses, besides their aspect of relationship to the landscape and to the atmosphere, there is a certain individuality whose charm grandeur cannot equal. Nearly every house along these malls is physiognomical. There are aspects in which they agree: they are all English, and have the look of being built with reference to real purposes; but they do not have an aspect of including among these purposes that which seems the main one in modern buildings —to sell. Especially they have not that sameness of the rows of houses built to sell, and yet their differences seem unintentional.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that those artists in whom individuality is most strongly marked seize upon these picturesque old houses. Rossetti, Morris, Burne-Jones, Professor Richmond, Walter Crane, W. B. Scott, all dwell in such houses, and most of them near the Thames, above London. They adorn their houses, but do not alter them. William Morris carries his reverence for buildings which represent the sentiment and art of the past to a degree that may be regarded as religious. His business is less lucrative by fifty per cent. because he steadily refuses to aid in what are called "restorations," but might be better described as more real



WILLIAM MORRIS'S HOUSE.

ruins than those they affect to repair. Not long ago he was invited to make some new stained windows for Westminster Abbey. Such an order, prestige considered, was equivalent to the offer of a fortune, but Morris indignantly refused to have any share in modernizing the Abbey.

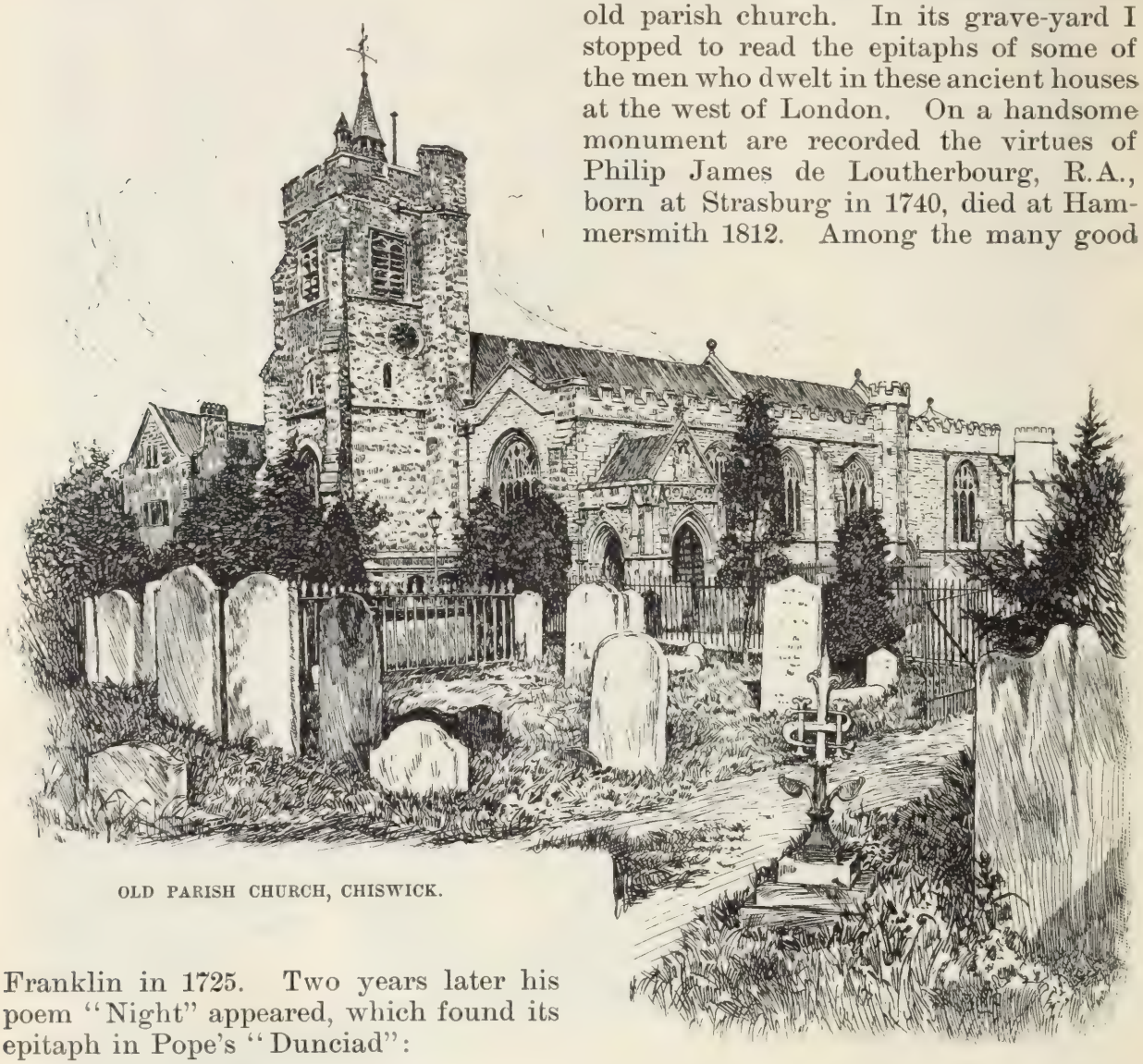
In Chiswick resided that Lord Russell of whom Stowe related that in the battle of Lutzen "he charged so terribly that, after he had broke his lance, he with his curtle-ax so plaid his part that the enemy reported him to be a devil, and not a man." In 1602, Queen Elizabeth visited him here at Corney House. That has disappeared, but other mansions remain which ought to have been dealt with by the cunning

hand which gathered from Concord's Old Manse its fine mosses. College House, so long the site of the Chiswick Press, was also the residence of Franklin's friend Ralph. Ralph was born in Philadelphia, and first came to England with Franklin in 1725. Two years later his poem "Night" appeared, which found its epitaph in Pope's "Dunciad":

"Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
Making night hideous; answer him, ye owls!"

Faulkner's book on the *History and Antiquities of Brentford, Ealing, and Chiswick* (1845)—my main authority for these items—says that after having produced a tragedy, an opera, a comedy, and a farce without success, Ralph took employment as a party writer. He was connected with the politicians attached to Frederick, Prince of Wales, and thereby became possessed of a bitter correspondence between George II. and that prince, his son. These documents were considered of such importance that a pension of £150 a year is said to have been offered Ralph for their surrender. However, the manuscripts were found among Ralph's papers after his death, by Dr. Rose, his literary executor, and by him surrendered without compensation. Ralph did have a pension, but did not long enjoy it, having died in 1762.

At the end of Chiswick Mall stands the old parish church. In its grave-yard I stopped to read the epitaphs of some of the men who dwelt in these ancient houses at the west of London. On a handsome monument are recorded the virtues of Philip James de Loutherbourg, R.A., born at Strasburg in 1740, died at Hammersmith 1812. Among the many good



OLD PARISH CHURCH, CHISWICK.

things ascribed to him it is said he was "supereminent as an artist." A verse of his epitaph says:

"Here, Loutherbourg, repose thy laurel'd head:
While art is cherish'd thou canst ne'er be dead.
Salvator, Poussin, Claude, thy skill combines,
And beauteous nature lives in thy designs."

These lines were written by a vicar of the parish, and seem rather strong. Nevertheless, this Alsacian, who came to England in his twenty-fourth year, was the first to introduce scene-painting of a high character into theatres. Before his time very little attention was paid to either scenery or costume; placards often indi-

cated to the spectator that a castle stood at one spot and a tree at another, while an actor sometimes acted Hamlet in the dress that had previously done duty as the garb of Macbeth. Garrick employed Loutherbourg, at a salary of £500 per annum (a goodly sum then), to paint the scenery for Drury Lane, and from that time may be dated the reformation of stage scenery. However, the great sensation which Loutherbourg excited in this neighborhood is not even hinted at on his monument; for after a time he and his wife set up as performers of miraculous cures —healing mediums. For a good many years the excitement raged, and sufferers of all kinds crowded to Hammersmith Terrace from all regions. It was claimed that the Loutherbourgs refused all fees, and were actuated solely by pious motives; yet there seems to be no doubt that persons were admitted by tickets, and these tickets were hawked about the streets, and sold sometimes for as much as five or six guineas.



HOGARTH'S HOUSE.

There are other interesting graves here, but the chief association which the world has with Chiswick church-yard is that therein lies the dust of William Hogarth. The monument is a sort of low square tower of marble, on which are carved in combination a laurel wreath, rest-stick, palette with the famous "line of beauty," pencils, book inscribed "Analysis of Beauty," a mask, and portfolio decorated with oak leaves and acorns. Beneath is Garrick's epitaph on his friend:

"Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reached the noblest point of art,
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

"If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here."

Dr. Johnson also wrote an epitaph upon Hogarth:

"The hand of him here torpid lies
That drew the essential form of grace;
Here closed in death th' attentive eyes
That saw the manners in the face."

I do not wonder that preference was given to the felicitous lines of Garrick.

There is another epitaph by Garrick here. It is inside the church, and commemorates an actor, Charles Holland, who died in 1769. "If talents to make entertainment instruction, to support the credit of the stage by just and manly action, if to adorn society by virtues which would honor any rank and profession, deserve remembrance, let him with whom these talents were long exerted, to whom these virtues were well known, and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented, bear testimony to the worth and abilities of his departed friend." It seems strange to find embosomed in the same sanctity the memory of the actor, the caricaturist, and the saintly soul who abhorred everything worldly. Here, for instance,

is the monument (1619) of Mrs. Maria Walker, who "living daily dying, did dying come to live eternally. She finished ye last act of her mortification on earth by death." Against the many drawbacks of a national Church must be set this compensation of a necessary catholicity as regards the varieties of human life, temperament, and talent. A Church lives long ere it becomes established, it outlives a good deal of narrowness, and sees the end of many perfections, gradually the steady strength of human nature adapts and readapts it to conditions established by longer experiences than its own, even as the centuries and seasons clothe its stern walls with tinted lichens and ivy.

It is not far from Chiswick church to Hogarth House. Here lived and labored that artist of fertile genius. On the gateway there are boards announcing that various things are sold within—flowers, cucumbers, and musk. An affable woman comes to the door. She says that the house is "one of the has-beens, rather draughty now," but is evidently proud of the handsome front with its bay-windows. She lets two of the rooms to others. The workshop of Hogarth, which stood at the end of the long garden, fell down not long ago. The garden is devoted to use, not beauty. On the whole, it was sad to behold in the dingy house, once a mansion, a last addition to that strange picture which concludes Hogarth's labors—"Finis; or, the Tail-Piece." To its broken bottle, cracked bell, waning moon, wrecked vessel, empty purse, Time, with broken hour-glass and scythe, may now be added this mansion in decay.

Though Hogarth represented Time with scythe broken and a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out, yet that gray old god has repaired his scythe, and it is still mowing down fine old homes like Hogarth House. He may fairly be portrayed, too, with a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, that being the ensign of the British workman and the artisan for whom the quaint old homes are cleared away. Only two years ago there stood in Turnham Green a series of beautiful mansions, among them Linden House, in which resided Bentley, the partner of Wedgwood, who has a graceful tablet in Chiswick church, and in which was a most beautiful frieze designed by Flaxman, and put up in imitation of Wedgwood-ware. It was until lately occupied by Captain Vaughan Morgan, and the scene of charming hospitalities. But that and adjoining mansions have been replaced by laborers' houses, all alike as peas in a pod, all small and ugly.

How long will Chiswick House itself be spared? This is the most beautiful estate in the immediate neighborhood of London. The Duke of Devonshire, to whom it belongs, though he rarely resides here, has managed to preserve its sixty-eight acres, and has brought his wealth to co-operate with the loving hand of time and nature in securing every grace and beauty of which a park is susceptible. The house was built after the style of Palladio's famous Villa Capra at Vicenza; it has been adorned by Inigo Jones, whose statue stands at its front with that of Palladio, and whose gateway built at Chelsea has been transferred to the grounds. It is of light stone, with zigzag stairs on each side leading up to its pillared portal, and is crowned with a graceful dome. Within are galleries of pictures by old masters; in front is an avenue of very large and venerable trees. Nothing can exceed the grounds in beauty. There is a path a hundred and fifty yards long on each side of which are what appear in the distance to be solid green walls: they are walls of trimmed arbor-vitæ, fifteen feet high the whole way. Roman statues are set in them here and there, and indeed the grounds are everywhere adorned with classic statues and quaint urns full of rare flowers. A picturesque bridge leaping the Chis, which runs through the estate, a little Greek temple, a long Italian conservatory, charm the wanderer on his way to a wild wood and vale, where he pauses to listen to the even-song of the nightingale and roundelay of the thrush. The birds have dwelt and sung here in security so many centuries that one may easily approach and sometimes catch them with the hand. The beautiful estate is haunted with rich memories. Amid these trees have roamed Fox, who was baptized here, 1705, and Canning, who died in Chiswick House; and along these walks used to saunter their fair mistress, the beautiful Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, whose portrait by Gainsborough sold lately for £10,000.

The name of a Russian princess on one of the old trees reminds us of the friendly interchanges of kindness between England and Russia which the Crimean war

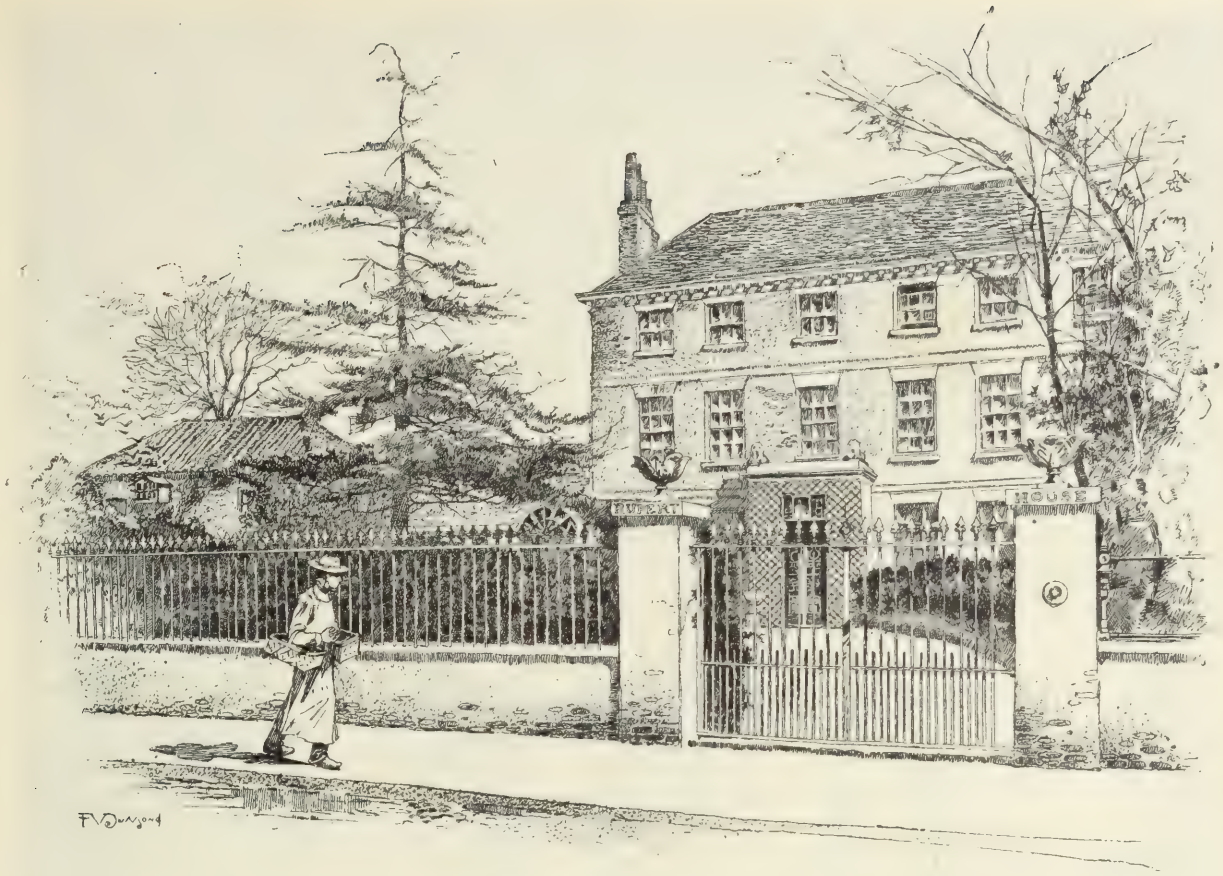
CHISWICK MALL.

rudely interrupted. Before that war the Czar was entertained at this house with festivities well remembered in the neighborhood. The place which for centuries was associated with the romance and splendors of the aristocracy has never ceased to be loved by them. Of late years, and especially when the Prince of Wales occupied the house as a summer residence, the gardens have witnessed the finest fêtes known to the London season.

From Chiswick House there stretches an avenue of limes a quarter of a mile long, which belongs to the public. Here the little folk of Turnham Green pass their summers, and have no misgivings that their precious possession will ever be taken away. But how long will this Islet of Italy, which has managed to maintain itself amid the westward rush of London (which has swept away the larger part of Holland Park), hold out against Time with his tobacco-pipe? So I ask as I suddenly come upon Annandale House, standing amid fresh devastations, with a board saying, "To let or sold for business purposes." This is where Hume is said to have dwelt for a time, and where he completed his *History of England.* Opposite this house is a pleasant shaded lane, whose old houses represent the dividing up of an episcopal palace which anciently stood here: after being private residences, they have been turned into boarding-schools. Beyond all these is Rupert House. According to tradition, Prince Rupert was residing there when the civil wars broke out. Near by are some old stables, where the marvellous charger may have been fed, watched by the preternatural dog which the Puritans could not poison because it was a fair sorceress transformed.

Some four years ago I happened to pass this way, and pause near the field, just beyond the Rupert House, where the Prince and his little army camped overnight on his retreat before Hampden and his Roundheads—a scene which the perspective of time has made into an allegorical tableau of Aristocracy retreating before Yeomanry. (It is a retreat that steadily goes on still.) At that time—four years ago—I found it pleasant to see large and beautiful gardens, with stately poplars and every variety of fruit tree, glorifying the acres once steeped with the bluest blood of England. Eight hundred Cavaliers were here found dead when the Roundheads came in the early morning, glowing with victory, to pitch their tents where the Cavaliers had just folded theirs. I now turned in to take another look at the place. I paused to look at the Rupert House—surely a very civil-seeming home for the barbaric Prince whose name was twisted into Prince Robber! Two lions couch above the projecting doorway; two child figures stand on the ground beneath —which may be emblems of that ferocity for which the Prince was famed beyond all warriors of his time, until he fell in love with the pretty actress under whose sway he became gentle as a child.

The name of this actress was Margaret Hughes. She was the first actress in London, female parts before her time having been performed by boys or smooth-faced men. Her chief rôle was Desdemona. In the Grammont Mémoirs it is said: "He [Prince Rupert] was brave and courageous even to rashness; his genius was fertile in mathematical experiments, and he possessed some knowledge of chemistry; he was polite even to excess unseasonably, but haughty and even brutal when he ought to have been gentle and courteous; he was tall, and his manners were ungracious; he had a dry, hard-favored visage, and a stern look even when he wished to please, but when he was out of humor he was the true picture of reproof. The Queen had sent for the players, either that there might be no intermission in the diversions of the palace, or perhaps to retort upon Miss Stewart, by the presence of Nell Gwyn, part of the uneasiness she felt from hers. Prince Rupert found charms in the person of another player, called Hughes, who brought down and greatly subdued his natural fierceness. From this time adieu alembics, crucibles, furnaces, and all the black furniture of the forges; a complete farewell to all mathematical instruments and chemical speculations: sweet powder and essences were now the only ingredients that occupied any share of his attention. The impertinent gypsy chose to be attacked in form; and proudly refusing money, that in the end she might sell her favors at a dearer rate, she caused the poor Prince to act a part so unnatural that he no longer appeared like the same person." The Prince purchased Brandenburg House, in Hammersmith, for Margaret, at a cost of £25,000, and she glittered there for a time. A grave in Acton churchyard, now undiscoverable, ended her influence upon the affairs of England. As



THE RUPERT HOUSE.

for the Prince, he was not wanting in ferocity after he had been subdued by Margaret. He invented "Rupert drops," also mezzotint engraving; and something like that art, in a literary sense, has been used by Wentworth Higginson in his charming picture of him in the *Atlantic Essays*.

Passing beyond the Rupert House, I enter on the grass-covered Roman road along which the Prince retreated, some seventeen centuries after the Romans made it. Here Roman coins and bits of ancient tile have been found—are occasionally found still.

I keep my eyes sharp on the ground for a hundred yards, then run up against successors of Cæsar and Rupert taking their stroll along the ancient road beside which they have built their homes; namely, James Sime, the charming biographer of Lessing and Schiller, and Yorke Powell, editor of the great *Corpus Boreale Poetarum*. As I look into the shining morning faces of these young English scholars, the warriors who tramped along this road appear very rude and primitive. Sime is engaged in subjugating Germania with his pen, and will soon give to the world a *Short History of the German People*. Powell has extended his conquests through Denmark, Norway, Iceland, and annexed to the English literary republic every poetic fable and poem that ever grew in those regions. After all, the charm of England is not, as Ruskin said in a casual way, its castles and ruins, but in the men who are able to transmute such antiquities into poetry and thought. Every suburb of London is rich in these charming scholars. For years I have been meeting not only the two just named, but others, in a Sunday evening club hard by this Roman road. We were known as "The Calumets," and while smoking the pipe of peace, discussed all the great questions. Several of the young men who gathered in this club—and gather still, I hope — are such as would be famous if they resided in a community less glutted with genius and learning than London—where there are about 200,000 people more or less connected with literature and journalism. Brave old London! The words of Milton are true now as when they were written: "Behold now this vast city, a city of refuge, the mansion-house of Liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection: the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers working to



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, resolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation. Others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and convincement."

MY WALK TO CHURCH.

BY HORATIO NELSON POWERS.

BREATHING the summer-scented air
Along the bowery mountain way,
Each Lord's-day morning I repair
To serve my church, a mile away.

Below, the glorious river lies—
A bright, broad-breasted, sylvan sea—
And round the sumptuous highlands rise,
Fair as the hills of Galilee.

Young flowers are in my path. I hear
Music of unrecorded tone.
The heart of Beauty beats so near,
Its pulses modulate my own.

The shadow on the meadow's breast
Is not more calm than my repose
As, step by step, I am the guest
Of every living thing that grows.

Ah, something melts along the sky,
And something rises from the ground,
And fills the inner ear and eye
Beyond the sense of sight and sound.

It is not that I strive to see
What Love in lovely shapes has wrought—
Its gracious messages to me
Come, like the gentle dews, unsought.

I merely walk with open heart
Which feels the secret in the sign;
But, oh, how large and rich my part
In all that makes the feast divine!

Sometimes I hear the happy birds
That sang to Christ beyond the sea,
And softly His consoling words
Blend with their joyous minstrelsy.

Sometimes in royal vesture glow
The lilies that He called so fair,
Which never toil nor spin, yet show
The loving Father's tender care.

And then along the fragrant hills
A radiant presence seems to move,
And earth grows fairer as its fills
The very air I breathe with love.

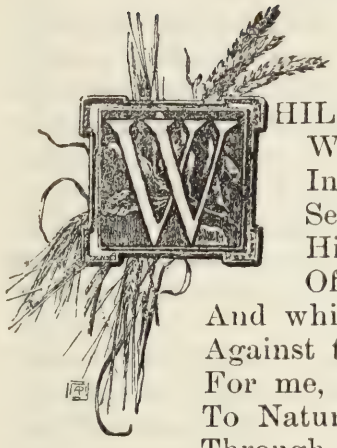
And now I see one perfect face,
And hastening to my church's door,
Find Him within the holy place
Who, all my way, went on before.



"WHILE NOT A LEAF SEEMS FADED."

WHILE NOT A LEAF SEEMS FADED.

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



HILE not a leaf seems faded; while the fields,
With ripening harvest prodigally fair,
In brightest sunshine bask; this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields
His icy scymitar, a foretaste yields
Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware;
And whispers to the silent birds, "Prepare
Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."
For me, who under kindlier laws belong
To Nature's tuneful choir, this rustling dry
Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,
Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,
And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

X.

BY the end of May most of the summer folks had come to their cottages in South Hatboro'. One after another the ladies called upon Annie. They all talked to her of the Social Union, and it seemed to be agreed that it was fully in train, though what was really in train was the entertainment to be given at Mrs. Munger's for the benefit of the Union; the Union always dropped out of the talk as soon as the theatricals were mentioned.

When Annie went to return these visits she scarcely recognized even the shape of the country, once so familiar to her, of which the summer settlement had possessed itself. She found herself in a strange world—a world of colonial and Queen Anne architecture, where conscious lines and insistent colors contributed to an effect of posing which she had never seen off the stage. But it was not a very large world, and after the young trees and hedges should have grown up and helped to hide it, she felt sure that it would be a better world. In detail it was not so bad now, but the whole was a violent effect of porches, gables, chimneys, galleries, loggias, balconies, and jalousies, which nature had not yet had time to palliate.

Mrs. Munger was at home, and wanted her to spend the day, to drive out with her, to stay to lunch. When she would not do any of these things, she invited herself to go with her to call at the Brandreths'. But first she ordered her to go out with her to see the place where they intended to have the theatricals: a pretty bit of natural boscage—white birches, pines, and oaks—faced by a stretch of smooth turf, where a rather raw-boned, wooden-faced young man in a flannel blazer was painting a tennis-court in the grass.

"This is my Jim, Miss Kilburn," said his mother, and the young fellow paused from his work long enough to bow to her: his nose now seemed in perfect repair.

Mr. Brandreth met them at the door of his mother's cottage. It was a very small cottage on the outside, with a good deal of stained glass *en évidence* in leaded sashes; where the sashes were not leaded and the glass not stained, the panes were cut up into very large ones, with little ones round them. Everything was very old-fashioned inside. The door opened directly into a wainscoted square hall, which had a large fireplace with gleaming brass andirons, and a carved mantel carried to the ceiling. It was both baronial and colonial in its decoration; there was part of a suit of imitation armor under a pair of moose antlers on one wall, and at one side of the fireplace there was a spinning-wheel, with a

* Begun in June number, 1888.

tuft of flax ready to be spun. There were Japanese swords on the lowest mantel-shelf, together with fans and vases; a long old flint-lock musket stretched across the panel above. Mr. Brandreth began to show things to Annie, and to tell how little they cost, as soon as the ladies entered. His mother's voice called from above, "Now, Percy, you stop till *I* get there!" and in a moment or two she appeared from behind a *portière* in one corner. Before she shook hands with the ladies, or allowed any kind of greeting, she pulled the *portière* aside, and made Annie admire the snug concealment of the staircase. Then she made her go upstairs and see the chambers, and the second-hand colonial bedsteads, and the andirons everywhere, and the old chests of drawers and their brasses; and she told her some story about each, and how Percy picked it up and had it repaired. When they came down, the son took Annie in hand again and walked her over the ground-floor, ending with the kitchen, which was in the taste of an old New England kitchen, with hard-seated high-backed chairs, and a kitchen table with curiously turned legs, which he had picked up in the hen-house of a neighboring farmer for a song. There was an authentic crane in the dining-room fireplace, which he had found in a heap of scrap-iron at a blacksmith's shop, and had got for next to nothing. The sideboard he had got at an old second-hand shop in the North End; and he believed it was an heirloom from the house of one of the old ministers of the North End Church. Everything, nearly, in the Brandreth cottage was an heirloom, though Annie could not remember afterward any object that had been an heirloom in the Brandreth family.

When she went back with Mr. Brandreth to the hall, which seemed to be also the drawing-room, she found that Mrs. Brandreth had lighted the fire on the hearth, though it was rather a warm day without, for the sake of the effect. She was sitting in the chimney-seat, and shielding her face from the blaze with an old-fashioned feather hand-screen.

"Now don't you think we have a lovely little home?" she demanded.

Mrs. Munger began to break out in its praise, but she shook the screen silencingly at her.

"No, no! I want Miss Kilburn's unbiassed opinion. Don't you speak, Mrs. Munger! Now haven't we?"

Mrs. Brandreth made Annie assent to the superiority of her cottage in detail. She recapitulated the different facts of the architecture and furnishing, from each of which she seemed to acquire personal merit, and she insisted that Percy should show some of them again. "We think it's a little picture," she concluded, and once more Annie felt obliged to murmur her acquiescence.

At last Mrs. Munger said that she must go to lunch, and was going to take Annie with her; Annie said she must lunch at home; and then Mrs. Brandreth pressed them both to stay to lunch with her. "You shall have a cup of tea out of a piece of real Satsuma," she said; but they resisted. "I don't believe," she added, apparently relieved by their persistence, and losing a little anxiety of manner, "that Percy's had any chance to consult you on a very important point about your theatricals, Miss Kilburn."

"Oh, that will do some other time, mother," said Mr. Brandreth.

"No, no! Now! And you can have Mrs. Munger's opinion too. You know Miss Sue Northwick is going to be Juliet?"

"No!" shouted Mrs. Munger. "I thought she had refused positively. When did she change her mind?"

"She's just sent Percy a note. We were talking it over when you came, and Percy was going over to tell you."

"Then it is *sure* to be a success," said Mrs. Munger, with a solemnity of triumph.

"Yes, but Percy feels that it complicates one point more than ever—"

"It's a question that always comes up in amateur dramatics," said Mr. Brandreth, with reluctance, "and it always will; and of course it's particularly embarrassing in *Romeo and Juliet*. If they don't show any—affection, it's very awkward and stiff; and if—"

"I never approved of those liberties on the stage," said Mrs. Brandreth. "I tell Percy that it's my principal objection to it. I can't make it seem nice. But he says that it's essential to the effect. Now *I* say that they might just incline their heads toward each other without *actually*, you know. But Percy is afraid that it won't do, especially in the parting scene on the balcony—so passionate, you

know—it won't do simply to— They must *act* like lovers. And it's such a great point to get Miss Sue Northwick to take the part, that he mustn't risk losing her by anything that might seem—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Munger, with deep concern.

Mr. Brandreth looked very unhappy. "It's an embarrassing point. We can't change the play, and so the difficulty must be met and disposed of at once."

He did not look at either of the ladies, but Mrs. Munger referred the matter to Annie with a glance of impartiality. His mother also turned her eyes upon Annie, who found herself, after a first moment of amusement, very indignant.

She would not say anything, and Mrs. Brandreth made a direct appeal. "Percy thought that you must have seen so much of amateur dramatics in Europe that you could tell him just how to do."

Annie was able to control herself, and she said, coldly, "Perhaps you could consult Miss Northwick herself."

"I thought of that," said Mrs. Brandreth; "but as Percy's to be Romeo— You see, he wishes the play to be a success artistically; but if it's to succeed socially, he must have Miss Northwick, and she might resign at the first suggestion of—"

"Bessie Chapley would certainly have been better. She's so outspoken you could have put the case right to her," said Mrs. Munger.

"Yes," said Mr. Brandreth, gloomily.

"But we shall find out a way. Why, you can settle it at rehearsal!"

"Perhaps at rehearsal," said Mr. Brandreth, with a pensive absence of mind.

Mrs. Munger crushed his hand and his mother's in her leathern grasp, and took Annie away with her. "It isn't lunch-time yet," she explained, when they were out of ear-shot, "but I saw she was simply killing you, and so I made the excuse. She has no mercy. There's time enough for you to make your calls before lunch, and then you can come home with me."

Annie suggested that this would not do after refusing Mrs. Brandreth.

"Why, it would never have done to *accept!*" Mrs. Munger cried. "They didn't dream of it!" At the next place she said: "This is the Clevingers'. *They're* some of our all-the-year-round people too." She opened the door without ringing, and let herself noisily in. "This is the way we run in, without ceremony, everywhere. It's quite one family. That's the charm of the place. We expect to take each other as we find them."

Her freedom did not find the ladies off their guard anywhere. At all the houses there was a skurrying of feet and a flashing of skirts out of the room or up the stairs, and there was an interval for a thorough study of the features of the room before the hostess came in, with the effect of coming in just as she was. She had naturally always made some change in her dress, and Annie felt that she had not really liked being run in upon. Everywhere they talked to her about the theatricals; and they talked across her to Mrs. Munger, about one another, pretty freely.

"Well, that's all there is of us at present," said Mrs. Munger, coming down the main road with her from the last place, "and you see just what we are. It's a neighborhood where everybody's just adapted to everybody else. It's not a mere mush of concession, as Emerson says; people are perfectly outspoken; but there's the greatest good feeling, and no vulgar display, or lavish expenditure, or —anything."

Annie walked slowly homeward. She was very tired, and she was now aware of having been extremely bored by the South Hatboro' people. She was very censorious of them, as we are of other people when we have reason to be discontented with ourselves. They were making a pretence of simplicity and unconventionality; but they had brought each her full complement of servants with her, and each was apparently giving herself in the summer to the unrealities that occupied her during the winter. Everywhere Annie had found the affectation of intellectual interests, and the assumption that these were the highest interests of life: there could be no doubt that culture was the ideal of South Hatboro', and several of the ladies complained that in the summer they got behind with their reading, or their art, or their music. They said it was even more trouble to keep house in the country than it was in town; sometimes your servants would not come with you; or, if they did, they were always discontented, and you did not know what moment they would leave you.

Annie asked herself how her own life was in any wise different from that of these people. It had received a little more light into it, but as yet it had not con-

formed itself to any ideal of duty. She too was idle and vapid, like the society of which her whole past had made her a part, and she owned to herself, groaning in spirit, that it was no easier to escape from her tradition at Hatboro' than it was at Rome.

When she reached her own house again, Mrs. Bolton called to her from the kitchen threshold as she was passing the corner on her way to the front door: "Mis' Putney's b'en here. I guess you'll find a note from her on the parlor table."

Annie fired in resentment of the uncouthness. It was Mrs. Bolton's business to come into the parlor and give her the note, with a respectful statement of the facts. But she did not tell her so; it would have been useless.

Mrs. Putney's note was an invitation to a family tea for the next evening.

XI.

Putney met Annie at the door, and led her into the parlor beside the hall. He had a little crippled boy on his right arm, and he gave her his left hand. In the parlor he set his burden down in a chair, and the child drew up under his thin arms a pair of crutches that stood beside it. His white face had the eager purity and the waxen translucence which we see in sufferers from hip-disease.

"This is our Winthrop," said his father, beginning to talk at once. "We receive the company and do the honors while mother's looking after the tea. We only keep one undersized girl," he explained more directly to Annie, "and Ellen has to be chief cook and bottle-washer herself. She'll be in directly. Just lay off your bonnet anywhere."

She was taking in the humility of the house and its belongings while she received the impression of an unimagined simplicity in its life from his easy explanations. The furniture was in green terry, the carpet a harsh, brilliant tapestry; on the marble-topped centre table was a big clasp Bible and a basket with a stereoscope and views; the marbleized iron shelf above the stove-pipe hole supported two glass vases and a French clock under a glass bell; through the open door, across the oil-cloth of the hallway, she saw the white-painted pine balusters of the steep, cramped stairs. It was clear that neither Putney nor his wife had been touched by the æsthetic craze; the parlor was in the tastelessness of fifteen years before; but after the decoration of South Hatboro', she found a delicious repose in it. Her eyes dwelt with relief on the wall-paper of French gray, sprigged with small gilt flowers, and broken by a few cold engravings and framed photographs.

Putney himself was as little decorated as the parlor. He had put on a clean shirt, but the bulging bosom had broken away from its single button, and showed two serrated edges of ragged linen; his collar lost itself from time to time under the rise of his plastron scarf band, which kept escaping from the stud that ought to have held it down behind. His hair was brushed smoothly across a forehead which looked as innocent and gentle as the little boy's.

"We don't often give these festivities," he went on, "but you don't come home once in twelve years every day, Annie. I can't tell you how glad I am to see you in our house; and Ellen's just as excited as the rest of us; she was sorry to miss you when she called."

"You're very kind, Ralph. I can't tell *you* what a pleasure it was to come, and I'm not going to let the trouble I'm giving spoil my pleasure."

"Well, that's right," said Putney. "*We* sha'n't either." He took out a cigar and put it into his mouth. "It's only a dry smoke. Ellen makes me let up on my chewing when we have company, and I must have something in my mouth, so I get a cigar. It's a sort of compromise. I'm a terribly nervous man, Annie; you can't imagine. If it wasn't for the grace of God, I think I should fly to pieces sometimes. But I guess that's what holds me together—that and Winthy here. I dropped him on the stairs out there, when I was drunk, one night. I saw you looking out at them; I suppose you've been told; it's all right. I presume the Almighty knows what He's about; but sometimes He appears to save at the spigot and waste at the bung-hole, like the rest of us. He let me cripple my boy to reform me."

"Don't, Ralph!" said Annie, with a voice of low entreaty. She turned and spoke to the child, and asked him if he would not come to see her.

"What?" he asked, breaking with a sort of absent-minded start from his intentness upon his father's words.

She repeated her invitation.

"Thanks!" he said, in the prompt, clear

little pipe which startles by its distinctness and decision on the lips of crippled children. "I guess father'll bring me some day. Don't you want I should go out and tell mother she's here?" he asked his father.

"Well, if you want to, Winthrop," said his father.

The boy swung himself lightly out of the room on his crutches, and his father turned to her. "Well, how does Hatboro' strike you, anyway, Annie? You needn't mind being honest with me, you know."

He did not give her a chance to say, and she was willing to let him talk on, and tell her what he thought of Hatboro' himself. "Well, it's like every other place in the world, at every moment of history—it's in a transition state. The theory is, you know, that most places are at a stand-still the greatest part of the time; they haven't begun to move, or they've stopped moving; but I guess that's a mistake; they're moving all the while. I suppose Rome itself was in a transition state when you left?"

"Oh, very decidedly. It had ceased to be old and was becoming new."

"Well, that's just the way with Hatboro'. There *is* no old Hatboro' any more; and there never was, as your father and mine could tell us if they were here. They lived in a painfully transitional period, poor old fellows! But, for all that, there is a difference. They lived in what was really a New England village, and we live now in a sprawling American town; and by American of course I mean a town where at least one-third of the people are raw foreigners or rawly extracted natives. The old New England ideal characterizes them all, up to a certain point, socially; it puts a decent outside on most of 'em; it makes 'em keep Sunday, and drink on the sly. We got in the Irish long ago, and now they're part of the conservative element. We got in the French Canadians, and some of them are our best mechanics and citizens. We're getting in the Italians, and as soon as they want something better than bread and vinegar to eat, they'll begin going to Congress and boycotting and striking and forming pools and trusts just like any other class of law-abiding Americans. There used to be some talk of the Chinese, but I guess they've pretty much blown over. We've got Ah Lee and Sam Lung here, just as they have everywhere, but their laundries don't seem to increase. The Irish are spreading out into the country and scooping in the farms that are not picturesque enough for the summer folks. You can buy a farm anywhere round Hatboro' for less than the buildings on it cost. I'd rather the Irish would have the land than the summer folks. They make an honest living off it, and the other fellows that come out to roost here from June till October simply keep somebody else from making a living off it, and corrupt all the poor people in sight by their idleness and luxury. That's what I tell 'em at South Hatboro'. They don't like it, but I guess they believe it; anyhow they have to hear it. They'll tell you in self-defence that J. Milton Northwick is a practical farmer, and sells his butter for a dollar a pound. He's done more than anybody else to improve the breeds of cattle and horses; and he spends fifteen thousand a year on his place. It can't return him five; and that's the reason he's a curse and a fraud."

"Who *is* Mr. Northwick, Ralph?" Annie interposed. "Everybody at South Hatboro' asked me if I'd met the Northwicks."

"He's a very great and good man," said Putney. "He's worth a million, and he runs a big manufacturing company at Ponkwasset Falls, and he owns a fancy farm just beyond South Hatboro'. He lives in Boston, but he comes out here early enough to dodge his tax there, and let poorer people pay it. He's got miles of cut stone wall round his place, and conservatories and gardens and villas and drives inside of it, and he keeps up the town roads outside at his own expense. Yes, we feel it such an honor and advantage to have J. Milton in Hatboro' that our assessors practically allow him to fix the amount of tax here himself. People who can pay only a little at the highest valuation are assessed to the last dollar of their property and income; but the assessors know that this wouldn't do with Mr. Northwick. They make a guess at his income, and he always pays their bills without asking for abatement; they think themselves wise and public-spirited men for doing it, and most of their fellow-citizens think so too. You see it's not only difficult for a rich man to get into the kingdom of heaven, Annie, but he makes it hard for other people.

"Well, as I was saying, socially the old New England element is at the top of the heap here. That's so everywhere. The people that are on the ground first, it don't matter much who they are, have to manage pretty badly not to leave their descendants in social ascendency over all newer comers forever. Why, I can see it in my own case. I can see that I was a sort of fetich to the bedeviled fancy of the people here when I was seen drunk in the streets every day, just because I was one of the old Hatboro' Putneys; and when I began to hold up, there wasn't a man in the community that wasn't proud and flattered to help me. Curious, isn't it? It made me sick of myself and ashamed of them, and I just made up my mind, as soon as I got straight again, I'd give all my help to the men that hadn't a tradition. That's what I've done, Annie. There isn't any low, friendless rapscallion in this town that hasn't got me for his friend—and Ellen. We've been in all the strikes with 'em, and all their fool boycottings and kicking over the traces generally. Anybody else would have been turned out of respectable society for one-half that I've done, but it tolerates me because I'm one of the old Hatboro' Putneys. You're one of the old Hatboro' Kilburns, and if you want to have a mind of your own and a heart of your own, all you've got to do is to have it. They'll like it; they'll think it's original. That's the reason South Hatboro' got after you with that Social Union scheme. They were right in thinking you would have a great deal of influence. I was sorry you had to throw it against Brother Peck."

Annie felt herself jump at this sudden climax, as if she had been touched on an exposed nerve. She grew red, and tried to be angry, but she was only ashamed and tempted to lie out of the part she had taken. "Mrs. Munger," she said, "gave that a very unfair turn. I didn't mean to ridicule Mr. Peck. I think he was perfectly sincere. The scheme of the invited dance and supper has been entirely given up. And I don't care for the project of the Social Union at all."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said Putney, indifferently, and he resumed his analysis of Hatboro':

"We've got all the modern improvements here, Annie. I suppose you'd find the modern improvements, most of 'em, in Sheol: electric light, Bell telephone, asphalt sidewalks, and city water—though I don't know about the water; and I presume they haven't got a public library or an opera-house—perhaps they *have* got an opera-house in Sheol: you see I use the Revised Version; it don't sound so much like swearing. But, as I was saying—"

Mrs. Putney came in, and he stopped with the laugh of a man who knows that his wife will find it necessary to account for him and apologize for him.

The ladies kissed each other. Mrs. Putney was dressed in the black silk of a woman who has one silk; she was red from the kitchen, but all was neat and orderly in the hasty toilet which she must have made since leaving the cook-stove. A faint, mixed perfume of violet sachet and fricasseed chicken attended her.

"Well, as you were saying, Ralph?" she suggested.

"Oh, I was just tracing a little parallel between Hatboro' and Sheol," replied her husband.

Mrs. Putney made a *tchk* of humorous patience, and laughed toward Annie for sympathy. "Well, then, I guess you needn't go on. Tea's ready. Shall we wait for the doctor?"

"No; doctors are too uncertain. We'll wait for him while we're eating. That's what fetches him the soonest. I'm hungry. Ain't you, Win?"

"Not so very," said the boy, with his queer promptness. He stood resting himself on his crutches at the door, and he now wheeled about, and led the way out to the living-room, swinging himself actively forward. It seemed that his haste was to get to the dumb-waiter in the little china closet opening off the dining-room, which was like the papered inside of a square box. He called to the girl below, and helped pull it up, as Annie could tell by the creaking of the rope, and the light jar of the finally arriving crockery. A half-grown girl then appeared, and put the dishes on at the places indicated with nods and looks by Mrs. Putney, who had taken her place at the table. There was a platter of stewed fowl, and a plate of high-piled waffles, sweltering in successive courses of butter and sugar. In cut-glass dishes, one at each end of the table, there were canned cherries and pineapple. There was a square of old-fashioned soda biscuit, not broken apart, which sent up a pleasant smell; in the centre of the table was a shallow vase of strawberries.

It was all very good and appetizing; but to Annie it was pathetically old-fashioned, and helped her to realize how wholly out of the world was the life which her friends led.

"Winthrop," said Putney, and the father and mother bowed their heads.

The boy dropped his over his folded hands, and piped up clearly: "Our Father, which art in heaven, help us to remember those who have nothing to eat. Amen!"

"That's a grace that Win got up himself," his father explained, beginning to heap a plate with chicken and mashed potato, which he then handed to Annie, passing her the biscuit and the butter. "We think it suits the Almighty about as well as anything."

"I suppose you know Ralph of old, Annie?" said Mrs. Putney. "The only way he keeps within bounds at all is by letting himself perfectly loose."

Putney laughed out his acquiescence, and they began to talk together about old times. Mrs. Putney and Annie recalled the childish plays and adventures they had together, and one dreadful quarrel. Putney told of the first time he saw Annie, when his father took him one day for a call on the old judge, and how the old judge put him through his paces in American history, and would not admit the theory that the battle of Bunker's Hill could have been fought on Breed's Hill. Putney said that it was years before it occurred to him that the judge must have been joking: he had always thought he was simply ignorant.

"I used to set a good deal by the battle of Bunker's Hill," he continued. "I thought the whole Revolution and subsequent history revolved round it, and that it gave us all liberty, equality, and fraternity at a clip. But the Lord always finds some odd jobs to look after next day, and I guess He didn't clear 'em all up at Bunker's Hill."

Putney's irony and piety were very much of a piece apparently, and Annie was not quite sure which this conclusion was. She glanced at his wife, who seemed satisfied with it in either case. She was waiting patiently for him to wake up to the fact that he had not yet given her anything to eat; after helping Annie and the boy, he helped himself, and pending his wife's preoccupation with the tea, he forgot her.

"Why didn't you throw something at me?" he roared, in grief and self-reproach. "There wouldn't have been a loose piece of crockery on this side of the table if I hadn't got my tea in time."

"Oh, I was listening to Annie's share in the conversation," said Mrs. Putney; and her husband was about to say something in retort of her thrust when a tap on the front door was heard.

"Come in, come in, Doc!" he shouted. "Mrs. Putney's just been helped, and the tea is going to begin."

Dr. Morrell's chuckle made answer for him, and after time enough to put down his hat, he came in, rubbing his hands and smiling, and making short nods round the table. "How d'ye do, Mrs. Putney? How d'ye do, Miss Kilburn? Winthrop?" He passed his hand over the boy's smooth hair, and slipped into the chair beside him.

"You see, the reason why we always wait for the doctor in this formal way," said Putney, "is that he isn't in here more than seven nights of the week, and he rather stands on his dignity. Hand round the doctor's plate, my son," he added, to the boy, and he took it from Annie, to whom the boy gave it, and began to heap it from the various dishes. "Think you can lift that much back to the doctor, Win?"

"I guess so," said the boy, coolly.

"What is flooring Win at present," said his father, "and getting him down and rolling him over, is that problem of the robin that eats half a pint of grasshoppers and then doesn't weigh a bit more than he did before."

"When he gets a little older," said the doctor, shaking over his plateful, "he'll be interested to trace the processes of his father's thought from a guest and half a peck of stewed chicken, to a robin and half a pint of—"

"Don't, doctor!" pleaded Mrs. Putney. "He won't have the least trouble if he'll keep to the surface."

Putney laughed impartially, and said: "Well, we'll take the doctor out and weigh him when he gets done. We expected Brother Peck here this evening," he explained to Dr. Morrell. "You're our sober second thought— Well," he broke off, looking across the table at his wife with mock anxiety. "Anything wrong about that, Ellen?"

"Not as far as I'm concerned, Mrs. Put-

ney," interposed the doctor. "I'm glad to be here on any terms. Go on, Putney."

"Oh, there isn't anything more. You know how Miss Kilburn here has been round throwing ridicule on Brother Peck, because he wants the shop-hands treated with common decency, and my idea was to get the two together and see how she would feel."

Dr. Morrell laughed at this with what Annie thought was unnecessary malice; but he stopped suddenly, after a glance at her, and Putney went on as if it were not a personal matter:

"Brother Peck pleaded another engagement. Said he had to go off into the country to see a sick woman that wasn't expected to live. You don't remember the Merrifields, do you, Annie? Well, it doesn't matter. One of 'em married West, and her husband left her, and she came home here and got a divorce; I got it for her. She's the one. As a consumptive, she had superior attractions for Brother Peck. It isn't a case that admits of jealousy exactly, but it wouldn't matter to Brother Peck anyway. If he saw a chance to do a good action, he'd wade through blood."

"Now look here, Ralph," said Mrs. Putney, "there's such a thing as letting yourself *too* loose."

"Well, *gore*, then," said Putney, buttering himself a biscuit.

The boy, who had kept quiet till now, seemed reached by this last touch, and broke into a high, crowing laugh, in which they all joined except his father.

"Gore suits Winthy, anyway," he said, beginning to eat his biscuit. "I met one of the deacons from Brother Peck's last parish, in Boston, yesterday. He asked me if we considered Brother Peck anyways peculiar in Hatboro', and when I said we thought he was a little too luxurious, the deacon came out with a lot of things. The way Brother Peck behaved toward the needy in that last parish of his made it simply uninhabitable to the standard Christian. They had to get rid of him somehow — send him away or kill him. Of course the deacon said they didn't want to *kill* him."

"Where was his last parish?" asked the doctor.

"Down on the Maine coast somewhere. Penobscotport, I believe."

"And was he indigenous there?"

"No, I believe not; he's from Massachusetts. Farm-boy and then mill-hand, I understand. Self-helped to an education; divinity student with summer intervals of waiting at table in the mountain hotels probably. Drifted down Maine way on his first call and stuck; but I guess he won't stick here very long. Annie's friend Mr. Gerrish is going to look after Brother Peck before a great while." He laughed to see her blush, and went on. "You see, Brother Gerrish has got a high ideal of what a Christian minister ought to be; he hasn't said much about it, but I can see that Brother Peck doesn't come up to it. Well, Brother Gerrish has got a good many ideals. He likes to get anybody he can by the throat, and squeeze the difference of opinion out of 'em."

"There, now, Ralph," his wife interposed, "you let Mr. Gerrish alone. *You* don't like people to differ with you, either. Is your cup out, doctor?"

"Thank you," said the doctor, handing it up to her. "And you mean Mr. Gerrish doesn't like Mr. Peck's doctrine?" he asked of Putney.

"Oh, I don't know that he objects to his doctrine; he can't very well; it's 'between the leds of the Bible,' as the Hard-shell Baptist said. But he objects to Brother Peck's walk and conversation. He thinks he walks too much with the poor, and converses too much with the lowly. He says he thinks that the pew-owners in Mr. Peck's church and the people who pay his salary have some rights to his company that he's bound to respect."

The doctor relished the irony, but he asked, "Isn't there something to say on that side?"

"Oh yes, a good deal. There's always something to say on both sides, even when one's a wrong side. That's what makes it all so tiresome—makes you wish you were dead." He looked up, and caught his boy's eye fixed with melancholy intensity upon him. "I hope you'll never look at both sides when you grow up, Win. It's mighty uncomfortable. You take the right side, and stick to that. Brother Gerrish," he resumed, to the doctor, "goes round taking the credit of Brother Peck's call here; but the fact is he opposed it. He didn't like his being so indifferent about the salary. Brother Gerrish held that the laborer was worthy of his hire, and if he didn't inquire what his wages were going to be, it was a pret-

ty good sign that he wasn't going to earn them."

"Well, there was some logic in that," said the doctor, smiling as before.

"Plenty. And now it worries Brother Gerrish to see Brother Peck going round in the same old suit of clothes he came here in, and dressing his child like a shabby little Irish girl. He says that he who provideth not for those of his own household is worse than a heathen. That's perfectly true. And he would like to know what Brother Peck does with his money, anyway. He would like to insinuate that he loses it at poker, I guess; at any rate, he can't find out whom he gives it to, and he certainly doesn't spend it on himself."

"From your account of Mr. Peck," said the doctor, "I should think Brother Gerrish might safely object to him as a certain kind of sentimentalist."

"Well, yes, he might, looking at him from the outside. But when you come to talk with Brother Peck, you find yourself sort of frozen out with a most unexpected, hard-headed cold-bloodedness. Brother Peck is plain common-sense itself. He seems to be a man without an illusion, without an emotion."

"Oh, not so bad as that!" laughed the doctor.

"Ask Miss Kilburn. She's talked with him, and she hates him."

"No, I don't, Ralph," Annie began.

"Oh, well, then, perhaps he only made you hate yourself," said Putney. There was something charming in his mockery, like the teasing of a brother with a sister; and Annie did not find the atonement to which he brought her altogether painful. It seemed to her really that she was getting off pretty easily, and she laughed with hearty consent at last.

Winthrop asked, solemnly, "How did he do that?"

"Oh, I can't tell exactly, Winthrop," she said, touched by the boy's simple interest in this abstruse point. "He made me feel that I had been rather mean and cruel when I thought I had only been practical. I can't explain; but it wasn't a comfortable feeling, my dear."

"I guess that's the trouble with Brother Peck," said Putney. "He doesn't make you feel comfortable. He doesn't flatter you up worth a cent. There was Annie expecting him to take the most fervent interest in her theatricals, and her Social Union, and coo round, and tell her what a noble woman she was, and beg her to consider her health, and not overwork herself in doing good; but instead of that he simply showed her that she was a moral Cave-Dweller, and that she was living in a Stone Age of social brutalities; and of course she hated him."

"Yes, that was the way, Winthrop," said Annie; and they all laughed with her.

"Now you take them into the parlor, Ralph," said his wife, rising, "and tell them how he made *you* hate him."

"I shouldn't like anything better," replied Putney. He lifted the large ugly kerosene lamp that had been set on the table when it grew dark during tea, and carried it into the parlor with him. His wife remained to speak with her little helper, but she sent Annie with the gentlemen.

"Why, there isn't a great deal of it—more spirit than letter, so to speak," said Putney, when he put down the lamp in the parlor. "You know how I like to go on about other people's sins, and the world's wickedness generally; but one day Brother Peck, in that cool, impersonal way of his, suggested that it was not a wholly meritorious thing to hate evil. He went so far as to say that perhaps we could not love them that despitefully used us if we hated their evil so furiously. He said it was a good deal more desirable to understand evil than to hate it, for then we could begin to cure it. Yes, Brother Peck let in a good deal of light on me. He rather insinuated that I must be possessed by the very evils I hated, and that was the reason I was so violent about them. I had always supposed that I hated other people's cruelty because I was merciful, and their meanness because I was magnanimous, and their intolerance because I was generous, and their conceit because I was modest, and their selfishness because I was disinterested; but after listening to Brother Peck awhile I came to the conclusion that I hated these things in others because I was cruel myself, and mean, and bigoted, and conceited, and piggish; and that's why I've hated Brother Peck ever since—just like you, Annie. But he didn't reform me, I'm thankful to say, any more than he did you. I've gone on just the same, and I suppose I hate more infernal scoundrels and loathe more infernal idiots to-day than

ever; but I perceive that I'm no part of the power that makes for righteousness as long as I work that racket; and now I sin with light and knowledge, anyway. No, Annie," he went on, "I can understand why Brother Peck is not the success with women, and feminine temperaments like me, that his virtues entitle him to be. What we feminine temperaments want is a prophet, and Brother Peck doesn't prophesy worth a cent. He doesn't pretend to be authorized in any sort of way; he has a sneaking style of being no better than you are, and of being rather stumped by some of the truths he finds out. No, women like a good prophet about as well as they do a good doctor. Now if you, if you could unite the two functions, Doc—"

"Sort of medicine-man?" suggested Morrell.

"Exactly! The aborigines understood the thing. Why, I suppose that a real live medicine-man could go through a community like this and not leave a sinful soul nor a sore body in it among the ladies—perfect faith cure."

"But what did you say to Mr. Peck, Ralph?" asked Annie. "Didn't you attempt any defence?"

"No," said Putney. "He had the advantage of me. You can't talk back at a man in the pulpit."

"Oh, it was a sermon?"

"I suppose the other people thought so. But I knew it was a private conversation that he was publicly holding with me."

Putney and the doctor began to talk of the nature and origin of evil, and Annie and the boy listened. Putney took high ground, and attributed it to Adam. "You know, Annie," he explained, "I don't *believe* this; but I like to get a scientific man that won't quite deny Scripture or the good old Bible promises, and see him suffer. Hello! You up yet, Winthrop? I guess I'll go through the form of carrying you to bed, my son."

When Mrs. Putney rejoined them, Annie said she must go, and Mrs. Putney went upstairs with her, apparently to help her put on her things, but really to have that talk before parting which guest and hostess value above the whole evening's pleasure. She showed Annie the pictures of the little girls that had died, and talked a great deal about their sickness and their loveliness in death. Then they spoke of others, and Mrs. Putney asked Annie if she had seen Lyra Wilmington lately. Annie told of her call with Mrs. Munger, and Mrs. Putney said: "I *like* Lyra, and I always did. I presume she isn't very happily married; he's too old; there couldn't have been any love on her part. But she would be a better woman than she is if she had children. Ralph says," added Mrs. Putney, smiling, "that he knows she would be a good mother, she's such a good aunt."

Annie put her two hands impressively on the hands of her friend folded at her waist. "Ellen, what *does* it mean?"

"Nothing more than what you saw, Annie. She must have—or she *will* have —some one to amuse her; to tease, and it's best to have it all in the family, Ralph says."

"But isn't it—doesn't he think it's—wrong?"

"It makes talk."

They moved a little toward the door, holding each other's hands. "Ellen, I've had a *lovely* time!"

"And so have I, Annie. I thought you'd like to meet Dr. Morrell."

"Oh, yes, indeed!"

"And I can't tell you what a night this has been for Ralph. He likes you so much, and it isn't often that he has a chance to talk to *two* such people as you and Dr. Morrell."

"How brilliant he is!" Annie sighed.

"Yes, he's a very able man. It's very fortunate for Hatboro' to have such a doctor. He and Ralph are great cronies. I never feel uneasy now when Ralph's out late—I know he's been up at the doctor's office, talking. I—"

Annie broke in with a laugh. "I've no doubt Dr. Morrell is all you say, Ellen, but I meant Ralph when I spoke of brilliancy. He has a great future, I'm sure."

Mrs. Putney was silent for a moment. "I'm satisfied with the present, so long as Ralph—" The tears suddenly gushed out of her eyes, and ran down over the fine wrinkles of her plump little cheeks.

"Not quite so much loud talking, please," piped a thin, high voice from a room across the stairs landing.

"Why, dear little soul!" cried Annie. "I forgot he'd gone to bed."

"Would you like to see him?" asked his mother.

She led the way into the room where the boy lay in a low bed near a larger

one. His crutches lay beside it. "Win sleeps in our room yet. He can take care of himself quite well. But when he wakes in the night he likes to reach out and take his father's hand."

The child looked mortified.

"I wish I could reach out and take *my* father's hand when I wake in the night," said Annie.

The cloud left the boy's face. "I can't remember whether I said my prayers, mother, I've been thinking so."

"Well, say them over again, to me."

The men's voices sounded in the hall below, and the ladies found them there. Dr. Morrell had his hat in his hand.

"Look here, Annie," said Putney, "*I* expected to walk home with you, but Doc Morrell says he's going to cut me out. It looks like a put-up job. I don't know whether you're in it or not, but there's no doubt about Morrell."

Mrs. Putney gave a sort of gasp, and then they all shouted with laughter, and Annie and the doctor went out into the night. In the imperfect light which the electrics of the main street flung afar into the little avenue where Putney lived, and the moon sent through the sidewalk trees, they struck against each other as they walked, and the doctor said, "Hadn't you better take my arm, Miss Kilburn, till we get used to the dark?"

"Yes, I think I had, decidedly," she answered; and she hurried to add: "Dr. Morrell, there is something I want to ask you. You're their physician, aren't you?"

"The Putneys? Yes."

"Well, then, you can tell me—"

"Oh no, I can't, if you ask me as their physician," he interrupted.

"Well, then, as their friend. Mrs. Putney said something to me that makes me very unhappy. I thought Mr. Putney was out of all danger of his—trouble. Hasn't he perfectly reformed? Does he ever—"

She stopped, and Dr. Morrell did not answer at once. Then he said, seriously: "It's a continual fight with a man of Putney's temperament, and sometimes he gets beaten. Yes, I guess you'd better know it."

"Poor Ellen!"

"They don't allow themselves to be discouraged. As soon as he's on his feet they begin the fight again. But of course it prevents his success in his profession, and he'll always be a second-rate country lawyer."

"Poor Ralph! And so brilliant as he is! He could be anything."

"We must be glad if he can be something, as it is."

"Yes, and how happy they seem together, all three of them! That child worships his father; and how tender Ralph is of him! How good he is to his wife; and how proud she is of him! And that awful shadow over them all the time! I don't see how they live!"

The doctor was silent for a moment, and finally said: "They have the peace that seems to come to people from the presence of a common peril, and they have the comfort of people who never blink the facts."

"I think Ralph's truth is terrible. I wish he'd let other people blink the facts a little."

"Of course," said the doctor, "it's become a habit with him now, or a mania. He seems to speak of his trouble as if mentioning it were a sort of conjuration to prevent it. I wouldn't venture to check him in his way of talking. He may find strength in it."

"It's all terrible!"

"But it isn't by any means hopeless."

"I'm so glad to hear you say so. You see a great deal of them, I believe?"

"Yes," said the doctor, getting back to what seemed his wonted mood from their seriousness, with apparent relief. "Pretty nearly every day. Putney and I consider the ways of God to man a good deal together. You can imagine that in a place like Hatboro' one would make the most of such a friend. In fact, anywhere. He's one of the most interesting men—take his strength and his weakness together—I ever saw."

"Yes, of course," Annie assented. "Dr. Morrell," she added, in that effect of continuing the subject with which one breaks away from it, "do you know much about South Hatboro'?"

"I have some patients there."

"I was there this morning."

"I heard of you. They all take a great interest in your theatricals."

"In *my* theatricals? Really this is too much! Who has made them my theatricals, I should like to know? Everybody at South Hatboro' talked as if I had got them up."

"And haven't you?"

"No. I've had nothing to do with them. Mr. Brandreth spoke to me about them a week ago, and I was foolish enough to go round with Mrs. Munger to collect public opinion about her invited dance and supper; and now it appears that I have invented the whole affair."

"I certainly got that impression," said the doctor, with a laugh lurking under his gravity.

"Well, it's simply atrocious," said Annie. "I've nothing at all to do with either. I don't even know that I approve of their object."

"Their object?"

"Yes. The Social Union."

"Oh! Oh yes. I had forgot about the object," and now the doctor laughed outright.

"It seems to have dropped into the background with everybody," said Annie, laughing too.

"You like the unconventionality of South Hatboro'?" suggested the doctor, after a little silence.

"Oh, very much," said Annie. "I was used to the same thing abroad. It might be an American colony anywhere on the Continent."

"I suppose," said the doctor, musingly, "that the same conditions of sojourn and disoccupation *would* produce the same social effects anywhere. Then you must feel quite at home in South Hatboro'!"

"Quite! It's what I came back to avoid. I was sick of the life over there, and I wanted to be of some use here, instead of wasting all my days."

She stopped, resolved not to go on if he took this lightly, but the doctor answered her with sufficient gravity: "Well?"

"It seemed to me that if I could be of any use in the world anywhere, I could in the place where I was born, and where my whole childhood was spent. But I find that it's the one place where I *can't* be of use. I've been at home a month now, the most useless person in Hatboro'. I did catch at the first thing that offered —at Mr. Brandreth and his ridiculous Social Union and theatricals, and brought all this trouble on myself. I talked to Mr. Peck about them. You know what his views are?"

"Only from Putney's talk," said the doctor.

"He didn't merely disapprove of the dance and supper, but he had some very peculiar notions about the relations of the different classes in general," said Annie; and this was the point she had meant circuitously to lead up to when she began to speak of South Hatboro', though she theoretically despised all sorts of feminine indirectness.

"Yes?" said the doctor. "What notions?"

"Well, he thinks that if you have money, you *can't* do good with it."

"That's rather odd," said Dr. Morrell.

"I don't state it quite fairly. He meant that you can't make any kindness with it between yourself and the—the poor."

"That's odd too."

"Yes," said Annie, anxiously. "You can impose an obligation, he says, but you can't create sympathy. Of course Ralph exaggerates what I said about him in connection with the invited dance and supper, though I don't justify what I did say; and if I'd known then, as I do now, what his history had been, I should have been more careful in my talk with him. I should be very sorry to have hurt his feelings, and I suppose people who've come up in that way are sensitive?"

She suggested this, and it was not the reassurance she was seeking to have Dr. Morrell say, "Naturally."

She continued, with an effort: "I'm afraid I didn't respect his sincerity, and I ought to have done that, though I don't at all agree with him on the other points. It seems to me that what he said was shocking, and perfectly—impossible."

"Why, what was it?" asked the doctor.

"He said there could be no real kindness between the rich and poor, because all their experiences of life were different. It amounted to saying that there ought not to *be* any wealth. Don't you think so?"

"Really, I've never thought about it," returned Dr. Morrell. After a moment he asked, "Isn't it rather an abstraction?"

"Don't say that!" said Annie, nervously. "It's the *most* concrete thing in the world!"

The doctor laughed with enjoyment of her convulsive emphasis; but she went on: "I don't think life's worth living if you're to be shut up all your days to the intelligence merely of your own class."

"Who said you were?"

"Mr. Peck."

"And what was your inference from the fact? That there oughtn't to be any classes?"

"Of course it won't do to say that.

There *must* be social differences. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Dr. Morrell. "I never thought of it in that light before. It's a very curious question." He asked, brightening gayly after a moment of sober pause, "Is that the whole trouble?"

"Isn't it enough?"

"No; I don't think it is. Why didn't you tell him that you didn't want any gratitude?"

"Not *want* any?" she demanded.

"Oh," said Dr. Morrell, "I didn't know but you thought it was enough to *give*."

Annie believed that he was making fun of her, and she tried to make her resentful silence dignified; but she only answered, sadly: "No; it isn't enough for me. Besides, he made me see that you can't give sympathy where you can't receive it."

"Well, that *is* bad," said the doctor, and he laughed again. "Excuse me," he added. "I see the point. But why don't you forget it?"

"Forget it!"

"Yes. If you can't help it, why need you worry about it?"

She gave a kind of gasp of astonishment. "Do you really think that would be right?" She edged a little away from Dr. Morrell, as if with distrust.

"Well, no; I can't say that I do," he returned, thoughtfully, without seeming to have noticed her withdrawal. "I don't suppose I was looking at the moral side. It's rather out of my way to do that. If a physician lets himself get into the habit of doing that, he might regard nine-tenths of the diseases he has to treat as just penalties, and decline to interfere."

She fancied that he was amused again, rather than deeply concerned, and she determined to make him own his personal complicity in the matter if she could. "Then you *do* feel sympathy with your patients? You find it necessary to do so?"

The doctor thought a moment. "I take an interest in their diseases."

"But you want them to get well?"

"Oh, certainly. I'm bound to do all I can for them as a physician."

"Nothing more?"

"Yes; I'm sorry for them—for their families, if it seems to be going badly with them."

"And—and as—as— Don't you care at all for your work as a part of what every one ought to do for others—as humanity, philan—" She stopped at the offensive word.

"Well, I can't say that I've looked at it in that light exactly," he answered. "I suspect I'm not very good at generalizing my own relations to others, though I like well enough to speculate in the abstract. But don't you think Mr. Peck has overlooked one important fact in his theory? What about the people who have grown rich from being poor, as most Americans have? They have the same experiences, and why can't they sympathize with those who have remained poor?"

"I never thought of that. Why didn't I ask him that?" She lamented so sincerely that the doctor laughed again. "I think that Mr. Peck—"

"Oh no! oh no!" said the doctor, in an entreating, coaxing tone, expressive of a satiety with the subject that he might very well have felt; and he ended with another laugh, in which, after a moment of indignant self-question, she joined him. "Isn't that delicious?" he exclaimed; and she involuntarily slowed her pace with his.

The spicy scent of sweet-currant blossoms hung in the dewy air that wrapped one of the darkened village houses. From a syringa bush before another, as they moved on, a denser perfume stole out with the wild song of a cat-bird hidden in it; the music and the odor seemed braided together. The shadows of the trees cast by the electrics on the walks were so thick and black that they seemed palpable; it seemed as if she could stoop down and lift them from the ground. A broad bath of moonlight washed one of the house fronts, and the white-painted clapboards looked wet with it.

They talked of these things, of themselves, and of their own traits and peculiarities; and at her door they ended far from Mr. Peck and all the perplexities he had suggested.

She had told Dr. Morrell of some things she had brought home with her, and had said she hoped he would find time to come and see them. It would have been stiff not to do it, and she believed she had done it in a very off-hand, business-like way. But she continued to question whether she had.

XII.

Miss Northwick called upon Annie during the week, with excuses for her delay and for coming alone. She seemed to

have intentions of being polite; but she constantly betrayed her want of interest in Annie, and disappointed an expectation of refinement which her physical delicacy awakened. She asked her how she ever came to take up the Social Union, and answered for her that of course it had the attraction of the theatricals, and went on to talk of her sister's part in them. The relation of the Northwick family to the coming entertainment, and an impression of frail mottled wrists and high thin cheeks, and an absence of modelling under affluent drapery, was the main effect of Miss Northwick's visit.

When Annie returned it, she met the younger sister, whom she found a great beauty. She seemed very cold, and of a hauteur which she subdued with difficulty; but she was more consecutively polite than her sister, and Annie watched with fascination her turns of the head, her movements of leopard swiftness and elasticity, the changing lights of her complexion, the curves of her fine lips, the fluttering of her thin nostrils.

A very new basket phaeton stood glittering at Annie's door when she got home, and Mrs. Wilmington put her head out of the open parlor window. "How d'ye do, Annie?" she drawled, in her charming voice. "Won't you come in? You see I'm in possession. I've just got my new phaeton, and I drove up at once to crush you with it. Isn't it a beauty?"

"You're too late, Lyra," said Annie. "I've just come from the Northwicks, and another crushing beauty has got in ahead of your phaeton."

"Oh, *poor* Annie!" Lyra began to laugh with agreeable intelligence. "*Do* come in and tell me about it!"

"Why is that girl going to take part in the theatricals? She doesn't care to please any one, does she?"

"I didn't know that people took part in theatricals for that, Annie. I thought they wanted to please themselves and mortify others. *I* do. But then I may be different. Perhaps Miss Northwick wants to please Mr. Brandreth."

"Do you mean it, Lyra?" demanded Annie, arrested on her threshold by the charm of this improbability.

"Well, I don't know; they're opposites. But, upon second thoughts, you needn't come in, Annie. I want you to take a drive with me, and try my new phaeton," said Lyra, coming out.

Annie now looked at it with that irresolution of hers, and Lyra commanded: "Get right in. We'll go down to the Works. You've never met my husband yet; have you, Annie?"

"No, I haven't, Lyra. I've always just missed him somehow. He seems to have been perpetually just gone to town, or not got back."

"Well, he's really at home now. And I don't mean at the house, which isn't home to him, but the Works. You've never seen the Works either, have you?"

"No, I haven't."

"Well, then, we'll just go round there, and kill two birds with one stone. I ought to show off my new phaeton to Mr. Wilmington first of all; he gave it to me. It would be kind of conjugal, or filial, or something. You know Mr. Wilmington and I are not exactly contemporaries, Annie?"

"I heard he was somewhat your senior," said Annie, reluctantly.

Lyra laughed. "Well, I always say we were born in the same century, *anyway*."

They came round into the region of the shops, and Lyra checked her pony in front of her husband's factory. It was not imposingly large, but, as Mrs. Wilmington caused Annie to observe, it was as big as the hat shops and as ugly as the shoe shops.

The structure trembled with the operation of its industry, and as they mounted the wooden steps to the open outside door, an inner door swung ajar for a moment, and let out a roar mingled of the hum and whirl and clash of machinery and fragments of voice, borne to them on a whiff of warm, greasy air. "Of course it doesn't smell very nice," said Lyra.

She pushed open the door of the office, and finding its first apartment empty, led the way with Annie to the inner room, where her husband sat writing at a table.

"George, I want to introduce you to Miss Kilburn."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," said her husband, scrambling to his feet, and coming round to greet Annie. He was a small man, very bald, with a serious and wrinkled forehead, and rather austere brows; but his mouth had a furtive curl at one corner, which, with the habit he had of touching it there with the tip of his tongue, made Annie think of a cat that had been at the cream. "I've been hoping to call

with Mrs. Wilmington to pay my respects; but I've been away a great deal this season, and—and— We're all very happy to have you home again, Miss Kilburn. I've often heard my wife speak of your old days together at Hatboro'."

They fenced with some polite feints of interest in each other, the old man standing beside his writing-table, and staying himself with a shaking hand upon it.

Lyra interrupted them. "Well, I think now that Annie is here, we'd better not let her get away without showing her the Works."

"Oh—oh—decidedly! I'll go with you, with great pleasure. Ah!" He bustled about, putting the things together on his table, and then reaching for the Panama hat on a hook behind it. There was something pathetic in his eagerness to do what Lyra bade him, and Annie fancied in him the uneasy consciousness which an elderly husband might feel in the presence of those who met him for the first time with his young wife. At the outer office door they encountered Jack Wilmington.

"I'll show them through," he said to his uncle; and the old man assented with, "Well, perhaps you'd better, Jack," and went back to his room.

The Wilmington Stocking-Mills spun their own threads, and the first room was like what Annie had seen before in cotton factories, with a faint smell of oil from the machinery, and a fine snow of fluff in the air, and catching to the whitewashed walls and the foul window sashes. The tireless machines marched back and forth across the floor, and the men who watched them with suicidal intensity ran after them barefooted when they made off with a broken thread, spliced it, and then escaped from them to their stations again. In other rooms, where there was a stunning whir of spindles, girls and women were at work; they looked after Lyra and her nephew from under cotton-frowsed bangs; they all seemed to know her, and returned her easy, kindly greetings with an effect of liking. From time to time, at Lyra's bidding, the young fellow explained to Annie some curious feature of the processes; in the room where the stockings were knitted she tried to understand the machinery that wrought and seemed to live before her eyes. But her mind wandered to the men and women who were operating it, and who seemed no more a voluntary part of it than all the rest, except when Jack Wilmington curtly ordered them to do this or that in illustration of some point he was explaining. She wearied herself, as people do in such places, in expressing her wonder at the ingenuity of the machinery; it was a relief to get away from it all into the room, cool and quiet, where half a dozen neat girls were counting and stamping the stockings with different numbers. "Here's where *I* used to work," said Lyra, "and here's where I first met Mr. Wilmington. The place is *full* of romantic associations. The stockings are all one *size*, Annie; but people like to wear different numbers, and so we try to gratify them. Which number do *you* wear? Or don't you wear the Wilmington machine-knit? *I* don't. Well, they're not *dreams* exactly, Annie, when all's said and done for them."

When they left the mill she asked Annie to come home to tea with her, saying, as if from a perception of her dislike for the young fellow, that Jack was going to Boston.

They had a long evening together, after Mr. Wilmington took himself off after tea to his study, as he called it, and remained shut in there. Annie was uneasily aware of him from time to time, but Lyra had apparently no more disturbance from his absence than from his presence, which she had managed with a frank acceptance of everything it suggested. She talked freely of her marriage, not as if it were like any other, but for what it was. She showed Annie over the house, and she ended with a display of the rich dresses which he was always buying her, and which she never wore, because she never went anywhere.

Annie said she thought she would at least like to go to the sea-side somewhere during the summer, but "No," Lyra said; "it would be too much trouble, and you know, Annie, I always did hate *trouble*. I don't want the care of a cottage, and I don't want to be poked into a hotel, so I stay in Hatboro'." She said that she had always been a village girl, and did not miss the interests of a larger life, as she caught glimpses of them in South Hatboro', or want the bother of them. She said she studied music a little, and confessed that she read a good deal, novels mostly, though the library was handsomely equipped with well-bound general literature.

At moments it all seemed no harm; at others, the luxury in which this life was so contentedly sunk oppressed Annie like a thick, close air. Yet she knew that Lyra was kind to many of the poor people about her, and did a great deal of good, as the phrase is, with the superfluity which it involved no self-denial to give from. But Mr. Peck had given her a point of view, and though she believed she did not agree with him, she could not escape from it.

Lyra told her much about people in Hatboro', and characterized them all so humorously, and she seemed so good-natured, in her ridicule which spared nobody.

She shrieked with laughter about Mr. Brandreth when Annie told her of his mother's doubt whether his love-making with Miss Northwick ought to be tacit or explicit in the kissing and embracing between Romeo and Juliet.

"Don't you think, Annie, we'd better refer him to Mr. Peck? I *should* like to hear Mr. Brandreth and Mr. Peck discussing it. I must tell Jack about it. I might get him to ask Sue Northwick, and get her ideas."

"Has Mr. Wilmington known the Northwicks long?" Annie asked.

"He used to go to their Boston house when he was at Harvard."

"Oh, then," said Annie, "perhaps *he* accounts for her playing Juliet; though, as Tybalt, I don't see exactly how he—"

"Oh, it's at the rehearsals, you know, that the fun is, and then it don't matter what part you have."

Annie lay awake a long time that night. She heard Lyra's laugh, and her words repeated themselves full of mocking and insinuation. She was sure that she ought not to like Lyra if she did not approve of her, and that she ought not to have gone home to tea with her and spent the evening with her unless she fully respected her. But she had to own to herself that she did like her, and enjoyed hearing her soft drawl. She tried to think how Jack Wilmington's having gone to Boston for the evening made it somehow less censurable for her to spend it with Lyra, even if she did not approve of her. As she drowsed, this became perfectly clear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AUBADE.

BY ANNIE CHAMBERS-KETCHUM.

AWAKE, m'amie!
The dawn is up, and like a red flower blows;
The gray-beard sea
Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.
Bloom, then, for these and me,
Sweet rose.
Awake, m'amie!

Arise, m'amie!
The field flowers smile on all their butterflies;
The humblebee,
A wandering minstrel, sings; the cricket cries.
Smile, then, on these and me,
Dear eyes.
Arise, m'amie!

Make haste, m'amie!
The rude day comes, full gallop. Let us taste
With flower and bee
The joy of youth and morning. Oh, make haste!
No time have these or we
To waste.
Make haste, m'amie!

PRIDE AND PRIDE.

BY JANE G. AUSTIN.

DO you know the Chateaugay Woods—those vast tracts of sombre hemlock stretching for leagues over the Adirondack hills and vales, and yet within so few hours' travel from New York, that centre of all that is furthest from silent or primeval or innocent?

It was a bright September morning, and woods and sky and air, and the treacherous brook tumbling down the hill-side toward the saw-mill at the foot, were all at their freshest and most charming; so was the figure of the young girl who, mounted upon a fiery little Cuban horse, controlled him easily with one hand as she paused just in the edge of the woods on the brow of the hill, and contemplated the scene below with eager, sensuous delight.

A handsome creature she was, this young Sybarite, and harmonious with the scene in her intense vitality, freshness, and eager appreciation; tall and lissome, but with promise of an imperial presence in later life, with a satin-smooth dusky skin, a rare rich crimson tinting the cheeks and burning on the lips, straight dark brows, heavy enough to make their frown significant, and great eyes just as bright and just as brown as the brook when it flashes out from among the hemlock roots into the sunshine; a head modelled after the Greek, with masses of wavy hair drawn back from the low forehead, leaving the tiny ends exposed, and knotted at the nape of the neck in a great soft coil, on which the riding-hat, with its scarlet tanager's breast and wing, sat like a crown.

Half a mile down the steep white road, Mary Murgatroyd checked her horse at the edge of the platform of a saw-mill. The whole interior was visible through the great double doors, making all one end of the building; several men were at work, and overlooking them a powerful young fellow, his loose red blouse and blue trousers, upheld by a broad leather belt, showing to perfection such a figure as hemlock forests, mountains, and plenty of physical exercise alone can develop. He looked round at sound of the pony's feet, and came slowly forward to greet his employer's daughter: for all those hills and vales and forests, the brook and the mill, belonged to Stephen Murgatroyd, who, partly from a love of nature, oddly surviving thirty years in Wall Street, partly as knowing that the master's eye is wholesome for any business, had built a sort of sylvan lodge here in the Chateaugay, whither he was fond of resorting for a few days at a time, and whither Mary in these later years had grown fond of accompanying him. And Leon Leduc, who was Canadian by name, Saxon by nature and looks, in the master's absence had charge of everything, and managed better than the master could for himself. When nobody else occupied the sylvan lodge, Leduc made it his home, and if Mr. Murgatroyd came up alone, the two kept house together with mutual satisfaction, the younger man generally giving the elder some new bit of intelligence out of the scientific or political works of the day, or commenting on the latest travels or newest whims of philosophy, with a careless ease, showing wide reading and a prodigious memory. But when Mary came, generally bringing one or two companions of her own world with her, Leon Leduc retired to one of the log cabins built for the mill-hands, wood-choppers, log-drivers, and other employés of the vast estate, where he delighted and, with no pretence or self-consciousness, instructed as large an audience as could get near him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Leduc. I am going to rest in the shade a little while. I have ridden a long way," said Mary, giving the rein to Leon, who held it firmly, so that the rider's feet were within an inch of the platform, and did not offer any further help in dismounting, or even look to see how gracefully it was accomplished.

"You may let one of the men loosen Moro's girths, if you please, and take out the bit. It freshens him up wonderfully."

Without reply the overseer performed the suggested duty himself, Miss Murgatroyd crossing the platform and looking down at the brook flashing at the foot of the steep bank. Moro comfortably established, Leduc hesitated, glanced into the mill, glanced at the unconscious maiden, her shapely back turned square upon him, and reluctantly approached her.

"Will you go into the office and sit down, Miss Murgatroyd?"

"Nobody has such original ideas as you, Mr. Leduc. To fancy my desiring on this heavenly morning to shut myself up in that horrible, stuffy little office, to amuse myself with contemplating the inky desk and red-backed ledger and cash-book! No; I intend getting down this bank and gathering those harebells at the bottom, or are they gentians?"

"Gentians, I believe. I shall be happy to gather them for you myself, if you will allow me. The bank is very steep and slippery, and the pool just here very deep."

The offer was courteous, the manner just what befitted a young man in woollen shirt and trousers, hard hands and sunburned neck, speaking to his employer's daughter. Why then did the girl's smile grow so cruelly proud as she replied:

"By no means, Mr. Leduc. I could not think of taking you from your duties. Pray don't let me interrupt you any longer."

A swarthy flush rose under the sunburn of the overseer's face, and with a silent bow he turned away, walked as far as the first sharp-toothed saw gnawing its way into the heart of the great hemlock bole, stood there a moment, then turned and strode back. Mary was half-way down the bank, clinging to a shrub with one hand, and with the other reaching toward the gentians.

"My time belongs to Mr. Murgatroyd, as you suggest, Miss Murgatroyd," said a calm voice above her, "but I think it will be as faithfully spent in keeping you out of danger as in watching the saws. Please give me your hand and let me help you up the bank, and then I will get the flowers."

"By that sin fell the angels," and as they were falling one of them may have looked very like the face Mary Murgatroyd turned up toward the man kneeling on the edge of the bank and reaching down his hand to her, so proud, cruel, and repellent.

"Really, Mr. Leduc, I think you had better keep to the work papa set you at. He never likes people disregarding his orders."

"And you cannot imagine a law higher than Mr. Murgatroyd's orders or Miss Murgatroyd's pleasure!" said the young man, his face turning lividly pale, then flushing as if it had received a blow. A bitter little laugh replied, and springing to his feet, he moved away, but had not gone a dozen paces before a scream, a rustle, a splash, told their story, and kicking off his shoes and flinging down his hat, Leduc sprang to the top of the bank, marked the spot where the white gleam of a sinking face shone up through the swirling waters of the pool, and leaped in. Already the swift current was grappling with her; already the heavy riding-clothes were dragging her down like anchors, when his arms wound around her waist, and her swooning ears caught the strange words, "Oh, my darling, my life! you shall not die!"

After that nothing until the maiden recovered consciousness, lying upon the couch in the despised office, with two tawny, hard-handed, kindly women about her.

"What is it?" stammered she, feebly; and one replied:

"Why, miss, you fell in the pool, and Leduc he see you, and got you out, and sent on one of the hands hot-foot to the shanty for us, and we've been better'n half an hour bringing you to. I tell you, miss, 'twas a narrow 'scape."

"Leduc saved me?"

"Yes, indeed. Lucky he was round, for the current sucks awful strong in that pool, and if you hadn't been got out when you was, you'd 'a been over the dam, and the dear knows where by this time."

"Where is he?"

"He set off for your pa and a carriage as soon as you began to come to. Took your pony, he did, and I guess he'll be back 'fore long now. Hark! Seems as if I heard wheels, and that's your pa's voice sure-ly."

Yes, it was Mr. Murgatroyd, whom Leduc had met a short distance from his house. But having seen the father enter the room where his daughter lay, Leduc turned away, and briefly saying to one of the men that he must go home and change his clothes, left the mill, not to return until its visitors had departed.

The principal architectural pretence of the sylvan lodge was a great square veranda, the ends closed in by vine-covered trellises, and furnished with a sofa-table, chairs, and couches of rattan. Here on the evening of her accident Mary lay, beautiful in her pallor and her languor, the former enhanced by the vivid scarlet of the Indian shawl draped about her. Her father had driven to the sta-

tion, some eight miles distant, to meet a party of friends proposing to spend some days at the lodge, and she was quite alone when up the path strode Leon Leduc's stalwart figure, an odd look of indecision, almost of defiance, upon his face. In his hand he carried a little basket covered with paper, and seeing Miss Murgatroyd upon the veranda, came straight toward her. A bright wave of color, perhaps a reflection from the Indian shawl, swept over the girl's dainty pallor, and half rising, she said, "Oh, Leon, I am so glad to see you and thank you!"

"It was my duty, my hired service."

"Leon! how can you be so unkind as to recall my insults! I am so sorry for them."

His face softened at once, and smiling he said: "Do not remember anything but that I am glad to have served you, and that the bank is unsafe. At any rate, there will be no temptation for you there now, for I dug up the gentians."

"Mr. Leduc! to destroy the poor innocent flowers, as if it was their fault!"

"No, indeed, I could not have done such a thing. I went down to gather them for you, and then it seemed too bad to break them off, and I thought you might like to have them growing near you, so I took up the sod very carefully, and here they are."

"How lovely! how good of you!" And Mary, craning her neck forward, peeped into the basket, all crowded full of the sweet blue eyes, with their long fringes of eyelashes, but did not offer to take it into her hands, so that Leon, forced to remain close beside her, sank upon a camp-stool, the basket on his knees, and stole one long, ardent look at the lovely head and face so temptingly bent toward him.

"The darlings!" murmured the girl, putting out one long shapely hand and softly touching the flowers. "I do so hope they will live! Where shall I have them put?"

"Close by the channel that goes down from the well: they are used to plenty of water, you know," said Leon, who evidently had arranged it all. "I will take a spade and set them there now if you like, and you had better have them shaded for a day or two. Then in the winter I will throw something over them, so that they may not be destroyed, and next year they will welcome you to the woods."

"How thoughtful you are, Leon!" murmured Mary, softly. "Yes, put them out, but—wait a little first. Papa has gone to Downs to meet Mr. and Mrs. Pomroy; you will remember her as Miss Melton two years ago, and Mr. Melton her brother. They are coming to stay two or three days or a week. Are you sorry?"

"Sorry, Miss Murgatroyd? Why?"

"Because they will take all my time, and I shall not come to the mill or ride to the logging camp alone."

Leon was silent. A strange sweet spell was creeping over his senses. He clinched his hand until the nails bit into the palm, and the pain steadied him.

"We workmen will miss your visits, Miss Murgatroyd," said he, coldly. "But of course, when your friends are with you, we cannot expect to be noticed."

"Why do you talk like that, Leon?" exclaimed the girl, half sorrowfully, half indignantly, all wooingly. "You know very well no man in all the world, gentle or simple, has half the right to my attention that he has who saved my life. Leon, I have been a very supercilious, haughty, disagreeable girl, and especially toward you; but I am sorry now—indeed I am. Leon, I am not proud any more; I never will be proud to you again."

The words came in a whisper soft as a kiss, and the slender hand stole out again, the warm soft fingers trembling a little as if longing to be grasped by other fingers; but Leon Leduc's strong brown hands only grasped the handle of the little basket until it crushed beneath his fingers, and his head sank upon his breast, his eyes never turning toward those moist beseeching eyes so shyly waiting for them.

A whippoorwill in the neighboring wood uttered his melancholy cry once, twice, thrice, and as he ceased Leon Leduc slowly spoke: "I am glad for you if you are no longer proud, for pride is a terrible tyrant to the nature it rules. I am not so strong as you; I cannot give up my pride."

Then, with no mockery of leave-taking, he went away, and presently hearing the clink of a spade against stone, Mary knew that he was setting out the gentians.

"I will trample them under my feet in the morning," said she, in a voice strongly savoring of the pride she had abjured.

Next came the roll of wheels, and then gay, brilliant, overwhelming Louisa Pomroy, on her way from Newport to Sara-

toga, and her rich fool of a husband, and Harry Melton, handsome, high-bred, wealthy, and sworn admirer of Miss Murgatroyd.

They were to stay but a few days, and these days must be filled full of all sylvan pastimes and delights; so horses had been provided for all, and the very first morning a gay cavalcade rode into the woods to visit the logging camp deep in the heart of the forest.

"I haven't warned them that we were coming, and you will see the genuine camp life, Mrs. Pomroy," said Mr. Murgatroyd to the pretty bride, who tinkled out her baby laugh, and clasped her hands, exclaiming:

"Oh, how perfectly lovely! And we will eat some of their—what was that word, now?—oh, their slapjacks, and hominy, and pork, and things—won't we, Mary?"

"You may if you like, Lulu; it's not such a novelty to me," replied her friend, a little briefly, for she was listening to a very tender speech from Harry Melton, and wondering where Leon Leduc's work had taken him this morning.

As fate would have it, it had taken him to the logging camp, and at the last turn of the road they came upon him, standing beside a heap of bark, and directing its recording after the fatal blow it had received from a falling tree.

"Fine-looking fellow that!" remarked Mr. Melton, putting his glass to his eye, and staring at Leduc just as he would have stared at a statue in a picture-gallery.

"Yes; the overseer," replied Mary, quite audibly. "A very useful person; papa quite trusts him with his affairs here in the woods."

"So hard to find anybody worth trusting nowadays; dishonest employés quite the rule, you know—an awful bore." And having stared sufficiently at the phenomenon thus presented to him, Mr. Melton turned his glass upon the giant hemlocks, too grand to be supercilious, that looked good-naturedly down at the pigmy staring up at them, and rustled a welcome. Mrs. Pomroy, who would have flirted with the old serpent just as surely as Eve did, had there been no other subject at hand, was meantime making eyes at Mr. Murgatroyd, and going into pretty raptures and wonderments over everything she saw. Such big trees! such dark foliage! such sharp axes! such smooth stumps! such fine-looking men! such picturesque red shirts! such a lovely blue sky away, way up so high! And oh! what was that?

"A crow's nest, ma'am," replied one of the woodmen, for her cavalier had stepped aside to speak to a knot of choppers consulting over the best direction to fell a new tree.

"A crow's nest? Dear me! I wish I could have it! I will give anybody a dollar to bring it to me." And the childish beauty clapped her hands and glanced gleefully round at the rough admiring faces of the men.

"You are extravagant, Lu," remarked Mary, her slow haughty tones contrasting with the chattering treble of the other. "Any of the men would go if papa bade them. Leduc, can't you get that nest for the lady?"

"By having the tree cut down, Miss Murgatroyd," replied the overseer, fixing his eyes upon hers for a moment, then slowly turning them away. "These men, you will remember, are hired for definite labor, not as general servants. I will have the tree felled at once if Mr. Murgatroyd wishes."

"It seems to me your model overseer is a little insolent," said Melton, half aside; and she replied:

"Children and servants always put on airs before company."

Then they rode on, Mrs. Pomroy lingering to cast an irresistible glance into the eyes of the handsome overseer, as she said, "Have it cut down, please, and I will keep the nest to remember a brave proud man by."

"I don't think you will care to keep it when you see it," replied Leon, smiling briefly. "It is very big and very dirty."

It was after the loggers' dinner, at which the guests assisted as proposed, and just as they were mounting for their return home, that two men appeared, bearing between them from the forest the section of a hemlock-tree, with a mass of sticks, and hay, leaves, and filth built in and among the stumps of the severed branches. The overseer, handsome and smiling, led them forward, and said to Mrs. Pomroy as she stood with her brother and Miss Murgatroyd:

"This is the crow's nest, madam. You see it is hardly a pretty plaything for a lady."

"How curious!" exclaimed the beauty. And then she whispered to her friend:

"Do give the man some money for me, dear. I am afraid to. Perhaps you are afraid too, though?"

"I!" exclaimed the proud girl, and taking out her porte-monnaie, she selected a bank-note, and stepping up to Leduc, tendered it, saying, "Mrs. Pomroy wishes to give you this to divide among you."

If Louisa Pomroy had feigned a terror she did not feel a moment before, she now felt a genuine terror. She did not speak as she saw the color drop out of the sunburned face, and the eyes contract and blaze as they fastened, not upon her, but the woman close beside him. For a moment both stood silent and menacing, then raising his hand, Leduc lightly struck the fluttering paper with the back of his fingers in a gesture of superb contempt, and said:

"Give it to Mr. Murgatroyd, if you please; he sells his lumber; but these men and I don't sell ourselves."

"Splendid fellow!" murmured Louisa Pomroy, and really felt what she expressed. Whatever Mary felt, she said nothing, nor did she cast one glance toward the tall figure striding toward the wood; but as Harry Melton put her upon her horse, he noticed with surprise that her rich lips were white and shrunken.

The last day of Mrs. Pomroy's visit had arrived, and to several of the party assembled round the early breakfast-table at the lodge it was a day of anxiety and importance: to Harry Melton, for he had resolved that before the new-risen sun should set he would break through Miss Murgatroyd's subtle evasions and defences, and force her to give an honest answer to the question he had not yet been allowed to ask; to Mr. Murgatroyd, for he had, with considerable care, arranged a deer hunt for his guests on this last day, and could not be sure that the scouts sent out to discover and drive the deer within reach of amateur huntsmen would succeed in doing so; and to Miss Murgatroyd because —well, she could not have told why, except that all days since the one she fell into the mill-pool were to her days of anxiety and a hidden conflict, beginning to tell upon the outline of her peachy cheek and lissome figure.

"I hope those fellows have driven in some deer," muttered the host to his daughter, as everybody got to saddle in the crisp, lovely September morning, already tasting of October. "I sent Leduc last night to look after it, and if it's to be managed, he'll manage it; that's one consolation."

"I am glad there is one consolation somewhere," thought Mary, under her bright smile and nod. "I wish I could find it. Will Leduc come in sight, I wonder?"

"Our last day, Miss Murgatroyd," said Harry Melton, significantly, as he ranged his horse alongside of hers, which immediately began to curvet and plunge dangerously.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Melton, but Moro never will travel comfortably beside a strange horse. He is wretchedly broken, so far as society manners go. I must fall back a little."

"If you didn't worry his mouth with the curb, he would go pleasantly enough," retorted Melton, too bitter at perceiving the ruse to be quite polite, but reining his own horse back, and suffering his host to precede him.

The hunt was to be carried on canonically, that is, with horses and dogs, so far as the lay of the country permitted, and if the deer would only obligingly keep to the numerous wood roads and open glades, or to the stretches of forest clear of undergrowth, everything might proceed in as orderly a fashion as in an English park; but unfortunately, besides the hemlocks, whose tall, straight bolls offer no obstacle to sight or progress, there are in the Chateaugay wide tracts of second growth, scrub oak, birch, maple, and other deciduous trees, whose drooping branches and thick-set suckers, concealing numerous decayed logs, cavities where roots have been torn up, and heaps of wood rubbish, make a horse but a vain thing for safety, and deer-stalking the imperative substitute for hunting. If the deer, pursued through the open country, has sense enough to take to these thickets, of course his chance of escape is vastly increased, especially if he is lucky enough to cross one of the numerous little ponds abounding in this region, and so throw the hounds off the scent. Of the three fine bucks sighted and hunted by the Murgatroyd party, two were wily enough to seek this refuge, one being run down and killed in the open after a fine sharp burst of about four miles.

"We must dismount and take up positions at various points in the bush," an-

nounced Murgatroyd, breathlessly, as he cantered back from a little tour of inspection down a tangled wood road. "I have just seen Leduc; he says those two fellows are in this swamp somewhere, and he has sent round the men and hounds to drive them out on this side. I'll post you all at different points, and it 'll be hard if some fellow don't get a shot. Mary, you and Mrs. Pomroy stay just here, and don't dismount. Melton, Pomroy, come with me."

The three men disappeared, and Mary fidgeted in her saddle awhile, then said: "Lu, I'm not going to sit here doing nothing. I will ride down the wood road as far as I can, and have some chance of seeing the sport." So restless Moro was released, and shot down the crooked path, his rider gayly bending to his glossy neck to escape the branches that lashed her head and shoulders. Presently in a little open glade the road ended, and slowly pacing round its circle the maiden saw through the matted undergrowth the gleam of running water, and heard the babble of a brook. The long ride had made her thirsty, and slipping from the saddle she hitched the reins around a birch boll, and unhooking the little silver cup from her girdle, parted the undergrowth, and made her way through it for some rods, until on the bank of the little stream she stooped and dipped her cup, while a voice from behind a neighboring tree gayly said,

"Give me to drink too, fair Rebecca!"

"Mr. Melton! How came you here!" exclaimed the girl, severe as Diana catching sight of Acteon. Acteon laughed.

"I think it is I who should ask. I was stationed here to wait for monsieur le cerf, who is likely to seek the water, and to come down that little path. By Jove!"

He seized his rifle and laid it to his shoulder. Mary sprang to the top of the bank and looked where he aimed. There, just bursting from the thicket, and astounded at the human figures so suddenly presented, paused the stag in act to leap, motionless for one moment as a statue, head up, nostrils distended, eyes starting, the image of arrested motion, of passing thought, just one instant, but it was the instant too much, for in that moment the sharp crack of the rifle rang out, and the splendid creature, springing high in air, stumbled forward and fell, his proud head in the dust.

"By Jove, I've done for him!" exclaimed Melton, forgetting the presence of Mary in the lust of killing—perhaps the strongest passion in a strong man's nature. Flinging down his rifle and snatching the hunting knife from his belt, he sprang forward, his eyes glittering, his breath panting. The girl slowly followed, drawn by a horrible fascination, although already she would have given her own blood to save the life of that murdered creature, dying yet not dead, for, as Melton bent over him, knife in hand, the stag sprang to his feet, desperate in that reckless rage which makes these timid creatures so terrible when brought to bay; the man leaped back, but it only gave room for the fierce thrust of the stag's horn, which, missing its aim, slid along the ribs, crushing him to earth, but not wounding him. Uttering a wild cry of rage and pain, the creature, planting his forefeet upon the breast of his enemy, was just in act of repeating the thrust, when, with a loud halloo, another man burst from the thicket and dashed across the interval; quick as thought the stag turned and darted upon the new opponent, who, unarmed as it seemed, met the blow, threw his arms around the neck of the stag, and fell with him to the earth, one mad struggling heap of arms, legs, heads, glaring eyeballs, and panting breath. But it was the death-throe of the wounded beast, and after a few moments he lay still.

Melton staggered to his feet; Leon Leduc lay still, his eyes dim, his lips white, blood oozing from his breast. Mary, rousing from her stunned horror, ran toward him, and dropping on her knees, cried,

"You are hurt, you are killed, Leon!"

The white lips slowly smiled, more slowly whispered, "Yes; but the man you love is safe."

"The man I love! I love no man but you—*you!* And if you are too proud to love me back, I will go unmarried to my grave. Do you hear that, both of you?"

"Do you say it knowing what you say? Do you mean it, my queen, my darling?"

"Yours, only yours, my master!"

"Then I will live!"

They live there at Chateaugay to-day, for the lodge has expanded to a substantial dwelling, and Leduc is a county man. Sometimes the county insists upon his going to Albany as its representative; once the State sent him to Washington, and

often Mr. Murgatroyd will have them and the children down in New York for some winter months; but they both like the Chateaugay best, and live there on their great domain just the natural, healthy, honest life that only great souls know how to live, cutting their notch deep into their generation, and leaving the world a better world than they found it. And the pride which as master would have wrecked two lives, as servant makes two lives more honorable, more assured, and more respected than they would have been without it.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VI.—CINCINNATI AND LOUISVILLE.

CINCINNATI is a city that has a past. As Daniel Webster said, that at least is secure. Among the many places that have been and are the Athens of America, this was perhaps the first. As long ago as the first visit of Charles Dickens to this country it was distinguished as a town of refinement as well as cultivation; and the novelist, who saw little to admire, though much to interest him in our raw country, was captivated by this little village on the Ohio. It was already the centre of an independent intellectual life, and produced scholars, artists, writers, who subsequently went east instead of west. According to tradition, there seems to have been early a tendency to free thought, and a response to the movement which, for lack of a better name, was known in Massachusetts as transcendentalism.

The evolution of Cincinnati seems to have been a little peculiar in American life. It is a rich city, priding itself on the solidity of its individual fortunes and business, and the freedom of its real property from foreign mortgages. Usually in our development the pursuit of wealth comes first, and then all other things are added thereto, as we read the promise. In Cincinnati there seems to have been a very considerable cultivation first in time, and we have the spectacle of what wealth will do in the way of the sophistication and materialization of society. Ordinarily we have the process of an uncultivated community gradually working itself out into a more or less ornamented and artistic condition as it gets money. The reverse process we might see if the philosophic town of Concord, Massachusetts, should become the home of rich men engaged in commerce and manufacturing. I may be all wrong in my notion of Cincinnati, but there is a sort of tradition, a remaining flavor of old-time culture before the town became commercially so important as it was before the war.

It is difficult to think of Cincinnati as in Ohio. I cannot find their similarity of traits. Indeed, I think that generally in the State there is a feeling that it is an alien city; the general characteristics of the State do not flow into and culminate in Cincinnati as its metropolis. It has had somehow an independent life. If you look on a geologic map of the State, you see that the glacial drift, I believe it is called, which flowed over three-fourths of the State and took out its wrinkles did not advance into the southwest. And Cincinnati lies in the portion that was not smoothed into a kind of monotony. When a settlement was made here it was a good landing-place for trade up and down the river, and was probably not so much thought of as a distributing and receiving point for the interior north of it. Indeed, up to the time of the war, it looked to the South for its trade, and naturally, even when the line of war was drawn, a good deal of its sympathies lay in the direction of its trade. It had become a great city, and grown rich both in trade and manufactures, but in the decline of steam-boating and in the era of railways there were physical difficulties in the way of adapting itself easily to the new conditions. It was not easy to bring the railways down the irregular hills and to find room for them on the landing. The city itself had to contend with great natural obstacles to get adequate foothold, and its radiation over, around, and among the hills produced some novel features in business and in social life.

What Cincinnati would have been, with its early culture and its increasing wealth,

if it had not become so largely German in its population, we can only conjecture. The German element was at once conservative as to improvements and liberalizing, as the phrase is, in theology and in life. Bituminous coal and the Germans combined to make a novel American city. When Dickens saw the place it was a compact, smiling little city, with a few country places on the hills. It is now a scattered city of country places, with a little nucleus of beclouded business streets. The traveller does not go there to see the city, but to visit the suburbs, climbing into them, out of the smoke and grime, by steam "inclines" and grip railways. The city is indeed difficult to see. When you are in it, by the river, you can see nothing; when you are outside of it you are in any one of half a dozen villages, in regions of parks and elegant residences, altogether charming and geographically confusing; and if from some commanding point you try to recover the city idea, you look down upon black roofs half hid in black smoke, through which the fires of factories gleam, and where the colored Ohio rolls majestically along under a dark canopy. Looked at in one way, the real Cincinnati is a German city, and you can only study its true character "Over the Rhine," and see it successfully through the bottom of an upturned beer glass. Looked at another way, it is mainly an affair of elegant suburbs, beautifully wooded hills, pleasure-grounds, and isolated institutions of art or charity. I am thankful that there is no obligation on me to depict it.

It would probably be described as a city of art rather than of theology, and one of rural homes rather than metropolitan society. Perhaps the German element has had something to do in giving it its musical character, and the early culture may have determined its set more toward art than religion. As the cloud of smoke became thicker and thicker in the old city, those who disliked this gloom escaped out upon the hills in various directions. Many, of course, still cling to the solid ancestral houses in the city, but the country movement was so general that church-going became an affair of some difficulty, and I can imagine that the church-going habit was a little broken up while the new neighborhoods were forming on the hills and in the winding valleys, and before the new churches in the suburbs were erected. Congregations were scattered, and society itself was more or less disintegrated. Each suburb is fairly accessible from the centre of the city, either by a winding valley or by a bold climb up a precipice, but, owing to the configuration of the ground, it is difficult to get from one suburb to another without returning to the centre and taking a fresh start. This geographical hinderance must necessarily interfere with social life, and tend to isolation of families, or to merely neighborhood association.

Although much yet remains to be done in the way of good roads, nature and art have combined to make the suburbs of the city wonderfully beautiful. The surface is most picturesquely broken, the forests are fine, from this point and that there are views pleasing, poetic, distant, perfectly satisfying in form and variety, and in advantageous situations taste has guided wealth in the construction of stately houses, having ample space in the midst of manorial parks. You are not out of sight of these fine places in any of the suburbs, and there are besides, in every direction, miles of streets of pleasing homes. I scarcely know whether to prefer Clifton, with its wide sweeping avenues rounding the hills, or the perhaps more commanding heights of Walnut, nearer the river, and overlooking Kentucky. On the East Walnut Hills is a private house worth going far to see for its color. It is built of broken limestone, the chance find of a quarry, making the richest walls I have anywhere seen, comparable to nothing else than the exquisite colors in the rocks of the Yellowstone Falls, as I recall them in Mr. Moran's original studies.

If the city itself could substitute gas fuel for its smutty coal, I fancy that, with its many solid homes and stately buildings, backed by the picturesque hills, it would be a city at once curious and attractive to the view. The visitor who ascends from the river as far as Fourth Street is surprised to find room for fair avenues, and many streets and buildings of mark. The Probasco fountain in another atmosphere would be a thing of beauty, for one may go far to find so many groups in bronze so good. The Post-office building is one of the best of the Mullet-headed era of our national architecture—so good generally that one wonders that the architect thought it expedient to destroy the effect of the mono-

lith columns by cutting them to resemble superimposed blocks. A very remarkable building also is the new Chamber of Commerce structure, from Richardson's design, massive, mediæval, challenging attention, and compelling criticism to give way to genuine admiration. There are other buildings, public and private, that indicate a city of solid growth; and the activity of its strong Chamber of Commerce is a guarantee that its growth will be maintained with the enterprise common to American cities. The effort is to make manufacturing take the place in certain lines of business that, as in the item of pork-packing, has been diverted by various causes. Money and effort have been freely given to regain the Southern trade interrupted by the war, and I am forced to believe that the success in this respect would have been greater if some of the city newspapers had not thought it all-important to manufacture political capital by keeping alive old antagonisms and prejudices. Whatever people may say, sentiment does play a considerable part in business, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that prominent merchants in at least one Southern city have refused trade contracts that would have been advantageous to Cincinnati, on account of this exhibition of partisan spirit, as if the war were not over. Nothing would be more contemptible than to see a community selling its principles for trade, but it is true that men will trade, other things being equal, where they are met with friendly cordiality and toleration, and where there is a spirit of helpfulness instead of suspicion. Professional politicians, North and South, may be able to demonstrate to their satisfaction that they should have a chance to make a living, but they ask too much when this shall be at the expense of free-flowing trade, which is in itself the best solvent of any remaining alienation, and the surest disintegrator of the objectionable political solidity, and to the hinderance of that entire social and business good feeling which is of all things desirable and necessary in a restored and compacted Union. And it is as bad political as it is bad economic policy. As a matter of fact, the politicians of Kentucky are grateful to one or two Republican journals for aid in keeping their State "solid." It is a pity that the situation has its serious as well as its ridiculous aspect.

Cincinnati in many respects is more an Eastern than a Western town; it is developing its own life, and so far as I could see, without much infusion of young fortune-hunting blood from the East. It has attained its population of about 275,000 by a slower growth than some other Western cities, and I notice in its statistical reports a pause rather than excitement since 1878–79–80. The valuation of real and personal property has kept about the same for nearly ten years (1886, real estate about $129,000,000, personal about $42,000,000), with a falling off in the personalty, and a noticeable decrease in the revenue from taxation. At the same time manufacturing has increased considerably. In 1880 there was a capital of $60,523,350, employing 74,798 laborers, with a product of $148,957,280. In 1886 the capital was $76,248,200, laborers 93,103, product $190,722,153. The business at the Post-office was a little less in 1886 than in 1883. In the seven years ending with 1886 there was a considerable increase in banking capital, which reached in the city proper over ten millions, and there was an increase in clearings from 1881 to 1886.

It would teach us nothing to follow in detail the fluctuations of the various businesses in Cincinnati, either in appreciation or decline, but it may be noted that it has more than held its own in one of the great staples—leaf tobacco—and still maintains a leading position. Yet I must refer to one of the industries for the sake of an important experiment made in connection with it. This is the experiment of profit-sharing at Ivorydale, the establishment of Messrs. Proctor and Gamble, now, I believe, the largest soap factory in the world. The soap and candle industry has always been a large one in Cincinnati, and it has increased about seventy-five per cent. within the past two years. The proprietors at Ivorydale disclaim any intention of philanthropy in their new scheme—that is, the philanthropy that means giving something for nothing, as a charity: it is strictly a business operation. It is an experiment that I need not say will be watched with a good deal of interest as a means of lessening the friction between the interests of capital and labor. The plan is this: Three trustees are named who are to declare the net profits of the concern every six months; for this purpose they are to have free access to the books and papers at all times,

and they are to permit the employés to designate a book-keeper to make an examination for them also. In determining the net profits, interest on all capital invested is calculated as an expense at the rate of six per cent., and a reasonable salary is allowed to each member of the firm who gives his entire time to the business. In order to share in the profits the employé must have been at work for three consecutive months, and must be at work when the semiannual account is made up. All the men share whose wages have exceeded $5 a week, and all the women whose wages have exceeded $4 25 a week. The proportion divided to each employé is determined by the amount of wages earned; that is, the employés shall share as between themselves in the profits exactly as they have shared in the entire fund paid as wages to the whole body, excluding the first three months' wages. In order to determine the profits for distribution, the total amount of wages paid to all employés (except travelling salesmen, who do not share) is ascertained. The amount of all expenses, including interest and salaries, is ascertained, and the total net profits shall be divided between the firm and the employés sharing in the fund. The amount of the net profit to be distributed will be that proportion of the whole net profit which will correspond to the proportion of the wages paid as compared with the entire cost of production and the expense of the business. To illustrate: If the wages paid to all employés shall equal twenty per cent. of the entire expenditure in the business, including interest and salaries of members of the firm, then twenty per cent. of the net profit will be distributed to employés.

It will be noted that this plan promotes steadiness in work, stimulates to industry, and adds a most valuable element of hopefulness to labor. As a business enterprise for the owners it is sound, for it makes every workman an interested party in increasing the profits of the firm—interested not only in production, but in the marketableness of the thing produced. There have been two divisions under this plan. At the declaration of the first the workmen had no confidence in it; many of them would have sold their chances for a glass of beer. They expected that "expenses" would make such a large figure that nothing would be left to divide. When they received, as the good workmen did, considerable sums of money, life took on another aspect to them, and we may suppose that their confidence in fair dealing was raised. The experiment of a year has been entirely satisfactory; it has not only improved the class of employés, but has introduced into the establishment a spirit of industrial cheerfulness. Of course it is still an experiment. So long as business is good, all will go well; but if there is a bad six months, and no profits, it is impossible that suspicion should not arise. And there is another consideration: the publishing to the world that the business of six months was without profit might impair credit. But, on the other hand, this openness in legitimate business may be contagious, and in the end promotive of a wider and more stable business confidence. Ivorydale is one of the best and most solidly built industrial establishments anywhere to be found, and doubly interesting for the intelligent attempt to solve the most difficult problem in modern society. The first semiannual dividend amounted to about an eighth increase of wages. A girl who was earning five dollars a week would receive as dividend about thirty dollars a year. I think it was not in my imagination that the laborers in this establishment worked with more than usual alacrity, and seemed contented. If this plan shall prevent strikes, that alone will be as great a benefit to the workmen as to those who risk capital in employing them.

Probably to a stranger the chief interest of Cincinnati is not in its business enterprises, great as they are, but in another life just as real and important, but which is not always considered in taking account of the prosperity of a community—the development of education and of the fine arts. For a long time the city has had an independent life in art and in music. Whether a people can be saved by art I do not know. The pendulum is always swinging backward and forward, and we seem never to be able to be enthusiastic in one direction without losing something in another. The art of Cincinnati has a good deal the air of being indigenous, and the outcome in the arts of carving and design and in music has exhibited native vigor. The city has made itself a reputation for wood-carving and for decorative pottery. The Rockwood pottery, the pri-

vate enterprise of Mrs. Bellamy Storer, is the only pottery in this country in which the instinct of beauty is paramount to the desire of profit. Here for a series of years experiments have been going on with clays and glazing, in regard to form and color, and in decoration purely for effect, which have resulted in pieces of marvellous interest and beauty. The effort has always been to satisfy a refined sense rather than to cater to a vicious taste, or one for startling effects already formed. I mean that the effort has not been to suit the taste of the market, but to raise that taste. The result is some of the most exquisite work in texture and color anywhere to be found, and I was glad to learn that it is gaining an appreciation which will not in this case leave virtue to be its own reward.

The various private attempts at art expression have been consolidated in a public Museum and an Art School, which are among the best planned and equipped in the country. The Museum Building in Eden Park, of which the centre pavilion and west wing are completed (having a total length of 214 feet from east to west), is in Romanesque style, solid and pleasing, with exceedingly well-planned exhibition-rooms and picture-galleries, and its collections are already choice and interesting. The fund was raised by the subscriptions of 455 persons, and amounts to $316,501, of which Mr. Charles R. West led off with the contribution of $150,000, invested as a permanent fund. Near this is the Art School, also a noble building, the gift of Mr. David Sinton, who in 1855 gave the Museum Association $75,000 for this purpose. It should be said that the original and liberal endowment of the Art School was made by Mr. Nicholas Longworth, in accordance with the wish of his father, and that the association also received a legacy of $40,000 from Mr. R. R. Springer. Altogether the association has received considerably over a million of dollars, and has in addition, by gift and purchase, property valued at nearly $200,000. The Museum is the fortunate possessor of one of the three Russian Reproductions, the other two being in the South Kensington Museum of London and the Metropolitan of New York. Thus, by private enterprise, in the true American way, the city is graced and honored by art buildings which give it distinction, and has a school of art so well equipped and conducted that it attracts students from far and near, filling its departments of drawing, painting, sculpture, and wood-carving with eager learners. It has over four hundred scholars in the various departments. The ample endowment fund makes the school really free, there being only a nominal charge of about five dollars a year.

In the collection of paintings, which has several of merit, is one with a history, which has a unique importance. This is B. R. Haydon's "Public Entry of Christ into Jerusalem." This picture of heroic size, and in the grand style which had a great vogue in its day, was finished in 1820, sold for £170 in 1831, and brought to Philadelphia, where it was exhibited. The exhibition did not pay expenses, and the picture was placed in the Academy as a companion piece to Benjamin West's "Death on the Pale Horse." In the fire of 1845 both canvases were rescued by being cut from the frames and dragged out like old blankets. It was finally given to the Cathedral in Cincinnati, where its existence was forgotten until it was discovered lately and loaned to the Museum. The interest in the picture now is mainly an accidental one, although it is a fine illustration of the large academic method, and in certain details is painted with the greatest care. Haydon's studio was the resort of English authors of his day, and the portraits of several of them are introduced into this picture. The face of William Hazlitt does duty as St. Peter; Wordsworth and Sir Isaac Newton and Voltaire appear as spectators of the pageant—the cynical expression of Voltaire is the worldly contrast to the believing faith of the disciples—and the inspired face of the youthful St. John is that of John Keats. This being the only portrait of Keats in life, gives this picture extraordinary interest.

The spirit of Cincinnati, that is, its concern for interests not altogether material, is also illustrated by its College of Music. This institution was opened in 1878. It was endowed by private subscription, the largest being $100,000 by Mr. R. R. Springer. It is financially very prosperous; its possessions in real estate, buildings—including a beautiful concert hall—and invested endowments amount to over $300,000. Its average attendance is about 550, and during the year 1887 it had about 650 different scholars. From tuition alone about $45,000 were received,

and although the expenditures were liberal, the college had at the beginning of 1888 a handsome cash balance. The object of the college is the development of native talent, and to evoke this the best foreign teachers obtainable have been secured. In the departments of the voice, the piano, and the violin, American youth are said to show special proficiency, and the result of the experiment thus far is to strengthen the belief that out of our mixed nationality is to come most artistic development in music. Free admission is liberally given to pupils who have talent but not the means to cultivate it. Recognizing the value of broad culture in musical education, the managers have provided courses of instruction in English literature, lectures upon American authors, and for the critical study of Italian. The college proper has forty teachers, and as many rooms for instruction. Near it, and connected by a covered way, is the great Music Hall, with a seating capacity of 5400, and the room to pack in nearly 7000 people. In this superb hall the great annual musical festivals are held. It has a plain interior, sealed entirely in wood, and with almost no ornamentation to impair its resonance. The courage of the projectors who dared to build this hall for a purely musical purpose and not for display is already vindicated. It is no doubt the best auditorium in the country. As age darkens the wood, the interior grows rich, and it is discovered that the effect of the seasoning of the wood or of the musical vibrations steadily improves the acoustic properties, having the same effect upon the sonorousness of the wood that long use has upon a good violin. The whole interior is a magnificent sounding-board, if that is the proper expression, and for fifty years, if the hall stands, it will constantly improve, and have a resonant quality unparalleled in any other auditorium.

The city has a number of clubs, well housed, such as are common to other cities, and some that are peculiar. The Cuvier Club, for the preservation of game, has a very large museum of birds, animals, and fishes, beautifully prepared and arranged. The Historical and Philosophical Society has also good quarters, a library of about 10,000 books and 44,000 pamphlets, and is becoming an important depository of historical manuscripts. The Literary Society, composed of 100 members, who meet weekly, in commodious apartments, to hear an essay, discuss general topics, and pass an hour socially about small tables, with something to eat and drink, has been vigorously maintained since 1848.

An institution of more general importance is the Free Public Library, which has about 150,000 books and 18,000 pamphlets. This is supported in part by an accumulated fund, but mainly by a city tax, which is appropriated through the Board of Education. The expenditures for it in 1887 were about $50,000. It has a notably fine art department. The Library is excellently managed by Mr. A. W. Whelpley, the librarian, who has increased its circulation and usefulness by recognizing the new idea that a librarian is not a mere custodian of books, but should be a stimulator and director of the reading of a community. This office becomes more and more important now that the good library has to compete for the attention of the young with the "cheap and nasty" publications of the day. It is probably due somewhat to direction in reading that books of fiction taken from the Library last year were only fifty-one per cent. of the whole.

An institution established in many cities as a helping hand to women is the Women's Exchange. The Exchange in Cincinnati is popular as a restaurant. Many worthy women support themselves by preparing food which is sold here over the counter, or served at the tables. The city has for many years sustained a very good Zoological Garden, which is much frequented except in the winter. Interest in it is not, however, as lively as it was formerly. It seems very difficult to keep a "zoo" up to the mark in America.

I do not know that the public schools of Cincinnati call for special mention. They seem to be conservative schools, not differing from the best elsewhere, and they appear to be trying no new experiments. One of the high-schools which I saw with 600 pupils is well conducted, and gives good preparation for college. The city enumeration is over 87,000 children between the ages of six and twenty-one, and of these about 36,000 are reported not in school. Of the 2300 colored children in the city, about half were in school. When the Ohio Legislature repealed the law establishing separate schools

for colored people, practically creating mixed schools, a majority of the colored parents in the city petitioned and obtained branch schools of their own, with colored teachers in charge. The colored people everywhere seem to prefer to be served by teachers and preachers of their own race.

The schools of Cincinnati have not adopted manual training, but a Technical School has been in existence about a year, with promise of success. The Cincinnati University under the presidency of Governor Cox shows new vitality. It is supported in part by taxation, and is open free to all resident youth, so that while it is not a part of the public-school system, it supplements it.

Cincinnati has had a great many discouragements of late, turbulent politics and dishonorable financial failures. But, for all that, it impresses one as a solid city, with remarkable development in the higher civilization.

In its physical aspect Louisville is in every respect a contrast to Cincinnati. Lying on a plain, sloping gently up from the river, it spreads widely in rectangular uniformity of streets—a city of broad avenues, getting to be well paved and well shaded, with ample spaces in lawns, houses detached, somewhat uniform in style, but with an air of comfort, occasionally of elegance and solid good taste. The city has an exceedingly open, friendly, cheerful appearance. In May, with its abundant foliage and flowery lawns, it is a beautiful city: a beautiful, healthful city in a temperate climate, surrounded by a fertile country, is Louisville. Beyond the city the land rises into a rolling country of Blue-Grass farms, and eastward along the river are fine bluffs broken into most advantageous sites for suburban residences. Looking northward across the Ohio are seen the Indiana "Knobs." In high-water the river is a majestic stream, covering almost entirely the rocks which form the "Falls," and the beds of "cement" which are so profitably worked. The canal, which makes navigation round the rapids, has its mouth at Shipping-port Island. About this spot clusters much of the early romance of Louisville. Here are some of the old houses and the old mill built by the Frenchman Tarascon in the early part of the century. Here in a weather-beaten wooden tenement, still standing, Tarascon offered border hospitality to many distinguished guests; Aaron Burr and Blennerhasset were among his visitors, and General Wilkinson, the projector of the canal, then in command of the armies of the United States; and it was probably here that the famous "Spanish conspiracy" was concocted. Corn Island, below the rapids, upon which the first settlement of Louisville was made in 1778, disappeared some years ago, gradually washed away by the swift river.

Opposite this point, in Indiana, is the village of Clarksville, which has a unique history. About 1785 Virginia granted to General George Rogers Clark, the most considerable historic figure of this region, a large tract of land in recognition of his services in the war. When Virginia ceded this territory to Indiana the township of Clarksville was excepted from the grant. It had been organized with a governing board of trustees, self-perpetuating, and this organization still continues. Clarksville has therefore never been ceded to the United States, and if it is not an independent community, the eminent domain must still rest in the State of Virginia.

Some philosophers say that the character of a people is determined by climate and soil. There is a notion in this region that the underlying limestone and the consequent succulent Blue-Grass produce a race of large men, frank in manner, brave in war, inclined to oratory and ornamental conversation, women of uncommon beauty, and the finest horses in the Union. Of course a fertile soil and good living conduce to beauty of form and in a way to the free graces of life. But the contrast of Cincinnati and Louisville in social life and in the manner of doing business cannot all be accounted for by Blue-Grass. It would be very interesting, if one had the knowledge, to study the causes of this contrast in two cities not very far apart. In late years Louisville has awakened to a new commercial life, as one finds in it a strong infusion of Western business energy and ambition. It is jubilant in its growth and prosperity. It was always a commercial town, but with a dash of Blue-Grass leisure and hospitality, and a hereditary flavor of manners and fine living. Family and pedigree have always been held in as high esteem as beauty. The Kentuckian of society is a great contrast to the Virgin-

ian, but it may be only the development of the tide-water gentleman in the freer, wider opportunities of the Blue-Grass region. The pioneers of Kentucky were backwoodsmen, but many of the early settlers, whose descendants are now leaders in society and in the professions, came with the full-blown tastes and habits of Virginia civilization, as their spacious colonial houses, erected in the latter part of the last century and the early part of this, still attest. They brought and planted in the wilderness a highly developed social state, which was modified into a certain freedom by circumstances. One can fancy in the abundance of a temperate latitude a certain gayety and joyousness in material existence, which is contented with that, and has not sought the art and musical development which one finds in Cincinnati. All over the South, Louisville is noted for the beauty of its women, but the other ladies of the South say that they can always tell one from Louisville by her dress, something in it quite aware of the advanced fashion, something in the "cut"—a mystery known only to the feminine eye.

I did not intend, however, to enter upon a disquisition of the different types of civilization in Cincinnati and in Louisville. One observes them as evidences of what has heretofore been mentioned, the great variety in American life, when one looks below the surface. The traveller enjoys both types, and is rejoiced to find such variety, culture, taking in one city the form of the worship of beauty and the enjoyment of life, and in the other greater tendency to the fine arts. Louisville is a city of churches, of very considerable religious activity, and of pretty stanch orthodoxy. I do not mean to say that what are called modern ideas do not leaven its society. In one of its best literary clubs I heard the Spencerian philosophy expounded and advocated with the enthusiasm and keenness of an emancipated Eastern town. But it is as true of Louisville as it is of other Southern cities that traditional faith is less disturbed by doubts and isms than in many Eastern towns. One notes here also, as all over the South, the marked growth of the temperance movement. The Kentuckians believe that they produce the best fluid from rye and corn in the Union, and that they are the best judges of it. Neither proposition will be disputed, nor will one trifle with a legitimate pride in a home production; but there is a new spirit abroad, and both Bourbon and the game that depends quite as much upon the knowledge of human nature as upon the turn of the cards are silently going to the rear. Always Kentuckians have been distinguished in politics, in oratory, in the professions of law and of medicine; nor has the city ever wanted scholars in historical lore, men who have not only kept alive the traditions of learning and local research, like Colonel John Mason Brown, but have exhibited the true antiquarian spirit of Colonel H. T. Durrett, whose historical library is worth going far to see and study. It will be a great pity if his exceedingly valuable collection is not preserved to the State to become the nucleus of a Historical Society worthy of the State's history. When I spoke of art it was in a public sense; there are many individuals who have good pictures, and especially interesting portraits, and in the early days Kentucky produced at least one artist, wholly self-taught, who was a rare genius. Matthew H. Jouett was born in Mercer County in 1780, and died in Louisville in 1820. In the course of his life he painted as many as three hundred and fifty portraits, which are scattered all over the Union. In his mature years he was for a time with Stuart in Boston. Some specimens of his work in Louisville are wonderfully fine, recalling the style and traditions of the best masters, some of them equal if not superior to the best by Stuart, and suggesting in color and solidity the vigor and grace of Vandyck. He was the product of no school but nature and his own genius. Louisville has always had a scholarly and aggressive press, and its traditions are not weakened in Mr. Henry Watterson. On the social side the good-fellowship of the city is well represented in the Pendennis Club, which is thoroughly home-like and agreeable. The town has at least one book-store of the first class, but it sells very few American copyright books. The city has no free or considerable public library. The Polytechnic Society, which has a room for lectures, keeps for circulation among subscribers about 38,000 books. It has also a geological and mineral collection, and a room devoted to pictures, which contains an allegorical statue by Canova.

In its public schools and institutions of

charity the city has a great deal to show that is interesting. In medicine it has always been famous. It has four medical colleges, a college of dentistry, a college of pharmacy, and a school of pharmacy for women. In nothing, however, is the spirit of the town better exhibited than in its public-school system. With a population of less than 180,000, the school enrolment, which has advanced year by year, was in 1887 21,601, with an aggregate belonging of 17,392. The amount expended on schools, which was in 1880 $197,699, had increased to $323,943 in 1887 —a cost of $18 62 per pupil. Equal provision is made for colored schools as for white, but the number of colored pupils is less than 3000, and the colored high-school is small, as only a few are yet fitted to go so far in education. The negroes all prefer colored teachers, and so far as I could learn, they are quite content with the present management of the School Board. Coeducation is not in the Kentucky idea, nor in its social scheme. There are therefore two high-schools— one for girls and one for boys—both of the highest class and efficiency, in excellent buildings, and under most intelligent management. Among the teachers in the schools are ladies of position, and the schools doubtless owe their good character largely to the fact that they are in the fashion: as a rule, all the children of the city are educated in them. Manual training is not introduced, but all the advanced methods in the best modern schools, object-lessons, word-building, moulding, and drawing, are practised. During the fall and winter months there are night schools, which are very well attended. In one of the intermediate schools I saw an exercise which illustrates the intelligent spirit of the schools. This was an account of the early settlement, growth, and prosperity of Louisville, told in a series of very short papers—so many that a large number of the pupils had a share in constructing the history. Each one took up connectively a brief period or the chief events in chronological order, with illustrations of manners and customs, fashions of dress and mode of life. Of course this mosaic was not original, but made up of extracts from various local histories and statistical reports. This had the merit of being a good exercise as well as inculcating an intelligent pride in the city.

Nearly every religious denomination is represented in the 142 churches of Louisville. Of these 9 are Northern Presbyterian and 7 Southern Presbyterian, 11 of the M.E. Church South and 6 of the M.E. Church North, 18 Catholic, 7 Christian, 1 Unitarian, and 31 colored. There are seven convents and monasteries, and a Young Men's Christian Association. In proportion to its population, the city is pre-eminent for public and private charities: there are no less than thirty-eight of these institutions, providing for the infirm and unfortunate of all ages and conditions. Unique among these in the United States is a very fine building for the maintenance of the widows and orphans of deceased Freemasons of the State of Kentucky, supported mainly by contributions of the Masonic lodges. One of the best equipped and managed industrial schools of reform for boys and girls is on the outskirts of the city. Mr. P. Caldwell is its superintendent, and it owes its success, as all similar schools do, to the peculiar fitness of the manager for this sort of work. The institution has three departments. There were 125 white boys and 79 colored boys, occupying separate buildings in the same enclosure, and 41 white girls in their own house in another enclosure. The establishment has a farm, a garden, a greenhouse, a library building, a little chapel, ample and pleasant play-yards. There is as little as possible the air of a prison about the place, and as much as possible that of a home and school. The boys have organized a very fair brass band. The girls make all the clothes for the establishment; the boys make shoes, and last year earned $8000 in bottoming chairs. The school is mainly sustained by taxation and city appropriations; the yearly cost is about $26,000. Children are indentured out when good homes can be found for them.

The School for the Education of the Blind is a State institution, and admits none from outside the State. The fine building occupies a commanding situation on hills not far from the river, and is admirably built, the rooms spacious and airy, and the whole establishment is well ordered. There are only 79 scholars, and the few colored are accommodated by themselves in a separate building, in accordance with an act of the Legislature in 1884 for the education of colored blind children. The distinction of this institution is that it has on its premises the United States printing-office for furnishing pub-

lications for the blind asylums of the country. Printing is done here both in letters and in points, by very ingenious processes, and the library is already considerable. The space required to store a library of books for the blind may be reckoned from the statement that the novel of *Ivanhoe* occupies three volumes each larger than Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. The weekly *Sunday-school Times* is printed here. The point writing consists entirely of dots in certain combinations to represent letters, and it is noticed that about half the children prefer this to the alphabet. The preference is not explained by saying that it is merely a matter of feeling.

The city has as yet no public parks, but the very broad streets—from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet in width—the wide spacing of the houses in the residence parts, and the abundant shade make them less a necessity than elsewhere. The city spreads very freely and openly over the plain, and short drives take one into lovely Blue-Grass country. A few miles out on Churchill Downs is the famous Jockey Club Park, a perfect racing track and establishment, where world-wide reputations are made at the semiannual meetings. The limestone region, a beautifully rolling country, almost rivals the Lexington plantations in the raising of fine horses. Driving out to one of these farms one day, we passed, not far from the river, the old Taylor mansion and the tomb of Zachary Taylor. It is in the reserved family burying-ground, where lie also the remains of Richard Taylor, of Revolutionary memory. The great tomb and the graves are overrun thickly with myrtle, and the secluded irregular ground is shaded by forest trees. The soft wind of spring was blowing sweetly over the fresh green fields, and there was about the place an air of repose and dignity most refreshing to the spirit. Near the tomb stands the fine commemorative shaft bearing on its summit a good portrait statue of the hero of Buena Vista. I liked to linger there, the country was so sweet; the great river flowing in sight lent a certain grandeur to the resting-place, and I thought how dignified and fit it was for a President to be buried at his home.

The city of Louisville in 1888 has the unmistakable air of confidence and buoyant prosperity. This feeling of confidence is strengthened by the general awakening of Kentucky in increased immigration of agriculturists, and in the development of extraordinary mines of coal and iron, and in the railway extension. But locally the Board of Trade (an active body of 700 members) has in its latest report most encouraging figures to present. In almost every branch of business there was an increase in 1887 over 1886; in both manufactures and trade the volume of business increased from twenty to fifty per cent. For instance, stoves and castings increased from 16,574,547 pounds to 19,386,808; manufactured tobacco, from 12,729,421 pounds to 17,059,006; gas and water pipes, from 56,083,380 pounds to 63,745,216; grass and clover seed, from 4,240,908 bushels to 6,601,451. A conclusive item as to manufactures is that there were received in 1887 951,767 tons of bituminous coal, against 204,221 tons in 1886. Louisville makes the claim of being the largest tobacco market in the world in bulk and variety. It leads largely the nine principal leaf-tobacco markets in the West. The figures for 1887 are—receipts, 123,569 hogsheads; sales, 135,192 hogsheads; stock in hand. 36,431 hogsheads, against the corresponding figures of 62,074, 65,924, 13,972 of its great rival, Cincinnati. These large figures are a great increase over 1886, when the value of tobacco handled here was estimated at nearly $20,000,000. Another great interest always associated with Louisville, whiskey, shows a like increase, there being shipped in 1887 119,637 barrels, against 101,943 barrels in 1886. In the Louisville collection district there were registered one hundred grain distilleries, with a capacity of 80,000 gallons a day. For the five years ending June 30, 1887, the revenue taxes on this product amounted to nearly $30,000,000. I am not attempting a conspectus of the business of Louisville, only selecting some figures illustrating its growth. Its manufacture of agricultural implements has attained great proportions. The reputation of Louisville for tobacco and whiskey is widely advertised, but it is not generally known that it has the largest plough factory in the world. This is one of four which altogether employ about 2000 hands, and make a product valued at $2,275,000. In 1880 Louisville made 80,000 ploughs; in 1886, 190,000. The capacity of manufacture in 1887 was in-

creased by the enlargement of the chief factory to a number not given, but there were shipped that year 11,005,151 pounds of ploughs. There is a steadily increasing manufacture of woollen goods, and the production of the mixed fabric known as Kentucky jeans is another industry in which Louisville leads the world, making annually 7,500,000 yards of cloth, and its four mills increased their capacity twenty per cent. in 1887. The opening of the hard-wood lumber districts in eastern Kentucky has made Louisville one of the important lumber markets: about 125,000,000 feet of lumber, logs, etc., were sold here in 1887. But it is unnecessary to particularize. The Board of Trade think that the advantages of Louisville as a manufacturing centre are sufficiently emphasized from the fact that during the year 1887 seventy-three new manufacturing establishments, mainly from the North and East, were set up, using a capital of $1,290,500, and employing 1621 laborers. The city has twenty-two banks, which had, July 1, 1887, $8,200,200 capital, and $19,927,138 deposits. The clearings for 1887 were $281,110,402—an increase of nearly $50,000,000 over 1886.

Another item which helps to explain the buoyant feeling of Louisville is that its population increased over 10,000 from 1886 to 1887, reaching, according to the best estimate, 177,000 people. I should have said also that no city in the Union is better served by street railways, which are so multiplied and arranged as to "correspondences" that for one fare nearly every inhabitant can ride within at least two blocks of his residence. In these cars, as in the railway cars of the State, there is the same absence of discrimination against color that prevails in Louisiana and in Arkansas. And it is an observation hopeful, at least to the writer, of the good time at hand when all party lines shall be drawn upon the broadest national issues, that there seems to be in Kentucky no social distinction between Democrats and Republicans.

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EXPEDITION.

WHEN Alison looked out next morning she observed the boy Johnny engaged in raking smooth the gravel-path; and she was pleased to see him thus industriously occupied, and hoped that he had abandoned the inveterate indolence which used to possess him. And it seemed hard that just at this moment three graceless loons, coming along from the town, should set to work to jeer at John. What offence, if any, he had given them, she could not make out—partly because her window was shut, and partly because the altercation, insulting on the one side and scornful on the other, was carried on in Gaelic. It ended by the three of them making derisive gestures with their fingers, the further to exasperate Johnny; and then—the tallest of the lads having picked up a clod of earth and flung it at him by way of playful farewell—the idle vagabonds went on.

Johnny regarded his retreating foes with a gloomy deliberation. They did not wholly disappear. Alison could see them indulging in all kinds of horse-play farther along the road; then they went down to the edge of the loch, and began to throw stones at a bit of floating wood. At the same moment she saw John put aside his rake and come back to the house; and as she judged that he had resolved to treat these tomfools with proper contempt, by paying no more heed to them, she turned to look at the beds of yellow pansies, and the masses of orange nasturtiums, and the blue lobelia borders, which were all very bright and cheerful in the morning sunlight.

But presently Johnny reappeared; and she perceived that he had in his hand an old straw hat. This he left at the gate; and then—with a furtive look in the direction of his enemies—he stole across the road, went down the beach, picked up a large stone, and quickly returned. He then took that battered old straw hat and placed it in the middle of the highway—but with the big stone carefully concealed inside. That done, he came back to the garden, shut the gate and locked it, and

* Begun in January number, 1888.

took up a place of observation behind a couple of fuchsia bushes, where he could see without easily being seen.

Johnny's dark and subtle anticipations proved correct—his enemies were not going far; very soon they were perceived to be returning along the road, with all kinds of gambolling and boisterous nonsense. But no sooner did they notice the old hat lying there than they simultaneously made a rush for it, struggling and hauling at each other as to which should have the first kick. By this time Johnny had thrown himself prone on his face, just behind the little parapet of stone supporting the railings which were the garden frontage, where also was a row of fuchsia bushes. He could hear, but he could not see; neither could he be seen—except by Alison, who was a spectator of the whole performance. It was the tallest of the lads—he who had thrown the clod of earth at Johnny—who managed to shake off his two companions and secure the coveted first kick. He came on with a rush; then there was a crack! but instead of the tattered hat flying into the air, behold! a big stone rolled away along the road, while the enraged and astonished youth caught up his leg with both hands, and clinched his teeth outside his underlip in a manner betokening extreme dissatisfaction. Even through the shut window Alison could hear the roars of derision set up by his companions; and she could see that Johnny, lying snug behind the fuchsia bushes, was entirely convulsed with fiendish laughter, rolling and shaking, and digging his elbows into the ground. The injured youth outside regarded the house and its surroundings with malevolent and vindictive eyes; but of course there was no one to be seen. He even limped painfully up to the gate and shook it; and it might have gone hard with Master John if he had been discovered; but the gate was locked. So there was nothing for that lamed and sobered young man but to hobble away back to Fort William—no doubt delighting his companions with his contortions of pain and his curses and vows of vengeance.

But there was harder work than gravel-raking in store for Master Johnny that day. The three cousins had planned an expedition to a little lake far away among the hills—Flora desirous of getting some water-lilies, and Hugh looking forward to an hour or two's fly-fishing; while upon Johnny devolved the double task of carrying the luncheon basket and rowing the boat. Alison wanted Aunt Gilchrist to accompany them; but the wild escapades which the little dame had been promising herself were being postponed from day to day, through some uneasy suspicion that Periphery was merely asleep with one eye open. Aunt Gilchrist went with them as far as they could drive; then the wagonette set out for home again, carrying her with it; and the three cousins were left to climb the hill toward this solitary tarn, the faithful Johnny struggling manfully upward with the luncheon basket on his shoulder.

The morning was singularly bright and breezy—indeed, Flora was much surer of getting her water-lilies than Hugh was of getting any fly-fishing, for the wind was blowing hard, and there was an abundant sunlight everywhere. When at last they came in sight of the little loch there was a picture before them that would have delighted the eye of anybody but an angler. Set in a cup of the hills, this small tarn was surrounded by soft green slopes, some of them covered with birch and some with bracken; while along the shore ran a circle of tall rushes that were bending and swaying in successive waves; and then another belt of water-lilies, whose broad leaves were all lifting and flapping in the wind, while the big white stars of flowers moved slowly hither and thither. For there was a brisk gale blowing, and the water of the lake, naturally of a deep brown, was driven into a rich purple-blue, that became quite ruddy in the shallows. Everywhere there was a restless change and movement—a universal shimmering and rustling—the fierce gusts striking down on the marshy banks where the sand-brown grass, the tall loosestrife, and the meadowsweet bent before the blast, and then widening out upon the racing and hurrying waves that dashed with a fringe of white along the leeward shore. It was all very bright and beautiful, no doubt—the keen blue sky overhead, the brilliant sunlight, the purple loch amid those fair green slopes; but there was not much prospect of fly-fishing.

In the mean time Johnny was despatched to the other end of the loch to bring across the boat; and a fine sight it was to see him trying to drive that heavy craft against wind and water. For a space it would seem as if he were making prog-

ress; then one of those black squalls would strike down, tearing the racing waves along with it, and Johnny would come to a sudden standstill, even when he was not carried to leeward.

"His laziness is having his work cut out for him this time," Hugh said, grimly, as he watched the spray springing white at the bows of the slow-laboring boat.

"Then why don't you call to him to put back, and you could go and help him?" Alison naturally asked.

"That would be no use; only one can pull in that boat," was the answer. "But a dose of hard work does Johnny a power of good. He thinks over it for days after, and that leaves him less time for plotting mischief."

Nevertheless, the lad John had a heavy pair of shoulders, and eventually he managed to bring the boat along to the broad bed of water-lilies, through which he had to force it by using one of the oars as a pole. When at last he had got the bow securely jammed into the soft bank, he stepped ashore.

"Well, Johnny, is there any wind out there?" Hugh asked of him, in playful fashion.

Johnny ruefully looked at the palms of his hands.

"If there wass mich more o' this," said he, "I think I would need to go to the smiddy, and ask them to mek me a pair of iron hands."

"Why, man, it's fine exercise for you," his master said.

"I do not know about that," said John, regarding with a kind of sullen reproach the farther end of the loch and the lashing waves; "but I know this, that if you wass down yonder you would think the Duffle himself was in the water, and trying to drive the boat ashore."

Indeed, from the comparative calm that prevailed here among the rushes and lilies it was impossible for any one to judge of the force of wind and water farther out —as the three cousins were presently to discover. For as soon as Hugh had got his tackle ready they all embarked, and slowly pushed their way through the tangled mass of stems and broad leaves. This was all very well, and Hugh had even begun to cast, when it was found that the boat was beginning to drift down the loch with a marvellous rapidity. As they had neither an anchor nor a bit of rope, their only resource was to get Johnny to pull against the wind; but perhaps Johnny's previous struggle had exhausted him; or perhaps he was beginning to think he had had enough of this useless labor; anyhow, the boat kept drifting over Hugh's flies, which he could only recover in a helpless manner.

"Pull harder, Johnny!" the impatient fisherman cried. "Don't let the boat drift so fast."

Thereupon John made a further pretence of pulling very hard indeed; but still the boat was careering down the wind, and getting momentarily into rougher water.

"How do you like this, John?" Alison inquired, with a gentle smile.

"I wish I wass in my bed sleeping," Johnny answered, gloomily, as he labored away at the cumbrous oars.

"Sleeping in the middle of the day?" she asked.

"Well, sleeping is better for you than rowing, at any time," he answered, sullenly.

But perhaps this discontent of John's was in a measure affected—just as there was a good deal of pretence about his hard rowing—for presently he was heard to say:

"Cosh, I think this is the loch where the Duffle comes up to get a drink; and when he finds a boat on it, he's angry, and he shoves her about below. I would need a pair of iron shoulders as well as iron hands to pull a boat on this loch!"

Whatever the matter was, it was clear that Johnny could not hold his own against the gale; fishing was out of the question, and they had only now to consider where they could let themselves be driven ashore without getting wet with spray. Fortunately they espied a little bay that was partly sheltered by its abundance of rushes; and here the boat was run in out of the tempest, and securely fastened to the bank. Hugh took out his fly-book, and began to go over the leaves in idle thought; the girls went away to gather an armful of meadowsweet for home decoration; and John, sitting on the gunwale of the boat, morosely gazed out upon the loch that had given him such a dose of hard work, and all for nothing.

Presently Flora called aloud,

"Hugh, isn't that Ludovick away over yonder?"

They could make out the figure of some

one crossing a distant bracken-covered ridge.

"Very likely," was the answer.

Flora turned to Alison with an air of studied indifference.

"I think it very likely too. He knew we were coming to this loch to-day. And somehow all our expeditions get mismanaged when Ludovick isn't with us. You'll see he'll be able to do something for us."

Alison heard, but did not answer; she was a little tremulous and breathless; she dared not raise her eyes. And yet this was not fear that filled her heart—not fear at all, but rather a kind of gladness and joyful anticipation. With all this brilliant, blowing day around her, with these pleasant companions, and with Ludovick himself coming in this casual fashion to see what they were after, there seemed no occasion for any hesitating doubts or fears. She was ready to welcome him; she hoped he would think her welcome of him friendly. And if she did not care to watch that solitary figure coming across the slopes of heather and bracken (for Flora was standing by), she seemed to know well enough that this was Captain Ludovick, and that presently the little party of four would be together again, just as in the olden, never-to-be-forgotten days.

"Yes, it's Ludovick; let's go back to the boat," Flora said; and back to the boat they went, to deposit their wild flowers there, while the new-comer's long, swinging stride was bringing him rapidly toward them.

"How do you do, Miss Alison? I'm glad to see you back again in Lochaber," he said, in a very pleasant and friendly way; but his eyes did not rest on her more than a second; he immediately turned to Hugh and Flora.

A chill of disappointment struck home to her heart. Was this the long-expected meeting, then? Was this his welcome of her—this couple of half-indifferent phrases, and hardly a single glance? He had given her no opportunity of showing that she wished to be kind to him—that she had no fear now—that she claimed the friendship he had promised. He was talking to Hugh; and Hugh was explaining that Johnny could not hold the boat against the wind, so that the fishing had scarcely been tried.

"Oh, as for that," Macdonell said, promptly, "I'll pull the boat for you. I don't know that it will be of much use—the fish won't rise in squally weather like this. However, you may as well try it, now you're here; and if you put on a big fly, we'll troll up the middle of the loch, and then you can put on your other flies again, and we'll drift down the side."

"But, Ludovick," said Flora, "Alison and I may as well stop ashore, and there'll be less weight in the boat."

"Not at all!" he protested. "You come and see the fun—you never know what may happen. But Johnny can stop ashore."

"Johnny will not be sorry," said Miss Flora, with a pleasant smile.

"No, I will not be sorry," Johnny said, mostly to himself, in answer to her sarcasm—and he was sullenly looking out on the dark and driven water. "It is no use trying the fishing. The Duffle is in that loch, and the fish are all aweh hom."

Despite this evil augury, the four companions got into the boat, and presently they were making their way through the rushes out into the open loch. And very soon it appeared that this new gillie was of a much more powerful build than his predecessor, though he seemed to set about his self-imposed duties in a very free and easy manner. Notwithstanding that the waves were striking heavily at the bows, and that those black squalls came whirling along every minute or two, he managed to keep a fairly steady way on the boat, and apparently without much trouble to himself; and if they could not induce a fish to follow the trailing fly, at least they succeeded in getting up to the head of the loch, where the drifting was to begin. And in this drifting, too, it seemed quite easy for him to hold the boat just as he wished, so that Hugh industriously fished all down the one side of the loch—not casting, but merely lifting the flies so that the wind carried them out. But their conjoint labor was of no avail. The trout would not rise. The squalls and heavy water had frightened them, and they had gone below, or into the safety of the reeds. So there was nothing for it but to run the boat once more into that sheltered little bay—and to get forth the luncheon basket.

Now this ought to have been a very pleasant luncheon party, in this snug retreat; and Flora and Hugh were merry enough; but Alison could not help being a little surprised and hurt by the distant courtesy with which Captain Ludovick

appeared to treat her. She felt that she was not on the same footing with him as were Flora and Hugh. All his laughing stories were told to them. He rarely addressed her, except when civility demanded; still more rarely did their eyes meet. Did he want to punish her, then, for her refusal? Or did this coldness arise from an excess of courtesy—from his determination that no revival of his former attentions should embarrass her? Anyhow, it seemed hard that she should be thus left out, in however indefinable a way.

In the afternoon, however, an incident occurred that for a time at least interrupted these strained and formal relations. Having waited in vain for the wind to lessen, they thought they would give the loch one more trial before going home; and, as before, Ludovick Macdonell offered his services as gillie. They had got up to the head of the loch, and were drifting down before the squally breeze, when Hugh, noticing that his flies had not fallen quite straight, unthinkingly twitched them out of the water to make an ordinary cast over his shoulder. To have done this successfully, with these heavy gusts blowing, would have demanded some little exercise of strength, and also of dexterity; but, as it was, this careless backward cast did not get the line out at all—in fact, it was blown down in a heap upon the boat and its occupants. At the same instant Alison uttered a brief quick cry of pain; instinctively she covered her eye with her hand; and Hugh, wheeling round in dismay, perceived where one of his flies had caught. His face turned deadly white—far whiter than hers, indeed—and he was quite paralyzed with fear; it was Ludovick Macdonell who took Alison's hand and gently removed it.

"You must let me look," he said to her, and he held her hand lest she should put it back. To his great relief he found that the hook had not entered the eye; but it had caught the edge of the under eyelid, and was lightly fixed there.

"Tell Hugh not to mind," was the first thing she said—as if she were already blind, and speaking of some distant person whom she could not see.

"But you needn't be frightened, Alison," Ludovick said to her, with eager assurance, though he himself was in considerable doubt as to what should be done. "The hook is not in your eye; it has only caught the eyelid. Hugh, have you got a pair of scissors in your fly-book?"

It was with trembling fingers that the wretched lad got out the pair of scissors and handed them to Macdonell, who, as a preliminary measure, snipped the casting-line close to the fly. Then he said to her:

"Look here, Alison, I believe I could take it out myself, now, and without hurting you much, if you cared to run the risk; but perhaps it will be safer to wait until we get back to Fort William, and then the Doctor can make certain of it."

"I would rather you would take it out," she said, calmly enough.

"No, Alison, no!" Flora entreated. "Don't run any risk! Wait till we get home."

"It would be safer," Captain Ludovick said—but he was still addressing Alison, "except for this—that the hook might work itself farther in."

"I would like you to take it out now, if you would be so kind," she said to him, simply.

"Well, if you like to trust me—but it will hurt a little," he said.

"I don't mind that," she answered.

And still he hesitated; for it was something of a responsibility; besides, he did not know how much pain he might inflict—and how much more glad would he have borne it himself!

"I would rather cut it out of my own finger," he said, "even if it was in both barb and shank. Are you quite sure you won't draw back your head when you find me take hold of the hook?"

"I shall not move."

For safety's sake he put one hand on her shoulder; but she was firm enough; she did not flinch a hair's-breadth, even when she felt him cautiously take hold of the hook.

"Are you ready, Alison?"

"Yes."

"Quite?"

"Quite."

Then there was a quick little jerk. She uttered no cry; she merely kept her eyes closed until Flora called to her, joyously:

"Alison, it's all right! Ludovick has got it out—it's all right, isn't it?"

The girl opened her eyes, which were moist with the pain caused by that sudden twitch; but even through these involuntary tears she could smile her thanks to

the operator—and her eyes were expressive enough when she chose.

"I hope I didn't hurt you much," said he, "but really it was better to get it out at once; you have no idea how horrid a thing it is to cut a hook out, when once the barb has got right in. Take your handkerchief now, Alison, and dip it in the water, and bathe your eye a little. Why, there's hardly a speck—just the smallest bit of skin torn away. I wish I had a looking-glass of some kind."

"Why?" she asked.

He smiled a little—indeed, he seemed quite gratified over the success of his experiment, and was talking at random and carelessly now.

"Well, it was this way: I was living in a rather dilapidated shooting-lodge up in Ross-shire, and one evening the ceiling of the kitchen fell in. There was a mighty noise, and of course we all rushed to the place, and there we found that the plaster had knocked down a young servant-girl who happened to be there, and she was lying senseless—though it turned out she was more frightened than hurt. I noticed this, though, that when everything was being done to reassure the unfortunate creature after she came to, the old house-keeper did best of all—she ran away and got a hand-glass, and made the girl look in it to convince herself that she was not disfigured in any way. I thought the old woman had some knowledge of human nature."

"Then I will be your hand-glass, Alison," Flora cried, quite joyfully. "And I declare to you that there's nothing but a small pink scratch—oh, hardly bigger than a pin's head. Disfigurement? Nothing of the kind. And you're looking just as nice and trim and provokingly neat as ever, if that is any comfort to you."

Alison laughed a little; but there was still gratitude in her eyes as she obeyed Ludovick's directions as to the use of the wet handkerchief.

This was the end of the fishing, or attempted fishing—indeed, the boat had meanwhile drifted down and imbedded itself in a mass of water-lilies; so they got ashore and prepared for their march down through the hills to the spot where the wagonette was awaiting them. Hugh was deeply mortified and apologetic; again and again he returned to the subject, upbraiding his own stupidity, until Alison had seriously to ask him what it was she had suffered. But he was not to be comforted, and when everything was ready he walked off by himself, and would have gone on by himself, only that Flora hastened to overtake him, and give him of her sisterly sympathy and remonstrance. The consequence of this arrangement was that Captain Ludovick and Alison brought up the rear by themselves, for the boy John had gone forward some time before with the luncheon basket.

And then Alison took heart of grace.

"I don't think you were very friendly with me this morning," she said, with her eyes cast down.

He seemed a little surprised.

"I hope I was not unfriendly," he said. "But—but I thought it was better that I should let you understand that I did not mean to harass you—or—or vex you."

"You promised that we were to be firm and fast friends," she said, a little proudly.

"Yes?" he said.

"And yet you called me 'Miss Alison' all the morning—until you had to take the hook out of my eyelid," she continued, with growing confidence—for it seemed so easy and natural to talk to him here; she was quite resolved on having a thorough understanding with him, if he wished it also.

"Do you think I like to call you 'Miss' Alison?" he responded. "No, I don't. I think of you as Alison, and I suppose I might as well say it. But I did not wish to embarrass you."

"Well, you wouldn't embarrass me by calling me Alison," she said, as they walked on together.

"It will be a great deal more pleasant for me," he made answer again. "Mind you, I want to be to you, now and always, just what you wish me to be. You gave me your last word, and I accepted it; and my mouth is shut—until—well, I am not going to risk anything by speaking. Let our friendship be as close and firm and fast as it can be. But I wonder if you would be offended, Alison, if I told you something about yourself?"

She raised her eyes and met his bravely.

"Offended? I am sure *not*," she said.

"Well, then," said he, with a trace of shyness that rather became him, "I can't help thinking that you are a far more human kind of a being when you are in the Highlands; and sometimes I can't help thinking of what might happen if only you were always living among us."

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCESS DEIRDRI.

THAT, at all events, she was a very different kind of being up in these regions was very well known to herself; for whether it was the fresh air and exercise, or the cheerful society and constant occupation, or the delight of looking at the beautiful things surrounding her, or all of these combined, certain it is that all the day long a sort of elation seemed to thrill through her to the very finger-tips. Every moment was full of life. Even when she was away alone—up among the hills whither she used to climb in order to have a view of the wider waters in the south—there was no sadness in her mind, but rather a sense of jubilation, and thankfulness, and content with all the world. The wildest days of gloom, so far from having any terror for her, exercised over her a singular fascination; she rejoiced in the foreboding of the storm; she welcomed the coming of this terrible unknown thing that darkened the heavens and the earth. For what might not these sombre mountains bring forth—the great masses of them in communion with the lowering clouds, and here and there retreating behind a mystic veil of rain? The driven sea—its lurid green broken by white flashes of foam—and the wind that tore by her in sudden gusts and squalls seemed awful and threatening; and yet she had no fear of them; rather they made her strong to withstand, and defiant, and even proud of their angry and vengeful look. Then, sometimes, a soft sun-touched hill-side would slowly emerge from behind those gray mists of showers, and a rainbow would declare itself against the purple masses of the clouds; and here and there the running sea would be struck a vivid green by following shafts of light. And then all this changing phantasmagoria was quite near to her; not remote and passively picturesque like the views of Switzerland she had seen, but quite close around her, and she part of them, and mysteriously associated with them, a child of the universe like themselves. No, even in these wild days of storm and tempest she had no fear; these winds and clouds and sun-swept seas were friendly things; she loved to be alone with them, and listen to their strange, uncertain voices. Sometimes she wondered whether they understood her, and her presence there, any better than she understood them.

And the glooms and terrors and anxious perplexities of Kirk o' Shields? She had forgotten them. She had forgotten that Ludovick Macdonell was a Roman Catholic, a dangerous person, in league with priests and persecutors, a worshipper of the scarlet woman, the woman drunken with the blood of the saints. She was too light-hearted and busy to think of such things; the present moment was full of gladness and occupation; when she looked in his face, and met his frank and pleasant smile, she did not remember anything about the scarlet woman and the beast that came out of the bottomless pit. When he was walking by her side along the shores of Loch Linnhe, or telling her stories in the stern of Hugh's lug-sail boat, or giving her a hand at the steep places of the hill-side, why, he was just Ludovick! and she did not bother her head about anything else. And it must be said that the companionship of these two had become a very pronounced and notorious thing. They made no kind of concealment about it—Alison least of all. They were continually together, during the long walks and drives, when they went on sailing expeditions, as they sat in the garden on these clear and still summer evenings, or went indoors to see how that mild game of poker was going on. He did not address himself much to her, nor she to him; but somehow they were never very far away from each other; and they seemed entirely satisfied with this half-silent comradeship. It was "Alison" and "Ludovick" now; they were as belonging to the one family, along with Flora and Hugh; and the various excuses that Captain Ludovick made for coming over from Oyre and planning new excursions were simply innumerable, while even during his brief absences there was always some reminder of his existence and of his remembrance making its way to the house in which Alison lived.

It was altogether a very extraordinary state of affairs. But for the name of the thing, they were to all outward appearance conducting themselves precisely as a pair of affianced lovers, and that without any concealment or embarrassment. Nominally they were merely friends, of course; but this friendship that Alison had boldly claimed, and that Captain Lu-

dovick was in no wise inclined to withhold, seemed to be of an extremely devoted and exclusive kind. And not only did the other members of the household tacitly acquiesce in these relations, but Aunt Gilchrist in especial looked on with open approval. She no longer appeared to regard Captain Macdonell as a possible fortune-hunter. The fact is, she had indignantly resented the insolence, as she deemed it, of the Cowan family in endeavoring to carry away her ward, her especial charge, to marry her to that poor voiceless probationer; and she had given everybody to understand that she, Jane Gilchrist, meant to put her foot down upon that little scheme. She intimated plainly enough that she had already made some kind of settlement upon Alison, and that she had not the slightest intention of allowing any portion of her money to find its way into the pockets of the "stickit minister."

"No, no, Alison, my dear," the old dame said, openly. "I'm a wilful woman when I take anything into my head, and I tell ye I'm ready to defy the whole o' that congregation — elders, deacons, precentors, and all the rest of them!"

"Yes, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said, with a smile, "it's easy to defy them when you don't live among them."

"Ay, is that it?" the old lady said, with a sharp look. "Are ye feared to go back? Well, just tell them that I'll maybe not let ye go back. Tell them I've bought ye for my own. You're nothing but a white slave. And I should not wonder if I did not let ye marry at all."

"I'm sure I don't want to get married, aunt," said Alison, cheerfully; "I am very happy as I am."

"Oh yes," Aunt Gilchrist answered, half to herself. "They all say that! But it's wonderful how quick they can change their mind when the occasion comes."

Nothing further was said just then, for at this moment Captain Ludovick happened to make his appearance, driving up the wagonette that belonged to Oyre. They were all bound on an expedition into the Braes of Lochaber—the excuse this time being that the horses at Oyre did not get nearly enough exercise; and as everything was ready, the whole of the party forthwith took their places. By rights, Aunt Gilchrist should have been given the post of honor next the driver; but as she declared she preferred going inside, it was remarkable with what equanimity Alison, at Captain Ludovick's suggestion, got up and occupied the seat beside him. After all, she was a kind of stranger and guest, and no doubt Captain Ludovick wanted to point out to her the objects of interest along the road.

It was a pleasant morning for setting out; the distant village of Corpach was shining white among its scattered trees, and the little gray monument to Colonel Cameron of Fassiefern could be seen distinctly enough under the velvet-soft slopes of the hills. They drove out and past the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, that seemed to have grown dark with tradition and tales of strife and slaughter; and by-and-by, when they had got away to the north of Ben-Nevis, they entered a wild moorland country—the long, bare undulations bounded by dark green pine woods, and these again leading the eye up to the loftier hills, that were all picturesquely dappled with sunshine and shadow. This, in truth, was rather a monotonous highway—its chief feature being the road-side cairns of stones built up where a funeral procession had rested the coffin on their way to the church-yard in the lonely glen; and perhaps it was the sight of these rude memorials that induced Captain Ludovick to tell his companion the sad story of Princess Deirdri, whose name is supposed to linger in that of the vitrified fort, Dundearduil, in Glen Nevis. The beautiful Irish princess, as some may care to know, was beloved of King Connacher of Ulster, but she would have nothing to do with him, seeing that he was old and ugly, red-haired and squint-eyed, whereupon Connacher shut her up in prison. But there were three young men, nephews of the king, who were sorry for the captive princess, and they succeeded in freeing her, and in escaping along with a party of followers across the seas to the western Highlands, where they settled first of all upon the shores of Loch Etive. Whether Naos, one of the three brothers, and the Princess Deirdri had been in love with each other before they forsook their native country is not stated; however, in this new land they did love each other, and were married, and lived in great happiness. After several years the King of Ulster professed to forgive them, and invited them to go home again; and the Princess Deirdri was against that, having anxious forebodings of treachery; but

eventually they persuaded her to go. It was on her voyage across the seas that she composed her lament on leaving the various places where she had been so happy; and the story tells how all her companions were moved to tears as she sang:

"*Glen Etive, O Glen Etive,*
There was raised my earliest home;
Beautiful were its woods on rising,
When the sun fell on Glen Etive!
* * * * *
"*Glenorchy, O Glenorchy,*
The straight glen of smooth ridges;
No man of his age was so joyful
As my Naos in Glenorchy!
* * * * *
"*Glenmassan, O Glenmassan,*
Long its grass, and fair its woodland glades;
All to ourselves was the place of our repose
On grassy Invermassan!"

Deirdri's mournful anticipations proved correct; Connacher, finding her more beautiful than ever, straightway slew her husband, hoping to win her for himself; but the faithful princess did not linger behind—she managed to borrow a knife from a boatman, plunged it into her bosom, and fell dead on her husband's corpse, so that the lovers went together into lands still more unknown than even the far Glen Etive and Lochaber.

Such was the substance of the tale he told her; and then he went on to say:

"I knew of another Princess Deirdri, though whenever I think of her I suffer a pretty sharp twinge of remorse. This is how it was. I was once at a small shooting-box right away up in the highest region of the Monaghlea hills—the most lonely and unfrequented place you could imagine—and one morning we were up in the corries driving the woods for black game. The beaters were just getting to the end of a drive, when a young roebuck came flashing out of the bushes and crossed me about thirty yards off; it was an easy shot, and I dropped him. But the next moment I began to wonder at any roe-deer being so high up in the hills, for they generally keep to the woods and glens farther down; so when the keepers came along I asked them. Then I found out what I had done. Quite early in the summer a young buck and a young doe had come straying up into these wilds, and I suppose they had taken a fancy to the neighborhood, for they remained there, though none of the rest of the herd ever followed them. They had the whole place to themselves, and when the keepers happened to come on them they were always found together, either feeding about among the rocks or lying on the warm heather. This morning the beaters had again stumbled on them; but the doe had doubled back and escaped; it was the young buck that unfortunately came within reach of my gun—and there that idyl ended. I was mighty sorry for it, I can tell you," he continued, as they were leisurely driving along. "I've often thought of the fine time those two must have had together, for it is a very pretty place up there—lovely little glens, and clear streams, and birch woods—and all that summer they had the whole district to themselves. And a very handsome young roebuck he was, too; I've got his head mounted at Oyre. But I've never shot a roe-deer since."

"And what became of the other one?" Alison asked.

"Well, she was seen about the woods for some little time after, and then she disappeared. I suppose she went back to the herd; and I sometimes wonder whether that Princess Deirdri used to think of the happy days she spent with her Naos up in the Corrie-nan-Shean. I don't like to think of that idyl of the hills, but it has saved the life of many a roebuck since."

Now, the luckless young Irish princess came into their talk still once again that day, and in this wise. They had driven away along Glen Spean (and it was with no little interest that she regarded Keppoch House, for she had come to know a good deal about the Macdonells of Keppoch, and their deeds of other days) until they came to Bridge of Roy; and as this was the end of their drive they stopped at the solitary little inn; the horses were taken out while they went inside to order lunch. But luncheon in the Highlands is not supposed to be complete without boiled potatoes; and while these were being got ready, Captain Ludovick and Alison went out for a stroll about the place, their wandering footsteps eventually leading them down to the river. They talked of various things, but only now and again, for this companionship of theirs seemed to suffice without any effort at mutual entertainment; and when at length they reached the bridge they paused there, and Alison, the better to look down into the rocky chasm through which the clear brown water flowed, placed both arms on the rude stone parapet, and bent her head

over. Nothing was said for some time; she was used to silence, and content with it; it was enough for her that Ludovick was with her.

But presently he took hold of her hand, and she did not withdraw it, as, in their present relations, she ought to have done.

"Alison," said he, "isn't it about time to have done with this make-believe?"

She flushed quickly, and raised her head a little bit, so that she could see his face if she chose.

"What make-believe?" she asked, though she well knew.

"The pretence of being only friends," he answered. "I love you; I think you love me: what is the use of hiding it?"

"What is the use of anything else?" she said, rather wistfully. Then she raised her head somewhat, and spoke with greater cheerfulness: "Are we not happy enough as we are, Ludovick?"

"As we are!" he exclaimed. "Yes, this is all very well—and it's very pleasant for us to be continually together—but don't you sometimes look forward a little bit? It's very pleasant for me to be seeing you nearly every day, and to be with you for hours and hours at a stretch; but how long will it last? You will be going away. You won't be so happy then, will you? I shall not, I know. And for yourself, Alison, don't you rather think you will be like the Princess Deirdri when she was bidding good-by to all the places she had known; and don't you think you will look back more than once to the days when you and I were together here? But there won't be so much happiness then."

Her eyes were filled with sudden tears; she turned away her head somewhat.

"Indeed I know that," she said, in a low voice that was rather uncertain. "I have—gone through that before."

"Very well," said he, at once, "let us take the other way. What is the use of concealment? There is no use in it any longer. Let me write this very evening to your father, and I will tell him that you and I mean to get married. What can be simpler than that?"

She suddenly rose erect, and faced him with frightened eyes.

"Oh no, I couldn't do that!" she said, breathlessly. "I couldn't, Ludovick!—I—I daren't!"

"Very well," said he, gently. "Perhaps that is too much—too abrupt. But what I want to do is to convince you that you entirely exaggerate the horror which your friends and relatives would exhibit if they were told you were going to marry a Catholic. I don't believe they would show any horror at all. It is the Catholic doctrines and ritual they hold in abhorrence; and they would know well enough that neither would concern you in the least—that you need have nothing to do with either. Then your family have seen me—they know I haven't cloven feet and horns—"

"I did not tell them you were a Catholic, Ludovick," she said, rather ruefully.

"I wish now you had," he made answer. "But never mind. Here is my proposal now. Perhaps making the announcement in that way to your father would be too abrupt. But I want to get you to believe that there will be no such wild dismay as you expect. Very well: write to your sister Agnes, and tell her frankly all about it. Confide in her. You will see what she says; and I am pretty certain it won't alarm you."

She looked up again with more hopefulness in her eyes.

"I thought of it once, Ludovick," she said, rather shyly.

"Do it now, then—this evening," said he. "But then do it the right way. Don't put it before her as if it was some vague proposition that might as well be dismissed, for the better comfort of everybody concerned. Alison," he continued, regarding her, "you will tell her that the relationship between you and me is something beyond recall. It is so, is it not?"

He could hardly hear her answer.

"I—I hope so, Ludovick."

He grasped her hand more tightly than ever.

"Then let this be the first step, my darling; and you will see that your fears will vanish away one by one. You have courage enough for anything—I can see it every day—and why not for this? Come away now—yonder is Flora at the door of the inn, waving a handkerchief for us. And don't you forget to tell everything quite frankly to your sister."

As they were walking back to the inn she looked up to him with a smile.

"Do you know, Ludovick," said she, "that when I am with you, when I hear you talking, I have no fears at all! Everything seems quite simple and easy."

And indeed when they had returned to

the inn, and all of them were seated round the table in the little parlor, no one could have imagined from her manner that any serious conversation had taken place between these two on Roy Bridge. She was quite animated and cheerful; and submitted to some raillery on the part of Aunt Gilchrist with the greatest of good-humor. It is true that during the long drive home she was somewhat silent; and the moment she entered the house she went to her own room, and remained there for a considerable time. And when she came out again and despatched Johnny to the post-office with the letter she had written, she seemed restless and uneasy; and she even lingered about the front garden, pretending to examine the various shrubs, until he had actually come back again. But when she had ascertained from him that the letter had been definitely and irretrievably posted, her countenance cleared considerably; and, probably to make light of her previous disquietude, she casually asked John whether he had ever been to Bridge of Roy.

"No, mem; it's a long weh from here," said John.

But seeing that Alison did not immediately dismiss him, Johnny made bold to ask her if she had been at the burial-ground that morning when they were up in the Braes.

"What burial-ground, Johnny?" she inquired of him.

"Well, I am not remembering the name of it," said Johnny, after a moment's pause, "but it is up in the hills whateffer, and many's the time I hef heard of it. The old people used to be buried there for years and years. But what I hef been told is thus," John continued, with a demure twinkle in his eye, "that they were burying a Protestant in that place, where there wass none but Catholics pefore, and ever after that at night there wass a terrible noise of clashing of swords and shields and dirks; and ahl the people living there were frightened to go by that way. Oh, a terrible noise it was; and when they went to the Free Church minister—well, mebbe he wass not believing the story, but he could do nothing at ahl; and the darker the night the more ahful the clashing and the noise. Cosh, I think the Protestant man was a ferry good fighter, when the whole of them could not put him out! And then it grew to be so bad that they had to send for a Catholic priest; and he brought some holy-water with him, and said the prayers over the ground, and now it is ahl quate again. But I know I would not like to be going near that place at night."

"Are you a Protestant or a Catholic, Johnny?" Alison asked, with a kind of new interest.

Johnny looked at her inquiringly for a second.

"What will you be for being yourself, mem?" he said, cautiously.

But this return question was a very shocking thing. It was perfectly obvious that this Laodicean sought to find out what her faith was merely that he might cheerfully declare himself of the same way of thinking, and she could not countenance any such piece of depravity; so she made some excuse for breaking off the conversation, and departed into the house.

It was a couple of days thereafter that she received the answer to the letter she had sent to Kirk o' Shields. Flora and she had been out driving with Aunt Gilchrist until late in the afternoon (for a wonder, Captain Ludovick was not with them—he had been summoned away on business); and when they returned home they were met by Hugh, who declared that he had been working hard all day, and besought the two girls to go out with him for a row in the gig, for there was a clear evening light shining all around, and the loch was still. Flora good-naturedly acquiesced, and so did Alison; and both of them would have forthwith gone down to the shore, but that Hugh happened to say:

"Oh, there's a letter for you, Alison, lying on the lobby table. Shall I bring it for you?"

"No," she said, rather hastily—and with some color mounting to her face, for she guessed what this might be—"I will get it myself. Will you go down to the boat, Flora? I shall be after you in a moment."

So she quickly went back through the garden, entered the house, and found the letter lying there. Rather breathlessly she tore it open, and glanced rapidly over its several pages, with a wonderful strange feeling rising and rising in her heart. For what was all this? Remonstrances? —reproaches?—warnings of the opprobrium she was earning for herself, and the

shame she was bringing on those nearest and dearest to her? No; it was far from that; and she read with an ever-increasing wonder and a joy that she could hardly have explained to herself. The astonishing thing was that Agnes did not even once refer to the fact of Ludovick Macdonell being a Catholic—though that had been put prominently enough in Alison's letter to her. This was all praise of Ludovick Macdonell himself; though how Agnes could have discerned so many fine and admirable qualities in him during the brief hour of his visit, her sister was far too surprised and pleased to stay to inquire. And very affectionately did Agnes write of Alison herself—quite unusually so, indeed, for people in Kirk o' Shields are reticent in such matters; but now there was a convenient distance separating them, and she could say things on paper that probably she would not have said to Alison herself. And not only did the younger sister appear extremely gratified, and even proud, that Alison was going to marry the young man who had seemed to her so much of a hero, but also she said plainly that she was glad the arrangement on which the Cowan family counted was not going to be carried out. She confessed that she had always looked forward to seeing Alison a minister's wife; there was something so wise and gentle and thoughtful about her that she would be a great help and comfort to a congregation; but James Cowan was not her ideal of a young minister; moreover, until he got a church, she feared Alison would have been unhappy while living at Corbieslaw. And might she write to Captain Macdonell to congratulate him? And would he answer her letter? She wanted to tell him a good deal about her sister that perhaps he had not discovered yet. Of course, if this was to be a secret in the mean time, as Alison appeared to desire, then a secret it should be; but she did not understand why there was any necessity. And then the letter wound up with all sorts of kind wishes and messages: it was about as comforting an epistle as could have been composed in these peculiar circumstances.

For many and many a day thereafter that happy evening lingered in Alison's memory, though she hardly knew how she got through the garden, and across the road, and down the shingle to the boat that was awaiting her. All the air seemed full of music; this was like a love-letter that had been sent her; all kinds of wistful fancies that had once been discarded were summoned back now; and she wished to say just two words to Ludovick, and to look into his eyes.

"You seem to have had good news, Alison," said Flora to her, when she had got seated at the tiller, and the two cousins were leisurely pulling out into the loch.

"Yes," she answered, with her cheeks grown rosy red, "I—I have had a very kind letter—from Agnes."

"Oh, from Agnes?" Flora repeated, with a glance of surprise; but she said nothing further; and presently brother and sister had settled into their long steady stroke, which seemed to afford them sufficient interest and occupation.

As for Alison, she did not care to break the gracious silence that was all around them; her heart was murmuring to her of its own happiness as they pulled along. She did not think of asking herself whether there was not something suspicious in the fact of Agnes having so completely ignored all her references to Captain Ludovick being a Catholic, and the possible trouble arising therefrom; she did not reflect that her sister might, out of an extreme delicacy and kindness, have refused, at such a time, to say anything that would dim her tender hopes. No; she only thought that she would like to show this letter to Ludovick. Did it not confirm all his prognostications? Was it not a fair beginning? Her heart within her said yes again and again, with an exceeding comfort and joy.

Moreover, she had plenty of time to weave these fond fancies; for the two cousins, as they worked away at the oars, were humming together snatches of Gaelic airs that did not interfere with her. It was a beautiful evening, now that the sun had sunk behind the western hills: just above the lofty peaks the sky was of the clearest gold, fading into a pale translucent purple overhead; while the waters of the loch around them were all of a trembling and lapping lilac-gray, with the universal, sudden, bewildering ripples grown almost black. As the time went by, the twilight became more wan and ghostly; and yet the objects along the opposite shore, under the darkening hills and the pine woods, could be made out with a strange, a livid, distinctness. Then the first lights began to appear—a quivering

orange ray here and there that told of a distant window, or perhaps of an anchored yacht making all snug for the night. When they finally got ashore, and made their way up to the house through the garden, the slumbering air was sweet with the scents of the flowers, and there were bats flitting about the eaves, suddenly swooping between them and the pale, clear sky. On the threshold she paused and looked back. It was an evening long to be remembered—an evening of visions and dreams.

CHAPTER XVI.

A BOLT FROM THE BLUE.

But, as it happened, the very next day brought another communication from Kirk o' Shields, that was destined to lead the way to a sudden and unexpected crisis. A little accident helped. When Aunt Gilchrist took the as yet unopened envelop with her into the parlor, where the rest of the family were seated at the table for afternoon tea—the Doctor having also dropped in by chance—and just as she was about to sit down, she struck her foot sharply against the leg of the chair. For a second she bit her lip in silence, and it was clear she was suffering considerable pain; then she muttered to herself,

"Dang this confounded thing!"

"Your language, Jane," said the Doctor, quite good-naturedly, "might be a little more gentle."

"Oh, my language!" she said, opening forth in wrath. "My language, indeed! You can talk fine enough about your oxides, and sulphates, and trash o' that kind, to bamboozle a lot of fools!—but much good your long-winded names have ever done to me! Here, Alison, run away and get me a cloth slipper—this infernal fire is like to burn my toe off, now it's begun again!"

Alison went quickly away, and returned with a pair of cloth slippers, and forthwith the hurt foot was in a measure relieved. But when Alison was for unbuttoning the other boot, her aunt said no—the one was enough.

"Why, aunt," she protested, "do you mean to say you can sit in comfort with a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other?"

"Oh, listen, mother," Flora cried. "Isn't that like Alison? Isn't she prim and precise? She's bound to grow up an old maid!"

"More likely," Master Hugh put in, "she'll grow up to be like the old lady who declared she couldn't go in proper style to have her photograph taken until she had put some eau-de-Cologne on her handkerchief"—though it is to be imagined that that apocryphal old lady was an invention of the moment.

But meanwhile Aunt Gilchrist had taken her seat, looking very gloomy, for she was vexed that Periphery should have been so easily aroused again. And perhaps she was all the more taciturn that the young Munroes chose to make themselves surreptitiously merry over her accident, and that they were openly aided and abetted by the Doctor, while Mrs. Munro looked on and listened in mild amusement. Aunt Gilchrist would have nothing to say to that ribald crew. Nay, to escape from them and their covert jeers, she betook herself to her letter, which otherwise might have lain unopened on the table.

And presently it was perceived that the contents thereof were exciting her in no common degree. Indeed, her astonishment and resentment caused her to break forth into brief muttered exclamations—exclamations that showed clearly enough what was passing in her mind.

"Well, I declare!" she cried, with withering contempt. "Bless my soul and body, the woman's mad!—stark, staring mad!....But I'll teach her! To talk to me like this!....Well, I never did hear the like!"

"What's your news, Jane?" the Doctor asked.

"It's somebody that wants a lesson taught them," said she, looking up fiercely. "And, my word, they'll get it!"

"If it's anything serious," said he, amiably enough, "I wouldn't advise you to answer it in your present state of mind."

"My present state of mind!" she retorted, with scorn. "What do you know about my present state of mind? I suppose you would like to doctor that too! —brown messes and white messes—once every three hours—to be well shaken—is that the thing this time? Man, man—Duncan, I wonder ye do not take all your phosphates and hydrates and stuff down to the sea some dark night and tumble them in when there's nobody looking!"

"I might as well, if I had many pa-

tients like you, Jane," her brother said, with great good-humor; and presently, this frugal meal being ended, he was the first to rise, as his professional duties called him away again.

But Aunt Gilchrist took Alison with her to her own room.

"There, read that!" said the incensed little dame. "Read that, Alison, and tell me if there's another such impudent woman in the whole wide world!"

Alison took the letter—which she at once perceived to be from Mrs. Cowan, of Corbieslaw—and carefully and deliberately read it through; but as she had no nerves on fire to worry her, she did not find in it anything calculated to arouse so fierce a storm of indignation. She was very much embarrassed, it is true, for it was all about herself and her prospects; but in so far as the tone of this communication toward Aunt Gilchrist was concerned, it was almost servile—indeed it may have been the specious plausibility of the whole epistle that had irritated the recipient of it.

"Well, aunt," said Alison, "I don't see anything in that to anger you."

"Nothing to anger me!" she exclaimed. "What right has that woman to interfere with me? What business has she to write to me at all? So you're 'devoted to the service of the Lord,' are you, 'and the interests of His church'? Indeed, now! But does she think I cannot tell what that means? Ay, but I can, though: I was not born yesterday, Alison, my dear; not a bit of it! The service of the Lord is that I'm to provide that stickit minister with a house and a wife at the same time, and support the whole concern. Oh, that's a fine way of providing for him; better than waiting and waiting for a pulpit. A pulpit, my word! To stick up a crayture like that in a pulpit: I'll tell ye what he's better fit for—I'd stick him up in a corn field to frighten the crows away! And then 'the distractions and temptations surrounding young people,'" Aunt Gilchrist continued, turning to the letter again. "Tell me, now, Alison: do ye think this woman has a suspicion that there's something between you and Captain Macdonell?"

Alison flushed a rose red, but she answered frankly enough:

"I don't know, aunt. It is quite possible. I wrote to Agnes the other day about—about Ludovick; and she may by chance have dropped some hint. Or perhaps it's this—Mr. James Cowan met me walking with—with Captain Macdonell in Kirk o' Shields one day, and he may have spoken to her about the stranger—and—and perhaps that's it."

"So *I'm* to be her cat's-paw, am I?" Aunt Gilchrist resumed, still indignant with this hapless letter. "*I'm* to see that the stickit minister is provided for? And it's all for the service of the Lord, of course, and the interests of the church! My certes! I'll send her an answer she little expects: I'll teach her to dictate to me, with her cringing, fawning, sneaking pretences!"

Then she turned to Alison herself.

"Now, Alison," said she, in a much gentler way, "I'm not blinder than other people; and I've seen the way that you and your Captain Ludovick, as they call him, are aye together. I'm not going to ask ye questions, for young folk will have their secrets—it's part of the play, I suppose; but this I will say to you—this I'm bound to say to you—that ye need not be afraid to speak to me about *him*. No, I give ye my word: I've seen enough of him, and I will say this, that a finer, franker, better-natured young man never stepped in shoes. I was not quite so certain about him at one time; and I took the leeberty of giving him a hint or two—for I'm an old woman, Alison, and ye're a young one; but I do honestly believe this now—I do honestly believe he would take ye this minute if ye had not a penny."

"Aunt," said Alison—but there were tears of gratitude trembling on her lashes, and her voice was not very firm—"there would have been no concealment—and least of all from you—but it all seemed so hopeless. It was broken off because I—because I told him they would never agree to it. He is a Catholic."

"Yes, that's true, he is a Catholic—I had forgotten that. But who's they? That woman Cowan?" said Aunt Gilchrist, beginning to sniff and fume again at the mere mention of her enemy. "What have they got to do with you? Who asked their permission? If you want to marry the young man, what business is it of theirs whether he is a Catholic or not? The impudence of some people, I do declare!"

"No, aunt, it wasn't the Cowans I was mostly thinking of, nor yet the congrega-

tion generally, though I made sure they would be terribly against it; but it is my own family, my father especially. And I thought about Agnes too; but I wrote to her, just to try—and—and I got a letter from her that was a great surprise, so kind it was, and not a word about his being a Catholic."

"And Macdonell—what does he say to all this, eh?" was the next inquiry.

"Well, aunt," Alison made answer, with downcast eyes, "you know he has been away the last day or two, and I haven't been able to show him Agnes's letter."

"Agnes's letter!" she repeated. "But I suppose he wants to make you his wife, whatever any one may say?"

"I—I think so," was the half-heard answer.

"And I think so too!" Aunt Gilchrist said, with a proud kind of laugh. "Oh, I'll warrant him! Well, Alison, you may be off now, for I'm going to send this woman her answer—oh yes, it 'll be an answer, I can tell ye! When I think of the look of her face when she gets it, I could just skip round this room like a three-year-old, only there's that little firedeevil sitting watching on my toes. And here's another thing, Alison: ye may tell me your secrets, or ye may not tell me your secrets, just as ye please; but ye'll see if I don't make it all fair and straight with your Captain Ludovick as soon as he comes back to Fort William."

Alison lingered, still regarding that letter.

"Aunt Gilchrist," said she, "you must not say anything that will vex the Cowans. They are great friends of my father's, and they are important people in the church."

"The wise little woman!" Aunt Gilchrist said, with another laugh. "Well, perhaps I'll not answer the fool according to her folly, but I'll give her a bit of my mind all the same. Now go away, and tell Flora to stop that strumming, for I'm going to write."

So Alison departed—very grateful to Aunt Gilchrist for the kindly things she had said about Captain Ludovick, but not much reassured otherwise. She knew very well that this brisk, independent, cheerful little Gallio was about the last person to understand the Kirk o' Shields folk, or what they would think of this proposed marriage. Her ways were not as their ways. The simple and self-sufficing formula, "The Lord made us, and He'll take care of us," was a very different thing from their fierce contentions of creed, their strenuous and anxious faith in their own sectarianism. Aunt Gilchrist was delighted to make the most of life and enjoy the good things of this world: with them a heart-searching renunciation was the first duty of every Christian, and an austere contemning of this world the surest passport to the next. And if she seemed disposed to make light of the fact that Ludovick Macdonell was a Catholic, Alison was well aware that the members of the East Street Church would be in no such mind.

Meanwhile it was remarkable that when Captain Ludovick was absent from Fort William the days did not pass nearly so quickly; and frequently, when her cousins were otherwise occupied, and her aunt did not need her assistance, Alison had to be content with the companionship of the boy John. She was trying to reform Johnny now; but the task was an uphill one. When she endeavored to reason him out of his belief in witches and warlocks and malevolent spirits, he answered with all kinds of stories of what had actually happened. And then when she remonstrated with him about his own conduct—his cruelty and malice and revengeful tricks—Johnny had always some excuse or another for his wickedness. One morning, as she was getting ready to go down-stairs, she casually went to the window, which was a habit she had unconsciously formed. She did not wish to play the spy on Johnny; but this window commanded a view of the garden, the road, and the shore; and if Johnny was anywhere about, he was sure to be in some mischief or other; so that she was continually catching him in this fashion, after which she would go and lecture him severely. On this occasion she perceived that Johnny was merely talking to a small boy who was outside the railings, in the road; and there did not seem much harm in that. It was clear that Johnny was trying to persuade the small boy to come round by the gate into the garden; but the other shook his head and remained where he was. Thereupon Johnny took something out of his pocket and showed it. The small boy approached a little nearer. Then Alison made out that what Johnny held in his

hand was a common clay pipe; and now he pulled out a match and lit the pipe, which he passed through the railings to the small boy, who began to smoke. She was very angry that John should have been teaching that flaxen-haired urchin so wicked a practice; but little did she know what it all meant. She went back to finish her dressing, resolved to rebuke him by-and-by.

When she got hold of him later on, she said, sternly:

"What were you about this morning, Johnny? I suppose you thought no one saw you? How dare you go and teach a little boy to smoke tobacco?"

Now Johnny, so far from being disconcerted or frightened, grinned in honest anticipation that she would enjoy his little joke.

"Aw, Cosh, it wass the finest thing I ever sah!" said he. "He wass getting seecker and seecker, and whiter and whiter; and before he went aweh he could scarcely crahl along the road."

Then a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her.

"Do you mean to say," she demanded, "that you deliberately got that little boy to smoke in order to make him sick?"

"Well," said Johnny, sturdily, "there hass been more than once that him and his big brother they were throwing stons at me. And I said to myself, 'Ferry well; throw aweh; it is your turn now; but it will be my turn some other time.'"

"Yes," said she, indignantly, "but you took good care it was not the big brother you were revenged on."

Johnny was not a whit abashed by this taunt.

"Well," said he, "the big brother is bigger than me, and he throws stons at me; and if the little one is smaller than me, then it is my turn. Two is too many for one; but when you get them separate, then is the chance. Cosh, that one will not be for throwing stons for a little while! And if he did not want to smok, what made him smok?"

"I suppose you pretended to be friends with him?" said she, but in truth she despaired of bringing this incorrigible lad to a sense of his iniquities.

Johnny grinned again.

"Oh ay, he wass ferry suspeecious at the first. Mebbe he thought there wass gunpoother in the pipe. But I had to light it myself and gif it to him; and I said he would never be a man at ahl until he learned to smok; and I said that smokkin wass ferry nice—and mebbe so it uz, or they would not be ahl at it. But where is he now?" continued Johnny, with a sudden, incoherent laugh of fiendishness. "Well, I think he is lying down on the shore, with his head on the cold stons, and his cheeks as white as a sheet of paper."

"I suppose you think it very clever to torture a small boy like that," said she, angrily. "But wait a little. Wait till he tells his people at home—wait till he tells his big brother—then you'll catch it!"

But this threat was not of the least avail.

"No, no, I'm not thinking he will do that," Johnny said, coolly. "He will not say a word to any one, not to any one at ahl, for fear of a strapping. He will not say a word. But he will be in less of a hurry to throw stons at me again!"

And then once more she had to give up the task of reforming this reprobate as something quite hopeless; for Johnny had always some argument with which to meet her remonstrances. Nor was it any use to warn him that sooner or later he would receive a sound thrashing, for he had been let off too many times before; besides, in this strange world in which he found himself, surrounded on all hands by malevolent creatures, armed with fists and claws and hoofs and stings to injure him, he had so much to do in fighting these enemies and in getting his revenge (either on them or their congeners) that he soon forgot warnings. He was too busy, in fact—for he was determined not to have the worst of this incessant conflict; and where he could not win to victory by strength, he could fall back upon a very respectable fund of patience and astuteness and malicious cunning.

One evening Flora and Alison were strolling backward and forward through the garden, arm in arm. They were bareheaded, for the air was warm and still; Flora carried a scarlet double poppy hanging from her hand; Alison had a white rose at her neck. And no doubt any passer-by would have thought that these two pensive maidens were merely drinking in the balmy air, and idly regarding the various bright beds of pansies and snapdragon and sweet-william; whereas the truth was that Miss Flora was entertain-

ing her companion with sundry experiences of her own, especially as regards young men, and their insensate folly and simplicity as she had seen these exhibited on diverse occasions. It was hardly an edifying conversation; for Miss Flora frankly confessed that nothing delighted her so much as to see two young men at daggers drawn on her account, and trying darkly to conceal the same. Her own cantrips and coquetries were lightly glossed over; but Alison could guess a good deal; she knew where lay the origin of these bitter underhand bickerings and strivings and animosities. The demure smile that was in this handsome damsel's eyes was a sufficient admission.

"Hollo!" she exclaimed, happening to look along the road, "there's Ludovick come back." And then, as a sudden after-thought: "Well, I'm going round to Mrs. MacInnes to beg for some sprays of her copper beech, for the dining-room fireplace. I wonder why some of the old people call it the 'bloody' beech: some legend, most likely. I suppose I can go round without getting my bonnet."

So she went down to the gate just in time to meet Ludovick there; shook hands with him, and asked him about certain common friends of theirs in Edinburgh, and then went carelessly on her way. By this means she left him to find Alison alone in the garden.

"I have something to tell you, Ludovick," said she, rather shyly, when he came up.

"And I can see by your face that it isn't very bad news," said he. "Let's sit down on this seat, and you can tell me all about it. Well?"

"I have heard from Agnes," she said, when they were seated together, just outside the house.

"Yes, and she hasn't cried 'Bogey' at all!" he said, cheerfully.

"No—"

"Didn't I tell you?" he broke in. "Wasn't I sure of it? Well, now, there is some encouragement for you: that will give you heart of grace for a beginning at least—"

"Yes, but, Ludovick," Alison said, with a kind of rueful smile, "it's all very well for you to make light of difficulties—for you simply won't look at them. Now in this letter it is rather odd that Agnes doesn't say a single word about your being a Catholic—"

"Why should she?" he asked. "Why should anybody?"

"But I particularly mentioned it," was her reply, for she had been pondering over this matter, "and told her all my perplexities, and what I feared. Well, she doesn't say a word in answer to all that! She says a lot of very nice things about you, and is very kind to me; but there's not a word with regard to the very question I wrote to her about!"

"Because that is unnecessary," said he, "and she knew it."

Alison shook her head doubtfully.

"I am not so sure," she said. "However, there is one thing I must tell you—Aunt Gilchrist knows all about it now, and she approves—"

"Of course she does," said this hapless young man, who did not dream how soon his buoyant confidence and dearest hopes were all to be dashed to the ground. "I could have foretold that. Your aunt Gilchrist and I are excellent friends, and quite understand each other. We had a talk last summer—about you. But what led her to say anything definite?"

"There's a Mrs. Cowan," Alison made answer, rather hanging down her head the while. "I—I told you—about that young man—"

"Oh yes, I remember," said he, carelessly, "the fellow with the long-tailed coat and the flabby trousers."

"And—and Mrs. Cowan wrote to Aunt Gilchrist about him—and about me—"

"Really! That was very kind—very considerate," he said, for he did not seem to concern himself much about this rival. "She wanted to secure the prize for her hopeful son. Very natural. Well?"

"Well, Aunt Gilchrist was very angry—besides, she happened to hurt her foot just as she got the letter, and that made her all the more irritable; and before sending her answer she questioned me about—about you, Ludovick—and she approved at once, and without hardly saying anything about your being a Catholic—"

"There!" said he. "There is another one."

But Alison was not so confident as he was.

"I'm afraid that answer of Aunt Gilchrist's will make mischief, Ludovick," she said, absently.

"Oh, nonsense!" he cried. "Why, Alison, you mustn't be afraid of those people. You're in Lochaber now—you're

not in Kirk o' Shields. I believe they cow you when they get you among them —you that have courage and nerve for anything when your own natural self gets the upperhand. Here you are not frightened of anything—I believe you'd face Johnny's big Duffle himself if you saw him coming along the road. And now you have got an answer from the only two people you have consulted; and you see they don't anticipate any terrible opposition. Of course," said he, presently, with more of gentle consideration in his voice, "I quite understand your hesitation. You find yourself at present very much alone. You don't know what may happen; and you have been brought up to put weight on the opinion of all those people. But you see, Alison, if once the definite step were taken, you wouldn't be any longer alone; you would have given me the right to be your protector; and I can answer for it that I will take care you sha'n't be harmed or interfered with by anybody's opinion or opposition. You are alone now. You wouldn't be alone then."

She looked up to him, as if already appealing for that guidance and protection, and she said,

"Then what would you have me do now?"

"Well," said he, "I don't think you could do better, in order to be rid of all these anxieties, than write to your father at once, and tell him frankly the whole position of affairs."

Her eyes widened with a sudden apprehension; then she said, gravely:

"I would rather wait—until I could speak to him. Writing seems so cold a thing."

He said, with a smile:

"Won't you have lost a great part of your courage, Alison, when once you are back in Kirk o' Shields? And in the mean time, why should you suffer anxiety, when the way is clear?"

The way was not so clear as he imagined. At this moment Flora made her appearance, approaching the gate with a few branches of the "bloody beech" in her hand. As she came up through the garden she said:

"Now you may scold me, Alison, as much as you please. I met the postman this afternoon, and got the letters from him, and the one for you I put in my pocket, and forgot all about it until a couple of minutes ago. Here it is. I'm very sorry."

"I'm sure it doesn't matter," Alison said, as she took the letter from Flora, who straightway went into the house with her leaves.

And then Alison glanced at the envelop, and started slightly.

"This is from Agnes," said she to her companion. "You won't mind my opening it?—perhaps she has something further to say."

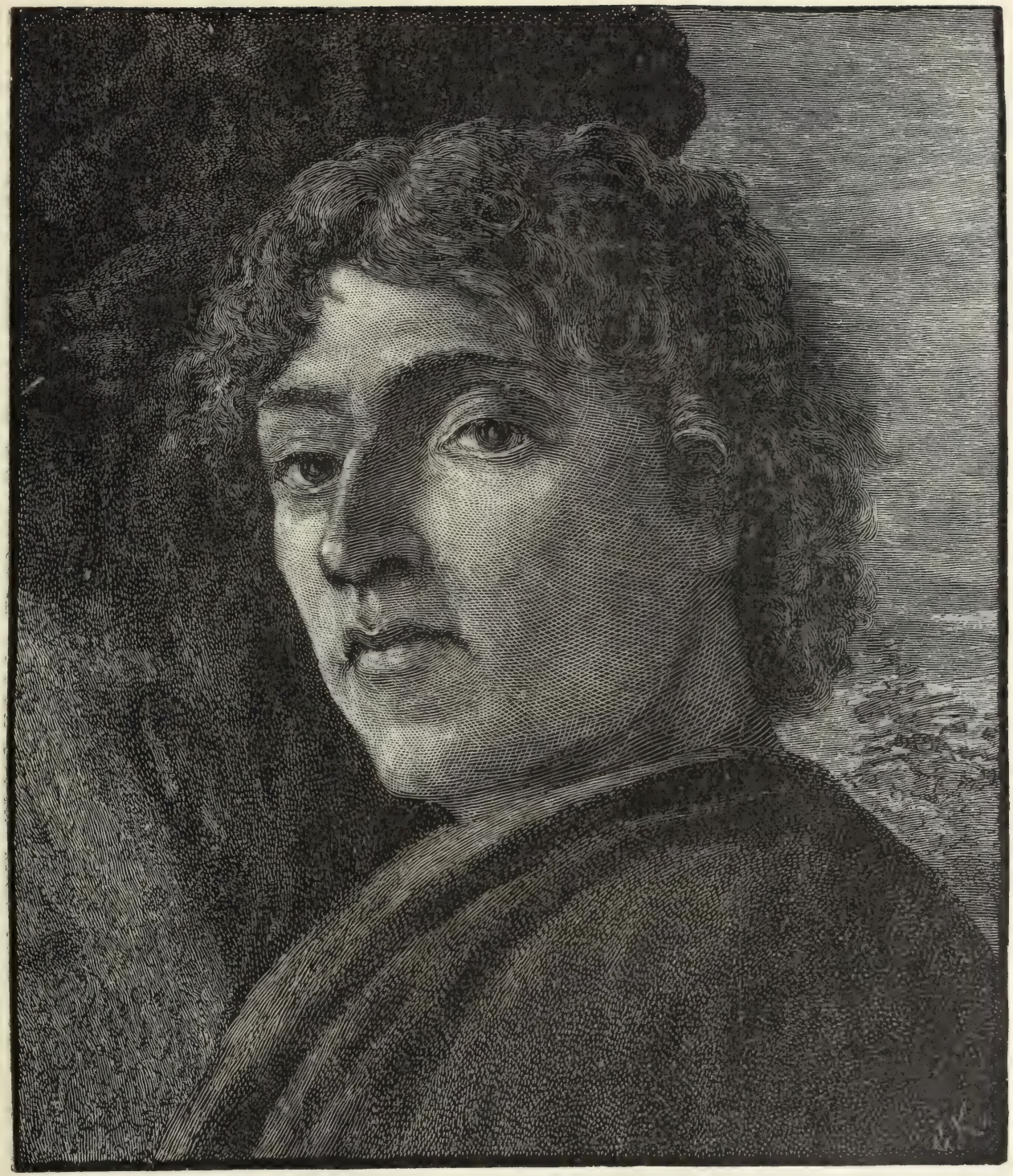
As for him, he was anticipating no evil, and it did not occur to him to watch the expression of her face as she ran her frightened eyes over these brief pages, that were written in a tremulous and uncertain hand. Her lips grew very pale, but she said nothing. Even when she had finished she did not stir; she seemed scarcely to breathe; she held the letter in her clinched fingers, and blankly gazed at it.

"DEAREST ALISON," her sister wrote, in that trembling hand,—"I hardly know how to tell you. Something dreadful has happened. Mrs. Cowan has been here—and saw father. Then he came to me, and questioned me—only a few words—but I have never seen him look like that before—oh, it was terrible, and his eyes were like coals, and he spoke to me as he never spoke before. And what he said was that I was to sit down and write to you that unless you were back home within four-and-twenty hours after getting this letter, the door of the house would be shut on you forever. Dear Alison, my heart is just like to break, but what can I do but send you the message? Come home quick, quick, and go to him yourself. He said he was glad mother was dead—but, oh, it was his look that was so terrible. Come home quick, Alison, for I don't know what to do.

AGNES."

Ludovick Macdonell was idly gazing across the loch, and at the darkening opposite hills, behind which the sun had already sunk, while he waited for his companion to finish her letter. But when he heard her utter a brief sigh, he turned quickly, and it was well that he did so, for he found she had grown deathly white, and in another moment she would have fallen senseless from the seat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI.
From portrait by himself in the Uffizi Gallery, Florence.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

ALESSANDRO DI MARIANO FILIPEPI was the son of a tanner established at Florence. Born in 1447, he took the name of Botticelli from that of a goldsmith to whom he was first apprenticed. At least such is the statement of Vasari. The registers of Florence do not, however, contain the mention of any goldsmith named Botticelli, whereas they do inform us that Alessandro's elder brother, the courtier Giovanni di Mariano, was known by the nickname of Botti-

cello, which means a little barrel, and also that his second brother, Antonio, was a goldsmith. Still, there can be no doubt that he did learn the goldsmith's art, but being particularly clever at drawing, he determined to become a painter, and accordingly entered the studio, or *bottega*, of Fra Filippo Lippi. Vasari tells us that as a boy Sandro Botticelli was full of eager curiosity, but that he had not the patience to stay in any school long enough to learn to read and write. In the study of his art this impatience did not manifest itself; indeed, his development was so rapid that when his master died, in 1469, Botticelli, then aged twenty-two, was already considered to be the best painter in Florence, and the high esteem in which he was held is proved by the distinguished patrons who employed him, besides the civic and trade corporations, the churches, and the convents of Florence, namely, the families of Tornabuoni, Vespucci, Palmieri, Pucci, and, above all, the Medici, for whom he painted religious pictures, profane compositions, and portraits. In 1475, when the Pazzi plot nearly overthrew the Medici, Botticelli was charged with painting the portraits of the culprits, according to the usage, on the walls of the Palazzo Vecchio; and in the archives of Florence, under the date of July 21, 1478, is a note of the payment of forty florins for these frescoes. Indeed, so great did his reputation become, both inside and outside Florence, that about 1481 he was invited to Rome by Pope Sixtus IV. to assume the direction of the decoration of the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. His collaborators were Cosimo Rosselli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Perugino, and Luca Signorelli of Cortona, and he himself painted twenty-four portraits of popes in the upper niches of the chapel, and three out of the fifteen grand frescoes, namely, the "History of Moses," the "Rebellion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram," and the "Temptation of Christ." This commission brought him great fame and a good sum of money, which he spent during his stay at Rome in careless living, "as was his wont," and then returned suddenly to Florence, where he remained until his death. "And being a person of speculative and analytic habit (*per essere persona sofistica*)," continues Vasari, "he made a commentary on a part of Dante, and illustrated the *Inferno* and had it printed, in which he lost much time, and the consequence was that by not working at his art he allowed his affairs to get into disorder." The same authority tells us that he made a frontispiece for Savonarola's *Triumph of Faith*, and became so ardent a partisan of the reformer that he gave up painting altogether, and would have died of starvation had he not been assisted by Lorenzo dei Medici, and many other friends who were attached to him on account of his talent and virtues.

His biographer represents the influence of Savonarola as having been wholly disastrous on Botticelli, but Vasari (born in 1512), was, it must be remembered, the creature of the later Medici, and therefore naturally a traducer of the patriot priest, reformer, and statesman, whose life work had been the ruin of the Medicean sway in Florence. We may therefore trust that Vasari has exaggerated the misery of Botticelli's later years; we even have some indications that the loquacious biographer's statements are misleading. For instance, he tells us that, having grown old and helpless, walking with two sticks because he could not hold himself upright, the painter died infirm and decrepit, at the age of seventy-eight, in the year 1515. The archives of Florence, the death registers, and contemporary evidence show, on the contrary, that Botticelli died on May 17, 1510. As for his having become old and helpless, we know that after his return from Rome he continued to work, and that he was called upon whenever there was any artistic business in hand. Thus he and Ghirlandajo were charged with mosaic work in the cathedral in 1491, and competed in plans for finishing the façade; in 1503, Botticelli, together with Cosimo Rosselli, Perugino, Leonardo da Vinci, Filippino Lippi, his pupil Piero di Cosimo, and others, was consulted as to the best place for Michael Angelo's colossal statue of David; while in 1496 young Michael Angelo had recourse to the intermediary of Botticelli, as the most esteemed master in Florence, when he wished to transmit a letter to Lorenzo the Younger, son of Giuliano dei Medici. We find nothing to confirm Vasari's story about Botticelli's poverty. In 1480 he was still living in his father's house; in 1498 his income-tax paper shows that he was keeping house with his nephews in the district of Santa Lucia dei Ognissanti, but at the same time he possessed a "gentleman's



HEAD OF ONE OF THE THREE GRACES IN BOTTICELLI'S "ALLEGORY OF SPRING."
In the Academy at Florence.—[See page 462.]

villa" and vineyards outside the gates of San Friano. Furthermore, his father was a well-to-do man, as is proved by the fact that in 1510 he was able to purchase a family vault in the church of Ognissanti. Vasari's pitiful story about Botticelli's poverty may therefore justly be received with suspicion.

As for the decline of his talent under the influence of Savonarola, Vasari's statements are again open to criticism. We may suppose that Botticelli became a follower of Savonarola about 1490; in 1498 the reformer was burnt, together with two of his most ardent partisans, and in 1500 Botticelli painted one of his most beautiful religious pictures, "The Nativity" of the Fuller Maitland collection, now in the National Gallery at London. On this picture is an inscription, in indifferent Greek, which has been translated as follows by Professor Colvin:

"This picture I Alessendro painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half time after the time, during the fulfilment of the eleventh John, in the second woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the devil for three and a half years. Afterward he shall be chained, and we shall see him trodden down as in this picture."

This "Nativity," with its mystical inscription, is doubly interesting because it shows that, although he had his mind full of Savonarola's prophecies; and although he regarded the death of the Dominican reformer as a fulfilment of the words of the Apocalypse, Botticelli had lost nothing of the freshness and originality of his inspiration, nothing of his tender sentiment, and nothing of that virile elegance and distinction of attitude which characterize his figures. We have this fact ascertained, that at a time when, according to Vasari, Botticelli had abandoned painting, he produced a picture which ranks with his finest work of that kind; and although we have no positive data, we may console ourselves with the thought that his old age was neither so inactive nor so dejected as his biographer would lead us to suppose.

In his famous treatise on painting, Leonardo da Vinci does "our Botticelli" the rare honor of an affectionate and admiring mention; and thenceforward, strange to say, his name ceased to flit over the lips of men. The historians of art who came after Vasari passed him over with brief mention or none at all. For three hundred years, we may say, his work did not count as a factor in general culture. From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century the perfection of Leonardo, the Titanic magnificence of Michael Angelo, and the "grand style" of Raphael so dazzled Western humanity that no admiration was left for their precursors—for Benozzo Gozzoli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Filippino Lippi, and Sandro Botticelli, those tender and profound "primitive" painters whom it has been the privilege of modern criticism to restore to honor and influence, and to interpret to the public as sources of pure artistic joy, outside of mere technical or antiquarian interest. But, it may be asked, why were their names allowed to fall into oblivion? Why were others permitted to monopolize the halls of Fame? What is the explanation of this neglect on the part of the critics of the past three centuries? To answer all these questions would lead us far away from our immediate subject into the history of the many literary and artistic movements which have contributed toward the formation of the modern intellect, and toward the development of that particular mental habit which we call "culture." By emancipating us from the tyranny of conventional criticism, and by encouraging us to affirm the sensations that we feel to-day, instead of repeating parrot-like and without question the formulæ of praise which usage has consecrated in honor of stereotyped names, culture has broadened and intensified our pleasures, and stimulated us to seek impressions of beauty where our forefathers, blinded by fashion, saw little but quaintness, rusticity, or rank barbarity. Furthermore, thanks to modern facilities of travelling, to the formation of museums, and to the immense publicity given to masterpieces by photography, the men of the present day possess unprecedented opportunities of forming their taste by self-education and habit, instead of by assimilating the ready-made opinions of the fashionable art critic of the day, whoever he may be. For culture teaches us that the joy of art ought not to be something reserved for connoisseurs, but simply the result of the joint and instinctive working of faculties of physical perception and comparison which communicate intimately with the senses and the emo-

tions. The intrinsic merit of a work of art can alone procure the pure joy of art, which is an ecstasy of emotional appreciation dependent, not upon reasoning and knowledge, but upon innate æsthetic sensitiveness or susceptibility, developed and refined by conscious and reflective use.

Sandro Botticelli was instinctively and above all things a prodigious artist. Living in an age when everybody's existence was one of adventure, Botticelli has no history: there are only two events in his life, namely, his visit to Rome, and his falling under the influence of Savonarola. But behind his work we divine an immense activity of soul; a grandiose amalgam of meditative Christianity and dreamy paganism; a mind peopled with sublime or tender visions of nature and of humanity; a temperament vibrating responsively to every pleasurable impression of color and of form. In the whole domain of modern art there is no man who realizes more completely and with more splendid originality than Botticelli the ideal of the consummate artist in contradistinction to the consummate painter, of which Rembrandt is perhaps the most complete type. Botticelli's work rarely excites our curiosity as to how it is done; we do not desire to get close to his pictures in order to examine the brush marks; we never find him exulting in paint and revelling in impasto, as Rembrandt does, even so far as to sacrifice resemblance to nature. On the contrary, Botticelli is always true to nature, and his constant aim is to enhance his visions of nature with all the charms of form and color that his eye perceives; but his delight is not in form and color alone.

Take his greatest picture, now in the Academy at Florence, and generally known as an "Allegory of Spring," or, as Vasari puts it, "*Venere che le Grazie la fioriscono, dinotando la Primavera.*" Day after day, week after week, have I stood for long hours before this work in the little end room of the Academy, and the longer I looked at it, the more I was astonished and charmed. Painted in tempera, like all Botticelli's pictures, the coloration of the "Allegory of Spring" has a peculiarly delicate and opaline quality, while the general aspect fascinates the eye immediately by its abundantly decorative richness, and by the grandiose beauty of what we may call the arabesque; that is to say, the mere form and mass of the composition, without excess or insufficiency in any detail, line, or part, perfectly harmonious, absolutely pleasurable. How can one describe it? Is this a forest, an orchard, a Garden of Eden, some spell-bound glade on Ida's mount where the trees grow close, with straight trunks and thick branches laden with fruit?

In the foreground is a lawn of fresh grass, bespangled with lilies, daisies, chrysanthemums, and bells and flowerets of a thousand hues, as if Botticelli had bidden "the valleys low," in Milton's words,

> "Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
> That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers
> And purple all the ground with vernal flowers."

On this lawn are placed the figures, beneath a canopy formed by spreading fruit-laden branches of trees which occupy the whole background of the picture from end to end, showing here and there, between their trunks and the interstices of the foliage, luminous patches of pale blue sky. This is Botticelli's favorite arrangement for pictures: the foreground and the figures in light *demi-teinte*, separated by a dark curtain of trees, architecture, or other objects from the bright glow of the distance beyond. In this picture the curtain of trees opens into a sort of arch in the middle, and the space is filled by a spreading myrtle-tree that forms, as it were, an aureole for the central figure of a pensive Venus, over whose head a golden-haired Cupid, poised in mid-air, blindfolded, and equipped with a rose-colored quiver, shoots an arrow, from the head of which little flames spread cup-shape in the form of a lily. Venus, the grave "Alma Venus" of Lucretius's poem —the "charm of gods and men," at whose coming the winds fall, the clouds flee away, and the earth spreads beneath her feet a painted carpet of sweet flowers— wears a white coif, and a gown of pearly lavender tone embroidered with gold round the neck; her golden hair hangs over her shoulders in wavy tresses, and on her breast is pinned a rich jewelled ornament. Over the gown is draped a carmine red mantle, diapered with a gold design, lined with amethyst, and bordered with a fringe of pearls. Her sandals are laced with golden strings.

On Venus's right hand the three Graces, holding hands, dance gravely with movements of winning harmony, each one adorned with jewels and clad in transpar-

ent draperies, embroidered around the neck, and fringed with pearls. The suppleness and easy bearing of these dancing Graces, the marvellous skill with which they are drawn and painted, their tender, imperious, or smiling expressions, and the radiant and various beauty of their forms and faces, make this group one of the most characteristic in Botticelli's work, and one of the most lovely creations of art. The beauty, however, is not that of Raphael's figures. The realism of Botticelli prevented him from idealizing his models so far as to positively change the lines and features that give what we call "character" to a face; often, indeed, he chose even ugly types, which he has made beautiful simply by the strenuous vigor of his drawing and the nobleness of his intense vision. This quality of "character," both in faces, in attitudes, and in gestures, gives to all Botticelli's best work a perennial freshness, a human and therefore eternally modern interest.

In our engraving will be seen a reproduction of the head of one of these golden-haired Graces with her strange and sumptuous coiffure—the forehead bare and high, as was the fashion in old Florence, the hair crimped and frizzed so as to hide the ears entirely, the crown decked with torsades of pearls, and two long plaits forming a necklace from which is suspended a pendant of precious stones. A similar but even more complex coiffure of plaits and tassels of hair interwoven with strings of pearls may be seen in the Frankfort Museum in Botticelli's wonderful portrait of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, wife of Piero dei Medici, and mother of Lorenzo the Magnificent. Indeed, there is a whole chapter to be written on Botticelli considered as a ladies' hair-dresser and costumer, and artists in splendor and elegance will find a mine of suggestion in his works.

Next to the group of the Graces a blue-eyed Mercury with abundant brown hair, wearing a helmet of oxidized steel *niellé* with gold, a diapered mantle of raspberry red, a richly wrought dagger and shoulder-belt, russet gaiters turned down with blue, to which are attached exquisite brown wings picked out with gold. This semi-nude figure, a type of virile beauty, is represented in the act of reaching an apple with his caduceus.

To the left of the composition is a group consisting of a winged male figure of sinister mien, evidently Zephyr, or a personification of the vernal breezes, who, half floating in the air, deposits on the ground a beautiful woman, perhaps symbolizing Flora, clad only in thin transparent veils bordered with gold, and with flowers issuing from her mouth and falling into the lap of a third figure, engraved in our illustration, which we may take to represent Spring. But this interpretation of the subject is not absolutely satisfactory, any more than the ingenious theory of those who argue that the subject represented is the Judgment of Paris, with Minerva, Venus, Juno, and Discord on the one side, and on the other the Graces and Paris, at whom Cupid is aiming his dart. Botticelli was a man of sufficiently subtle and curious turn of mind to have composed some profound allegory out of his own head, or to have based his design upon some mystic poem of the time which has been lost or has escaped our researches. But here, as in the case of the "Nativity" above noticed, it matters little what the subject of the picture may be; its intrinsic beauty alone suffices to fascinate and delight us; even if there remained of the picture nothing but this single, long, slender, flower-crowned figure of Spring, we should be justified in proclaiming Botticelli to be a master of mysterious charm and of graceful movement. This face, with its faun-like oblique eyebrows, its blue unabashed eyes, its voluptuous mouth with parted lips so wonderfully modelled, its halo of yellow flower-sweet hair, its expression of unfathomable and triumphant assurance, is as full of suggestiveness as Dürer's Melancholia or Leonardo's Gioconda, and worthy to be ranked on the same level. How graceful, too, is the springy movement with which she advances, the balmy breeze swelling the folds of her drapery, and making, as Robert Herrick has quaintly said,

> "A winning wave deserving note
> In the tempestuous petticoat."

How splendid that ivory neck, and the pure complexion tinged with the most delicate rose! and the white dress brocaded and garlanded with flowers, and the sleeves all slashed and quilted with gold and underlaid with tender rose, and the hem of the garment serrated like the petals of a lily, and curling into fantastic scrolls!

This "Allegory of Spring," which measures ten feet long and six feet high, was painted for Cosimo dei Medici's villa at



FIGURE OF FLORA IN BOTTICELLI'S "ALLEGORY OF SPRING."

Castello, together with the companion panel of the "Birth of Venus," with life-size figures, now in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. In the cold gray light of sunless dawn two emblematical and interlaced figures of the wind blow hard over the rippling pale green water, and waft forward a fluted shell, on which Venus stands amidst a rain of roses, clad only in her beauty and her long flowing hair. On the shore a figure of Spring, wearing a white flower-sprinkled robe, offers the goddess a rose-colored cloak embroidered over with daisy plants and flowers. The attitude and expression of Venus are exquisitely modest. There is even a decided look of sadness, such as we note often in Botticelli's Madonnas; but, after all, to the mind of this yearning pagan, who was at the same time a sincere Christian, there was probably not a very precise line of demarcation between the Madonna and Aphrodite, the daughter of the sea-foam.

Botticelli, we must remember, was a contemporary of the universally learned Pico della Mirandola, who read Plato in Greek and Moses in Hebrew, and whose life's dream was the reconciliation of the religion of antiquity with the religion of Christ, and of Plato's *Timæus* with the Book of Genesis. His friend Matteo di Marco Palmieri, the Florentine *chargé d'affaires* at Naples, was the author of a mystical poem called "La Città di Vita," wherein were incorporated certain unorthodox theories of Origen concerning those angels who had remained neutral at the time of the fall of Lucifer. Botticelli followed the text of this poem in painting certain zones of his large picture of the Assumption now in the National Gallery, and was consequently accused of heresy.

We must bear in mind also that our painter's chief patron was that Lorenzo dei Medici the Magnificent whose father, Cosimo, had founded the Platonic Academy, one of whose sons became Pope Leo X., whose courtiers were Politiano, Pulci, Pico della Mirandola, and Ficino, the translator of Plato. It was an age when the natural charm of pagan story was reasserting itself, not only as a subject of purely artistic or political treatment, but even in its religious significance as a rival of the religion of Christ. Every day brought to light some new treasure of ancient fable or of ancient thought. Ovid was printed at Bologna in 1471; Theocritus was printed at Milan in 1450; the manuscript of Lucian's works, brought from Constantinople in 1415 by the Sicilian Aurispa, was printed in 1496. The end of the fifteenth century was one of those happy eras of intellectual activity, like the age of Pericles, which are productive of complete types of general culture, and in which "artists and philosophers, and those whom the action of the world has elevated and made keen, do not live in isolation, but breathe a common air, and catch light and heat from each other's thoughts. There is a spirit of general elevation and enlightenment in which all alike communicate." It is this solidarity, as Mr. W. H. Pater has admirably observed, "which gives unity to all the various products of the Renaissance, and it is to this intimate alliance with mind, to this participation in the best thoughts which that age produced, that the art of Italy in the fifteenth century owes much of its grave dignity and influence."

The very subjects of Botticelli's pictures show how thoroughly he was in touch with the spirit and thought of his age. He owes to Lucian, for instance, the idea of one of his most impressive and dramatic compositions, the "Calumnia," now in the Uffizi Gallery, painted after the satirist's description of the subject as treated by Apelles. But where did Botticelli, who was no great scholar, find this description? May it not have been suggested to him by his senior contemporary, the learned and universally gifted Leone Battista Alberti, who was one of the members of the Platonic Academy, and whom we find in the fair gardens around Florence resuscitating the scene of Plato's *Phædrus*, and like another Socrates, with the young Lorenzo dei Medici for interlocutor, charming his auditors with mellifluous discourse on the active and the contemplative life? Alberti, in his treatise "Della Pittura," cites this passage of Lucian describing Apelles' picture, and holds it up to the painters as an instance of the importance of invention in historical composition. Alberti's profound essay, written fifty years before the great Leonardo summed up his art in a score of inimitable pages, contains many other texts which might also be quoted as having apparently influenced Botticelli in the conduct of his genius, and which are most curious and interesting for the light they



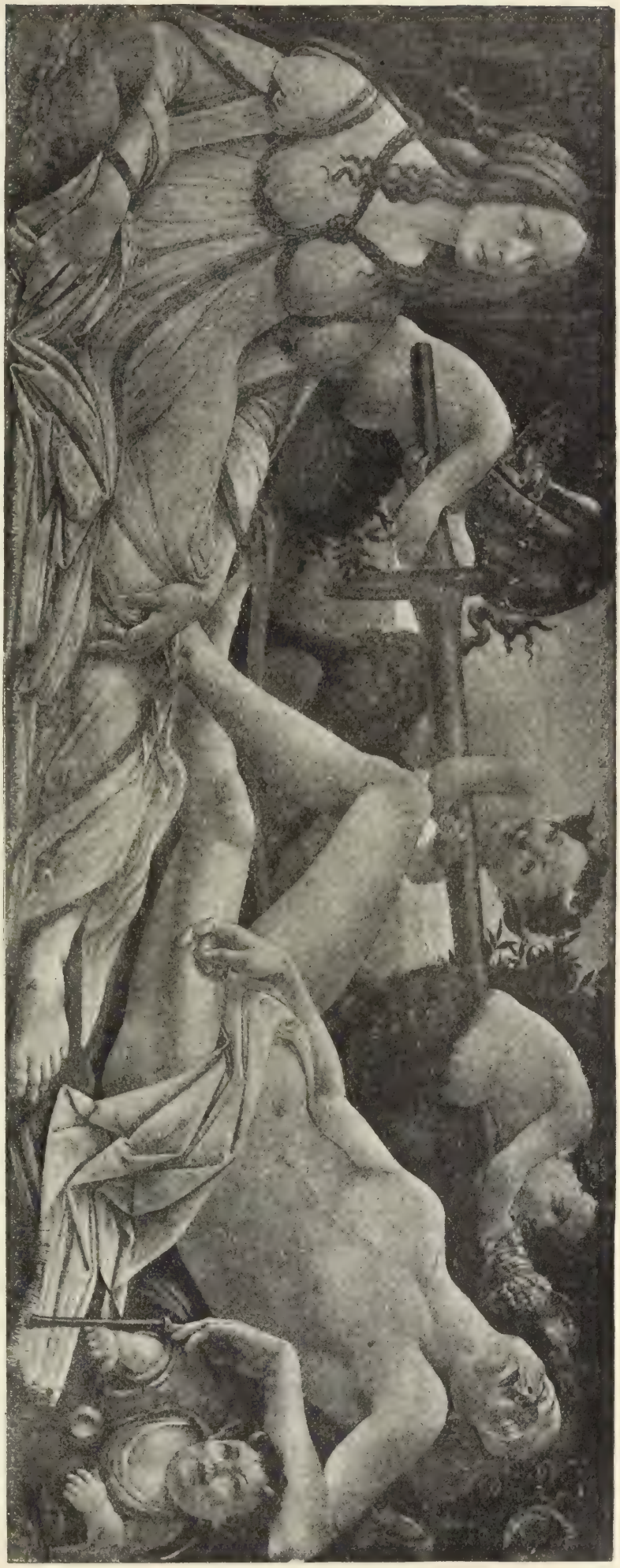
BOTTICELLI'S "VIRGIN AND CHILD AND ST. JOHN," IN THE LOUVRE GALLERY.

throw on the formation of the theory and philosophy of the modern art of painting. They prove, too, that the Florentines were preoccupied with the most subtle questions of æsthetics, and that those who talk so glibly about the *naïveté* of the primitive artists make an unpardonable mistake. To dwell upon these matters would, however, lead us too far away from our subject. We will therefore note only the remarks of Alberti on the movement of hair, of foliage, and of drapery, by which Botticelli particularly profited. "Let the drapery," he says, "spread out on all sides like the branches of a tree; from one fold let another spring, and let the movements of these folds be rendered in such manner that there be no part of the vestments where they are alike. But these movements must be moderate and easy, and devised so as to show gracefulness rather than the conquering of a difficulty. And then, as we wish the vestments to lend themselves to the movements of the body, and as by nature they are heavy and hang down toward the ground, it is well in painting to allow a breeze to blow across the composition, the result of which will be this graceful effect, that the wind striking the body, the drapery is impressed upon it, and the nude form appears through the veil, while on the other side, agitated by the air, it streams and floats harmoniously." This graceful and airy floating of the drapery and the suave elegance of the movements of the figures form one of the most characteristic charms of all his pictures.

No words can give an idea of the fascination of Botticelli's work; for although a naturalist in the same sense as all the primitive painters were naturalists, that is to say, keenly impressed by outward things, by flowers, trees, rivers, and hills, by nature, by man, and by things considered as plastic objects, he was essentially a visionary and lyrical painter; of his compositions we may truly say that they are exponents of states of soul. Far from remaining impassive before the spectacle of nature and life, he clothes everything that he sees with the color of his own moods and ideas. Look at his "Crowning of the Virgin," in the Uffizi, or the "Virgin and Child with different Saints," in the Academy at Florence, the round "Virgin and Child," in the National Gallery, or the "Virgin and Child and St. John," of the Louvre Gallery, reproduced in our illustration: in all these works, after marvelling at the distinction and beauty of the composition considered as a picture, and after admiring the singular abundance of the artist's ideas, the copiousness of his invention, the depth and high import of his conceptions, we are struck by the subdued, dreamy, and uncertain look of the Madonna, the wistful appearance of St. John, and the preternatural seriousness of the Divine Child, as if all three were oppressed by the honor that weighs upon them, and dejected by the greatness of its mystery. And how much more impressive are these dejected Virgins of Botticelli than the irritatingly beautiful and apathetic Madonnas of Raphael, with their look of conventional beatitude! How the greatness of the artist is revealed in the uncommonness of the point of view, in the rare distinction of the vision, as compared with the ordinary and obvious arrangements employed in the religious pictures of the painter of the "Belle Jardinière"! In the Louvre Virgin, one of the most perfect of Botticelli's religious works, the effect of the expression of wistful uncertainty is augmented by the quality of the atmosphere and the very composition of the picture; it is the moment when the sun is sinking low, and when its horizontal rays suffuse the sky with rich yellow light, against which the hedge of roses spreads its upper fringe of leaves and bloom in the sharp relief of precise outline, leaving a foreground of luminous half-tone, in which are placed the figures. The whole theme is in the minor key; the splendor of the day has passed; the distance becomes veiled in golden haze; the weary birds have ceased to sing; a mysterious halo gathers round the trees; the shadow on the hill-side deepens into an enveloping gloom; and man's heart sinks within him, and in his mixed and uncertain condition, neither very bad nor very good, half believing, half doubting, sadly conscious of his lacking energy both of spirit and of flesh, he falls into vague questionings and mystic reverie. This state of melancholy and complex resignation is common to analytical minds such as Botticelli's, and to the simple instinctive minds of the unlettered. It is manifested equally though differently in Botticelli's religious pictures, and in the wailing music in the minor key that springs spontaneously from the lips of the con-

quering Moors in the gardens of Andalusia and of the humble peasants in the wilds of Brittany.*

Botticelli communicates even to profane subjects a tincture of this expression of wistfulness, this silent atmosphere of dreamland, this intense consciousness of the insoluble mystery of life and death. Such a sentiment we might trace in the expression of Venus in the completely profane subject of Mars and Venus now in the National Gallery, and reproduced in our illustration very faithfully, so far as the drawing is concerned. But we have perhaps said enough about the moral nature of Botticelli, and indeed this illustration was chosen rather with a view to exemplifying the artist's marvellous ornamental instinct, his sentiment of the beauty of the mere arabesque of his compositions, his joy in associating a multiplicity of lines into a harmoni-



BOTTICELLI'S "MARS AND VENUS."—In the National Gallery.

* For instance, this canticle, half Breton, half Latin, thus translated by François Coppée:

La cloche sonne l'Angelus;
La terre a donc un jour de plus!
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Pia,
À jamais sois bénie! Ave Maria!

On sent la bonne odeur du foin;
L'étoile brille au ciel de Juin.
Sainte Vierge Marie, O Pia.
À jamais sois bénie! Ave Maria!

The exquisite air of this Angelus, which might serve as an epigraph for J. F. Millet's famous picture, will be found in Bourgault-Ducoudray's *Mélodies Populaires de la Basse Bretagne* (Paris: Lemoine et Fils).

ous and lucid design. This blond Venus, with her white robe embroidered with gold, is not peculiarly beautiful; the abstract lines of the face are wanting in nobleness; the drawing of the neck is decidedly inadequate, and inexplicably so when we compare it with the fine figure of the sleeping Mars; and yet in spite of all these shortcomings, when once you have really seen and realized this face, you cannot forget it. On the other hand, can you remember the face and expression of any Venus that Rubens painted?

The museums of London, Paris, Florence, Munich, Dresden, and Berlin possess many magnificent specimens of Botticelli's work, both sacred and profane; but after the "Allegory of Spring," the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, and a few of his very finest easel pictures, the most precious and charming of his works are the two frescoes from the Villa Lemmi, now placed in the Louvre at Paris, at the head of the staircase facing that stupendous masterpiece of Greek sculpture, the "Winged Victory." One of these frescoes represents a young woman of the Albizi family holding with both hands a cloth in which four graceful maidens, representing doubtless certain Virtues, appear to be depositing some talismans; the other fresco represents a young man of the Tornabuoni family led by a lady into the presence of the seven liberal arts, which are personified by women seated in a semicircle in a clearing in a dark forest of pine-trees.

The tenderness and flower-like delicacy of Botticelli's color can be seen in these two frescoes, damaged and cracked as they are, in all its brilliancy and purity; while in the charming and decorous attitudes, the graceful movements, the flowing drapery, of this youthful assembly, and above all in the virginal modesty and ingenuousness of these maiden faces, we can enjoy some of the artist's most sympathetic and truly personal qualities. I have already insisted upon the always beautiful vision of life and humanity that Botticelli records in his pictures. It may also be remarked that he avoids painting age, even middle age, except, of course, in pictures of saints. His perfect figures are his Mercury in the "Allegory of Spring," the three Graces, the sleeping Mars, and his Madonnas; his great delight is to paint ripening womanhood and virgin virility, and especially that charming transition period between childhood and youth, the period which the Latins call "adolescence," with its peculiar grace and its beauty still hesitating between the two sexes. In the ministering children who figure as angels, with thoughtful and eager faces, in his religious pictures, Botticelli has surpassed Donatello and Luca della Robbia in loveliness of feature, supple charm of attitude, and intense rendering of character.

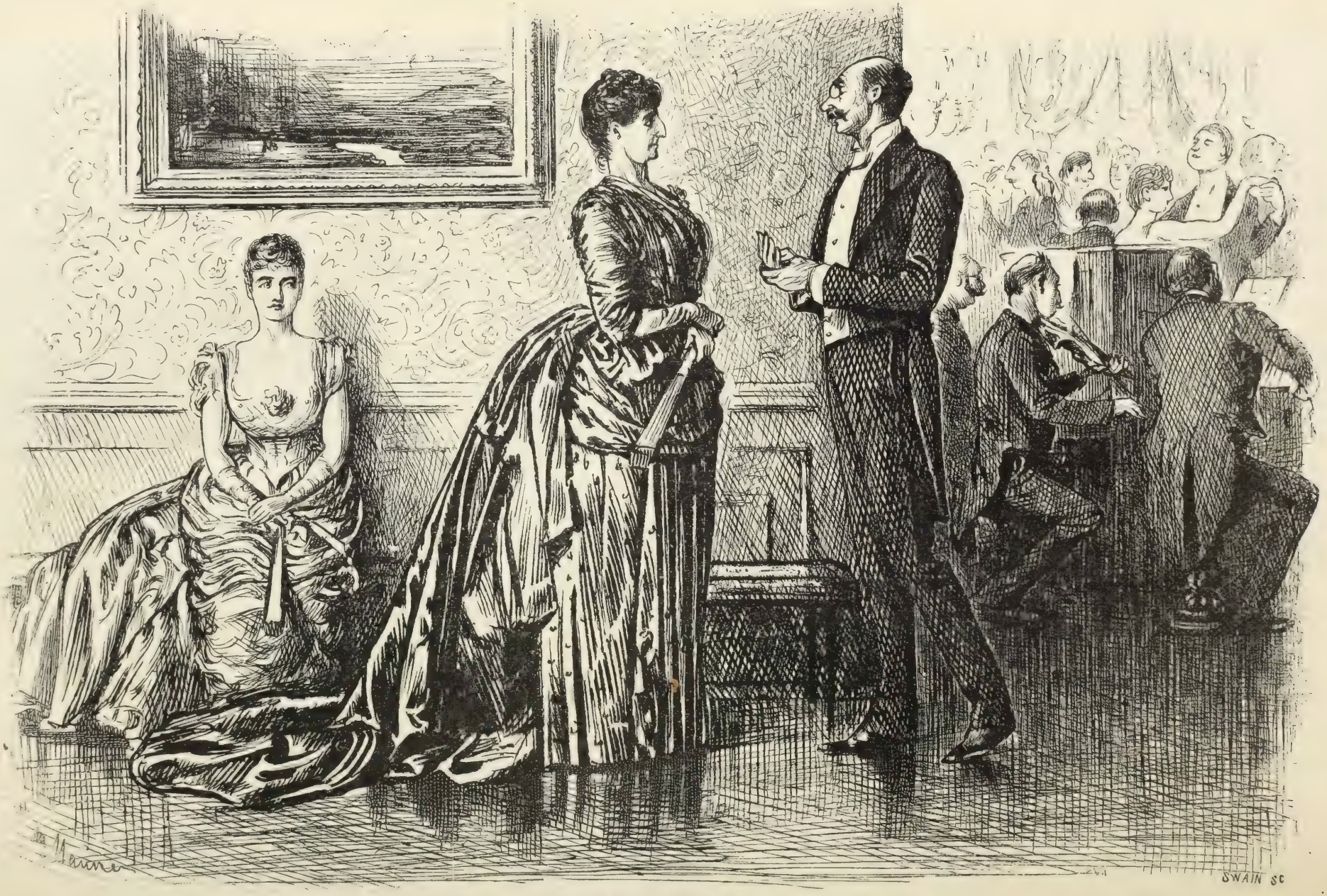
Vasari says that Botticelli commented a part of Dante, illustrated the *Inferno* and had it printed. To discuss this statement would involve us in archæological details which would be out of place here: it suffices to say that we know of no written commentary of Dante by Botticelli; on the other hand, the first Florentine edition of Dante, published in 1481, with a commentary by Cristoforo Landini, contains some engravings on copper to illustrate the *Inferno* alone, varying in number from eighteen to twenty-one, according to the copies, which are certainly made from drawings by Botticelli; and furthermore, the Berlin Museum purchased with the Hamilton collection of manuscripts a folio volume of eighty-six sheets of fine parchment, twelve by eighteen inches, containing the text of the "Divine Comedy" and eighty-six autograph designs in pencil and pen and ink by Botticelli, one of which is signed in microscopic letters, "Sandro di Mariano," the only signature of the artist that we have. This Berlin manuscript is not complete: seven sheets with eight designs belonging to it are in the Vatican library, and five sheets are lost, or at any rate undiscovered.

Dante illustrated by Botticelli, a manuscript whose pages unite the names of two diversely great Florentines, is indeed a rarity calculated to excite our curiosity. Thanks to the admirable fac-similes of the precious originals published by Herr Fr. Lippmann, curator of the Berlin Museum, it is possible to satisfy ourselves without any great difficulty. The series is most interesting; the figures of Dante and Beatrice in the *Paradiso* are singularly noble; several of the compositions are dramatic and grand; certain of the feminine types have an exquisite grace and tenderness; the seraphic floating draperies are full of charm; but these drawings will be appreciated by artists and enthusiastic admirers of the master rather than by the general

public. The fragment of the manuscript in the Vatican library, in which some of the designs are finished or in progress as miniatures, confirms us in the belief that these illustrations, for the most part hasty sketches and silhouettes full of imagination and spirit, are the simple notes of a preparatory plan which Botticelli never carried out. Those who wish to go more deeply into this question will find all that can be said about it in Herr Lippmann's learned introduction to his edition of the fac-simile plates. It was doubtless from drawings of this kind by Botticelli that Baccio Baldini made himself a name as an engraver, just as Marc Antonio became famous by engraving the sketches of Signorelli, Michael Angelo, and Raphael.

Still another question which interests specialists rather than the general public concerns these engravings attributed to Botticelli, and the supposition that he furnished drawings to the engraver Baccio Baldini. It will suffice here to say that a series of engravings of the Prophets and another of the Sibyls may be with much probability attributed to Botticelli; but a fact entirely beyond dispute is the empire that this artist exercised over the book illustrators and subject engravers of the period, who all either copy directly his designs or borrow his picturesque means and processes of composition. This unanimous submission to his influence is to be explained, as M. Henri Delaborde has remarked in his studies on the early Florentine engravers, by the very diversity of the painter's aptitudes, by the pliancy of his imagination, which is ready to deal with all kinds of subjects and all categories of ideas. Before his time the Florentine masters had scarcely ventured outside an invariable set of subjects, provided by the Scriptures or by the lives of the saints, or if by chance some allegorical figure presented itself in company with evangelical personages, as is the case in Giotto's paintings at Padua, the mysticism of the intention and the identity of the treatment transformed this profane element into a means of expression for Christian thought. But with Botticelli, on the contrary, with his charming contemporary Piero di Cosimo, the painter of the "Death of Procris," in the National Gallery, and a few years later with Filippino, his pupil, mythology began to be considered not as a subordinate resource of art, but as one of its absolute ends, sharing possession of the domain of art on equal terms with religion, which had been hitherto sole sovereign. It is needless, however, to repeat that under the brush of Botticelli the "Judgment of Paris" or the "Birth of Venus" acquired a tone of tender elegance and impressive gravity almost analogous to that with which he infused the personages of the Madonna and the Divine Child, and that nothing could be further removed than these chaste pictures from the licentious and fleshly panegyrics which the grosser and less reputable inhabitants of Olympus obtained in a later age at the hands of the Venetian and Flemish masters.

Great works of art are fatally impressed with the serenity of the mind that produced them in sure and persistent effort: they seem at first sight to have been made easily; they are finished and consummate; they betray no traces of effort or of labor; in them nothing appears to be due to chance; but when we reflect we feel that this mysterious perfection has not been achieved in one day. Look at that figure of Spring, or of Flora, in the great allegory in the Academy of Florence, and think through how many phases and forms she must have passed before attaining her present springy elasticity of movement, her conquering assurance of look and bearing, and that perfect distribution of abundant ornateness which makes the costume a marvel of richness, fanciful originality, and exquisite taste. And those three figures of the Graces dancing in clinging drapery that moulds their form. In order to achieve that complete sensation of suave and cadenced movement Botticelli must have observed and toiled infinitely; for remark how majestic their salutation is, how awe-inspiring, how Elysian, that trio of beauty dancing on the flowery carpet of the sacred glade. It is not in the propitious fever of a mere happy moment that such works as this are created; it is not by being content with suggestions of nature and with amusing notes of passing sensations; but by the long effort of an imaginative and receptive mind tenacious of its ideal, and by the mature and untiring energy of a temperament most richly and delicately endowed, both physically and emotionally. Such was the mind and such the temperament of Sandro Botticelli.



TOO KIND BY HALF.

HE. "Oh, I've long given up dancing for my *own* sake. I only dance now with those unlucky girls that don't get partners. Who's that young lady behind you?"

SHE. "My daughter!"

HE. "Pray introduce me!"

—Drawn by George Du Maurier.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A CLERGYMAN once said to the Easy Chair that having preached a sermon in which he had expressed views which seemed to him very important, even if not very general, he received one day through the mail an envelop which was marked underpaid, and which contained only a large sheet of heavy blank paper. The next day he received another envelop of the same kind, also underpaid, and for ten days successively the same incident was repeated. The clergyman could explain it in one way only. The amount of postage which he was obliged to pay was apparently the penalty imposed upon him by some one who had heard his sermon and held his sentiments to be reprehensible, but who did not dare to say so manfully and directly.

Sending an underpaid weight by post was, however, but a feeble and prosaic form of anonymous censure. A more amusing and symbolic form was that adopted by some one who wished to reprove an editor for some remarks in his paper, and who sent to him a neat little package which proved to be a box apparently containing some kind of jewelry, but which when opened revealed six exceedingly small potatoes carefully wrapped in cotton. That was an admirable touch. It was contempt conveyed emblematically—a sneer moulded in vegetable form. The only defect in the satisfaction of the sender must have been the doubt whether his gift was received and understood, and also, of course, his consciousness of the pointlessness of a sneer when the sneerer is unknown. If one man writes to another anonymously that he is a booby or a scoundrel, and withholds his own name, it must be assumed that he does so because he is aware that his name, if recognized at all, would make his ill opinion praise and not shame, or that it might subject him to a retort with a cowhide.

The clergyman enlarged upon the stupidity of anonymous letters. They are, he said, the work of cowards who are afraid of being kicked, or of persons who are justly conscious that if they should reveal their names their letters would instantly become jokes. The writer of such letters, he said, warmly, is a bravo, who skulks in the dark and tries to wound unseen. But it is the hard condition of his act that he can never possibly know whether his blow reached its object. Many eminent authors carefully avoid reading notices of their works, and a distinguished statesman told the Easy Chair that he kept a kind of ledger of the anonymous letters, and those of which the name of the writer, although not concealed, was unknown to him, and that the result was very satisfactory, because what he called the credit side was very much larger than the debit. The sympathy and approval more than set off the abuse.

That fact, indeed, suggests another sorrow of the writer of anonymous letters. While he is inventing phrases and conjuring adjectives with which to signify that he does not approve the conduct of his victim, he is submitted to the torture of knowing that for every gibe and stinging scoff and savage epithet which he can pour out there is some other correspondent equally busy in anointing the same victim with

"lucent sirups tinct with cinnamon."

To know that the balm is made ready simultaneously with the blow, and above all to be in the deepest ignorance whether the victim is in the least conscious either of the blow or the balm, is one of the sore afflictions of the writer of anonymous letters.

The Easy Chair, like all editorial chairs, is exposed to this kind of epistolary bombardment, and the first impression which it makes is probably just that which was designed. If the shot be a friendly messenger, its welcome is that of all friendly messages. But if otherwise, it merely aprises the Chair how imperfectly its work is done, and how many better and softer Chairs there are in the world. One mentor teaches the Chair that it ought to have rollers on every leg; another, that no respectable Chair would have rollers except upon the front legs; and still a more peremptory monitor begs to assure it, as a friend who knows, that no Chair which is tolerated in good society has rollers upon any leg. It does not seem to occur to these earnest counsellors that their multifarious wisdom may actually make the Easy Chair uneasy, and so forfeit its sole reason for existence. Perhaps the

best suggestive picture to hang in an editorial sanctum would be that of Æsop's old man and his son and his ass. The editorial mentors cannot decide whether the father should ride, or the son, or whether they should carry the ass between them. And what shall the editor do?

But the anonymous writer may decide to comment only without directing. He may feel constrained merely to bear his testimony to the worthlessness of the editor's labors, the absurdity of his opinions, the meanness of his motives, and the lamentable folly of his conduct. It is comical to think of the avalanche of such letters which pours pitilessly into the sanctum. The charitable waste-baskets can scarce accommodate the drifts. The wisdom which proceeds from statesmen in the barber's chair and on the benches of Union and Madison squares overflows in this anonymous correspondence. It is in vain that the editorial malefactor attempts to escape judgment. The anonymous letter writer knows him much better than he knows himself, and his efforts to pose as a patriot, as a lover of order, as a friend of progress, will be sternly exposed to the scorn of mankind by "One who knows," by "Aristides," by "You know who," and by that terrible fellow who keeps society in such good order, "A foe to frauds and humbugs."

The great public will be glad to know of this omnipresent, invisible police, which regulates public men and editors, giving the reprobates their deserts in the anonymous letter. There was a public man with a lively sense of humor who said that whenever he made a speech of importance or significance he received a letter beginning uniformly, "Well, Pericles, what do you think of yourself now?" and proceeding to ask whether he was not yet aware of the profound odium into which he had fallen. "These," said Pericles, "are the humorous reliefs of public life. The importance which such worthy people attach to the expression of their dislike, the ingenious asperity of their tone, and at the end of the fulminating document no name, all reminds me in another way of Thackeray's description of George the Fourth." He laughed as he recalled it.

Does the gentle reader recall it? Did he, perhaps, hear Thackeray read it with his rich voice, and its rollicking tone when he came to the humorous passages? Does it not seem another New York in which those lectures were delivered? He is describing the fourth George, but it is the writer of such letters as Pericles receives, with his pretentious self-importance, his perfumed air of superiority, and his air of pompous impudence, who seems to have sat for the portrait: "I try and take him to pieces, and find silk stockings, padding stays, a coat with frogs and a fur collar, a star and blue ribbon, a pocket-handkerchief prodigiously scented, one of Truefitt's best nutty-brown wigs reeking with oil, a set of teeth and a huge black stock, under-waistcoats, more under-waistcoats, and then nothing."

The clergyman who received the underpaid envelop dwelt much upon the incident, which was new and painful to him. But he said nothing better than the remark, "I don't wonder he didn't sign his name, he must have been so heartily ashamed of himself."

In speaking of the Academy exhibition of pictures in New York this year we remarked the high prices placed upon some of the works as indicative of the probable prosperity of the artists. But Cimabue, one of the fraternity, writes that it has been a hard year for the painters, but a profitable one for the picture dealers. He says that the sales at the National Academy were the smallest for many years, and that at the exhibition of the Society of American Artists only one picture was sold, while the Montross sale of American pictures was a farce. The year, he thinks, cannot be called a poor one, not only because money seems to be poured out abundantly on every side, but because foreign pictures have sold well—the bad rather better than the good.

This is a serious situation, especially for "the strong young American painters," whom Cimabue says that he knows well, and who are very proud, and taught by self-respect to keep their troubles to themselves. But he knows their hard, faithful work, their creditable, upright lives, their devotion to their art, and, more than all, their generous support of each other. They earn their livelihood by teaching, illustrating, and making "trade" etchings. Cimabue holds that the reason of this situation is twofold, thoughtless writing, called criticism, in the papers, and the indifference of rich Americans to American art, and he is sure that some remedy

might be found in a vigorous statement of the facts.

The rest of the difficulty is probably the want of taste and the want of knowledge—in one word, ignorance. Collecting pictures is generally a "fad," or a fashion. The man who has made a fortune and then builds a fine house can seldom trust himself to decide upon the style of building, or to furnish the rooms, or to collect a library or a gallery. The qualities that have enabled him to accumulate money do not enable him to spend wisely. He is not perfectly sure that he could match the colors of his walls and his carpets, or even know what colors and carpets he ought to have. He is liberal, generous, good-natured, hospitable, but the masters of household decoration, in furniture and all similar details, the experts in book-buying, and the eminent picture dealers, must all be consulted, as he would order his clothes made at the most reputable tailor's, and his shoes only of certain makers.

If he would buy pictures, the noted private galleries and the shops of the dealers abound in the works of the men of the hour, who are not American artists, but generally Europeans. There are always a few among them of real ability, perhaps, but what is of much more importance, of fashionable fame. Their works are set off for sale with every device of attraction, and with the prestige of a name. He has no guide in himself, no knowledge, nor taste, nor experience. He cannot even trust "what he likes," knowing that as he knows nothing of pictures he probably likes the wrong thing. He may have heard of some American portrait-painters if any of his friends have sat to them. But that is all. In American art as such he has no pride. He is not studying art, nor caring for it. He is furnishing a house, or collecting a gallery, as he builds a yacht, or buys a pair of fine horses, or employs an agent to buy a library.

The American artist encounters what the Italian painters of the cinque-cento did not encounter—a formidable and established tradition of art and pictures and masters, and the rivalry of works produced in countries where the tradition exists, and the taste, and the art "atmosphere," and where reputations are conferred by critics, and a public favor which is accepted as authoritative. If an American picture pleases a buyer, the hesitating buyer distrusts his own judgment, and is apt to compare, and to wonder whether his money might not be more advantageously invested in the work of an acknowledged master. If he should buy the picture, it has only its intrinsic excellence. It has no glamour derived from fame, from a school, from fashion, from a foreign land. The older countries, it is undeniable, speak with a recognized authority. The American reads of the man or woman who has contributed a notable work to the London or the Paris exhibition, but he does not read, nor remember if he does read, who has done well at the Academy, or the "American Artists."

In the last dozen years how many American artists have painted pictures which have commanded such attention as to become known and to make their names familiar? While within twenty years many young American authors have justly earned an honorable name which is everywhere recognized, how many names have been added to the list of American artists of high repute? The Academy Exhibition of this year was conceded to be of unusual excellence, but how many even of the gentle readers of these words who live in the city can mention the name of a painter who especially distinguished himself there? How many of such readers, upon hearing the question and without considerable reflection, can say who are now the dozen most eminent living American artists?

Such want of knowledge does not show that there are not admirable artists among us; it shows only that there is not that kind of interest in art which makes certain names commanding in the deliberations of Midas, or even of Crœsus, upon the purchase of pictures. If the dealer says to either of these gentlemen that he has a precious Fortunio, a Frère, an Alma-Tadema, whose works are universally sought in London and Paris, and that these prizes are here only because the American is believed to be willing to pay great prices, and then adds that if an excellent American picture is wanted here is a ——, or a ——, or a ——, there is not much doubt to which the mind of Midas or Crœsus will incline. It is not easy to change this inclination. It can be done apparently only in one or all of three ways—by making American pictures the

fashion, by creating true taste and knowledge, and by stimulating a preference for American works upon patriotic grounds.

The radical measure is the cultivation of taste and knowledge. Then the spell of the Old World disappears, and choice is determined by intrinsic charm. But must not that change be accomplished as it was elsewhere, by the appearance of artists whose genius commands attention, and who demonstrate in the only conclusive way that there is a distinctive American art, and not merely artists who paint in America? American literature is comparatively a very recent fact. Sixty and seventy years ago the question which Sydney Smith asked sarcastically but in good faith, "Who reads an American book?" was asked by many a devoted American, because he felt that there was little reason in American books themselves that they should be read. It is very different now, and the difference is largely due to the constellation of American authors that has arisen during the last half-century.

It is not by insisting that rich Americans ought to buy American pictures, but by the production of pictures which ought to be bought, that the day naturally and ardently desired by Cimabue will be brought in. Doubtless encouragement of the artist is one of the conditions of the development of art. But mere arbitrary or charitable or patriotic encouragement will not avail. The argument is no stronger for art than for literature. To recur to Fisher Ames's pathetic and humorous illustration, no patriotic desire of developing American literature could have made Findlay, the historian of the Whiskey Insurrection, a Sallust or a Froissart or a Clarendon. But the unheralded appearance of Irving and Bancroft, and Prescott and Motley, and Parkman, created the historical department of literature without any patriotic resolution of the reader to buy American histories.

Yet as the newspapers and the critics could have aided the good work by pointing out that Knickerbocker's history and the poems of Bryant showed that the sap was stirring in the trunk, so now, as Cimabue suggests, to call attention to the fact, whenever it is a fact, that beautiful and notable pictures are painted by Americans, will tend to persuade Midas and Crœsus that an American art is arising of which they must take heed. In the foreign exhibitions American names appear among the chief and noted contributors. A fair field and no favor is all that they can ask.

THE pathetic tale of *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*, one of the books which touched deeply the imagination of children fifty years ago, left an impression of Russian tyranny which no lapse of time wore away. The general American and English feeling about the gigantic and gloomy empire was largely determined by that little book. The national mind of both countries was prepared to receive and believe all the tales of the horrors of despotism, and the later mysterious organization of the Nihilists and the terrible revelations of the Russian novelists are all made credible and probable by the sorrowful story of Elizabeth.

Seven years ago Wendell Phillips, in his last great discourse, the address at Cambridge upon the centennial of the Phi Beta Kappa, spoke of Russia to his remarkable audience, and left them half shuddering as he said, "In such a land dynamite and the dagger are the necessary and proper substitutes for Faneuil Hall and the *Daily Advertiser*." It was the culmination of his description of the country. "Dead silence, like that which reigns at the summit of Mont Blanc, freezes the whole empire, long ago described as 'a despotism tempered by assassination.' Meanwhile such despotism has unsettled the brains of the ruling family, as unbridled power doubtless made some of the twelve Cæsars insane; a madman, sporting with the lives and comfort of a hundred million of men. The young girl whispers in her mother's ear under a ceiled roof her pity for a brother knouted and dragged half dead into exile for his opinions. The next week she is stripped naked and flogged to death in the public square. No inquiry, no explanation, no trial, no protest, one dead uniform silence, the law of the tyrant. Where is there ground for any hope of peaceful change? Where the fulcrum upon which you can plant any possible lever?"

This is an echo of the melancholy hopelessness of Elizabeth, and it seems to be confirmed by such tales of Nihilist plots and punishments as are suffered to escape. Yet while we were absorbed in our tremendous controversy and war, in which slavery perished, the Czar of Russia freed the serfs—a strange gleam of

light in that despotic darkness; and while Europe held aloof and indifferent, Russia was the frank and open friend of the government of the Union in this country. And now while the recent wide circulation of the Russian novels, which deepen the old impression, is very general, and these tales make a direct and strong appeal to the sympathy of Christendom, comes the unexpected announcement of the proposed abandonment by the Russian government of the whole system of Siberian exile.

Dr. Lansdell's paper in the May number of this Magazine, upon the Russian convicts in the salt mines of Iletsk, which was exceedingly interesting and apparently truthful, and the paper in the same number by Mr. Albert F. Heard upon Justice and Law in Russia, are both exceedingly suggestive of a probability that the hitherto unredeemed gloom of the general impression of Russia is not wholly justified. Thus Mr. Heard says: "For political offenders in Russia there is neither law nor justice; the way of these transgressors is hard, and their lot deplorable..... For the rest of the nation wise laws, regular courts, trial by jury, and fair administration of justice exist. The penal code is one of the mildest in Europe as regards its enactments..... The lenity of the law is counteracted by the abuses of the prison system." Mr. Heard says also that the rigors of Siberian exile have been greatly mitigated, and he attributes to the criminal folly of the Nihilists, who have no affiliation, he says, with the Russian people, and who assassinated the late Czar as he was in the very act of establishing reforms upon a sure basis, the harsh policy of the present autocrat, who, until his father's murder, was in sympathy with his reforms.

Russia has been so long wrapped in impenetrable darkness that the imagination has had full play. But the unanimous report of the administrative council of the Penitentiary Department in favor of the total abolition of the system of Siberian exile, and the substitution of confinement in fortresses for political offenders, is a sign of progressive life which somewhat relieves the impression of Mr. Phillips's picture. He might, indeed, say that it is fear of dynamite and the dagger which has extorted all the mitigations. But Mr. Heard states that with all mitigations the absolutism of force remains, and of course the irreconcilable hostility to it of the radical sentiment and purpose.

It is this situation, necessarily transient, which makes Russian papers written by competent observers profoundly interesting and valuable. According to Mr. Heard and Dr. Lansdell, the condition of the Siberian exiles is less fearful than it was, and there is the probability of a complete abandonment of the system. The Russian people in general are loyal, but being densely ignorant and superstitious, are perplexed by the fatal assaults upon the czars, as if God had left them to punishment. But the situation in the best light is sad enough. While without the political realm there are good administration and popular content, within that realm there is complete terror. Still it is encouraging to know that upon the vast and remote and mysterious empire the force of modern intelligence, invention, and progress, "the fierce light" of liberty, does not beat in vain. In these days, and in contact with modern Christendom, Russia is a huge glacier, towering, silent, of magnificent might, but drifting slowly and surely toward the Gulf-Stream, in whose resistless embrace it will at last dissolve.

If there be such a thing as vulgarity, it is a very poor compliment that we pay ourselves if we insist upon calling it essentially American. If there be such a person as a boor or booby, and if he have been in a place known as a stable, and if it be possible to be saturated with a stable odor, what is the relevance of saying, when he makes his presence odoriferously known in a room, that although he may not have the artificial elegance of pampered monarchical courts, yet he has the unbought heritage of a pure Americanism? Why should a pure Americanism smell badly? It is undeniable that honesty, simplicity of soul, and robust manhood are very much more important than correct spelling, and tact, and neatness, and courtesy. But why should a clean, courteous, and well-educated man not be honest, simple, and robust? Washington was so, although his spelling was imperfect, and innumerable other Americans have been so. But why in our estimate of what is essentially American are we so apt to include what is also essentially vulgar, and to

denounce a distaste for vulgarity as the aping of foreign manners?

Geoffrey Crayon was very susceptible to the romantic charm of the English landscape and of the old English traditions. The green lane, the ivied church, the May-pole, the village green, the Christmas rites of old England, were full of delight to him. But was there ever a better or a more thorough American? Yet it would be rather at the risk of being stigmatized as a renegade and a denationalized American if Geoffrey Crayon should now reappear and openly and strongly profess his pleasure in the old home. Despite the profound conviction of the Easy Chair that America is by far the happiest and most fortunate of countries, and Americans the favorites of Heaven, yet it is compelled to admit that the Alleghanies are neither as imposing nor as historic as the Alps, and that there are finer pictures in the Vatican than in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, and that there are storied scenes and castles in England and ruined temples in Greece full of a kind of charm which invests neither the noble Capitol in Washington nor the mighty wheat fields of the Northwest.

There are many Americans who have yet to learn that Little Pedlingtonism is not patriotism. The American who in Rome jams his hat upon his head and will not bare or bend it when the Host passes, or who in St. Peter's talks during the elevation, or who expectorates upon the floor of the cars or the dining-rooms in the effete despotisms, or who is in any other way vulgar, ill-mannered, and disgusting, is not in these performances an American; he is merely not a gentleman. The Fountain of Vaucluse is by no means so imposing a spectacle as Niagara, the Hudson is a far nobler river than the Tiber, and —— is a much larger, richer, more enterprising town than Athens, while as for Bethlehem or Jerusalem—! Yet to sneer at Vaucluse or the Tiber or Athens or Jerusalem for any such reason is the mark of the Pedlingtonian, not of the American.

A nation, like an individual, is known by its ideals, its aims, its characteristic qualities. If it is wholly satisfied with a material prosperity, if it measures success by money, if its great men are merely its rich men, if it neglects intellectual and spiritual cultivation, insists upon being flattered, and derides as an alien the citizen who refuses to be the parasite and courtier of a mob, it is not a nation which has yet comprehended the secret of national grandeur, nor can it yet truly understand the motives, the spirit, or the hopes of the fathers of the Revolution and their sons of the civil war.

Editor's Study.

I.

THE "Library of American Literature," which Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss E. M. Hutchinson have compiled, promises to be one of the worthiest works of the kind attempted; in fact, there is nothing quite of its kind in the same field. This, in the three volumes already published, reaches from the earliest dates in Virginia and New England up and down the thirteen Revolutionary colonies, and in the seven to follow it will broaden over our whole continent. No reviewer, not even the omniscient presence of the Study, can pretend to know this field so well as the editors of the Library; and one has one's conscience in proposing to say how extremely faithful, thorough, and judicious the performance of their task has been. Of the narratives of adventure by the first explorers and settlers which so largely compose the literature of the seventeenth century one might have something intelligent and authoritative to say, but how easily one's innocence of all the contemporaneous sermoning might be abused! We cannot suffer ourselves in praising this part of the selection to go beyond recognition of an entirely satisfactory appearance. Heaven only knows whether our editors have been truly representative or not in it, and the truth is likely to remain in their keeping; no one will have the hardihood to call upon them for the proof that those old divines were drier and tougher than the chosen morsels show them.

Drier and tougher we will freely grant they might very well be in the whole body of their polemics and theology; but here one feels a charm in their obsolete opinions as well as their archaic diction.

There is little savor of literature in them; they were ponderously learned, they were prodigiously devout, and awfully in earnest, but the graces did not hover about their style. Even with the masters of it, English prose was then still in the hippopotamic stage; the newspaper humorist had not yet arisen to give it the gazelle-like movement in which it now disports itself; and the New England divines wrote as they thought, heavily, intricately. Yet they imparted to their sermons the sincerity of their daily lives, and perhaps it is this which now interests and touches in the passages given from their writings. One is aware of it in the reluctant flow of the periods of Thomas Shepard, John Norton, John Eliot, James Noyes, and the elder Mather; in the neat, clear simplicity of Thomas Hooker, and in the searching and powerful appeals of Roger Williams. The words of the last are full of the sweetness and light of toleration, that highest gift of the Divine Mercy to mankind; and He who sends His rain upon the just and the unjust, and had lifted up His countenance and made it to shine upon His servant, while all about him those who would fain have been His saints wandered in error more cruel and dismal than the forests that blackened their New England shores, endowed him artistically beyond most of them. From Williams the editors give the dialogue on Persecution between Truth and Peace from his *Bloody Tenant yet more Bloody*, and from the same tract his warning to John Endicott. When we remember that in the whole world the claim of the weaker to think differently from the stronger was then punishable with the stake and axe and gibbet, we can imagine the astounding boldness of his doctrine, and we can rightly value the courage and the conscience of the man who went into exile from exile rather than fail of the duty laid upon him. He was not more conscientious or courageous than the mistaken men whom he rebuked, but they were many and he was one, not only against them, but against the world. His words have power and meaning for a generation and a people who are still by no means guiltless of the sin he rebukes, and who have accepted toleration rather with their tongues than with their hearts; and if there had been nothing else written during the seventeenth century in America, we should have a claim through his words to a prime place in the literature of thought and humanity.

Besides these, there is much in the selections from the old theologians that one may read with pleasure to the historical sense at least. There is a very beautiful passage from Shepard in praise of his dead wife, which in its pathetic tenderness forms a truly dramatic contrast to the lurid gloom of his theology. The Puritans' impassioned belief in their pitiless and unjust God sometimes broke into a terrible poetry; but this is to be found oftener in their sermons than in their songs; these are of a dulness which not even the doctrine of predestination and election could ordinarily kindle to the heavenly flame. But one exception there certainly is, and that is Michael Wigglesworth's frightful conception of the "Day of Doom." His poem has scarcely won the fame that its imaginative qualities merit; or rather these have been eclipsed by the baleful power with which its error is enforced. But it is really a great poem, and altogether the most memorable thing that our Puritans did in poetry, with a sort of sweet, Chaucerian simplicity of phrase, and a curious tenderness working out from the heart tortured and perverted by its infernal doctrine. Once grant the doctrine, as we grant Dante his theological premises, and the fancies that follow from it have their proper literary charm, their pathos and their power. As a study of the human reason submitting itself to atrocious dogma, and operating by an insane logic to conclusions that defame the ideals of divine justice and mercy, it is also full of a dark fascination, which every reader of æsthetic sensibility must recognize.

II.

The writings of all those early New-Englanders have an Elizabethan raciness of diction which one tastes alike in the quaintness of Bradford's and Winslow's records of Plymouth, in the seriousness, sincerity, and credulity of Higginson, and in the ribaldry of the ungodly and unruly Thomas Morton of Merry Mount. One fond of tracing the origin of national traits and customs will find a pleasure in following to its far source in some of the New England and Virginia Englishmen of the seventeenth century the modern American fashion of booming a new country. The Rev. Francis Higginson does this in pleasing prose, and the good

William Morrell in deadly verse, for Massachusetts Bay; John Smith blows the trumpet for Jamestown, and for all Virginia Colonel Norwood, in his *Voyages*, sounds repeated blasts, while Master R. Rich praises the new land in as woful a ballad as any made to a mistress's eyebrow. Norwood has more than gleams of gayety, if one may not quite call it humor; his work has unquestionably literary quality, and we wish we could say as much for John Rolfe's wordy and scattering apology for marrying Pocahontas; but that has chiefly the quality of a very disagreeable self-righteousness.

The most valuable fact about the earliest American literature, which is not yet American of course, is that it so fully reflects the life of the time and place—the objective life of daring and adventure and hardship, and the subjective life tormented and maddened by abominable beliefs, with its struggles to escape from them. In Virginia these are not felt; there is a delightful freedom from them; but for this very reason the literature of that colony has a more superficial character; it lacks the depth as well as the gloom which characterizes the sermons and memoirs of New England.

Whether life more influences literature, or literature life, is a question we need not stop to dispute about here; they probably have a perfect balance of interaction at all times; but what one might certainly infer from this anthology of the Puritan literature is the Puritan life. If there were no other records of the state, of the civilization, which produced these writings, the general complexion of that life might be inferred here, and this gives a historical importance to the compilation which might be easily underrated. It would be a mistake to suppose that the Puritan life in New England was all psalms and sermons; enough is given to show that it had its reliefs, and to let the reader perceive that these were something of the nature and the general pleasurable effect of dancing in chains.

III.

This seems to be true rather of a later period than that of the first settlement; and when the divinity of the time got in its full work there came a sort of intellectual decay, such as followed the prevalence of Jesuitism in southern Europe. The writers of the early years of the eighteenth century are not comparable for grasp and freshness of thought to those who preceded them. For Williams and Hooker we have Increase and Cotton Mather, with their deadly creed rotted into a yet deadlier credulity that naturalized the devils from the other world in this, and affirmed the bodies of the living as well as the souls of the dead to be their prey. The Puritan minister degenerated into the Puritan priest, and Cotton Mather celebrating his remarkable providences and the deeds of the New England witches is as essentially monkish as any mediæval zealot recording the miracles of the saints and the sufferings of the fathers of the desert. "But I pray what will you say to this? Margaret Rule would sometimes have her jaws forcibly pulled open, whereupon something invisible would be poured down her throat; we all saw her swallow, and yet we saw her try all she could, by spitting, coughing, and shrieking, that she might not swallow; but one time the by-standers saw something of that odd liquor on the outside of her neck; she cried out of it, as of scalding brimstone poured into her, and the whole house would immediately scent so hot of brimstone that we were scarce able to endure it—whereof there are scores of witnesses. . . .The enchanted people talked much of a white spirit, from whence they received marvellous assistance in their miseries. What lately befell Mercy Short, from the communications of such a spirit, hath been the just wonder of us all; but by such a spirit was Margaret Rule now also visited. She says that she could never see his face, but that she had a frequent view of his bright, shining, and glorious garments; he stood by her bedside continually, heartening and comforting her, and counselling her to maintain her hope and faith in God, and never comply with the temptations of her adversaries."

Contrast these confessions of a gross and baseless superstition with the high and noble reasons of Roger Williams, and his appeals and warnings to the enemies of toleration, and you have some conception of the moral and intellectual lapse of New England. But we must not deny a charm of style in the relations of Mather. The language, if less sweet and fresh, is more flexible than before; the diction is simple and graphic. Modern spiritualism, so far as we can re-

member, has never expressed itself so attractively.

His literary skill was sufficiently recognized in his own time, when his superstition was not so offensive as it afterward became. The good Benjamin Tompson, in some verses prefixed to the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, demands:

"Is the bless'd Mather necromancer turned,
To raise his country's fathers' ashes urned?
Elisha's dust life to the dead imparts;
This prophet, by his more familiar arts,
Unseals our heroes' tombs and gives them air;
They rise, they walk, they talk, look wondrous fair;
Each of them in an orb of light doth shine,
In liveries of glory most divine."

To put one above Elisha is certainly not to rate him low; and the praise is a satirist's who lashed the luxury if not the vice of New England society, so soon did it begin to lose its simplicity, if not its innocence. The mutual admiration of the Bostonians, betrayed to the world by the most brilliant of their number in modern times, was of early date, and our editors give a poem by the Rev. John Norton in eulogy of Anne Bradstreet's poems which any literary lady of our time might be glad to merit:

"Her breast was a brave palace, a Broad-street"—

the reader will note the merry conceit in the play upon Mistress Bradstreet's name—

"Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where Nature such a tenement had ta'en
That others' souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.
Beneath her feet pale envy bites her chain,
And poison malice whets her sting in vain"—

much as they did at that time in all the polite countries of Europe; we were not outdone in allegory anywhere, and perhaps our poetry was no worse than most, if not so good as some. It was always a little below our prose, which at the date of this eulogy began to be rich in narratives of captivity among the Indians, plain, unaffected, and sometimes extremely moving, with a breath of real piety in them that is sometimes as beautiful as tedious, and that is saying a good deal. At the same time Samuel Sewall was holding the mirror up to society in New England in his delightful diary. The editors do well to give a long passage from it, and better still to copy into their Library the old judge's confession of his error in condemning the hapless persons accused of witchcraft—one of the most monumental things in human history, if we consider its heart-felt humility, and the circumstance of his standing up to take shame upon himself before the whole congregation while the Rev. Mr. Willard read it aloud.

IV.

After all, the Puritans lived their greatest things, and it would be less honor for them to have written them, as some other peoples have done, though the gain to literature might have been more. A tenderer love for their civilization than we can affect could not pretend that their literature was very entertaining, and it must be owned that some of the best and liveliest of it was not meant for print. We will not call Sewall's diary lively, though it is very good; but the editors quote from the journals of Madam Sarah Kemble Knight the account of her journey from Boston to New York in 1704, which is both lively and good. It shows touch; and that such easy, vigorous writing should be in a private diary suggests at least a growing literary temperament among the Bostonians of the time. In Connecticut they were trying the metrical stops then fashionable in the mother country, and Roger Wolcott described a storm at sea as any poet of Grub Street might have done it:

"Here the ship captain in the midnight watch
Stamps on the deck and thunders up the hatch,
And to the mariners aloud he cries:
'Now all from safe recumbency arise!
All hands aloft, and stand well to your tack!
Engend'ring storms have clothed the world with black;
Big tempests threaten to undo the world:
Down topsail; let the mainsail soon be furled,'"

and so on. "Safe recumbency" was perhaps not just the phrase the captain used, but it is mighty fine, and we know there are many still who love the high literary way best; for the rest, one recognizes the true old sea-dog diction in the stirring appeal to the safely recumbent mariners.

The editors are obliged all through this early period of our literary history to extend the citizenship with a generosity worthy of the workers of a close campaign on the eve of election. They are able, on account of his long residence in Rhode Island, to naturalize George Berkeley among us, wholly to the gain of their readers. But the great powers of Jonathan Edwards were native here, and we can be rightfully proud of them beside any question of the use he put them to. He might almost be called the last, as he was certainly the greatest, of the Puritan theologues, and from his lofty narrowness

the record broadens down to the genial and fruitful levels—immeasurable in some of their reaches, and everywhere habitable for human nature—of Ben Franklin. He is still one of the greatest literary Americans, and with the other writers and orators who made the Revolution and the nation he gave us a real literary epoch—partly without knowing it, being bent upon better things than literature. We need not catalogue these men; their names are on every school-boy's tongue from generation to generation; but we wish the reader to observe qualities in Francis Hopkinson, for instance, which are of the first literary importance. The editors give, among other things from him, a sketch called "Benedick the Married Man," which is in the right spirit of very much of the most American humor since. His verse is always very neat and clever, but this sketch of a Philadelphia merchant's journey to New York with his family is of a lively fidelity which the realism of a later time could not easily surpass. The most astonishing thing about it is that so accomplished a writer should have stooped so low as to touch a subject next his hand. There are people in our day who would have had him avoid it on that account.

V.

The third volume, which is mainly devoted to the Revolutionary period, is too rich in its variety to be treated specifically, or even to be touched at all points. It is, like the others, admirably expressive of the contemporary life and character, and with these it forms so really a library of American literature up to the beginning of our century that acquaintance with it would possess the reader fairly well with a sense of the nature and scope of that literature. A work done so judiciously cannot have been easy to do, and it probably has not excluded all the errors which might have been avoided; but we gladly leave their detection to others. In fact—we will whisper it in the reader's ear—we have not the material for a very critical examination of its shortcomings; and we have derived from this charming compilation a more comprehensive knowledge of the literary periods it embraces than we had before—we had almost said than we hope to have again. But that would not be quite true, for the impression of the work that remains is something delightful as concerns its matter, and something thoroughly respectful as concerns the editors' labors. In their brief introduction they give us at once the right point of view, and then they make haste to stand out of the way and let us enjoy a prospect of American literature which could hardly have been more complete, and which, whatever it leaves unshown, certainly seems to leave nothing unsuggested.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 15th of June. —Important bills passed by Congress during the month are as follows: Pension Appropriation, Senate, May 17th (approved by the President June 7th); Department of Agriculture, House, May 21st; Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation, House, May 21st, Senate, June 6th; to establish a department of labor, Senate, May 22d (approved by the President June 13th); Post-office Appropriation, House, May 24th, Senate, June 14th.

The reduction of the national debt during May amounted to $1,618,695 96.

The nomination of Robert B. Roosevelt as Minister to the Netherlands was confirmed by the Senate May 16th, and of Lieutenant-General Philip H. Sheridan as General, June 1st.

Randall L. Gibson was elected United States Senator by the Louisiana Legislature May 23d, Edward D. White, May 31st, and Jonathan Chace by the Rhode Island Legislature June 12th.

The National Democratic Convention assembled in St. Louis June 5th; Prohibition, in Indianapolis, May 30th; Union Labor, in Cincinnati, May 15th; United Labor, in Cincinnati, May 15th; Equal Rights, in Des Moines, May 15th. The candidates nominated for President and Vice-President respectively are as follows: Democratic, Grover Cleveland, of New York, and Allen Granberry Thurman, of Ohio; Prohibition, Clinton B. Fisk, of New Jersey, and John A. Brooks, of Missouri; Union Labor, A. J. Streeter, of Illinois, and Charles E. Cunningham, of Arkansas; United Labor, Robert H. Cowdrey, of Illinois, and W. H. T. Wakefield, of Kansas; Equal Rights, Belva A. Lockwood, of Washington, and Alfred H. Love, of Pennsylvania (declined).

In the election in Oregon, June 4th, the Republican plurality was about 7000.

A ballot reform bill was passed during the

session of the Massachusetts Legislature which closed May 29th.

Governor Hill, of New York, signed the bill for executions by electricity June 4th, and vetoed the Ballot Reform Bill June 11th.

William II. (Friedrich Wilhelm Victor Albrecht von Hohenzollern), third German Emperor and King of Prussia, succeeded his father, the late Frederick III., June 15th.

The law substituting quinquennial for triennial sessions of the Prussian Landtag was officially published June 7th.

Graf Zedlitz-Trützschler was appointed, June 14th, to succeed Herr von Puttkamer, Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council and Prussian Minister of the Interior (resigned June 8th).

The Irish Catholic members of Parliament issued a manifesto, May 17th, declining to recognize the right of the Holy See to interfere with the Irish people in the management of their political affairs. The manifesto was indorsed by the National League May 24th.

A motion by General Boulanger for urgency on the question of the revision of the Constitution and the dissolution of the Chambers was rejected by the Chamber of Deputies June 4th.

The Panama Lottery Loan Bill passed the French Senate June 5th.

Lord Lansdowne, the new Viceroy of India, has been succeeded as Governor-General of Canada by Lord Stanley of Preston.

The first train passed over the Transcaspian Railway to Samarcand May 27th.

DISASTERS.

May 15*th.*—Eleven persons reported killed in a collision on the Moscow and Kursk Railway.

June 4*th.*—Eighteen persons killed and forty-one injured in a railway accident near Tampico, Mexico.—Eleven lives lost in the burning of the Mundine Hotel in Rockdale, Texas.

News confirmed of floods on the Canton River, China. Two thousand persons estimated to have perished.

OBITUARY.

May 15*th.*—In New York, E. H. Davis, the archæologist, aged seventy-seven years.

May 19*th.*—In New York, Rev. Dr. William Ferdinand Morgan, aged seventy years.

June 6*th.*—In New York, Thomas McElrath, the first publisher of the *Tribune*, aged eighty-one years.

June 7*th.*—In Paris, Marshal Edmond Lebœuf, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

June 8*th.*—In Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke, aged seventy-eight years.

June 9*th.*—In London, Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle, Bart., aged seventy-seven years.

June 10*th.*—The Right Honorable Edward Robert King-Harman, Under-Secretary for Ireland, aged fifty years.

June 15*th.*—In Potsdam, Prussia, Frederick III. (Friedrich Wilhelm Nicolaus Karl von Hohenzollern), second German Emperor and King of Prussia, aged fifty-six years.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE used to be a notion going round that it would be a good thing for people if they were more "self-centred." Perhaps there was talk of adding a course to the college curriculum, in addition to that for training the all-competent "journalist" for the self-centring of the young. To apply the term to a man or woman was considered highly complimentary. The advisers of this state of mind probably meant to suggest a desirable equilibrium and mental balance; but the actual effect of the self-centred training is illustrated by a story told of Thomas H. Benton, who had been described as an egotist by some of the newspapers. Meeting Colonel Frank Blair one day, he said: "Colonel Blair, I see that the newspapers call me an egotist. I wish you would tell me frankly, as a friend, if you think the charge is true." "It is a very direct question, Mr. Benton," replied Colonel Blair, "but if you want my honest opinion, I am compelled to say that I think there is some foundation for the charge." "Well, sir," said Mr. Benton, throwing his head back and his chest forward, "the difference between me and these little fellows is that I have an EGO!" Mr. Benton was an interesting man, and it is a fair consideration if a certain amount of egotism does not add to the interest of any character, but at the same time the self-centred conditions shut a person off from one of the chief enjoyments to be got out of this world, namely, a recognition of what is admirable in others in a toleration of peculiarities. It is odd, almost amusing, to note how in this country people of one section apply their local standards to the judgment of people in other sections, very much as an Englishman uses his insular yardstick to measure all the rest of the world. It never seems to occur to people in one locality that the manners and speech of those of another may be just as admirable as their own, and they get a good deal of discomfort out of their intercourse with strangers by reason of their inability to adapt themselves to any ways not their own. It helps greatly to make this country interesting that nearly every State has its peculiarities, and that the inhabitants of different sections differ in manner and speech. But next to an interesting person in social value is an agreeable one, and it would add vastly to the agreeableness of life if our widely spread provinces were not so self-centred in their notion that their own way is the best, to the degree that they criticise any deviation from it as an ec-

centricity. It would be a very nice world in these United States if we could all devote ourselves to finding out in communities what is likable rather than what is opposed to our experience; that is, in trying to adapt ourselves to others rather than insisting that our own standard should measure our opinion and our enjoyment of them.

When the Kentuckian describes a man as a "high-toned gentleman" he means exactly the same that a Bostonian means when he says that a man is a "very good fellow," only the men described have a different culture, a different personal flavor; and it is fortunate that the Kentuckian is not like the Bostonian, for each has a quality that makes intercourse with him pleasant. In the South many people think they have said a severe thing when they say that a person or manner is thoroughly Yankee; and many New-Englanders intend to express a considerable lack in what is essential when they say of men and women that they are very Southern. When the Yankee is produced he may turn out a cosmopolitan person of the most interesting and agreeable sort; and the Southerner may have traits and peculiarities, growing out of climate and social life unlike the New England, which are altogether charming. The Drawer talked with a Western man of considerable age and experience who had the placid mind that is sometimes, and may more and more become, the characteristic of those who live in flat countries of illimitable horizons, who said that New-Yorkers, State and city, all had an assertive sort of smartness that was very disagreeable to him. And a lady of New York (a city whose dialect the novelists are beginning to satirize) was much disturbed by the flatness of speech prevailing in Chicago, and thought something should be done in the public schools to correct the pronunciation of English. There doubtless should be a common standard of distinct, rounded, melodious pronunciation, as there is of good-breeding, and it is quite as important to cultivate the voice in speaking as in singing, but the people of the United States let themselves be immensely irritated by local differences and want of toleration of sectional peculiarities. The truth is that the agreeable people are pretty evenly distributed over the country, and one's enjoyment of them is heightened not only by their differences of manner, but by the different ways in which they look at life, unless he insists upon applying everywhere the yardstick of his own locality. If the Boston woman sets her eyeglasses at a critical angle toward the *laisser faire* flow of social amenity in New Orleans, and the New Orleans woman seeks out only the prim and conventional in Boston, each may miss the opportunity to supplement her life by something wanting and desirable in it, to be gained by the exercise of more openness of mind and toleration. To some people Yankee thrift is disagreeable; to others, Southern shiftlessness is intolerable. To some travellers the negro of the South, with his tropical nature, his capacity for picturesque attitudes, his abundant trust in Providence, is an element of restfulness; and if the chief object of life is happiness, the traveller may take a useful hint from the race whose utmost desire, in a fit climate, would be fully satisfied by a shirt and a banana-tree. But to another traveller the dusky, careless race is a continual affront.

If a person is born with an "Ego," and gets the most enjoyment out of the world by trying to make it revolve about himself, and cannot make allowances for differences, the Drawer has nothing to say except to express pity for such a self-centred condition, which shuts him out of the never-failing pleasure there is in entering into and understanding with sympathy the almost infinite variety in American life.

A PROFESSIONAL SECRET.

At a recent meeting of the Westchester County Court, New York, a case was on trial as to the cost of maintaining a cow, and the value derived from said cow in milk and butter. The opposing counsel was cross-examining one of the witnesses, and the following took place:

Counsel. "Mr. Clark, you say it costs from seventy to seventy-five dollars a year to maintain a cow. What do you consider the value of the milk and butter of one cow for a year?"

Witness. "About sixty-five to seventy dollars, sir."

Counsel. "Then, according to that statement, it costs five dollars a year more to maintain a cow than the value of her production. Will you please tell me where the profit of the milk business comes in?"

Witness. "Watering the milk, sir."

And the counsel for once was staggered when he heard the truth.

THE OLD STORY.

You may call it flirtation, or what not,
  But I don't see that I was to blame.
How could I know that you loved me,
  When you never once mentioned the same?
I've walked in the starlight with many,
  And have risked my life on the bay,
Yet among them I've never found any
  But had something decided to say.

You thought that your silence had told me?
  The silence that's golden we've heard;
But the girl of to-day prefers silver,
  Coined into words sweet and absurd;
There are lovers whom there's no mistaking,
  Whose language leaves no one in doubt;
There are others who leave one's heart aching
  For a word there's no living without.

But since the sweet year has grown older,
  And you've failed as a special pleader,
Shall I be left out in the cold, sir,
  Because I was not a mind-reader?
You blame me, I think, without reason:
  If you really had something to say,
What matters the time or the season?
  Why can't we be happy—to-day?



NOT A PRODIGY HIMSELF.

Miss Prettyman. "And here's one called 'Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue.' What does that mean?"
Mr. Asstra (*with some hesitation*). "Oh—er—yes; that means the return of the infant prodigy."

A WONDERFUL RAILROAD.

When the railway was first opened between Moscow and St. Petersburg it was an object of great terror to the superstitious peasantry of northern Russia, who thought there must certainly be some witchcraft or magic in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour, when the best speed of the wagons to which they were accustomed was only three miles an hour, or four at the very outside.

Some of them would not even go within sight of a train, and made the sign of the cross whenever they heard one rattle past. Others peeped timidly over the palisade of the railway station to catch a glimpse of the fearful smoke-breathing creature, which they believed to be a living monster, and when the steam-whistle sounded they cried out, "Hear him screaming! He's hungry, and wants to eat somebody!" and took to their heels at once.

But little by little this terror began to wear away. The village priests were seen to go to and fro by train, and the simple country folk thought that what *they* did could not be wrong. By degrees the peasants themselves began to try the "smoke-wagons" too, and one day an old man named Ivan Petrovitch Masloff, who had never been out of his own village till then, made up his mind to go and have a look at "Mother Moscow," which all Russian peasants reverence as the finest city in the world, and the real capital of Russia.

Now it happened that the down express and the up express met each other at the station of Bologoë (midway between Moscow and St. Petersburg), where the passengers of both trains stopped half an hour to have supper. Among the crowd of people that got out of the other train Ivan suddenly recognized an old friend. The two went into the refreshment-room together, had a chat over their steaming tumblers of tea and lemon juice, and then Ivan, without thinking of what he was doing, got into his friend's train instead of his own, and was soon travelling back toward the spot whence he had started.

Their talk went on merrily for a while, for Ivan's friend never thought of asking the old man which way he was going. But presently Ivan began to grow silent and grave, as if pondering something which puzzled him very much; and at length, after sitting for nearly

five minutes without uttering a word, he suddenly broke out:

"Ah, Pavel Yurievitch" (Paul, son of George), "what a wonderful thing these railroads are, to be sure! Here am I going to Moscow, and here are you going to St. Petersburg, and yet we're both travelling in the same car!"

DAVID KER.

A LULL ON THE FISHERMEN'S BENCH.

EAST of Newport, and all within sound of the guns that boom now and then, may be found a delightful resort dear especially to the bass fishermen and the lovers of repose. The long summer nap may be relieved only by the bleat of a calf, the tune of the rooster, or the lies of the fishermen. Against the corn-crib of the primitive boarding-house stands a long low bench, known for many years as the "Liars' Retreat," where yarns are spun that would shame the most elegant prevaricator and obscure a mid-day sun.

One day a deep lull fell on the fishermen's bench. Some one had caught a bass before dinner that fouled the anchor rope, and dragged boat, anchor, and everything three miles against wind and tide, with the boat's nose so far under water that the man had to climb half-way up the mast to bail her out. The field for bass stories grew suddenly circumscribed, so the conversation drifted.

"What is the effect," asked the writer, in a general way, "of the salt grass around here on cattle, milk, etc.?"

"Waal," said an old farmer present, whose stock all fed on salt grass, "ye wouldn't s'pose 'twould have 's much as it does; but I've ben a-makin' tons an' tons o' butter for the las' forty years, an' I never had to use a pint o' salt in it in my life." The fishermen all looked up. "An' what's more," continued the Yankee, "I can always slaughter my cattle, cut 'em up jes as they air into corned-beef, and sell it, as I've ben a-doing for years an' years."

When the writer came to, only the farmer and himself were on the bench. The fishermen were down on the rocks, butting their heads against the cliff.

"B'gosh!" said the farmer, shutting up his jack-knife and moving off, "them city fishermen carn't stuff enny of their darn nonsense daown my throat!"

F. E. P.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

THE late Deacon C——, of Hartford, was noted for the prominence of his facial features. He lived in the days when a fireman's parade was an annual affair, when the steamer was unknown, when fifty men and more formed a company for each machine. On the eventful day we have in mind, the firemen, mustering a large force, with invited guests from out of town, marched in open order up Main Street, reaching from curb to curb. The line extended from the South Green to the Old State-house Square. The bands were playing, the drums beating. The marshal of the day was riding before the line with all the dignity of his position, when suddenly he noticed Deacon C—— standing on the curb with arms akimbo and his figure bending forward to take in the entire procession. The marshal instantly ordered the line to halt; then riding up to the deacon, he respectfully requested him to take in that nose of his, so that the procession could pass by.

A POINTED HINT.

CLERGYMEN should be brief and to the point. A Boston clergyman once had a broad hint to that effect.

"We would like to have you short when you marry us," said a prospective bridegroom, "because we are going West."

"How soon after the ceremony will you start?" asked the clergyman.

"In about a week," was the reply.

Then the minister realized he had a reputation as one possessing the gift of continuance.

A VIRGINIA METAPHOR.

THIS is somehow a figure that lingers in the imagination:

In a Virginia church, at the end of a revival, there were three persons who were expected to unite with the church. Only two were present; the third, quite an old lady, was prevented by the inclemency of the evening. A lay brother was called on to pray, which he did very fervently, "especially for the sister with one foot in the grave and the other galloping on to eternity."



A SUGGESTION.

FIRST ARTIST. "Old Bung, the plumber, has asked me to get up a coat of arms for him. What would you suggest?"

SECOND ARTIST (*who had some dealings with Bung last winter*). "Don't you think a toucan rampant would be very appropriate?"



A MERE TRIFLE.

MAMMA. "What's the matter, precious? Mabel, you naughty child, what have you been doing to your poor little sister?"

MABEL (*virtuously and defiantly*). "Nothing!"

MAMMA. "You have! I know you have!"

MABEL. "I only told her she's got to die some day, and she says she won't."

MODUS OPERANDI.

SHE sailed at the sea-shore with Guy;
She drove at the mountains with Ned.
"For the sea or the hills did she sigh?"
She was asked when the season had sped.

She captured them both with her wiles,
The minx. Thus she framed her reply:
To Ned 'twas, "The latter," with smiles;
"Thalatta," with blushes, to Guy. A. M. S.

A GOOD REASON.

PUBLIC sentiment in Texas is not a unit in favor of free schools. A Houston man remarked recently, while discussing the free-school question:

"Nothing could induce me to allow my boy to enter a free school."

"You would hire a private teacher, I suppose?" remarked one of the hearers.

"No, indeed, not I."

"Then your boy is sickly?"

"No, he is not sickly."

"Because you don't want your boy to be smarter than his daddy?"

"No, it's not that."

"Well, what is the reason you object to your boy attending the free school?"

"I have several reasons, but the principal one is that I have no boy."



A DROP IN EGGS.

FRIEND (*on foot*). "Mawnin', Unc' Jeems. How's de worl' a-usin' ob you?"

UNC' JEEMS (*dolefully*). "I's enj'yin' mighty po' luck, Br'er. Dat fool muel done got skeered dis mawnin', 'n' jiggled de ole woman 'n' de basket o' aigs out'n ober de wheel, 'n'—

FRIEND (*excitedly*). "D-did it broke de a-aigs?"

UNC' JEEMS (*ruefully*). "Ya-as, bruk de aigs, 'n' de ole woman's laigs, 'n' dey's wuth thirty cents a dozen dis bressed instinct!"

REVISED ANECDOTES.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND THE QUEEN.

BAD weather held London in its strong grip, and as her Majesty's state chair had been sent to the chair shop to have a new set of springs put in, it became necessary for the Queen to walk to Parliament, to leave her regular morning order for the state executioner. The gallant Raleigh, who was at that time occupying the exalted station of Escort Extraordinary and Gold-Stick-in-Waiting to the Queen, in accordance with the duties of his office, offered his arm to Elizabeth, and they twain, preceded by six trumpeters, and followed by three pieces of artillery and a thousand small boys, set out in the pouring rain. As umbrellas had not been invented at that period, Raleigh sheltered himself from the torrent beneath the water-proof ruff her Majesty wore about her neck, while Elizabeth was granted the sole satisfaction for the soaking she received by ordering the clerk of the weather to the block. The journey passed without incident worthy of note until the party reached the corner opposite the Parliament buildings, where it was found that a mud-puddle of extraordinary dimensions—a puddle worthy of the Elizabethan age—had gathered unto itself the larger part of the street.

"By my halidom," quoth the Queen, "but this puddle hath extraordinary depth! Methinks 'twere well that we return, and defer the executions until the morrow."

"Not so, my liegess," said Raleigh, turning to one of his retainers and seizing his cloak; "'twere better far that my friend here should sacrifice his habit to thy necessity. Never shall it be said that while a Raleigh stood by, the Queen of England was balked of her determination or wet her ankles in pursuit of her ambition!"

Saying which, the courtier threw his retainer's cloak upon the surface of the puddle, and her Majesty, stepping lightly upon it, reached the other side without wetting her feet. Elizabeth never forgot Raleigh's gallantry; but as for the retainer who lost his habit, he likewise lost his head for saying in the Queen's hearing that, "since Raleigh had so many bad habits, he thought it hard that he should lose his to demonstrate what a tailor-made courtier Raleigh could be when he tried."

DR. JOHNSON'S READY RETORT.

Dr. Johnson, like many others in his day, found it necessary upon occasions to patronize a grocer. At one time in his career he had through inadvertence allowed his account with a worthy Fleet Street shopkeeper to run up to £3 10*s.* 6*d.*, and was greatly embarrassed one morning when Boswell entered his room and said, "Doctor, the grocer is down-stairs with his bill, and says he wants it paid."

Unfortunately the doctor had but tenpence in his pocket at the time, but his ready wit never deserted him. Lifting himself slowly from his pillow, he fixed his cold, glittering eye upon Boswell, and said, without a tremor, "Tell him to call again."

The effect of this retort upon the grocer may be easily imagined.

HOW STEELE CIRCUMVENTED THE BEGGAR.

Richard Steele was accustomed to meet a very importunate beggar in the course of his tramps along Fleet Street, and finally tiring of the fellow's constantly repeated tale of trouble, Steele rushed up to him one morning and cried, before the beggar had time to begin the recital of his woes: "You are just the man I've been looking for. Could you conveniently lend me five bob this morning?"

The beggar ever thereafter sought to avoid rather than cultivate the popular Richard.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



"WITH SINGING AND DANCING, IN PLEASURE ADVANCING TO CELEBRATE HARVEST-HOME."
From drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See poem "Harvest-Home."]

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OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

First Paper.

IT was not without misgiving that we contemplated our journey into Scotland. We knew very little about the country. We had heard of Highlands and Lowlands, of Melrose and Stirling, but for our lives we could not have pointed them out on the map. The rest of our knowledge was made up of confused impressions of Hearts of Midlothian and Painters' Camps in the Highlands, Macbeths and Kidnappers, Skye terriers and Shetland shawls, blasted heaths and hills of mist, Rob Roys and Covenanters; and, added to these, positive convictions of an unbroken Scotch silence, and of endless breakfasts of oatmeal, dinners of haggis, and suppers of whiskey. Hot whiskey punch is a good thing in its way, and at times, but not as a steady diet. Oatmeal we think an abomination. And as for haggis—well, we only knew it as it was once described to us by a poet: the stomach of some animal filled with all sorts of unpleasant things and then sewed up. The prospect was not inviting.

It will be easily understood that we could not plan a route out of our ignorance and prejudice. It remained to choose a guide, and our choice, I hardly know why, fell upon Dr. Johnson. Every one must remember—I say this, though we did not know it until we looked into the matter—that Dr. Johnson met Boswell in Edinburgh, and in his company journeyed up the east coast as far as Inverness, then across the Highlands to the west, and so to the Hebrides, coming back by way of Inverary, Loch Lomond, and Glasgow. We, however, reversed the order of their journey, going to the Western Islands first, and coming home along the east coast. It looked a long journey on the map, and seemed a weary one in the pages of Boswell and Johnson; but, as if this were not bad enough, we made up our minds, for the sake of novelty, to walk.

Of our preparations for the journey I will say nothing. We carried less than Stanley, and more than the average tramp. We took many things which we ought not to have taken, and we left behind many things which we ought to have taken. But this matters little, since our advice to all about to start on a walking tour is—*Don't.*

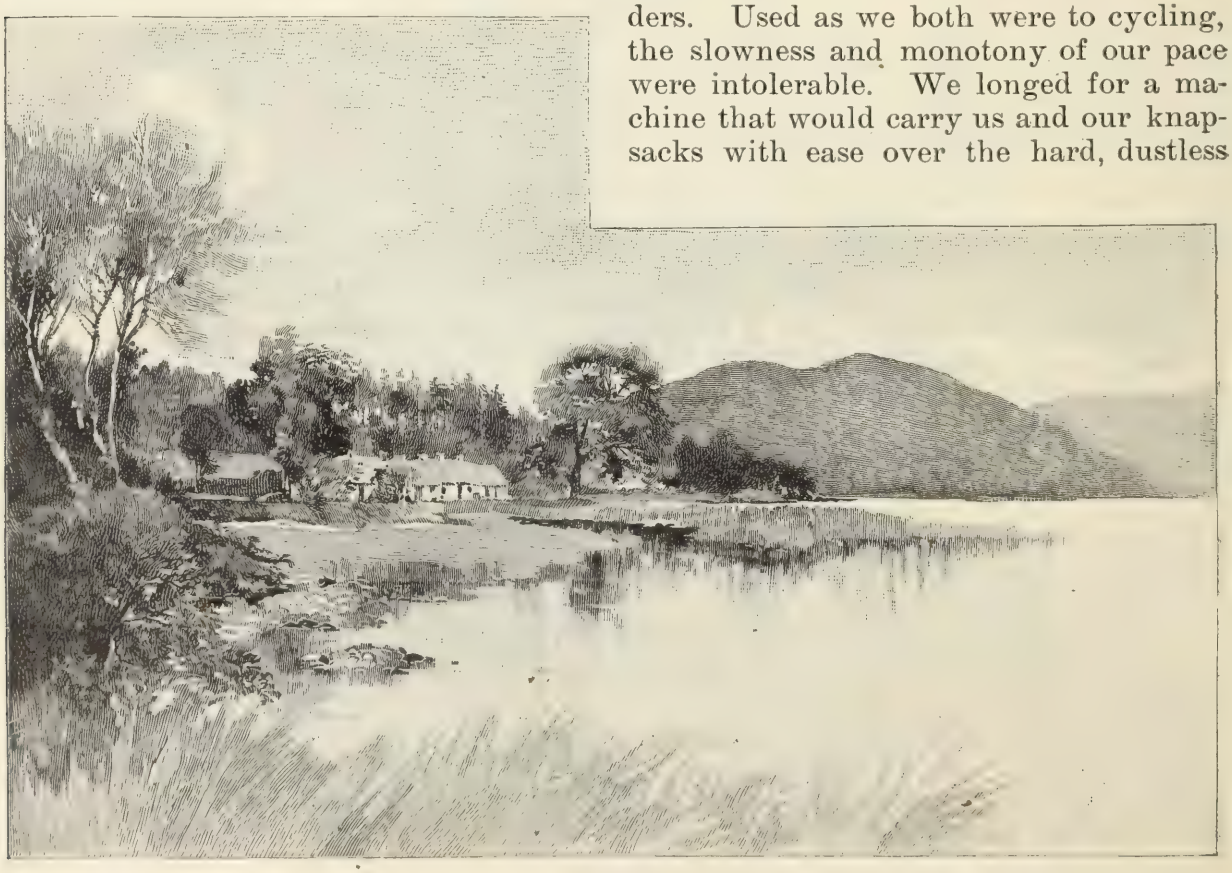
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Our way led through Edinburgh and Glasgow, and then through Kilpatrick to Dumbarton, when we left the Clyde to follow the Leven. It was just beyond the town we first saw Ben-Lomond, a blue shadow on the horizon when the clouds were heavy above; a high bare mountain, seamed and riven, when the sun shone upon it. We lost sight of it in a succession of long stupid villages; on the shady road, where the trees met overhead, we could see it again through the net-work of branches. Clouds were low on its heights, and a veil of soft light rain fell before it when, having left our knapsacks in the inn at Balloch, we rowed up the Leven—a little quiet river between low woods and flat meadow-land—to Loch Lomond. It was the first Scotch lake we saw, and we thought it very like any other lake.

We were off by eight in the morning. It was clear and cool, like an October day at home. Our road lay for a while close to the loch, then turned and went round the parks and lawns that sloped gently to the shore, so that it was only over a stone wall or through a gap in the hedge we could see the blue water and the wooded islands. We were now on the fighting ground of the Colquhoun and the Macgregor, we learned from Black, who—we know it to our cost—is a better guide to the romance and history of Scotland than to its roads. It is but poor comfort, when you ask for a good route, to be given a quotation.

Rob Roy is the hero of Loch Lomond, and if you cross—as we did not—to the other side, you may see his cave and his prison and a lot of his other belongings. But I think that which is best worth seeing on the loch is the Colquhoun's village of Luss, with its neat substantial cottages and trim gardens. In the Highlands you can have your fill of tales of outlaws and massacres and horrors. But it is not every day you come to a village like this, where men are allowed to live a little better than their beasts.

At the Colquhoun Arms in Luss we ate our lunch, and that was our undoing. It left us in a mood for lounging, and we had still eight miles to go. We found it harder work the second day than the first. Our knapsacks weighed like lead, and did not grow lighter; each mile seemed interminable. This was the more provoking because with every step the way grew lovelier. Almost all afternoon we were within sight of the loch, while on our left the mountains now rose from the very road-side, and hedges gave place to hillsides of ferns and heather-patched bowlders. Used as we both were to cycling, the slowness and monotony of our pace were intolerable. We longed for a machine that would carry us and our knapsacks with ease over the hard, dustless



TARBET, LOCH LOMOND.



GLENCROE.

road. For one mile we tried to keep each other in countenance. J—— was the first to rebel openly. The Highlands were a fraud, he declared; the knapsack was an infernal nuisance, and he was a fool to carry it. About three miles from Tarbet he sat down and refused to go any further.

Just then, by chance, there came a drag full of young girls, and when they saw us they laughed and passed by on the other side. And likewise a dog-cart, and the man driving, when he first saw us, waved his hand, taking us to be friends; but when he was at the place, and looked at us, he also passed by on the other side. But two tricyclers, as they journeyed, came where we were, and when they saw us they had compassion on us, and came to us and gathered up our knapsacks, and set them on their machines, and brought them to the inn and took care of them. And yet there are many who think cyclers nothing but cads on casters!

To tell the truth, had these two men been modern Rob Roys, we would have yielded up our knapsacks as cheerfully, nor would we have sorrowed never to see them again.

As we went on our way lightly and even gayly, we came to the inn at Tarbet, and were received by a waiter in a dress-coat. It was a big hotel low down by the loch, with Ben-Lomond for opposite neighbor. The company at dinner was made up of Englishmen and English women. But everybody talked to everybody else. An Englishman, it seems, becomes civilized in the Highlands. There, those he sits down with at dinner, as is the way with Frenchmen, are his friends; at home, he would look upon them as his enemies.

After dinner we went to walk with the cyclers. As a great theatrical moon came sailing up through the sky behind Ben-Lomond, one told us, in broad Scotch, how from the Jungfrau he had once watched the moon rise, and at the sight had bur-r-r-st into tee-eers. But just then, had I wept at all, it must have been from sheer weariness, so I turned my back upon the beauty of the evening, and went to bed.

It was well on toward noon the next day before we were on our way.

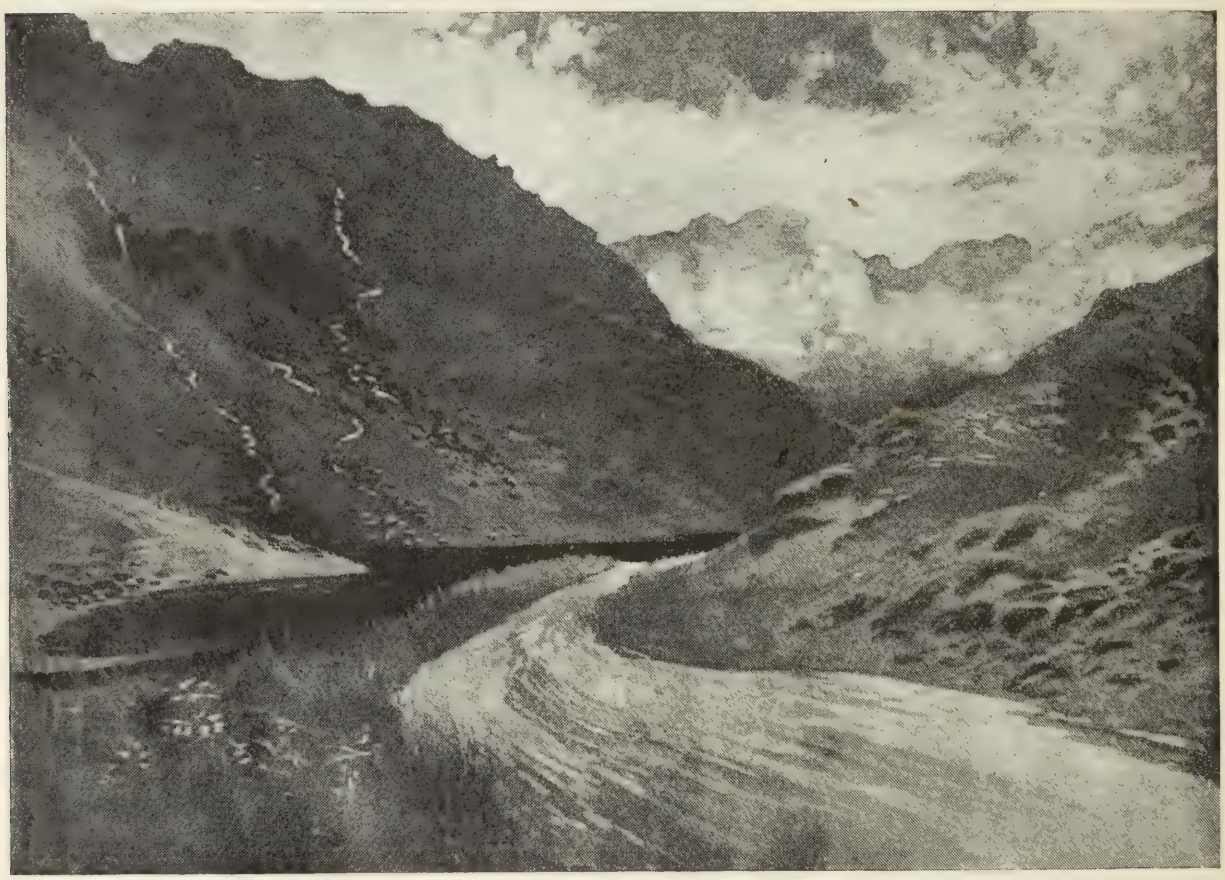
"It looks like business," said a young lady feeding a pet donkey, as she saw us start.

"It feels like it, too," said I, dolefully, for the knapsacks were no lighter, and our feet were tender after the sixteen miles of the day before.

It was two easy miles to Arrochar, a village of white cottages and a couple of inns, one with a tap, the other with a temperance sign. Here we were ferried across Loch Long by a fisherman sad as his native hills. It was a wretched season, he told us; there were few people about. On the west side of the loch the road was wild, and soon turned up to Glencroe. At the lower end of the pass sheep browsed on the hill-sides, and in tiny fields men and women were cutting grass. The few cottages were new. But these things we left behind when the road began to wind upward in short sudden curves. It was shut in on both sides by mountains; the sun glittered on their sheer precipices, and on the hundreds of watercourses with which their slopes were seamed. The way was steep, but at last we made a short-cut up to the stone known, out of compliment to Wordsworth, as "Rest and be Thankful."

In this lonely place a little loch lies dark and peaceful among the hills. Restil its name is. I do not know what it means, but it has a pretty sound. Nothing could be more monotonous than the long stretch of road which, beyond Loch Restil, sets out to follow Kinglas Water in a straight unbroken line almost to the shores of Loch Fyne.

It was one of those hot, misty days which are not rare during the short Highland summer. The mountains were shrouded in a burning white haze. The loch was like glass. On its opposite shore, Inverary, white and shining, was reflected in its waters; and close by, at the foot of the hills, the turreted castle of the Argylls stood out strongly against the dark wood.

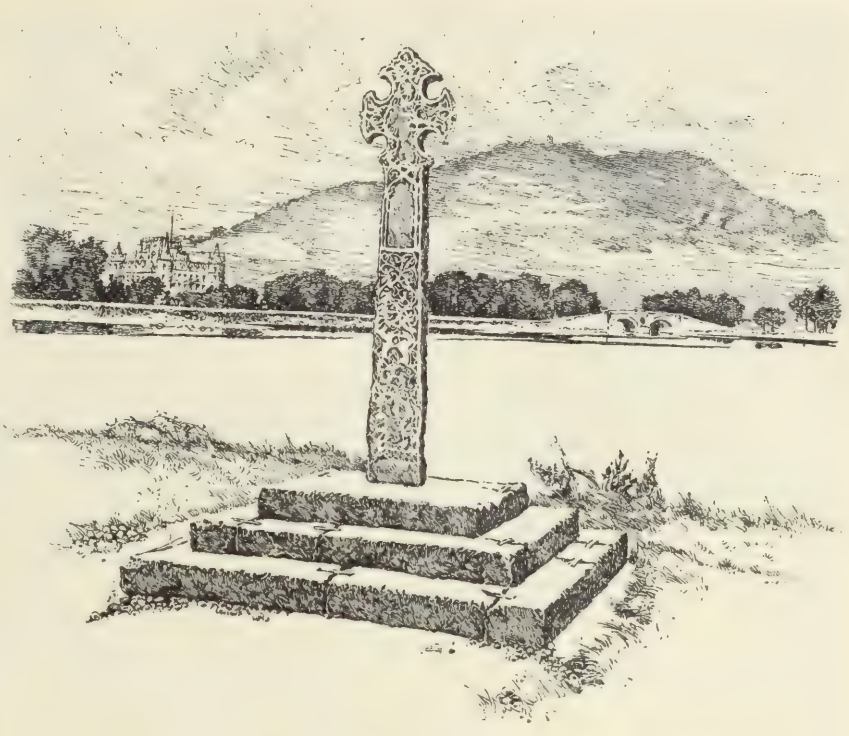


LOCH RESTIL.

In Inverary we made up our minds to go to Dalmally by coach. It was much too hot to walk. This left us free to take a nearer look at the castle, which, when we saw how painfully it had been restored, we thought less fine. In the town itself, though there is plenty sketchable, there is nothing notable save the old

town cross, with its weather-worn carvings, which stands upon the shore, with loch and hills for background.

After lunch at the Argyll Arms, suddenly an excursion steamer and the coach from Tarbet poured streams of tourists into the town. Two more coaches dashed out from the hotel stables. The wide street was one mass of excursionists, and landlords and waiters and coachmen, in red coats and gray beavers, and guards with bundles and boxes. There was a short, sharp struggle for seats, and in the confusion we came off with the best, and found ourselves on the leading coach, whirling from the glare of the loch, through the cool shade of a wooded glen, to the stirring sounds of the "Standards on the Braes of Mar," shouted by a party of Lowland Sandies who filled the other seats.



CROSS AT INVERARY.

At the first pause the coachman pointed to deer standing quietly under the graceful silver-birches that shut in the road.

"Shush—sh—sh—sh!" screamed the Sandies in a new chorus.

"Why canna ye put salt on their tails?" cried one.

Though, later, cows and sheep and ducks fled before their noise, the deer never stirred. And yet I suppose, in the season, the Duke of Argyll and his guests come stalking these tame creatures, and call it sport.

All that afternoon, through the woods of Glenaray and across the purple moorland beyond, afar over the banks and braes and streams around, there rang out the strong voice of Sandy off for a holiday.

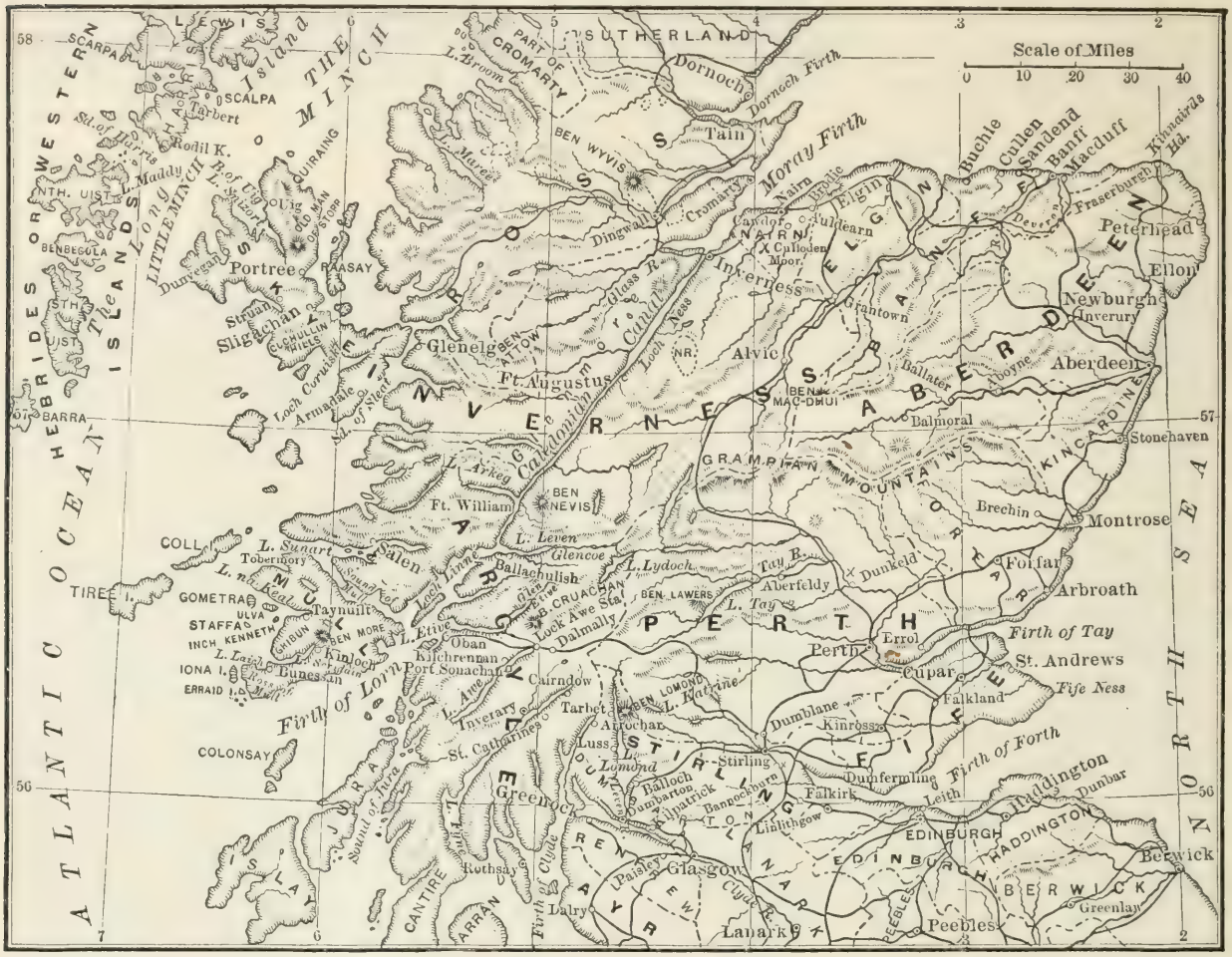
Almost within sight of Loch Awe we came to a hill that was so steep we all left the coach and walked a couple of miles up the shadeless hot road. An objection sometimes made to cycling is that it is half walking. But in the Highlands you would walk less if you rode a cycle than if you travelled by coach. From the top of the hill we looked down to where, far below, lay Loch Awe and its many islands. In this high place, with the beautiful broad outlook, gypsies



INVERARY.

had camped. I never yet knew the Romany who did not pitch his tent in the loveliest spot for miles around.

We had no definite plans for the night. We left it to chance, and we could not have done better. At the station at Dal-


Scale of Miles
0 10 20 30 40
ATLANTIC OCEAN
NORTH SEA
HEBRIDES
OUTER ISLANDS
Lewis Island
SCARPA
SCALPA
Tarbert
Rodil K.
L. Maddy
Loch Roag
Stornoway
Loch Seaforth
Loch Erisort
Loch Resort
Loch Tarbert
Loch Skiport
Loch Boisdale
BENBECULA
Dunvegan
Portree
RAASAY
Sligachan
Glenelg
Ft. Augustus
Loch Cluanie
Loch Arkaig
Loch Lochy
Loch Oich
Loch Ness
Loch Garry
Loch Quoich
Loch Hourn
Loch Duich
Loch Alsh
Loch Carron
Loch Torridon
Loch Ewe
Loch Maree
Loch Broom
Loch Inver
Loch Assynt
Loch Shin
Loch Fleet
Loch Brora
Loch Naver
Loch Eriboll
Kyle of Tongue
Kyle of Durness
Kyle of Sutherland
Dornoch Firth
Moray Firth
Cromarty Firth
Beauly Firth
Firth of Lorn
Firth of Tay
Firth of Forth
Firth of Clyde
Sound of Jura
Sound of Mull
Sound of Iona
Sound of Islay
Caledonian Canal
Glen Roy
Glen Spean
Glen Coe
Glen Etive
Glen Lyon
Glen Tilt
Glen Shee
Glen Clova
Glen Esk
Glen Doll
Glen Muick
Glen Tanar
Glen Avon
Glen Livet
Glen Fiddich
Glen Rinnes
Glen Isla
Glen Prosen
Glen Ogil
Glen Almond
Glen Artney
Glen Dochart
Glen Falloch
Glen Orchy
Glen Lochy
Glen Shira
Glen Aray
Glen Croe
Glen Fruin
Glen Luss
Glen Douglas
Glen Finnan
Glen Moriston
Glen Urquhart
Glen Affric
Glen Cannich
Glen Strathfarrar
Glen Convinth
Glen Glass
Glen Orrin
Glen Carron
Glen Shiel
Glen Garry
Glen Loyne
Glen Quoich
Glen Hourn
Glen Dessary
Glen Pean
Glen Roy
Glen Spean
Glen Coe
Glen Etive
Glen Lyon
Glen Tilt
Glen Shee
Glen Clova
Glen Esk
Glen Doll
Glen Muick
Glen Tanar
Glen Avon
Glen Livet
Glen Fiddich
Glen Rinnes
Glen Isla
Glen Prosen
Glen Ogil
Glen Almond
Glen Artney
Glen Dochart
Glen Falloch
Glen Orchy
Glen Lochy
Glen Shira
Glen Aray
Glen Croe
Glen Fruin
Glen Luss
Glen Douglas
Glen Finnan
Glen Moriston
Glen Urquhart
Glen Affric
Glen Cannich
Glen Strathfarrar
Glen Convinth
Glen Glass
Glen Orrin
Glen Carron
Glen Shiel
Glen Garry
Glen Loyne
Glen Quoich
Glen Hourn
Glen Dessary
Glen Pean
Ben Nevis
Ben Macdhui
Ben Lawers
Ben Lomond
Ben More
Ben Wyvis
Ben Attow
Ben Cruachan
Ben Ledi
Ben Venue
Ben Vorlich
Ben Lui
Ben Cruachan



KILCHRENNAN.

poetry about it, and ought to know, declares they are not to be told in prose. Then we steamed down the loch, past the islands, one with a lonely graveyard, another with a large house; past the high mountains shutting in the Pass of Brander, to a hotel perfect of its kind. It stood on a little promontory of its own. A bay-window in the dining-room commanded the view north, south, and west over the loch. As we ate our dinner we could watch the western light slowly fade and the hills darken against it. The dinner was excellent, and the people at table were friendly. There was a freedom about the house that made us think of Dingman's Ferry in its best days, of the Water Gap before its splendor came upon it, of Bar Harbor before it was exploited. It was not a mere place of passage, like the hotels at Tarbet and at Loch Awe, but those who came to it staid for their holiday. All the men were there for the fishing, which is good, and most of them, tired after their day's work, came to dinner in their fishing clothes. Their common sport made them sociable. They were kind to us, but in their kindness was pity that we too were not fishermen.

We left Port Sonachan in the morning for Loch Etive. Again the morning was hot and misty. In the few fields by the way men and women were getting in the hay; and the women, in their white sacques and handkerchiefs about their heads, looked not unlike French peasants. On each hill-top was a group of Highland cattle, beautiful black and tawny creatures, standing and lying in full relief against the sky. Two miles, a little more or less, brought us to a village wandering up and down a weed-grown, stone-covered hill-side. To our left a by-road climbed to the top of the hill, past the plain bare kirk with its little graveyard, and higher still to two white cottages, their thatched roofs green with a thick growth of grass, and vines about their doors, the loch and the mountain in the background.

But the cottages which to the right of our road straggled down to a rocky stream below had no redeeming whitewash, no vines about their doors. The turf around them was worn away. Some were chimneyless; on others the thatch, where weeds did not hold it together, had broken through, leaving great holes in the roof. On a bench tilted up against the wall of



LOCH LEVEN FROM BALLACHULISH.

the lowest of these cottages sat an old gray-haired man in Tam o' Shanter, his head bent low, his clasped hands falling between his knees. It was a picturesque place, and we camped out awhile under an old cart near the road-side. Perhaps it would have been wise if, like Mr. Hamerton, we could have seen only the picturesqueness of the Highland clachan, only the color and sublimity of the huts, only the fine women who live within them. But how could we sit there and not see that the picturesqueness was that of misery, that whatever color and sublimity there might be—and to the sublimity I must confess we were blind—were but outward signs of poverty and squalor, and that the huts sheltered not only strong young women, but feeble old men like that pathetic figure with the clasped hands and bent head? We have seen the old age of the poor when we thought it but a peaceful rest after the work of years. In English almshouses we have found it in our hearts to envy the old men and women their homes. But here despair and sadness seemed the portion of old age. I do not know why it was, but as we watched that gray-haired man, though there was a space of blue sky just above him, and the day was warm and the air sweet, it was of the winter he made us think, of the time soon to come when the cold winds would roar through the pass, and snow would lie on the hills, and he would shiver alone in the chimneyless cottage with its one tiny window. A few miles away, men in a fortnight throw away on their fishing more than these people can make in years. Scotch landlords rent their wild uncultivated acres for fabulous sums, while villages like this grow desolate. If when you are in the Highlands you would still see them as they are in the romance of Scott or in the sickly sentiment of Landseer, or as a mere pleasure-ground for tourists and sportsmen, you must get the people out of your mind, just as the laird gets them off his estate. Go everywhere, by stage and steam-boat, and when you come to a clachan or to a lonely cottage, shut your eyes and pass on. Else you must realize as we did—and more strongly as we went further—that this land, which holiday-makers have come to look upon as their own, is the saddest on God's earth.

Before we left the shade of the cart a little girl went by, and we asked her the name of the village.

"Kilchrennan," she said, with impossible gutturals, and then she spelled it for us.

It was a good sign, we thought. If Highland children to-day are taught to spell, Highland men and women to-morrow may learn to think; then, let the landlord remember, they will begin to act.

After Kilchrennan the road crossed the moorland, Ben-Cruachan towering far to our right. We came to another wretched

village down by Loch Etive. Here again in the sunshine was an old man. He was walking slowly and feebly up and down, and there was in his face a look as if hope had long gone from him. In England scarce a town or village is without its charities. But in the Highlands, while deer and grouse are protected by law, men are chased from their homes, the aged and infirm are left to shift for themselves. I think the misery of these villages is made to seem but the greater because of the large house which so often stands close by.

When Mr. Hamerton wrote his *Painters' Camp in the Highlands*, he suggested a new route from Oban to Ballachulish by steamer up Loch Etive, and then by coach through Glen Etive and Glencoe. This is now one of the regular excursions from Oban, and one of the finest, I think, in the Highlands. In the glens we met no fewer than five coaches, so that I suppose the excursion is fairly popular.

With Taynuilt we left behind even the sparse cultivation of the Highlands. From the boat we saw that mountain slopes were unbroken by road or path; there was scarce a house in sight. Through Glen Etive the road was rough, the mountains were barren, and not a sheep or cow was on the lower grassy hill-sides. It was all a deer forest, the guard told us, and even the English tourists in the coach exclaimed against the waste of good ground.

The stony pass led to a pleasant green valley, from which the road set out over the Bridge of Glencoe for the shores of Loch Leven and Ballachulish. Almost at once it brought us to a field overlooking the loch, where, apparently for our benefit, sports were being held. The droning of the pipes made quite a cheerful sound, the plaids of the men a bright picture; and when, two miles beyond, we found the hotel with its windows turned toward the loch, we made up our minds not to push on to Oban, but to stay and spend Sunday here.

And so we had a second and longer look at the sports. Young men vaulted with poles; others, in full costume, danced Highland flings and the sword dance. Two pipers took turns in piping. One had tied gay green ribbons to his pipe, and he fairly danced himself as he kept time with his foot. And while we watch-



OBAN.

ed we heard but Gaelic spoken. We were in a foreign country.

The next day we got to Oban, the most odious place in the Highlands, I have heard it called, the most beautiful place in the world, Mr. William Black thinks. When the west wind blows and the sun shines, there is nothing like it for color, he told J——. We had to take his word for it. We found an east wind blowing and gray mist hanging over town and bay, and we could not see the hills of Mull. When we walked out in the late afternoon it seemed a town of hotels and photograph shops, into which excursion trains were forever emptying excursionists and never carrying them away again. Crowds were on the parapetless, unsafe embankment; the bay was covered with boats. In front of the largest hotels bands were playing, and one or two of the musicians went about, hat in hand, among the passers-by.

Altogether, Oban did not seem in the least lovely until we could no longer see it. But as the twilight grew grayer and the tide went out, the great curve of the embankment was marked by a circle of lights on shore and by long waving lines of gold in the bay. At the pier, a steamer just arrived sent up heavy clouds of smoke, black in the gathering grayness. The boats one by one hung out their lights. Oban was at peace, though tourists still walked and bands still played.

It was gray and inexpressibly dreary the next day at noon when we took the boat for Tobermory, in Mull. Through a Scotch mist we watched Oban and its picturesque castle out of sight; through a driving rain we looked forth on the heights of Morven and of Mull. Sometimes the clouds lightened, and for a minute the nearer hills came out dark and purple against a space of whitish shining mist. But for the most part they hung heavy and black over wastes of water and wastes of land. Sir Walter Scott says the Sound of Mull is the most striking scene in the Hebrides; it would have been fair to add, when storms and mists give one a chance to see it. Pleasure parties sat up on deck wrapped in mackintoshes and huddled under umbrellas. Our time was divided between getting wet and drying off down-stairs. The excitement of the voyage was the stopping of the steamer, now in mid-stream, in *Macleod of Dare* fashion, now at rain-soaked piers. Of all the heroes who should be thought of between these two lands of romance, only the most modern was suggested to us, probably because within a few weeks we had been re-reading Mr. Black's novel. But just as in his pages, so in the Sound of Mull, little boats came out to meet the steamer. They lay in wait, tossing up and down on the rough waters, and manned with Hamishes and Donalds. Into one stepped a real Macleod, his collie at his heels.

Tobermory is a commonplace town with a semicircle of well-to-do houses on the shores of a sheltered bay. At one end of the wooded heights that follow the curve of the town is a big hotel; at the other, Aros House, a brand-new castle, in among the trees. The harbor is shut in by a long, narrow island, bare and flat. It seemed a place of endless rain and mist. But when we thought the weather at its worst, the landlady called it pleasant, and suggested a two miles' walk to the light-house on the coast. Children played on the street as if the sun shone. We even saw fishing parties row out toward the Sound.

We staid in Tobermory two days, when the boat from Skye touched at the pier, and we got on board for Salen. Here we found the outlook less depressing than at Tobermory. There was no commonplace little town in sight, but only bare rolling ground stretching to a bay, and on the shores the ruins of a real old castle, of which Mr. Abbey once very unkindly made a drawing, so that J——, for his own sake, thought it best to let it alone.

When we awoke, the clouds were breaking. Across the Sound of Mull they were low on the heights of Morven, but hillsides were green, streaked with sunshine. Above were long rifts of blue sky, and in the bay a little yacht rocked on glittering water. We ate ham and eggs, and made ready to begin our tramp at once. All morning we tramped dreary miles of moor and hill, with the wind in our faces, and by lochs with endless curves, around which we had to go, though we saw our journey's end just before us. While we followed the northern shore of Loch-Na-Keal, high Ben-More, with its head among the clouds, was behind us. In front was the Atlantic, with heavy showers passing over it, and now blotting out far Staffa and the long ridge of the Ross of Mull, an encircling shadow between the ocean and



COAST OF MULL.

the headland of Gribun; and now sweeping across the loch and the near green island of Inch-Kenneth.

A large house, with wide lawn and green fields and well-clipped hedges, just at the head of Loch-Na-Keal, and one or two small new cottages shut in with flaming banks of fuchsia, showed what Mull might be if in the island men were held in as high account as rabbits and grouse. We saw the many white tails of the rabbits in among the ferns, and though they live only to be shot, on the whole we thought them better off than the solemn, silent men and women who trudged by us toward Salen, where it was market-day, for it is their fate to live only to starve and suffer. The one man who spoke to us during that long morning was a shepherd, with a soft gentle voice and foreign Scotch, whose sheep we frightened up the hill-side.

Ulva lay so close to the shore of Mull as scarce to seem a separate island. But the waters of the narrow sound were rough. The postman, who had just been ferried over, held the boat as we stepped into it from the slippery stones of the landing. As he waited, he said not a word. They keep silence, these people, under the yoke they have borne for generations. The ferryman was away, and the boy who had come in his place had hard work to row against wind and waves, and harder work to talk English. "I beg pardon," was his answer to every question we asked.

The little white inn was just opposite the landing, and we went to it at once, for it was late, and we were hungry. We asked the landlady if she could give us some meat.

"Of course," she said—and her English was fairly good—"she could give us tea and eggs."

"No, but meat," we repeated.

"Yes, of course," she said again; "tea and eggs."

While she prepared lunch we sat on low rocks by the boats drawn up high and dry on the stony beach. At the southern end of the island was Ulva House, white through an opening in a pleasant wood, and surrounded by broad green pastures. Just in front of us, close to the inn, a handful of bare black cottages rose from the mud in among rocks and bowlders. No paths led to the doors; nothing green grew about the walls. Women with pinched, careworn faces came and went, busy with household

work, and they were silent as the people we had met on the road. Beyond was barrenness; not another tree, not another bit of pasture-land, was in sight. And yet, before the people were brought unto desolation, almost all the island was green as the meadows about the laird's house; and so it could be again if men were but allowed to cultivate the ground. Where weeds and rushes and ferns now cover the hills and the level places were once fields of grain and grass. To-day only the laird's crops are sowed and reaped. Once there could be heard the many voices of men and women and children at work or at play, where now the only sounds are the roaring of the waters and the crack of the rifle. Of all the many townships that were scattered from one end of the island to the other, there remains but this wretched group of hovels. The people have been driven from the land they loved, and sent hither and thither, some across the narrow sound, others far over the broad Atlantic.

The Highlands and Hebrides are the home of romance. There is a legend for almost every step you take. But the cruelest of these are not so cruel as, and none have the pathos of, the tales of their own and their fathers' wrongs and wretchedness which the people tell to-day. The old stories of the battle-field, and of clan meeting clan in deadly duel, have given way to stories of the clearing of the land that the laird or the stranger might have his shooting and fishing as well as his crops. At first the people could not understand it. The evicted went to the laird, as they would have gone of old, and asked for a new home. And what was his answer? "I am not the father of your family." And then, when frightened women ran and hid themselves at his coming, he broke the kettles they left by the well, or tore into shreds the clothes bleaching on the heather. And, as the people themselves have it, "in these and similar ways he succeeded too well in clearing the island of its once numerous inhabitants, scattering them over the face of the globe." There must have been cruelty indeed before the Western-Islander, who once loved his chief better than his own life, could tell such tales as these, even in his hunger and despair. I know it is pleasanter to read of bloodshed in the past than starvation in the present. A lately published book on Ireland has been welcomed by critics, and I suppose by readers, because in it is no mention of evictions and crowbar brigades and horrors of which newspapers make good capital. I have never been to Ireland, and it may be you can travel there and forget the people. But in the Hebrides the human silence and the ruined homes and the almost unbroken moorland would let us, as foreigners, think of nothing else. Since our return we have read Scott and Mr. Hamerton and Miss Gordon Cumming and the Duke of Argyll and many others who have helped to make or mar the romance and history of the Highlands. But the true story of the Highlands as they are we learned for ourselves when we looked, as we did at Ulva, from the laird's mansion to the crofter's hovel. It is the story of the tyranny of the few, the slavery of the many, which can be learned still more fully from the reports of the Royal Commission, published by the English government.



ROSS OF MULL, LOOKING TOWARD IONA.



HEADLAND OF GRIBUN, FROM ULVA.

When we returned to the inn we had no thought but to get away at once, how, we hardly knew. The landlady suggested three plans. We could wait until the morrow, when the Gomestra men, as she, a native, called them, and not Gometra men, as Mr. Black has it, would row us out to meet the steam-boat coming from Iona. How *Macleod of Dare* like this would have been! We could be ferried over the sound, and walk by Loch-Na-Keal the way we had come, then around its southern shore, and so across to Loch Scridain, at the head of which was an inn. Or we could sail across Loch-Na-Keal, and thus cut off many miles of the distance that lay between us and our next resting-place. We must, however, decide at once; there were two gentlemen below who would take us in their boat; but if we did not want them, they must go back to cut the laird's hay. Were we willing to wait until evening, they would take us for half-price. The rain now fell on the loch, but we made our bargain with the gentlemen on the spot.

As we sailed past the white house we asked the older of our boatmen if he had ever heard of Dr. Johnson. He shook his head, and then turned to the other man, and the two began to talk in Gaelic. "Toctor Shonson? Toctor Shonson?" we heard them say to each other. But they both kept shaking their heads, and finally the old man again said they had never heard of him. In the stories of Mr. Black or Mr. Stevenson he would have said they had never heard of her or she. Perhaps our ears were at fault. More probably all the genuine islanders have been driven from the Hebrides. Certain it is that not once did we hear a man called *she*—an idiom we thought to find as common as the heather by the way.

When the wind swept the rain from the hills of Ulva, we could see that on the western side of the island the strange basaltic formation like that of Staffa begins. Near the low green shores of Inch-Kenneth a yacht lay at anchor. It belonged to one of the lairds of Mull, the boatman said. The people, who have barely enough to live on themselves, can afford to support a yacht for their landlord. How this can be is the real problem of the Hebrides. To solve it is to explain the crofter question without the aid of a Royal Commission.

On the Gribun shore the landing-place was a long row of stones, slippery with wet sea-weed. To reach the road we waded through a broad meadow knee-high in dripping grass. The mist kept rising and falling, and one minute we could see the islands—Ulva and Gometra and Inch-Kenneth and even Staffa—and the next, only grayness. In the narrow pass over the headland between Loch-Na-Keal and Loch Scridain the clouds rolled slowly down the mountains on either side, lower and lower, until presently we were walking through them. And as we went, as was proper in the land of Macleod of Dare, a strange thing happened. For scarcely had the clouds closed about us when a great gust of wind swept through the pass and whirled them away for a moment. Then the wind fell, and again we were swallowed up in grayness, and could scarcely see. Just as we were within sight of Loch Scridain, down poured torrents of rain. A little further on and we were half-way up to our knees in a bridgeless stream that came rushing down the mountains across the road.

We passed two wind-and-rain-beaten villages, and occasional lonely cottages and the ruins of others. Mr. Hamerton says nothing is more lovely to an artist than a Highland cottage after a rain. But the trouble is, you seldom see it after the rain, for in the Hebrides the rain it raineth every day and always. We came, too, to one big dreary house and a drearier kirk. The rest of the way to the inn at Kinloch, where we were to pass the night, was a wet wilderness.

The next morning the wind was still blowing a gale, but it drove the clouds beyond the bald mountains toward Ben-More, and brought no showers with it. Everything had grown bright with the morning but the cottages, and they, perhaps because of the contrast with the blue loveliness of water and sky and hills, seemed darker and more desolate than in the rain. Here and there along the loch a few were gathered in melancholy groups, pathless and chimneyless, smoke pouring from doorways and through holes in the walls, mud at the very thresholds. For every cottage standing was another in ruins. On the top of a low hill, over which we made a short-cut, was a deserted village, conveniently out of sight of the road. No traveller, unless he chanced upon it, as we did, would know of it. It was not high enough or far enough from other cottages for the shielings upon which the Duke of Argyll thinks so much false sentiment has been wasted. We found a few black-faced sheep in possession of the ruins, and before them, I fear, have been driven, not merely cattle from summer pastures, but men from their only homes. There were several school-houses between Kinloch and Bunessan, and we half hoped these were in a measure responsible for roofless walls and desolate hearths. But the truth is, the Duke of Argyll and other landlords of Mull find it less trouble to collect rents from a few large tenants than from many small ones, and to suit their convenience the people have had to go. It is their land: why should they not do with it as they think best?

Almost all this Ross of Mull, on which we now were, belongs to the Duke of Argyll, the defender of Scotland as it was and as it is, and I think in all the Hebrides there is no place more desolate. We saw perhaps more signs of bitter poverty in Skye and in Barra. But in these islands the evicted have settled again upon the crofts of their friends or relations. Often it is because the many are thus forced to live upon land that can scarce support the few, that all are so poor. But the Islander loves his home as he once loved his chief, and now hates his landlord, and he must be in extremity indeed before he will go from it. Knowing this, you feel the greatness of the misery in the Ross of Mull, from which the people have flown as if from a plague-stricken land. The greater part of it is silent and barren as the desert. We walked for miles, seeing no living thing save a mere handful of sheep grazing on the hills, and the white sea-gulls perched on the low sea-weed-covered rocks of Loch Scridain. And beyond the barren waste of land was the sea without a sail upon its waters, and the lonely islands, which we knew were no less desolate. The cruel climate of this far Northern country has had little to do with the people's flight. Neither, indeed, has natural barrenness. The soil in the Highlands is not naturally barren, the Duke of Argyll himself has said. The few large farms by the way were good proof of what might be, even in the rocky Ross of Mull.

Bunessan is the show place of the Ross of Mull. Steamers occasionally land at



"ONE OF HIS STRANGE THINGS HAPPENED."

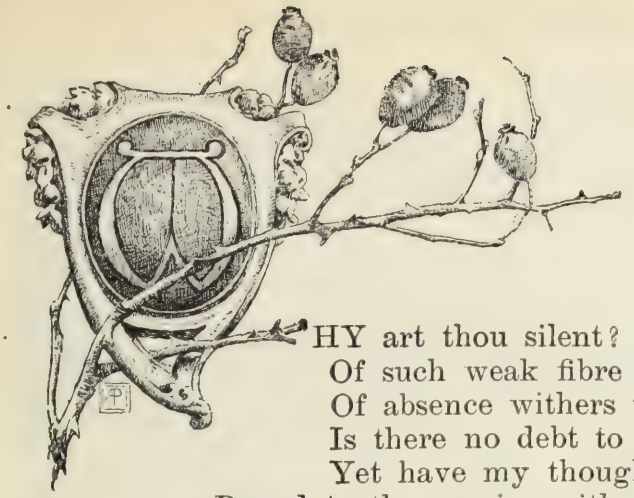
a pier on the loch, two miles distant. Tourists come to the inn for the fishing. If they go no further into the island, they probably carry away with them impressions of well-to-do people and benevolent landlords. After Kilpatrick and the other wretched groups of cottages we had passed in the morning, it did indeed seem happy and prosperous. In the end we agreed that our coming to the island was a mistake, and that no one but Mr. Black could have a good word to say for it. Somehow we made it seem as if he had brought us here under false pretences. The fact is, Mr. Black's descriptions are misleading, though I must admit that even as we found fault with him, one of his strange things happened. For far out beyond the loch and its purple hills we saw Staffa and the sea below and the sky above it turned to gold as the sun sank into the Atlantic. But then, as a rule, the things that happen in Mull are less strange than disagreeable. For one evening's loveliness you must put up with days of cold and damp discomfort. Of course, if you own a castle or a yacht, you can improve your point of view.

The next morning we set out for Iona. The road lay for six miles over the moors. There were two or three large houses with cultivated fields, a few black dreary cottages, and the ruins of others. But this end of the Ross of Mull was mostly, as when David Balfour walked across it, bog and brier and big stones. The coast was all rock, great piles of red granite jutting out in uneven masses into the sound that separates Iona from the Ross. When we reached it the ferryman had just come and gone. It was the 11th of August, and men with guns, in readiness for the morrow, were getting into a dog-cart, its horses' heads turned toward Bunessan. There was nothing to do but to sit on the rocks and wait.

Wind and rain blew in our faces. The fishermen made off in their little boat, hugging the rocky shore. Above us, on the granite, were two cottages, no less naked and cold. Across the sound we looked to a little white town, low on the wind-swept water, and to a towered cathedral, dark against the gray-green rocks. A steamer had just brought Cook's daily pilgrims to St. Columba's shrine.



"WHY ART THOU SILENT?"—From a drawing by Alfred Parsons.



WHY ART THOU SILENT?

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

WHY art thou silent? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For naught but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold,
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own blush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!

THE WOODLAND CARIBOU.

BY HENRY P. WELLS.

SOME twenty-five or thirty years ago, when the early winter proclaimed a respite from the agricultural labors of the year, a settler shouldered his rifle, and entered the southern edge of that wilderness which extends in one unbroken forest northward almost to the St. Lawrence River. Something a little less briny than his customary salted food was the object in view, for the larger towns were remote and difficult of access, and he well knew that if he wished fresh meat he must be his own purveyor.

He enters the forest, noting instinctively every phase of its animal life as its familiar indications, impressed upon the new-fallen snow, presented themselves to his eye.

Suddenly he pauses, for before him lies the footprint of a cloven hoof the like of which he has never seen before. It is much too large to have been made by a deer, and altogether lacks the pointed character of the track of a moose. It resembles that of a stray ox more than anything else, yet his trained eye at once negatives this explanation as well.

The woodland caribou had appeared in western Maine, and its lines had fallen in pleasant places. A congenial climate, abundant food, and the absence of all enemies except men, and very few of them, caused it to increase and multiply, as animals are wont to do under such favorable conditions.

It is doubtful if a mere verbal description of any animal conveys more than a vague idea of its personal appearance to any but the trained naturalist.

Still the caribou is popularly so little known in this country, and is withal so well worth knowing, that a brief general description of its appearance, and of a few of the many singular eccentricities of its demeanor, may not be amiss.

Stuffed specimens of this beautiful creature may be seen in some of our museums, but, as far as the writer has had opportunity to observe, their resemblance to the real animal is not more striking than that of the waxworks of a country side-show to the celebrities they caricature.

A full-grown bull may stand five feet at the fore-shoulder, and weigh possibly seven hundred pounds. They are always white underneath and on the throat. Otherwise they are reddish-brown in summer, mouse-color in the fall, growing grayer as the winter advances, until the older males may be nearly white. In size, color, form, and expression the head bears considerable resemblance to that of an



DRINKING THROUGH THE ICE.

Alderney cow, and if that cow was rather lightly built, it would give a not unfair idea of the shape of the caribou. The horns are of the reindeer order of architecture, and are typical of the eccentric disposition of the animal. Not only are they never alike on any two different specimens, but this dissimilarity extends even to those of each individual, the right and left horns being invariably different in form. The older cows are by no means unfrequently provided in a like manner, though in less degree—in this standing alone among the deer tribe. The winter coat of the caribou is exceedingly soft and fine, and at the same time so thick that it is impossible to work the fingers through the hair to the skin beneath. But one physical peculiarity remains to be described. Its symmetrical legs terminate in shallow hoofs of comparatively prodigious lateral area—something resembling a five-year-old boy standing in his father's goloshes. They are hollow underneath, and terminate in sharp edges, thus materially aiding the animal in the many acrobatic feats to which it is so prone. The dew-claws are as large as an ordinary deer's hoof; nor are they, as is usual in other animals of the deer kind, purely ornamental. When passing over snow or treacherous ground, the animal spreads his deeply cloven hoof like a duck's foot, and bringing its dew-claws into play to increase its bearing, it skims at full speed over a surface which would stall a deer or moose at once.

Unlike the solitary moose, it delights in the company of its kind. To-day it will act as if almost afraid of its own shadow, and display a keenness of eye, ear, and nose, and a vigilance in their use, which render an approach within rifle-shot next to impossible; to-morrow it will stand the fire of the hunter like one of the Old Guard, facing him at short range while in the paroxysms of the buck fever he misses shot after shot, and until either the pumping machinery of his repeating rifle sucks dry, or fortune bestows upon him one of those smiles with which it is wont occasionally to favor the inexperienced. To-day it will follow for miles along a trail over which a man has passed not twenty minutes before; to-morrow one sniff of the tainted track and it will not break its run for five miles.

It never yards in winter as do the deer

and moose, nor does it show the same fondness for a given locality. The home feeling, so to speak, is totally wanting. It is an Ishmaelite—here to-day, there to-morrow—to be found alike in the deepest valleys and on the highest mountains, with no apparent guide but the caprice of the moment.

It is as fond of the ice as a school-boy, and full as ready for a frolic. After the ice has formed in November, it is soon followed first by snows, and then by thaws or rain. The latter converts the snow into slush, resting on the firm ice beneath. Now any sensible creature would keep away from such a mess. But not so the caribou, for to it this makes the very gala time of the year. The herd go out upon the ice in single file, then scatter, and each one falls to pawing up the slush with its forefeet. After they have tired of this performance, they fall



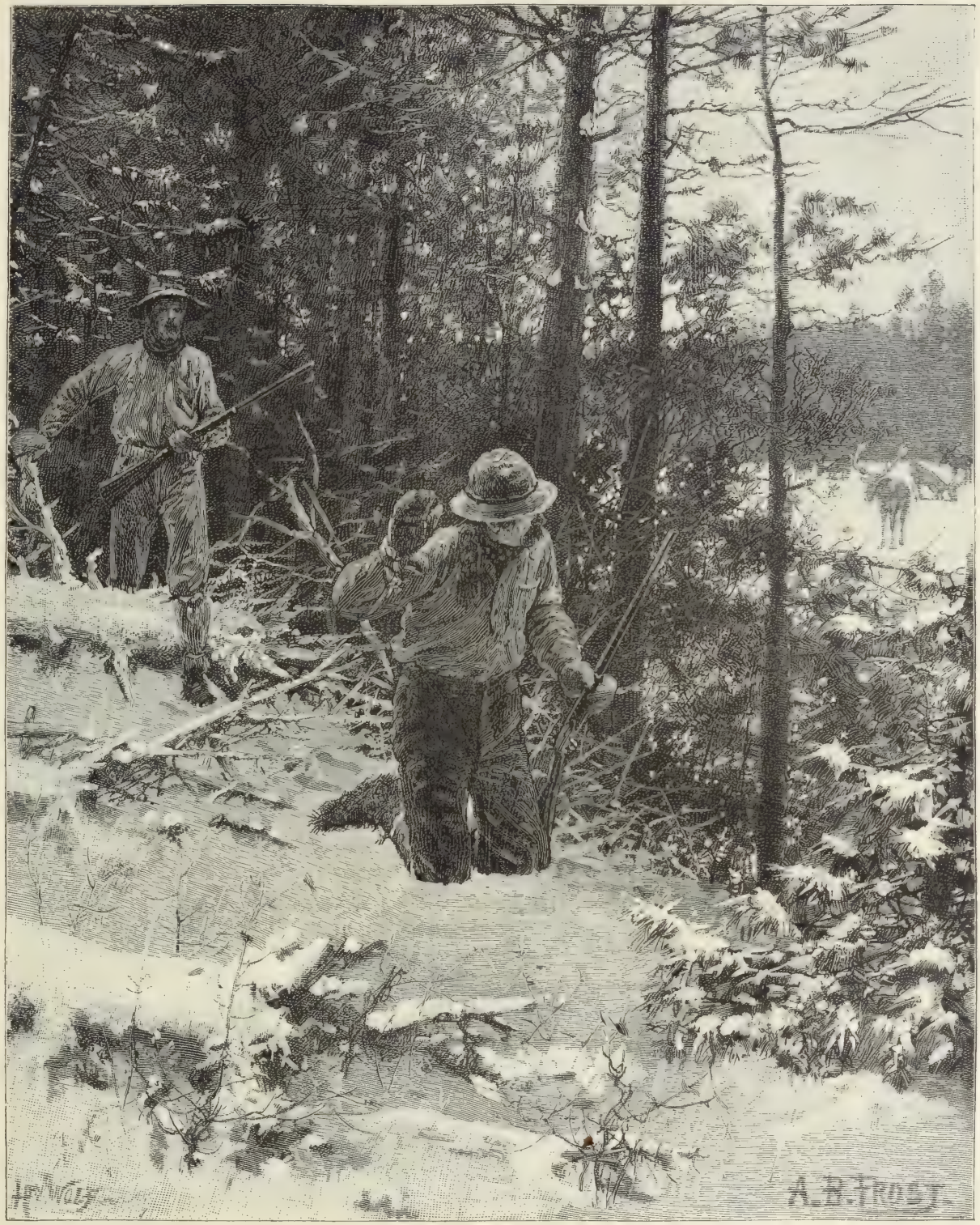
HEAD OF MALE CARIBOU.

upon their knees, and seem to lap the ice with their tongues. Why they do this is, as far as the writer has been able to learn, a mystery. It certainly is not from thirst, since they have crossed a dozen open brooks in their morning ramble. Perhaps, to use one of those slang expressions so happily indefinite in leaving unbridled liberty of detail to the imagination of the hearer, "they do it for grandeur." This is the most simple, and indeed at times it seems the only, explanation of many of the vagaries of this most singular creature. After a while one will suspend operations, seem to think things over generally, then go gravely over to where another has mined down to a piece of ice of extra flavor, and prod and poke it with the utmost vigor. The assaulted party rises to its feet, and meekly resigns its place to the intruder, which immediately drops upon its knees and continues the operations of its predecessor, while the ousted either passes along the compliment by routing out another, or proceeds to dig a new spot for itself. Then perhaps all will lie down for a while, and, though one would think the bed about as congenial as the inside of an ice-cream freezer, chew the cud in apparently the acme of bovine comfort. Next, one will slowly rise to its feet, round up its back, and stretch itself, survey its comrades to select the one which seems most comfortable, and then, actuated by that perversity of disposition we so often see and anathematize in the human early riser, proceed to stir it up with hoof and horn, until it too gets upon its legs and joins in the game. Soon all are on their feet, and falling in one behind the other, move for the woods in single file, headed by the leader—always a bull, though not invariably the largest in the herd. They move off at a walk, their heads hanging down precisely like cows driven to pasture. Suddenly one will become possessed of a devil, and breaking from the ranks with a hop, skip, and a jump, charge through the line again and again, until it is thrown into complete disorder. Then it will as suddenly fall into place, as demure as a cat, saying, as distinctly as an attitude can speak, "What! you do not mean to charge this untimely disturbance to me, do you?" The march is then resumed, and all may disappear at the meekest kind of a walk in the surrounding forest; or, without the slightest apparent cause, the herd will break into a run at a pace so keen you almost fancy you can hear them whiz as they cleave a passage through the air. This burst of speed may last for a hundred yards; it may be kept up through thick and thin for five miles: the one is about as likely as the other.

The dearest wish of the caribou hunter is to be a spectator of the performance just described. At this season of the year he approaches every little patch of water against the wind, and with the feelings of a ticket-holder at a lottery drawing. Should he be in luck, he by no means opens fire at once. The herd derives its impulse from its leader, as the steam-engine does from the engineer. Withdraw either from his control, and though the power is still there, that which gave it direction is gone. So, hardly breathing under the intense excitement of the moment, he studies the movements of the herd with the keenest attention. Having selected his victim, a well-directed bullet knocks it sprawling on the ice. In an instant all is confusion. The herd circle around their fallen leader, totally at a loss what to do, until some other assumes the place of the fallen, and all break for the shelter of the woods. If the hunter is then a quick and sure shot, the interval is not unimproved.

But if the pond is small, and closely surrounded with forest and hill, the first shot echoes from the opposite side with a distinctness which should be heard to be fully appreciated, and re-echoes again and again. The startled herd seem confronted in every direction by explosions, and every avenue of escape appears closed. Utterly demoralized, they circle about, swinging their heads from side to side, sniffing the air in the vain endeavor to locate the danger and divine the path to safety. If the rifle be then in the hands of a butcher and not a sportsman, all may fall before, driven to desperation to take any chance for the sake of cover, one bursts for the woods. The rest, if any, instantly follow this initiative, and many and many a mile will intervene before the pace slackens to a walk.

The deer or moose, when it encounters a windfall, either goes round it, or passes it, if too high to step over, by a series of bounds. But the caribou, if undisturbed, mounts the fallen trees and walks along their trunks with the *verve* of a trained lumberman, bounding from one to anoth-



LYING IN WAIT.

er with the agility of a goat, and the knack of balance of a tight-rope performer.

The call of the caribou, when heard close at hand, is a hoarse, pumping sound, very much of the character emitted by that species of bittern called by some a "post-driver," or "stake-driver," only vastly louder. When heard at a distance, it takes considerable persuasion to disabuse the novice of the idea that he has heard the rapid successive discharges of both the barrels of a double shot-gun, for the resemblance is perfect.

The meat of the caribou is most excellent food, but how it is made from such unpromising raw material is one of the deep, dark mysteries of the chemistry of nature.

In the summer it is not so bad; the blue-joint flat grass, and that which trails in

the current of running streams, together with the three-leaved sorrel, then form its food; but the last only when it grows in deep gorges on the confines of cold springs and boggy places in the woods. But its winter food is about as attractive as a hair mattress. As the weather grows colder, it turns to the gray moss, which like an old man's beard hangs from the fir and spruce trees. This and a short thick moss which adheres to the bark of old-growth yellow birch-trees then form its food, bolting with the latter chunks of bark as big as a silver dollar. Unlike the same animal further north, it does not here seem ever to hunt its food under the snow.

The caribou is the fleetest of animals. A deer or a moose is nowhere in comparison. With back almost level, each leg swinging as though hung on a pivot, its hoofs clattering together at every stride like a pair of castanets, it develops a speed which beggars description.

Occasionally a caribou is killed at night by the light of a jack-lamp while seeking the grass growing in some boatable stream. But far more frequently it is a case of "thou art so near and yet so far," as the jack-hunter hears them prowling among the bushes which fringe the stream and conceal them from his view. Then he invokes the god of patience, and waits hour after hour for them to leave their cover and enter the water, which they are apt, with singular discretion, to avoid.

When the first snows lie in the woods, still-hunting commences. During his trapping the hunter has kept track of how and where the caribou are "working." The time so impatiently awaited has come. He puts on three or four heavy flannel shirts one over the other, for a coat would catch in the bushes through which he must take his way, and is not permissible. A very broad-brimmed felt hat is relied upon to exclude the snow shaken from the trees from intruding down the back of his neck; for among the thickest firs and spruces, where the long gray moss abounds, he must seek his game. Four or five pairs of heavy woollen socks cover his feet, and over them is placed a pair of caribou shanks. With the future in view, he has taken the skin from the hind legs of some caribou killed the year before, cutting it about four inches above the gambrel-joint, then splitting it open in front, and removing it in one piece clear to the hoof. The gambrel-joint is formed into the heel of a stocking by doubling the excess of length over the hunter's toes and back toward the instep. This is then sewed on both sides where the sole of a shoe would ordinarily join the upper leather, and these, worn with the hair outside, are "caribou shanks." Boots or shoes are too noisy to be thought of. He puts in his pockets food for one meal, knowing he will start his game soon. Then he will either be successful, or he might just as well go back to camp; for the caribou, when wound up by alarm, takes so long to run down that to follow it is quite useless.

Thus equipped, rifle in hand and hatchet in belt, he seeks the appointed locality. He soon finds an abundance of tracks, and their age at once becomes a question, a correct solution of which is essential to success. If it is still snowing, the quantity which has fallen over them gives an indication. If they are not so covered, and the tracks are more than one day old, he sees little frost needles in the footprint; while if made the preceding night, or since, he finds none of that frost-work. He then removes his mittens, and by sense of touch determines whether the disturbed snow is still loose or frozen. If the former is found to be the case, the track is fresh, while if the latter, it is two or three hours old. By these and other more subtle considerations of the relations of cause to effect he decides this question with surprising accuracy. Nature is his time-keeper, and he reads the marks upon her dial as the ordinary man reads the face of a clock. If the tracks are satisfactory in this, he follows upon the trail, keeping careful watch for signs of feeding. When travelling, like all other heavy animals in a wooded country, they follow in single file, so that it is difficult to tell how large the herd may be, or to determine the relative sizes and sexes of which it may be composed. When they begin to feed, however, they scatter, and each individual writes its own description upon the snow. To this the hunter gives the closest attention, for thus he informs himself how large the herd is, how much it has fed, and how much more it is likely to feed. When they have eaten enough, he knows they will lie down. They may snatch a bite here and there and move on. But sooner or later they will scatter, and make eating a business. From these



HEAD OF FEMALE CARIBOU.

signs he judges how near he is to them. When he thinks they have fed sufficiently and will soon lie down, he overhauls his rifle, gets the snow out of its muzzle, clears its sights, cocks and uncocks it three or four times, works the breech mechanism, and generally sees that all is clear for action; for the numerous falls he has had in the snow, and that which has been disengaged from the trees, have again and again covered him completely.

He now creeps forward, all eye and ear, avoiding everything calculated to produce a sound as though it were the plague. He pays little attention to the direction of the wind, since the dense evergreen forest broods over a region of almost perpetual calm. Every bush, every stump or fallen log, within sight, is carefully scrutinized, for the snow and ice adhering to their coats make it difficult to distinguish the game from surrounding objects unless in motion. It is almost impossible to avoid making some little noise at times, and it may be that they first detect the presence of the hunter. Instantly all spring to their feet and face him, generally, if he has approached with skill, at some twenty-five or thirty yards' distance. Now is the time. No waiting for a side shot, but choose the biggest, and give it to him right in the centre of the chest, at the root of the neck. Otherwise they will be off like the wind, and he must take his chance as they glide among the thick trees.

Having secured his game, the hunter at once builds a large fire near the fallen animal, and proceeds to skin and dress it before it freezes. He then wraps up the liver and tenderloin in the hide, binding it with a thong cut from the edge of the skin. The rest of the meat he hangs on the trees, and shouldering the hide and its contents, returns to camp for his sled, calling himself all manner of hard names for having made the old and oft-repeated mistake of failing to see his game until it was in motion, even while under his very nose.



IDSUMI SATSUMA.

OLD SATSUMA.

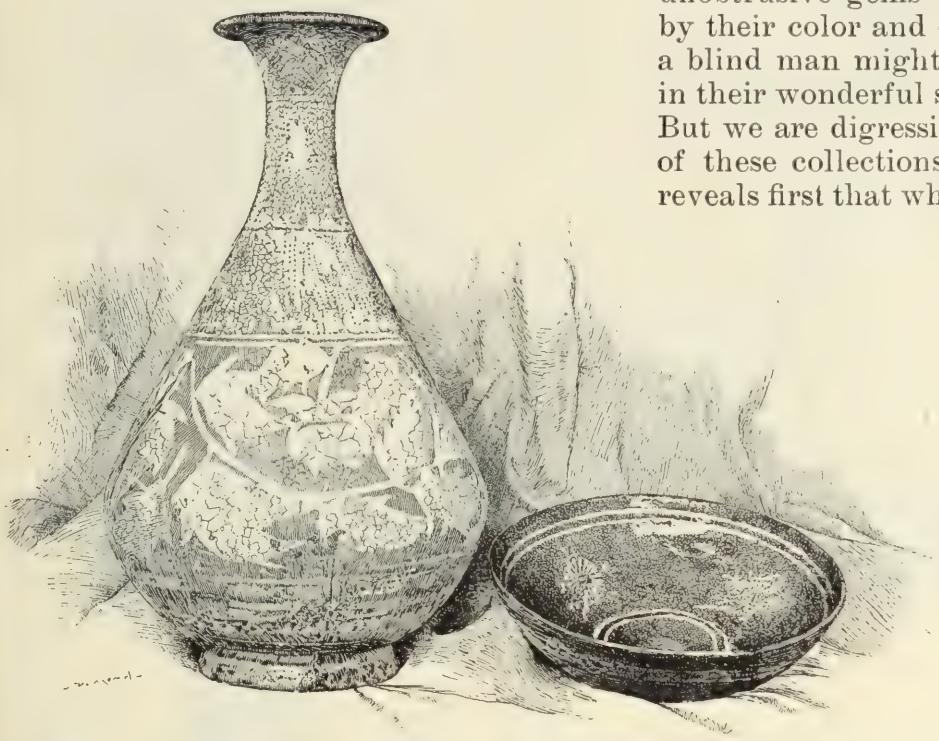
BY PROFESSOR EDWARD SYLVESTER MORSE.

NOWHERE in the world is the taste for collecting old things more common than in Japan. The Japanese, equally with us, have their fevers of collecting. The hen fever, the rabbit fever, the chrysanthemum fever, break out in turn, have their run, and languish, or remain dormant till the germs of these or of some other craze are sown. In the more rational fields of collecting the Japanese exceed all other nations. Where you meet with one man possessed with this spirit in our country, you find scores of them in Japan. Large accumulations are rarely made, for want of means and room; but travel where you will, in the city or most remote country village, there is sure to be some one to show a collection of rare old pottery, stone implements, old tiles, coins, or something of the kind. The Japanese have their special fields of collecting—as, for example, pottery, tiles, pictures, books, autographs, swords, armor, old brocades, old paper, musical instruments, furniture, archæological relics—and these collections may be counted by hundreds. So permanent is the taste for collecting old pottery and old swords that special parties are formed for the sole purpose of testing one another's ability in correctly identifying difficult or puzzling objects. When these objects have a stamp or mark, it is carefully concealed, so that the skill of the amateur may be more surely tried. Second-hand book-stores, bric-à-brac shops, and even temporary sidewalk booths, are to be met with through the length and breadth of the empire. The keramic craze has endured for hundreds of years, and has had its literature for centuries.

It is to this spirit of collecting among the Japanese that we are happily indebted to-day for the preservation in good condi-

tion of the pottery of old Japan. Pottery that in many other parts of the world would have been cast aside when broken is carefully mended and encased in brocade bags and boxes, and preserved with other family treasures in some fire-proof building.

One of the delightful experiences in Japan is to get access, through one's love for such things, to the famous collections of bric-à-brac which are to be found in various parts of the country, and notably in the larger cities. It was my good fortune to examine many collections of pottery, and by studies and sketches to make myself familiar with many types of pottery rarely if ever seen in the private collections in our country or the public collections abroad. I was much struck at the outset with the almost entire absence from these collections of what we regard as decorative pottery; that is to say, pottery of the nature of what the public have recognized under the names of Kioto, Kaga, and Satsuma. In lieu of these one sees sober little tea jars, brown bowls, irregular-shaped dishes, vessels of various kinds, and these either with no decoration upon them, or the merest suggestion of an attempt that way in one or two hasty touches in monochrome. Indeed, the fastidious way in which these specimens are carefully removed from their boxes and silk coverings, and afterward held in the two hands as tenderly, nay, as caressingly, as a mother holds her first-born, seems the veriest absurdity, until one has come to appreciate the intrinsic merit and beauty in their unobtrusive glazes. The rich brown of the Seto glazes, and deep grays of the Karatsu, the ripe and varied brown autumn-like colors in the tea jars of Omi and Iga, the delicious fawns and buffs and rich deep colors of Takatori, are only to be appreciated by study. Many of these unobtrusive gems excite our admiration by their color and contour alone. Even a blind man might find a certain charm in their wonderful smoothness and finish. But we are digressing. An examination of these collections by a foreign student reveals first that what he had held in such high repute as Satsuma (assuming, of course, that he was familiar with genuine Satsuma) forms only an incidental part of these treasures. An attentive study of valuable private collections, such as that owned by the Prince of Kuroda, the Governor of Higo, and many others, brought to light no specimens of the light cream-colored crackled and decorated faience which alone is looked upon as Satsuma by the Western collector. A few pieces of Satsuma were to be seen, but these were entirely unlike the ware which we had supposed to be typical Satsuma. We do not, of course, refer to the highly decorated crackled ware which has been sold to our innocent collectors as Satsuma, and which is never met with in Japan, save in the shops of the treaty ports to tempt the foreigner, or on its way to vessels for export abroad. A few genuine pieces may be seen at the National Museum in Tokio. A very few specimens were shown me by the Governor of Satsuma at Kagoshima, directly after the rebellion, and I was told by him that in the destruction by fire of Kagoshima at that time the fire-proof buildings containing priceless specimens of Satsuma and other wares, as well as old pictures, lacquers, etc., were totally destroyed.



OLD KOREAN MISHIMA.

Odd specimens were formerly to be

picked up in the larger curio shops, which if really good would bring much more than their weight in gold.

The Satsuma ware that one meets with in the collections of the Japanese is of types and forms hitherto unrecognized by Western collectors, though sometimes met with in their collections wrongly identified.

An illustration and description of the more prominent types of Satsuma may be of some assistance in enabling the student of Japanese pottery to identify his pieces, and the information may not be without interest to the art collector, as showing the extent and range of pottery which the name Satsuma really covers.

Japan proper, not including Yezo, consists of three large islands—the largest, which we may regard as the main-land, and two others, which lie at the south, separated by deep and narrow seas. The southernmost one—Kiushiu—includes among other provinces the province of Satsuma, which, with Osumi, makes up its southernmost extremity. A deep gulf indents the island, on the west side of which lies Satsuma, and on the east side Osumi. Kagoshima, the capital of Satsuma, is one of the most ancient towns of the empire.

According to Ninagawa Noritane, a famous antiquarian, author of an illustrated work on Japanese pottery, Satsuma produced a glazed pottery eight hundred years ago. The earth of this pottery is described as being pear-colored, with a transparent glaze of the same color. It is doubtful whether any of this pottery is extant, but for many years there has been made, in the village of Idsumi, in the northern part of Satsuma, a rude pottery which finds its way to the Nagasaki market, and which in its general appearance recalls the old pottery mentioned by Ninagawa. Its clay is reddish pear-colored (the Japanese pear in appearance is not unlike that presented by a russet apple), and its glaze is transparent and of the same color.

The ware has no decoration save that produced by a dark olive overglaze, which in the older specimens forms a rich and irregular border about the rim. The



MISHIMA SATSUMA, WHITE ON GRAY.



MISHIMA SATSUMA, BLACK ON WHITE.

modern ware is rough, cheap, and durable, and has the merit of simplicity. It is usually in the shape of bowls and teapots, which may be bought for a cent or two. Its cheapness enables it to compete successfully in the Nagasaki market with the common porcelain with which the shops are literally crammed. The older forms of the pottery are extremely rare, and differ from the modern pieces in being softer, and in giving out no ringing sound when struck. The modern pieces, like all the recent keramic productions of Japan, have undergone a marked deterioration. In the group marked Idsumi Satsuma the bowl and teapot in front are examples of the ware made to-day. The three other pieces are not new. The flower vase to the right, and the curious spouted, handled, and covered vessel to the left, have no special merit. The long-necked bottle, which is the oldest of these specimens, is quite striking, not only for its peculiar and graceful shape, but for the manner in which the splash of rich brown glaze decorates the body, while the neck, from the rim to a point below the bulb, is covered with a thick olive-green glaze in one place, changing to the richest brown-black. Whether this ware is to be considered identical with the indigenous production of Satsuma above alluded to, I am not prepared to say.

Three other types of Satsuma to be presently considered were introduced by Korean potters: the Japanese, however, have so thoroughly imposed their own delightful and artistic ways of manufacture and decoration upon these products that but little resemblance can be traced to the ancient models.

After the devastating invasion of Korea by the famous Japanese General Hideyoshi, at the end of the sixteenth century (an invasion from which Korea has never fully recovered), Shimadsu Yoshihiro, the feudal chief of Satsuma, not content with the destruction he had assisted in bringing upon unfortunate Korea, robbed the country of some of its skilled potters, who, with their families, were brought back as prisoners, and who were destined,



SUNKOROKO SATSUMA.

with their descendants, to work for the glory of Satsuma and the empire.

Other generals followed the example of the Satsuma chief in bringing back skilled artisans, and thus in various parts of the empire the impulse of Korean art was felt. Not that this was the inception of Korean influence in Japan, for centuries before this date the Japanese chroniclers record peaceful invasions of Korean workmen and artists, who introduced new arts and industries.

In Satsuma the Koreans were settled in and about Kagoshima; afterward a few families were removed to Chosa, in the neighboring province of Osumi, and also to Tsuboya, about twelve miles west from Kagoshima; and at this place, up to within a few years at least, the greater part of the better known types of Satsuma pottery were made. We are indebted to Ernest Satow, Esq., for all the information we possess regarding the Korean potters in Satsuma.* In the village of Tamanoyama Mr. Satow found all the inhabitants—peasants as well as potters—lineal descendants of the Koreans who were brought to Satsuma nearly three hundred years ago. They married freely among themselves, identity of surname being considered no bar to such connection. Until within a few years they did their hair in a knot on top of their head after Korean fashion, preserved their ancient dress, which they wore on great ceremonial occasions, such as the annual journey of the prince to Yedo, when they went forth to salute him as he passed through the village. Many of them preserved their native language, and were utilized as interpreters when shipwrecked Koreans were cast away on the shores. It has been necessary to recall these facts in regard to the Korean descendants in Japan, for it is obvious that if language, manners, style of doing the hair, and other peculiarities have been perpetuated for so long a time, the pottery we are about to consider must have received its impress also.

* Journal of the Asiatic Society of Japan.

Probably one of the earliest types of pottery introduced into Satsuma by the Koreans was a ware known to the Japanese under the general name of Mishima. This is a hard stone-ware, usually with a gray glaze, and having a decoration in white or white and black, effected by a process of inlaying. The figures, whether conventional or natural, are in outline, and are stamped—rarely incised—in the vessel before baking, and while the clay is still soft. The pottery is then baked, and before the glaze is applied for the second baking the designs are filled with a white clay. It is interesting to observe that wherever Korean potters settled in Japan this inlaid form of decoration, or encaustic method, has persisted, notably in the provinces of Higo, Suwo, and Hizen. In the island of Tsushima, which stands midway between the southern extremity of Korea and Japan, the pottery is decorated in a similar way. While the Korean Mishima has rapidly deteriorated in its native country, judging from recent specimens brought from Korea, the transplanted process has continually improved under the hands of the Japanese, who have added their own refinements and taste to the hints derived from their Korean teachers, and to-day the pottery made after this style by the Higo potters must rank as among the most refined and perfect in Japan. An idea may be gained of the appearance of the old Korean Mishima ware from the engraving on page 513. The old Korean bowl was presented by the



UNIQUE BOWL OF SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.



SETO-KUSURI SATSUMA.



NISHIKI DE SATSUMA.

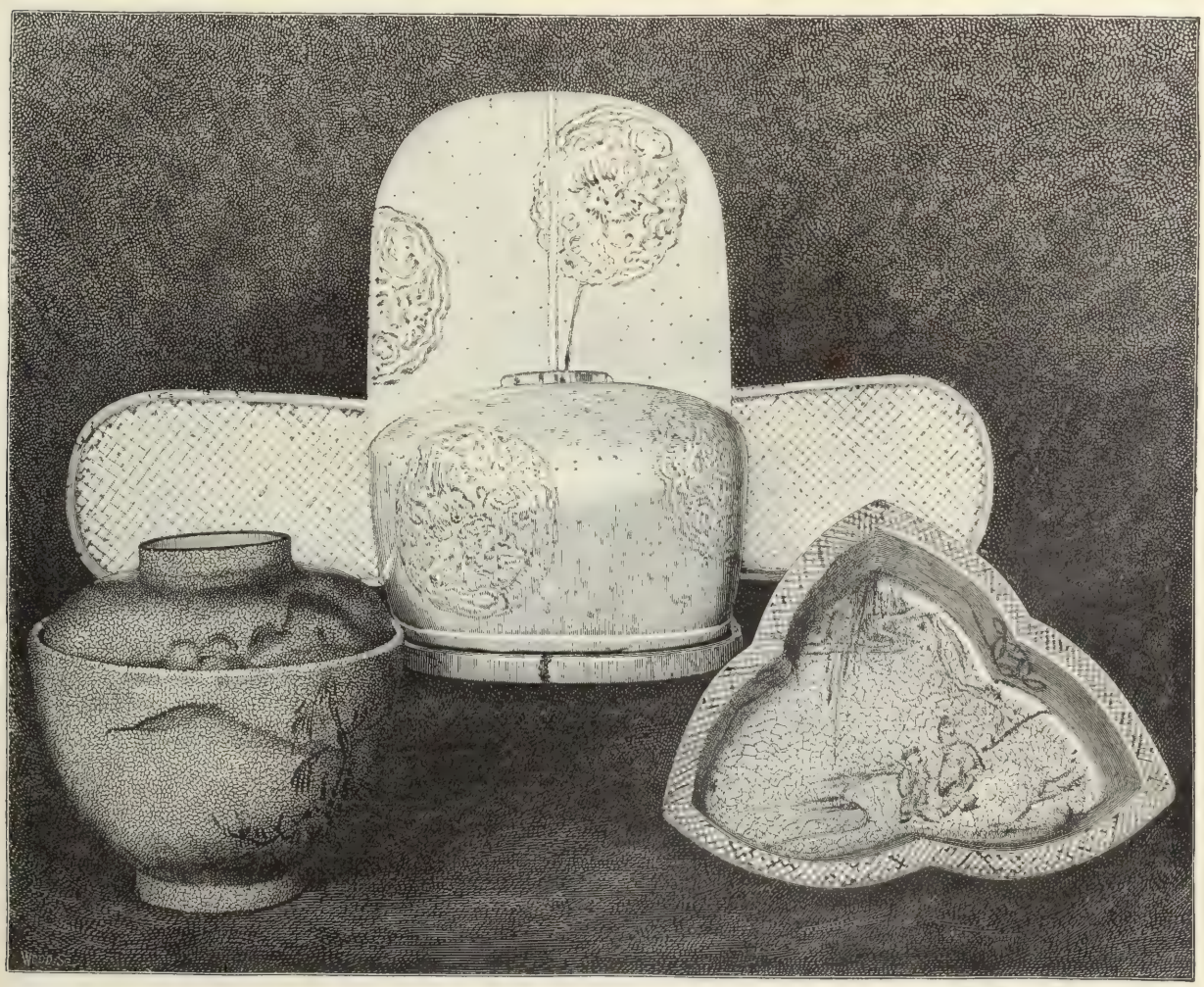
King of Korea to Percival Lowell, Esq., of Boston, during his late visit to that country as foreign secretary of the Korean Embassy, on its return from the United States, and to him I am indebted for the privilege of presenting it. The bowl is shallow, roughly potted, though made on the potter's wheel; the clay, rudely mixed, has developed large blisters beneath the glaze, one of which has broken away on the inside of the bowl. Outside, the design consists of four revolving lines in two bands, beneath which are disposed at three equidistant points a symmetrical radiating figure enclosed in a double circle. Within are similar revolving lines disposed in the same way, with a conventional flower impressed at four equidistant points, the radiating wheel-like flower being made by one stamp, the leaves by another, while the stem is incised by hand. The bottom is very rough, and has adhering to it coarse sand, upon which the vessel rested in the oven.

Among the Korean pieces in my collection are a number of Mishima forms, and these show the stamped impression of formal designs, usually stars, or star-shaped figures, and revolving bands. The choicest specimen, an old Korean vase, an illustration of which accompanies the bowl, has the design cut out by hand, representing large leaves disposed in such a way as to suggest Persian influence. The vase is somewhat irregular, rudely potted, and blistered. In one place the encaustic design has broken away. The gray glaze is somewhat iridescent, the result of age and consequent decomposition of the surface. Not only are these formal designs common, but the crane often forms the motive, and the impression of this design is usually filled with a white and black clay. While this method of treatment has the generic term of Mishima, there are a number of species, so to speak, which the Japanese connoisseur recognizes by appropriate names.

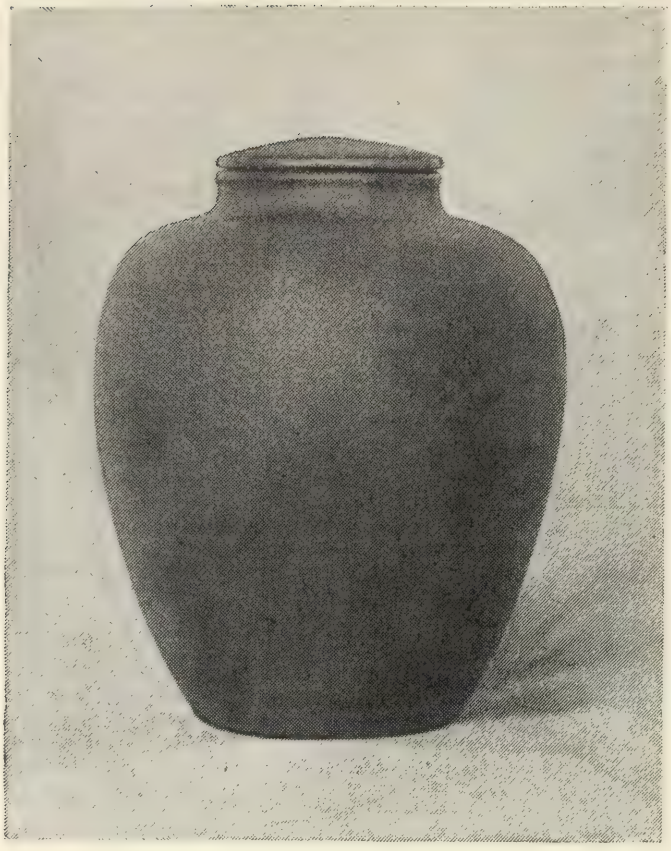
In one form vertical lines are drawn upon the bowl, between which are zigzag lines, and from the resemblance of these lines to a Japanese calendar, the term *Koyōme Mishima* is given. The cloud and crane decoration is known as *Unkako Mishima.* If flowers form the motive, it is called the *Hana Mishima;* or if lines are drawn crossing one another, it is called *Higaki Mishima*—higaki meaning fence. In some cases the white clay is rudely painted on the vessel in long sweeps, and this is called *Haka-me Mishima*, or "brush-painted." While the Satsuma Mishima has generally adhered to the Korean archetype in being decorated with conventional designs of circles, dots, radiating or wheel-like figures and the like,

the Higo potters have broken away from these primitive methods, which, however, characterized their early pottery; and the most beautiful designs of flowers and bamboo, either free or enclosed, and bands of Greek fret, introduced from China, which the Japanese call the Raimon style of ornamentation, mark their exquisite productions, and a very immediate way of distinguishing Higo Mishima from Satsuma Mishima may be got by observing the character of the design. Exceptions, however, to this rule occur. Aside from this distinguishing mark, the glaze of the typical Higo is, on the whole, darker and clearer than that of Satsuma, and possesses a higher polish, and the clay is usually finer, and the bases of the pieces more smoothly finished. The collector will find among the more ancient specimens of each, as identified by Japanese experts, but little, if any, difference. At least I have tried and given up in despair the effort to harmonize Japanese expert testimony with the appearance of the wares, and I may say that their resemblance to Korean Mishima is so marked that it is almost impossible to determine the dividing line between them.

The group of gray Satsuma Mishima inlaid with white (see page 514) will give the student and collector a very good idea of the general appearance of this ware. The color of the clay in the gray Mishima varies from a dull iron red to a light gray tinged with red. Those with red clay have a warm dark gray glaze, while the lighter clays give a cold light gray appearance to the glaze. The bowl and tall vase are probably over one hundred and fifty years old. The hexagonal incense box with the kirimon in black and white is one hundred years old. The gourd-shaped wine bottle and covered jar are from fifty to seventy-five years old, and the clove boiler may be fifty years old. This curious utensil was used more as an ornament within the house than for its original purpose of boiling cloves. I have a number of these vessels in different wares, and some of them have done good service, not only as an ornament to



WHITE SATSUMA WITH BLUE DECORATION.



SAME SATSUMA.

the room, but in imparting the aroma of cloves to the house, as may be recognized by the marks of fire within them, and the odor of cloves which permeates the upper receptacles. As in nearly all cases, the older forms represent the better wares.

Specimens of white Satsuma Mishima inlaid with black are rare to find. The clay is yellowish sand-colored, rather coarse and dry, and the glaze is white, thick, and crackled. The group of three specimens shown on page 515 gives a good example of this ware. The bowl is a choice specimen dating back a hundred and fifty years or more, the gourd-shaped bottle is over one hundred years old, and the clove boiler, though looking fresh and new, may be nearly as old.

Another type of pottery equally characteristic of Satsuma, though sometimes copied in the pottery of other provinces, is known under the specific name of Sunkoroko. The origin of the word, like that of Mishima, as applied to their respective types of pottery, is somewhat obscure. Mishima literally means "three islands"; it is not an uncommon family name. *Koroko*, according to an old authority, is the name of a form of Chinese pottery, and *Sun* probably refers to a Chinese dynasty. As to the origin of the word, however, or whether it should be more correctly written Rosokoroko does not here concern us.

The clay of Satsuma Sunkoroko is hard and fine, and is of a light stone-gray color. The glaze is transparent, giving a buff-gray tone to the ware. The decoration consists of conventional scrolls, cross-lines, and curious diapers variously disposed in bands and panels. The color of the decoration is always a dark brown, or deep brown slightly tinged with olive, and is painted in broad free lines. The clay of the earlier forms is softer than that of the more recent make; the bases of the earlier



ODD TYPES OF SATSUMA AND SPURIOUS BOWL.

pieces are left unglazed, and the decoration is infinitely superior in richness of color and design. The glaze has also a much warmer tone in the earlier pieces. Satsuma Sunkoroko is the most distinctive of all the Satsuma types, for while the Mishima type may be seen in a number of other potteries throughout Japan, both derivative and copied, Sunkoroko, on the contrary, has been rarely copied. The group shown on page 516 gives a very clear idea of the appearance of this ware. The large bowl is the gem of the collection, and is probably two hundred and fifty years old; the little teapot in front is two hundred years old; the large vase to the right is seventy years old; the long-necked flask is probably a hundred years old, and the large teapot and clove boiler may be equally old; the little flower vase in front is perhaps fifty years old. The ware is rich and effective, and has a decidedly archaic appearance.

Still another type of Satsuma claims our attention from the remarkable beauty and richness of its brown glaze, and the wonderful splashes of transparent olive-brown overglaze flecked with exquisite light blue streaks. This type of Satsuma is known as Seto-kusuri, meaning "Seto glaze," Seto being a village in the province of Owari, in which a brown glaze of a similar nature is much used. The difference in color of the two glazes is marked, the Satsuma glaze being much warmer and redder in color, owing to the color of the paste upon which it is imposed, and a further difference may be seen in the irregular dashes of brilliant overglaze, with its delicious light blue veining which characterizes this type. In the gourd-shaped wine bottle the splashes are large and irregularly disposed; in the teapots and smaller pieces single splashes are made on opposite sides of the vessel.

Some examples have the impressed mark of Yoshi-he, and Mishima examples are sometimes impressed with the same stamp. There are a number of varieties of this ware. The variety just described seems to have been produced within the last fifty years.

The typical Satsuma tea jars may be regarded as another variety of Seto-kusuri. These little tea jars are, with few exceptions, strikingly unlike the tea jars of other parts of the empire. They may be at once recognized by the thick olive or greenish-brown glaze, the overglaze often flecked with blue or white. The under glaze is less transparent and much lighter in color than the upper glaze. The pottery is a hard stone-ware, somewhat reddish in color, and the *itoguire*, or thread-mark, on the bottom, runs in the opposite direction from that of the tea jars of the central provinces. The Japanese call the thread-mark of the Satsuma tea jar left-handed, while the usual thread-mark is called right-handed. Properly speaking, however, these terms should be reversed, the Satsuma tea jars being cut from the potter's wheel by drawing the string with the right hand, while in the tea jars of other provinces, with notable exceptions, the thread-mark shows that the tea jar has been cut away with a movement of the left hand. To determine the direction of the thread-cut one has only to hold the bottom of the tea jar toward him so that the line of convergence comes uppermost; if now the lines appear to sweep or curve to the right, it may be called a right-handed thread-mark, or to the left, a left-handed thread-mark. In the study and identification of tea jars one has to become familiar with the thread-mark, as it is really the *cachet* of the maker, each potter pulling the thread a little differently in cutting the vessel from the wheel. These little jars are furnished with ivory covers, and are kept in brocade bags and boxes. They are intended solely to hold the powdered tea used in the tea ceremonies, and an antiquity of two hundred and fifty and even three hundred years is claimed for them. The glazes and colors seen in the Satsuma tea jars are so unlike the forms of the Seto-kusuri previously described that they might well form a type by themselves. Large jars of considerable antiquity are recognized as Satsuma by the Japanese expert, and these are remarkably beautiful for the delicate mottling of their greenish-brown glaze. In the group of figures marked Seto-kusuri Satsuma (see page 517) a large jar of this description is shown in the central specimen; the two specimens upon either side of it, consisting of a jar, two gourd-shaped wine bottles, and a fire pot, belong to the variety described as having a rich splash of overglaze. The four tea jars in front represent the choicest forms of the typical Satsuma tea jar, and the bowl to

the right has clay and glaze similar to them.

I have never seen but one specimen of the Seto-kusuri decorated save by the skilful treatment of the overglaze.

In the figure of a bowl (page 517) is presented a unique example in the fact that besides a wonderful splash of nearly white glaze, there were depicted blue waves and three birds. The bowl is white, glazed within, coarsely and strongly crackled; this has been allowed to disperse itself on portions of the bowl outside, but below this are splashes of a very thick gray glaze, which in turn rests on the first brown glaze of the bowl. The specimen is thick and heavy, and is altogether a most exquisite piece of keramic art. The lacquer box in which it was contained has lettered in gold on the outside the following, "Satsuma Tsubogata Chawan," which, freely translated, means Satsuma jar-shaped bowl.

Thus far we have examined types of Satsuma pottery which have remained uncontaminated by the blight of foreign influence, though in all these types a slow but certain deterioration may be traced from the older to the newer examples—a deterioration not only in the paste and glaze, but in the form and decoration of the vessels.

In the next type to be described we come to a kind of pottery which has become world-renowned. The word Satsuma is nearly as familiar to us as the word Japan, and this word has become familiarized to us not because of Satsuma's brilliant and heroic achievements in the past, her grand part in the war of restoration, or her lamentable and tragic rebellion within recent years, but solely for a peculiar type of pottery or faience, known as Satsuma, which was simply inimitable. Its delicious ivory-colored glaze marvellously crazed, its delicate and artistic decoration in vitrifiable enamels and gold, and the refinement which characterized each good piece, filled the collector's mind with wonder and delight. What was called Satsuma enriched the collections of the amateur; museums of art paraded colossal Satsuma vases in pairs, gorgeous with glitter and gold; costly books, with triumphs of the chromo-lithographer's skill, depicted what was supposed to be different periods of this Satsuma ware. Aside from the undeniable beauty of many of these specimens, their value was heightened by their supposed antiquity: it was "old Satsuma" always. Some years, however, elapsed before the miserable suspicion entered the minds of the more thoughtful among collectors that the "Satsuma" which was continually arriving by the ship-load could not all be the genuine old pieces that the dealers invariably represented them to be. Even as late as 1877 there was a public sale in London of "old Satsuma" from a private collection, and the ware was represented as having been made by royal command for one of the popes just after Xavier's expedition to Japan in 1560! It was about this time that the whole business was exposed as a gigantic swindle, and then became more widely known the fact that but little, comparatively speaking, of the genuine old Satsuma was in existence even in Japán, and furthermore that genuine "old Satsuma" was represented by small pieces, such as bowls, incense boxes, and the like, and that the modest makers of these gems did not deem it of importance to stamp or mark their names in any way. With what dismay we beheld our huge flower vases in pairs! Stamps and marks which in other pottery were so eagerly sought after were now found to be actual defacements in our precious pieces. Alas! our old Satsuma was not old. The dregs of humiliation were yet to be drained, when we learned that in most cases our "old Satsuma" was not even Satsuma, and that all the domiciles in the empire of Japan might be ransacked in vain to find the remotest parallel to the specimens with which unscrupulous dealers were victimizing their innocent purchasers.

While collectors the world over have been looking for some unquestionable evidence as to what characterizes genuine old Satsuma, the experts have been equally in search of that evidence which should tell us when plain white crackled Satsuma was first decorated with vitrifiable enamels and gold in the style known as *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painted. This inquiry will lead us to understand the features which distinguish genuine Satsuma from the fraudulent. Authorities tell us that when the Korean potters were first brought to Satsuma they made a common black glazed ware, the common ware of the people, which survives to-day in Korea, and also the Mishima type, which was, of course, after Korean models. White clay

was finally discovered at Kasada, not far from Kagoshima, and then commenced the making of white crackled Satsuma faience. This was rarely, if ever, decorated, and when decorated, the design in monochrome was of the simplest possible nature in blue or brown under the glaze. That this plain white ware was made over two hundred years ago there can be no doubt. Chosa, a village in the neighboring province of Osumi, claims to be the place where this ware was first made.

We are indebted, as we have already said, to one of the former attachés of the British legation in Japan, Ernest Satow, Esq., for the first reliable information regarding the advent and work of Korean potters in Satsuma.*

Mr. Satow, in the article already alluded to, tells us that long after the plain white Satsuma was made, two Korean potters, whose names are given, were sent by the Prince of Satsuma to Kioto in the latter part of the eighteenth century. These men were sent expressly to learn the art of *Nishiki de*, or brocade-painting, embracing, of course, the use of colors in vitrifiable enamels and the application of gold—an art in which Kioto potters excelled. Kioto potters at that time, and indeed a hundred years before, had been familiar with these arts through the famous works of Ninsei, with whom it had probably originated. It was no new event for potters to visit Kioto to learn the methods of decoration, and the history of the potter's art in Japan abounds in allusions not only to potters going to this art capital to learn the secrets of their trade, but accounts are frequently given of Kioto potters being called to neighboring and distant provinces to establish new potteries or to improve upon the old. At about the time the two Korean potters were sent to Kioto, a Satsuma prince had visited Dohachi's pottery, and had ordered from him specimens of his art, and Ninagawa informed me that it was to Dohachi, a Kiyomidsu potter of Kioto, that the Korean potters were sent for instruction. Dohachi was fond of a peculiar kind of music called *horagi*, which was sung with the assistance of a large Triton shell acting as a resonator to the voice. In return for the information imparted by Dohachi, the Prince of Satsuma sent him as a present a large and beautiful Triton shell mounted in silver. It was this incident that led Dohachi to use for a stamp on some of his pottery the impression of a Triton shell.

If these statements are correct — and there seems no good reason to doubt them —then the first Nishiki de Satsuma is not over ninety years old. Captain F. Brinkley, the accomplished editor of the *Japan Mail*, in his interesting *History of Japanese Keramics*, expresses the belief that the first brocade-painted Satsuma dates back nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. No authorities are quoted for this view, and the cautious manner in which he deals with the subject would seem to imply a doubt in his own mind as to the reliability of his information. In my last visit to Japan I made the most earnest and patient inquiries among Japanese experts, and the result of their concurrent testimony is the conclusion that Nishiki de Satsuma is not over ninety years old. Among the experts consulted I may mention Mr. Yamadaka, director of the National Museum of Tokio; Mr. Shioda, another authority; Ninagawa Noritane, the famous antiquarian, and author of the most reliable history of Japanese pottery; Mr. Riochi Kohistu, a noted antiquarian and government expert—all of whom expressed the opinion that Nishiki de Satsuma was not over one hundred years old.

For the sake of brevity we shall now use the simple term Satsuma as commonly understood to mean the white crackled faience, whether plain or decorated. Undecorated Satsuma is called Mugi Satsuma, *mugi* meaning plain, unfigured. The crazed or crackled ware is called Hibi Satsuma. Pieces of Mugi or plain crackled Satsuma of great age are often met with, which the Japanese profess to recognize as having been made at Chosa, in Osumi. At all events, these old bowls have often been decorated within recent years, refired, and then sold as ancient Satsuma, and this has led to grave misconceptions among collectors, and has given weight to the positive assertions of native dealers (whose testimony in nearly every case must be taken with great caution) as to the antiquity of their specimens. The decoration of old bowls of all kinds has

* We cannot refrain from adding here that nearly all the triumphs of research concerning Japan—historical, philological, classical, as well as commercial and political—have been won by attachés of the British legation, because England has seen fit to send scholars and gentlemen to represent her abroad, and not political adventurers.

not only led to an infinite amount of misunderstanding by the foreign collector, but has resulted in the utter ruin of many valuable specimens. With the increasing travel to Japan, and the consequent influx of the curio hunters, a wonderful increase of bric-à-brac shops has taken place in the treaty ports. The vulgar taste of the ordinary curio hunter demanded pretentious decoration and gaudy colors, associated with a desire for grimy antiquity, and this demand could only be filled by fraudulent manufacture. In vain did the native dealer expose for sale the beautiful old wares of his country—the pottery simple and unpretentious, yet beautiful for its graceful shape and delicious glaze. The merit and refinement of simplicity could not be appreciated by the outside barbarian. The exposure of such treasures was like flinging pearls before swine, and so the pearls were daubed and bedizened. Thus it came to pass that ten years ago the reputable dealers of Paris and London were deceived by the bowls and vases called old Satsuma, which were decorated with figures in relief, intricate grottoes, dragons, lace-work, and everything horrid and barbarous from a Japanese stand-point. As the universal demand was for old Satsuma of this hideous variety, the supply of plain Satsuma bowls for decoration immediately ran short, and pieces of Awata, Kioto, which had some remote resemblance to Satsuma in color and glaze, were submitted to the same treatment of staining and decoration. If any collector is curious in regard to the truth of this matter, let him first familiarize himself with the stamps of Kinkozan, Kenzan, Taizan, Giozan, Iwakurazan, and other potters of the Awata district, Kioto, and an examination of the bottoms of his specimens of old Satsuma will most likely reveal some one of these stamps. Even the stamp of Ninsei may often be detected on some of these pieces; but these are in every case fraudulent Ninsei. To desecrate a genuine Ninsei in this way would be as absurd as altering a hundred-dollar note into a one-dollar note.

The hunger for old Satsuma continuing unabated, and old bowls of all kinds having been exhausted, Satsuma clay was brought in junks to the north, and potters of Kioto, Osaka, Ota (near Yokohama), and Tokio began in right earnest to turn out prodigious vases in pairs, extraordinary figures of mythical animals, Buddhist saints, and the like. A white clay having been found near Okayama, in Buzen, a large number of Satsuma potters were brought to this place, and residents of Tokio may remember that an agency for this ware was opened near Tsukiji. The glaze was coarsely crackled, and the paste was so soft and porous that the slightest touch of ink led to its immediate absorption, and consequent cloudy spread of color below.

At Shiba, in Tokio, a small Satsuma oven has been for a long time in full blast, and the potters complacently go on in their work of staining and dyeing their pieces to make them look old, without the slightest reserve at the presence of strangers. The Satsuma potters have continued to make a vast amount of faience for their own use, such as wine bottles, teacups, teapots, and the like. These are usually employed in an undecorated form by the natives, though a great deal is shipped to Kioto and Tokio for decoration, and then sent back to Satsuma again for sale among the people. I saw at Kagoshima cups and teapots very prettily decorated, and evidently for home use. It was extraordinary, however, to find each piece marked, with Kana characters, "*Satsuma.*"

Satsuma was not behindhand in meeting the foreign demand for novelties and enormities, and soon the concentrated energy of a number of factories was unable to meet the demand for old Satsuma, or "Antique Imperial Satsuma," as one dealer ridiculously called it. Mr. Satow, who visited the Satsuma factories, says, in the article already referred to, that in one factory "two artists were employed in modelling figures of Kuwanon and Dharma, with the conventional face and robes given to Buddhist personages, and toes all of the same length. A third was engaged upon a tiger sitting up in a cat-like posture, intended to be two and a half Japanese feet in height when finished." As an indication of the slovenly way in which these objects were made, Mr. Satow says, "Most of these figures are modelled from drawings in India-ink, but the colored designs are laid on from memory." At another factory in Satsuma Mr. Satow says he found them making inferior blue and white ware and highly gaudy crackle. At Tamawoyama, Satsuma, he found a workman "engaged in modelling a statuette of Christ, after a sentimental wood-cut

in a religious periodical called the *Christian Observer*. He had copied the face and beard with considerable accuracy, but had draped the body and limbs in the robes of a Buddhist priest."

Well might Satsuma have rebelled, if for no other cause than this prostitution of her native industries. All this mass of meretricious stuff, made solely for the foreigner, finds its way to this country and to Europe by the cargo, where it is sold as "Old Satsuma," "Imperial Satsuma," "loot from some Buddhist temple," or, indeed, by means of any unfathomable lie that can animate and victimize the innocent public. Possessors of these spurious pieces of Satsuma are often encouraged in their convictions of the genuineness of their treasures by having seen in public museums similar specimens on deposit from some one who had actually received them as presents from some government department in Japan, in whose employ he may have been. This, however, is no safe criterion, for while the Japanese officials would have been only too delighted to have presented some good example of true Japanese art, they knew too well that the gaudy and violent suited best the average foreigner, and so ordered from the bric-à-brac shops in Yokohama objects made expressly for exportation, and consequently more sure to please the foreigner. I would not for a moment be misunderstood as saying that all this material is offensive or even bad; many of the objects are very beautiful, and some of the vases are triumphs of the decorator's art, though the pottery often shows the defects of imperfect potting and firing; indeed, the profuse decoration is often used to conceal these defects. For decorative purposes in rooms glaring with gilt and mirrors, bright frescoes and rich carpets, many of these objects form fitting adjuncts. I wish, however, to warn purchasers against buying Satsuma because it is represented as old or even genuine, and to urge them to be governed by their tastes in the matter, irrespective of all claims made as to the private history of the object, and above all, to be entirely uninfluenced by auctioneers' catalogues. Furthermore, I would temper the feelings of disgust and chagrin which will come over many when they discover the frauds they have sheltered, by assuring them that up to within ten years everybody shared this ignorance. Even those who claimed the right to speak authoritatively on the subject were deceived.

Let us now turn to the genuine Nishiki de Satsuma, and we shall find it one of the most perfect of all wares for the purity and fineness of its clay, its delicious glaze, with its even and almost imperceptible crackle, and the beauty and chasteness of its decoration. Indeed, nothing could be more perfect and effective in the way of a decorative surface than the crackled glaze which characterizes so many forms of Japanese pottery. In the light of this undisputed fact it seems incomprehensible that the English potter has not yet arrived at that state when a crazed or crackled surface seems desirable. It has always been an unceasing struggle with the English potter to secure a paste and glaze whose coefficients of expansion were the same; in other words, to secure a condition of things in which the glaze should not "craze." Janvier, in his excellent work entitled *Practical Keramics for Students*, says, "It is difficult to make a good glaze, as one that seems good at first may crack after months or even years have elapsed"! What must he think of the Japanese potter who deliberately opens his oven while still hot, and permits a cold blast of air to enter, for the express purpose of "crazing" his productions? While our artists have sought roughened paper and coarse canvas to enhance the effect of their work, the pottery decorator of Japan has equally realized that a rough or crackled surface gives him precisely the best conditions for decorative effects. We are certainly indebted to the better art instincts of the Japanese for one of the many charms that their pottery possesses, and that is the crackled surface, which, brilliant in itself, forms one of the most perfect surfaces for decoration. The early Awata of Kioto were often remarkable examples of the potter's and decorator's skill, but the Nishiki de Satsuma was superior in every respect. The pieces had a solidity and an enduring quality about them that the Awata never possessed. Each good piece was a gem in itself.

It is well to understand the conditions under which this faience (or rather the best examples of it) was made—conditions under which pottery in other parts of the empire also attained a high degree of excellence. The potters, instead of being a set of ignorant and inartistic workmen,

content to earn only their weekly pay, having no ambition beyond the making of a certain number of pieces each day—pieces which, if originally good in form, had lost all their distinctive qualities by monotonous repetition, like the cries of a street vender, which by constant utterance become disguised and unintelligible—were, on the contrary, observant and patient workers, capable not only of appreciating artistic work, but of doing it. They were artists, and not only observed nature, but were ready to avail themselves of any good bit which answered their purpose. These men were under the patronage, or rather in the service, of some Daimio or other exalted personage. Questions of cost, which under all circumstances were too vulgar to consider, never entered into the matter. It was sufficient reward for the potter to merit the approval of his master.

In many cases the Daimio had built in his own grounds an oven and all the appliances for making pottery. Distinguished potters were often invited from remote provinces to occupy these premises, and the Daimio did not deem it beneath his dignity to experiment with the fascinating work, and I may add parenthetically that the work of these men and of other ambitious amateurs forms the distracting miseries of the keramic student. The potter had access to the art treasures of his master, and often got his motive from some famous screen or *kakemono*.

The Nishiki de Satsuma was a ware altogether too expensive to come into general use; much of it was made either for the immediate use of the Daimio or other high personages, or to form presents to men of exalted rank. Plain white Satsuma was doubtless made for general use. By constant use it became richly though lightly colored, and one at all familiar with the first coloring of a meerschaum may form some idea of a bit of old Satsuma; and having used this comparison, it may be carried still further by adding that artificially colored or stained Satsuma recalls the appearance of a spurious or cheap meerschaum; indeed, the simile may be completed by stating that a good deal of pride is taken in the gradual coloring of a bit of Satsuma by constant use, and a peculiar yellow cloth is kept at hand to polish the glaze from time to time, very much as a smoker polishes his pipe.

Other provinces have at various times produced wares after the style of Nishiki de Satsuma. Space will permit only a passing reference to some of the more prominent of these. Reference has already been made to the plain white crackle of Buzen. An essay of white glazed and brocade-painted ware was made in Idsumi a number of years ago, but no success attended this venture, as the ware possessed none of the good points of either Satsuma or Awata. The clay was fine enough, but soft and of poor color, and the dull-lustred glaze was chalky white, and coarsely and unevenly crackled. Dr. Mimpei, of Awaji, some sixty-five years ago, made a light crackled faience, with strong and bright-colored decoration in enamels and gold. While it bore some resemblance to Satsuma, it could not be confounded with it. Good pieces were superior to the Awata of that date.

The group on page 518 contains examples of various ages of Nishiki de Satsuma. The hexagonal bowl nearly in the centre of the group is from the collection of Ninagawa Noritane, and is the specimen figured in his work (Part VII., Fig. 29), and was believed by Ninagawa to date back to near the beginning of this century. It is thick and heavy, and has a delicious warm coloring from use and age. The decoration, though finely painted, is not specially good. The bowl bottom upward is also from Ninagawa's collection, and was supposed by him to be somewhat older than the other. The decoration is very rich, and the glaze is remarkable for the fineness and evenness of its crackle. The *te-buro*, or hand furnace, as well as the bowl to the left, and the teapot and bowl to the right, are excellent specimens of old Satsuma. The bowl in front and to the right is a remarkably beautiful example of the last of the genuine Satsuma. The little *koro*, or incense burner, in front, is interesting as representing the very earliest decorated Satsuma; its surface is quite glossy, and the crackle can only be detected by the aid of a lens. A similar specimen is figured in an unlettered and unpublished plate of Ninagawa's, which was destined, with others, to form another part of his celebrated work. In Ninagawa's specimen a perforated top is shown, but the legs are broken away. In this specimen the legs are preserved, but the top is wanting.

There are a number of varieties of the white crackled Satsuma which cannot be called types, though the Japanese probably have specific terms for them all. One of these varieties was made about fifty-five years ago at a village called Tachino, near Kagoshima. The ware was a peculiar hard white Satsuma, with rather coarse glaze, though uneven crackle. The decoration was underglaze, in light blue, and some of the pieces bore the mark *Satsu sei* (Satsu made). The group on page 519 shows examples of this ware. The covered bowl to the left has the mark *Satsu sei*. The curious utensil in the shape of a ceremonial head-dress is a remarkable example of this ware. Another, of the cheaper and coarser white crackle wares made for common use, was roughly decorated in brown under the glaze, reminding one in general appearance of Shino ware, Owari.

There are other types of Satsuma which may have a curious interest to the collector, and in which the finer specimens show merit. A type called Same Satsuma (see page 520) has the glaze broken up into minute granules. The entire surface is freely granulated, resembling in appearance shark-skin, from which its name, *Same* (pronounced as two syllables), is derived. This ware is usually in the shape of covered jars; it is hard, light, and in color a warm light gray, showing toward the base a very light brick red tinge. The granulations at the base are very fine, increasing in coarseness toward the top. Specimens usually have the stamp *Yoshi-he* impressed on the bottom.

Pottery with the granulated glaze has been made in a number of other provinces. It may be seen in certain old Keratsu bowls. Tamba, Owari, and even Iwaki, in the north, have known the secret causing the glaze to behave in this curious way. The specimen illustrated is excellent, with an age of about sixty years.

Another type of Satsuma, known as Betsu Kafu, was formerly made in Satsuma. In this ware an attempt was made to imitate tortoise-shell by using a bright yellow glaze, and disposing upon it irregular patches of dark brown. According to Mr. Satow, large quantities were shipped to the Nagasaki markets. Its manufacture ceased twenty years ago. It was a cheap ware, and had no special merit from an artistic stand-point, and yet the older specimens, in which minute flecks of green were seen, were not without some merit. A specimen of the older form in my collection, which answers well to the description of the ware, might be mistaken for modern Awaji, though a direct comparison with it shows marked differences.

The three pieces of the group on page 520 are unique in their way. They represent specimens in my collection, and two of them are the only specimens I have ever seen of their types. The gourd-shaped *sake* bottle recalls the clay and glaze of the richer forms of gray Mishima already described. The design, however, instead of being incised, is painted on thickly. It is rudely potted, the upper and lower parts showing a sharp shoulder at the line of junction, while in the other forms of gourd-shaped wine bottles the line of junction is scarcely discernible. It has the impressed stamp of *Hoju* on the bottom. The middle piece, a covered vessel in the form of a temple drum, is somewhat remarkable in color, the body of the drum being a warm greenish-gray, the top of a light gray, and the cock, which forms the handle, having a brown Seto glaze. The wood graining is incised. It bears the impressed mark *Yoshi-he*, and was made at Tsuboya within recent years.

That different types of Satsuma are made at the same pottery is seen in the fact that the stamp *Yoshi-he* occurs in *Same* Satsuma, *Mishima* Satsuma, and *Seto-kusuri* Satsuma, while the stamp *Hoju* is found on specimens of Mishima and Seto-kusuri already figured in this article, as well as on the wine bottle with white *engobe* decoration just described.

One of the great difficulties encountered by a student of Japanese pottery arises from the practice of certain potters to make totally different types of ware, and for this reason the best Japanese authorities are often misled in their identifications. As an example of this, Ninagawa figured a bowl in the third part of his famous work as Idsumi ware, but which afterward proved to have been made by Kinkozan, of Kioto. Not only do potters essay different types of ware, but often have a set of marks and stamps equally confusing. In some specimens the potter will use his own name, in others a portion of his name, or the first syllables of two or more names in combination. In another lot he will use his *nom de plume*, or the name of the village, or the poetic name of his house or garden. For

these reasons the Japanese expert depends almost entirely on the characters derived from the paste, neither glaze nor decoration being relied upon.

One must become familiar with the different earths used in the making. Of course a familiarity with the stamps and marks is essential, but these are often counterfeited. Particularly are those counterfeited which are in great demand by foreigners. The principle of the counterfeiter in altering a note of low denomination into one of a higher figure is seen in the fraudulent attempts to cause inferior wares to appear by stamp and general appearance for something better. The reverse is, of course, never attempted. One would never see a bit of Satsuma of any type marked *Banko*, for example, and yet Banko ware has been made in imitation of Sunkoroko Satsuma and Mishima Satsuma, as well as in imitation of the productions of other provinces, yet in every case the stamp *Banko* may be found impressed on the wares. Imitations and counterfeits were common, however, in Japan long before foreigners exerted any influence in that country. One may see imitation Ninsei a hundred years old, and even older.

The Japanese recognize two forms of imitation; one called *Gizo*, which is a fraudulent imitation, and when discovered by the Japanese instantly condemned; the other called *Mozo*, an honorable imitation, to which the maker always affixes his name. Mokubei, of Kioto, eighty years ago made fraudulent imitations of Chinese ware, and was reproved for it in books of that period. Shuntai, of Owari, made honorable imitations of Korean Mishima, and affixed his stamp to every specimen. These clever imitations are much admired by the Japanese. At the present time a great many fraudulent imitations of Asahi and Ninsei are displayed in the Japanese bric-à-brac shops. During my last visit to Japan I made a special hunt for the origin of these counterfeits, and finally traced them all to the house of Zoroko, a Kiyomidsu potter in Kioto. The man showed me in the most unblushing manner the counterfeit stamps he used in his work, and seemed to have no compunction in regard to the matter. I may add that one at all familiar with pottery could not for a moment be deceived by his fraudulent work.

We have said that the Japanese rely mainly on the clay for the identification of pottery, and this is the method of Brongniart; but what are we to do when pottery has to be identified in which the clay was brought from one province to be, perhaps, mixed with clay from another province, and to be fabricated, decorated, and glazed somewhere else? And yet pieces of this nature are among the puzzles which a collector has to contend with. Among the Japanese it is customary to mark upon the box containing the specimen the name of the piece, possibly the year in which it was made, and often the name of the original owner, who might have been a master of the tea ceremonies, or some high official. Within the box are often neatly folded bits of paper, and these are endorsements from Japanese experts as to the genuineness of the specimen.

Through the vicissitudes of time the specimen gets broken, lost, stolen, or deliberately sold from the box; at all events, the specimen disappears; but, if in the hands of a dealer, the box with all its endorsements is still saved, and another specimen fills the void. The collector therefore must be prepared to withstand not only the allurements of the dealer, but those of the certificates also, and let the specimen stand on its own merit.

Frauds and fraudulent dealers are quite as common in Japan as in other parts of the world, and infinitely more cunning. Even the experts are misled in this way: at least it is charity to suppose that Ninagawa was in the following case. The shallow tea bowl shown in the last group, turned bottom up, came from Ninagawa with the definite statement that some eighty years ago a Kioto maker was ordered to Satsuma to make for the prince bowls after the style of Kiyomidsu, and these were to be used for presents. Now it is possible that some Satsuma official while in Kioto may have ordered bowls to take back with him for presents, and the box containing such specimens may have been marked accordingly, but this bowl, though now having no mark or stamp, shows plainly the evidences of its effacement, and was positively made by the second generation of Rokubei, perhaps sixty or seventy years ago, and as the Rokubeis have no record of their predecessors' having gone to Satsuma, we are forced to believe that in this case at least Ninagawa was mistaken.

In conclusion, I may say that if this paper will aid collectors in recognizing the true from the false in Satsuma, and if furthermore it will induce amateurs to purchase such objects in Satsuma as suit their individual tastes, and not because the specimens are said to be genuine or old, then all that has been aimed at in what I have written has been accomplished. I may add that with the exception of the Korean bowl, the material to illustrate this paper has been drawn from my own collection. The engravings are from negatives prepared by David Mason Little, Esq., and are gems of photographic art.

AT BYRAMS.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

IT was a village that looked as if it had drifted on in an aimless way until it had at last concluded to settle down, tired of the effort to make anything of itself. There were some stores, a town-hall, a tavern devoted chiefly to the quarrymen, and last, though most imposing of all, the quarry itself, well enough worked, and paying well, it was said, but certainly not adding to the social force of the town.

Byrams seemed to lead from no place to nowhere. The railroad station was seven miles distant; the post-office was open once a week. Most of the better part of the community took a weekly edition of some daily paper, whereby they learned of startling events, and were excited over them, many days after the outer world's surprise had subsided.

It was customary to placard any announcement for the public good on the door of the town-hall. A man named Jered Hopkins wrote such announcements, but usually spoiled their flavor by telling every one what was coming.

On a certain mild summer's evening Jered drew rein before Deacon Tall's door, and waited for some one to become aware of his presence.

The door soon opened, and Mrs. Tall's gaunt figure and worn face were visible.

"Thought as how Rita might like to know there's to be a con-cert here t'-morrow night," Jered said, slowly. He sat still in his wagon, chewing the end of a straw, and waited.

"Well," said Mrs. Tall, after a long pause, "I'll tell her."

"Do," said Jered.

He was about to drive on, when Mrs. Tall said, "D'you happen to know whether Sam Barlow got his hay in?"

"Well, I don't," said Jered. "Kin ask, if you like."

"Oh, I just thought if you *knew*," she answered; and as she closed the door, Jered drove on, slowly enough to cast a very long look backward at the neat two-storied cottage which, with its garden sloping down to the river, was Byrams' one architectural pride.

He had not driven far before a clear young voice called to him, and a girl's figure appeared above the garden beds, running toward him. Jered stopped at once, and into his fair young face a color like a child's came and deepened.

The girl who was running toward him was very pretty—tall and graceful and vigorously made. Her color, if white, was healthful, and her gray eyes had the sparkle of content as well as youth in them.

In Jered's eyes every thread and hue of the girl's rich dark auburn hair, every soft glance of her gray eyes or curve of her sweet lips, was divinely beautiful.

"Jered," the girl said, coming up to the edge of the wagon, "what is it to be?"

"Why, a con-cert," said Jered, not quite able to bear Rita's steady glance. "Here 'tis," he said, treasonably producing from his wagon the announcement he had written. "Goin' to be in the hall. The gentlemen ordered it."

Rita caught eagerly at the paper, and read as follows:

THE FAMOUS

INTERNATIONAL CONCERT TROUPE

will give an entertainment at the Town-Hall of Byrams Tuesday evening, July 25th.

THE FOLLOWING BRILLIANT ARRAY OF ARTISTS WILL APPEAR:

SOPRANO ..... MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG.
CONTRALTO ..... MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING.
TENORE ..... SIGNOR BRIGNOLI.
BASSO ..... CARL FORMES.
PIANIST ..... M. RUBINSTEIN.

A superb chorus picked from the different Italian opera troupes will assist the artists.

During the intermission Signor Brignoli will dance his famous clog dance, and Miss Kellogg will favor the company with her unrivalled dialect recitation.

TICKETS (to be had at the hall Tuesday afternoon), 25 CENTS.

Rita read breathlessly.

"Why, Jered Hopkins!" she said, looking up at him; "I want to know!"

"Yes," said Jered, slowly taking back the thrilling document—"yes, it's to be a con-cert."

"Well, thank you," said Rita, still in perplexity. "Good-night, Jered."

The young man drove on, and Rita walked back to the house, lost in thought. Her aunt was just putting away the last of the tea-things in the best cupboard, for there had been company that evening.

"Did you hear?" exclaimed Rita. "And, aunt, they're *famous* singers! Only think! I know, because Lizzie Walsh heard them at the Jubilee."

"*Well*," said Mrs. Tall, "guess Byrams 'll hev to turn out."

And Byrams *did* turn out, early in the day, to read the announcement; next, to discuss it, and finally to apply at the hall for tickets. The Talls, of course, were going, and Rita said she would go down and buy *their* tickets. It was unusually warm, and the girl dressed herself in her coolest muslins, wearing an old-fashioned white chip bonnet, from which, however, her face looked forth lovelier, prettier than ever, the little waves of chestnut hair on her forehead contrasting with the white straw, and the ribbons tied under her chin suiting her type perfectly. This was the picture which suddenly framed itself in the window of the box office, behind which Signor Brignoli was selling tickets.

He was a tall, fair-haired, rather sunbrowned young fellow about twenty-five, with a face in which so many elements seemed mingled that fun or reflection might follow each other quickly. His dress was a sort of yachting costume; the details were rather carefully finished. He wore on one hand a ring with a crest and motto cut into the stone.

Never had Rita's eyes beheld any creature so fascinating. It was with difficulty that she made her purchase, but at last the tickets were in her hand, and with a heightened color she hurried out and toward home.

Signor Brignoli watched the little figure for an instant; then he turned his head toward a young man who, seated on a table, was tuning a guitar.

"Bret," he said, quietly, "did you see that?"

"What?" Bret put his guitar down.

"Well, about the loveliest girl *I* ever beheld. Look out of the window."

"What! in Byrams!" exclaimed Bret as he clambered up on the table and craned a very long neck. "By Jove she's gone! Why didn't you tell me quicker?"

"Could I ask her to remain and be instantaneously photographed?" the tenor inquired. "I'll tell you what I *did* do. I gave her a front seat."

Bret smiled and returned to his guitar, upon which he was carefully picking out an accompaniment to "Marching through Georgia."

When Rita was nearly home, some one called to her, and she turned to recognize Jered's face and figure. Jered was considered in Byrams very "well-favored," and so he was in regard to his personal appearance. What a little more systematic tailoring and a more complete ease of manner would have done it is hard to say, but he was tall and well made, and had a fine fair countenance, with gentle eyes and a determined chin. Whenever Rita thought about him at all, it was quite admiringly.

"Rita," he said, joining her, "seems there isn't accommodation at the tavern for the con-cert folks, and so one or two of us hev been discussing sorter askin' 'em around."

Rita's pink color came swiftly.

"What a good idea, Jered! You always think of the kind things," the girl said, cheerfully. "I'm sure it 'll be all right. Aunt would like to have one of them."

"Seems," continued Jered, "that the ladies was took sick, so they couldn't come, but the gents promise to make up for it."

"Oh, I am *sure* they will!" responded Rita. "Let me see. I guess I'll get you to take a note at once to one of them, or perhaps they might go away."

In half an hour Rita had persuaded her aunt into writing an invitation to Signor Brignoli.

"We might as well say," said Rita, "that we'll take him home in the carryall." And to this also the good-humored Mrs. Tall was brought to consent.

"Boys," remarked Bret to the members of the International Concert Troupe, who were seated at dusk in the town-hall—"boys, we're in for about the best yet. We are bidden to share the hospi-

tality of Byrams homes. *I* am to be fed and lodged at one Abijah Greene's; our basso yonder at the home of the lithographer and ready penman Jered Hopkins; our barytone-tenor at one Mrs. Tall's; and Rubinstein is to gather himself together at Mrs. Browne's. When shall we have such another?"

If the troupe could have looked in upon their various hosts and hostesses at that moment, they could hardly have failed to feel complimented, perhaps touched; for each and every one was busy on preparations for their famous guests.

Rita had fairly scorched her cheeks making cakes and pies. Mrs. Tall had compounded a wonderful dish made of eggs and cream; and for once a really wholesome, substantial kind of cooking was in progress. Byrams was at last to have its day!

Long before the hour of the concert the audience had assembled, but the front seats were the last to be filled.

When the curtain arose it presented the piano in the most mortifying light, its poor body rudely held up on trestles hastily procured from the undertaker. But Rubinstein was presently crashing away upon it popular airs, to which the audience speedily beat a response.

Then appeared Carl Formes, who, in place of Brignoli, did a wonderful clog, and sang some excellent negro melodies, to which Rubinstein, who was a slim, tall young fellow of about twenty, played a genuine plantation accompaniment. The audience were enraptured, but all afterward declared that Signor Brignoli bore off the palm.

If that careless person could be said to blush, he did so as he met the sweet gaze of the deacon's niece, and saw admiring trustfulness and purity in her glance. But I think perhaps it helped him in the way he sang such ballads as "A warrior bold," "Phyllis is my only love," and "Bid me to live." Certainly Signor Brignoli's friends had never before heard their favorite tenor do so well.

He had not a *bit* the air of a foreigner, some one whispered to some one else, and how *well* he spoke the language! To Rita, sitting with her hands clasped with almost painful intensity, her eyes now dilated, now glistening with unshed tears, it seemed as if a whole world had opened before her—a strange, tremulous, uncertain world that set her pulses throbbing, her little young heart beating, filling her with a curious consciousness of herself, just as though the great singer was singing only to her. And truth to tell, he was: angry as he felt with himself for doing it, he was singing just to that one listener.

The music was over, the last *encore* given and responded to, and Byrams, fairly exhausted by excitement and joy, poured out into the summer night. The moon and the stars were having a gala time of it: for once the dull, dreary country was transformed. When Signor Brignoli came out inquiring for Deacon Tall's carry-all, he wondered if it was the intoxication of his own senses or a reality which made that ugly country look so beautiful. And there was the deacon amiably waiting for his guest, the curtains of his carry-all rolled up, a flood of moonlight pouring in beneath the dark top, and showing him Rita's face.

"This is too much to ask of you," he said, politely lifting his hat. But Rita's fluency had gone. The girl was white as marble, and sitting very still; but when the signore took his place just at her back, by the deacon on the front seat, it almost seemed as if he could feel the girl's heart beating.

It was a strange drive for Rita. All the familiar objects looked oddly to her —brightened, beautified; nothing seemed dull to her any longer. As they passed over the little bridge she wondered why she had ever thought it ugly, and from time to time in joyous content she listened to the stranger's voice while he talked to her uncle about various local agricultural and church matters. How clever he was! He seemed to be at home on every subject. And his voice in speaking—how fascinating the rather slow, lazy, though rich tones!

There was a little formality in welcoming the stranger to the house; and then Mrs. Tall, saying she guessed he'd be ready to go to sleep after all that singing, preceded him up the stairs with a kerosene lamp.

The tenor, once alone in the large, cheerless apartment, cleaned and aired and dusted for him, sat down, thrust his hands in his pockets, and gave up an hour to reflections which were by no means complimentary to himself.

"By Jove," was his final summing up, "I'll tell her the whole confounded business!"

But the morning weakened such a resolve. He arose early, and wandering down-stairs, he found Rita dusting the parlor with the utmost care. He stood half an instant in the doorway before she saw him, and then her little start and blush pleased him greatly.

He asked if he might come in, and she said certainly, making sure that he chose the most comfortable rocking-chair. It was a hopelessly ugly little parlor. The young man first declared to himself that he could not reconcile Rita to the carpet of large staring greens and reds; next, that he was disappointed in her if she *could* allow such antimacassars and chromos; finally, the centre table, with its array of books, was so overwhelming that he gave it up and returned to the girl herself, who in a pretty calico dress looked the impersonation of youth and health. He felt so sure that she *was* very young that he said at last:

"Do you go to school here, Miss Tall?"

Rita leaned over a high-backed chair opposite him, and nodded and smiled. "Yes; near here I *teach* school."

"You!" the young man laughed.

"You think I look as if I didn't know enough?" said the girl, merrily.

"Oh no; you look too young."

"I am seventeen," she answered, "and I *might* have begun last year, only Jered didn't wish I should."

The visitor was greatly diverted.

"And who is Jered?" he inquired, with the consciousness that no questions in Byrams could be considered intrusive.

"Jered? Why, he's—he's a sort of school director; and he's always been very good to me, and thoughtful, and he said 'twould be too much for a girl of sixteen. You see, they're mostly boys."

"Some girls of sixteen get on very well with boys," laughed the young man.

"*Do* they?" said Rita, not in the least divining his meaning, and inwardly the young man despised himself.

"I wish I could see your school," he hastened to say.

"Oh, it's vacation now," she answered. "But if you were going to stay, I could show you the school-house. It's in the only pretty part of the neighborhood."

Was it this suggestion? The young man scarcely knew, but when in honest kindliness the Talls asked him to stay, and said, calmly, "Rita could take you for a nice walk," it seemed to him the only thing to do. As he made his way down to the hall, where the troupe had agreed to meet, he wondered if he was not parting with the very last remnant of his self-respect: but the idea of the long idle summer's day with Rita came over him, crushing out all other fancies. By the time he reached the hall he had begun to laugh at his own folly.

"Enter thou, O signore," said the jolly voice of Bret. "I think we may congratulate ourselves. I have made local sketches enough to pay me for the bother. Look at this;" and the indomitable youth opened a sketch-book, wherein it must be confessed were some admirable caricatures.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said the signore, trying not to smile. "These are good, honest people, who have treated us uncommonly well—a deal better than we deserve, the Lord knows."

"I don't know," said Bret; "we treated them to the best they'll hear for many a day. As for yourself, old chap, I never heard you sing a fiftieth part as well. We'll hear of you with D'Oyley Carte yet. Perhaps the rustic beauty in the front row inspired you. By-the-way, who is she?" and Bret's gay glance roved among the company. Mrs. Tall's guest was silent. "I tried to get her head, but couldn't. If I could find her, I'd ask her for a sitting."

"Well, boys," said the tenor, "I've come to say I'm going to stay here for a day. I want to get a little—local color."

There was an outcry at this, finally silenced by his agreeing to meet them the next day at a station twenty miles below.

"You can leave the yacht there, can't you?" he asked. "What better captain than Cherry do you want? Don't drink all the champagne, nor yet concoct too glorious a cup; but I'll be with you soon."

And so in spite of protestations he departed, breathing freely as he walked over the sunlit country to the deacon's house.

He saw Rita in the window, and leaning in over the ledge, he reminded her about the school-house.

"Well," she said, "do you want to go right *straight*?"

He paused. "Straight? Oh, you mean at once. Why, yes; it's a long walk, isn't it? Let me see—it's eleven o'clock now."

Mrs. Tall's figure appeared behind the girl's. "Why, you'd best take a little lunch with you, I guess," she said, kindly.

The young man felt the blood tingling in his cheeks. These people were so hospitable, so entirely confiding! Yet how could he now draw back? "Very well," he assented.

He sat down on the little porch while Rita went away for her hat and gloves.

The house fronted possibly the most uninteresting country road he had ever seen. It made no pretence, however, of being anything else, indulged in no sentimental vagaries with the light and shade, but stretched along bare and dusty, and sullenly dipped down in a vindictive sort of way where the bridge came, and affording few bits of green for the dandelions or meadowsweet to flourish in. Some neglected willows grew by the stream, hanging their heads dejectedly; opposite the house, beyond this brazen roadway, a piece of ground rose abruptly in a tangled sort of hill-side. It occurred to the young man in a fit of exasperation that he would ascend this uninviting eminence and see what lay beyond or below it. It was a feat rather hard to accomplish without some verbal relief to the feelings; but it was done at last, and he stood on an uneven, lumpy piece of ground and gazed about him.

Below, the ground sloped, or rather worried its way, to a pasture-field, and near there, in the heat and dust, and accompanied by the most irritating sounds, was the quarry. No sunset that ever came into the heavens could beautify this spot. Daybreak would be ghastly upon it. Then suddenly he remembered the moonlight. Yes, that placid orb might do something decorative.

He was still standing meditating upon the arid waste which was offered to Rita's soul as daily inspiration, when he heard her voice,

"Why, Signor Brignoli! why, I want to know!"

He turned with a guilty start, and beheld Rita in her white bonnet just below him.

"I'm not surprised you say that, Miss Tall," he said, clambering down, "as though any one would *wish* to climb this bank. It just occurred to me there *might* be something to look at down there."

"No," said the girl, very decidedly, "there isn't. I have never called this a pretty country," she added, as though conceding much.

"No?" her companion tried to seem very serious. "Well, I don't think it is myself, although last night in the moonlight, do you know, I thought it really quite—quite picturesque."

The girl smiled. "*Did* you?" she said, quickly. "And so did I—for the *first* time; but I think it was the music made me. Somehow it seemed all together going through and through me." They were strolling along the road now, the young man in possession of the basket. "I never felt so—so unlike myself. It"—she looked up at him with the sweetest, gentlest gaze—"it thrilled me all night; I kept waking up to remember it."

"Why, oh, why," he thought, "have I not now and here courage to look her in the face and say, Miss Tall, think of me as you will, but I am no more Signor Brignoli than you are, but rather Donald Macbane, a young so-and-so, etc., etc.?" But he tried later to say it was because he knew he never should behold her again, and *why* destroy this one bright hour?

"Are you sure," he said, with a sort of humble or remorseful tone in his voice—"are you sure it was unlike yourself? Now of course I don't know anything about your life or your history, but it seems to me that living in a place like this one might readily get to fancying the imaginative side of human nature not to exist."

She listened.

"Do you see?" he went on, feeling much more at his ease—perhaps he thought he was helping a young mind. "Now if I never saw anything in nature better than all this—that desolate road and that wretched quarry—why, I should stagnate, and by-and-by not believe there was anything like real strong feeling, or that anything I might imagine would be only fantastic."

She understood him, he thought.

"But," the girl said, shyly, "you could sing." And she looked up reverently at the tall young fellow, the bronzed handsome face above hers. A look came into Macbane's eyes which the girl could not understand.

He stood still a moment. "Miss Tall," he inquired, quietly, "what made you think of that?"

She seemed troubled. "I don't know," she answered. "Only—if I could sing as you do, it seems to me I should not need nature and other things so much."

He looked at her very encouragingly.

"Do you know, only a person with a really artistic nature could have said that. Now I shall beg of you to tell me something about yourself."

The girl was genuinely perplexed. "This is the beginning of the road to the woods," she said, in a moment, indicating a path across the fields to their left. She seemed very much constrained. "There isn't anything to tell," she said, finally.

Macbane did not press it. "When I was a youngster," he began, "at my father's place in New Hampshire we boys used to be ever so fond of running across fields, rather—" He stopped short, conscious that she was gazing at him in some surprise.

"Why, aren't you Italian by *birth?*" she asked. "I knew, of course, you must have lived here a long time."

Macbane fairly ground his teeth. In a moment he said, quietly: "No. It's odd, isn't it? I wasn't born in Italy. But," he added, thanking the generous and foreseeing fate which had sent him early abroad, "I lived in Italy some time, and my mother, you know, was an American."

A charming smile spread itself like sunlight over the girl's face. "Oh, now I see!" she exclaimed, joyfully. "Do you know, I *was* so puzzled!"

They walked along in silence, or only with fragments of talk, until they reached the woods. They were dignified by such a name, but in reality it was only a meagre grove diversified by hollows, and with the great treasure of a running stream.

Midway the school-house stood in a little clearing.

Rita, as she stepped forward to put the key into the door, seemed to the young man to give a peculiar enchantment to the scene. There was something emphatically sylvan about her in her light muslins, her little white bonnet, and her curling, gleaming hair. "Will you come in?" she asked, smiling back at him. The room was small, and presented only the usual aspects of a country school-house, but about the little teacher's desk were some signs or touches which already appealed to the young man as characteristic. He looked at her small treasures while she seated herself in her chair.

A certain spirit of fun, or of extreme youth, possessed them both.

"Pretend you are a scholar," she said. "You must sit in Johnny Gibbs's chair, for he is the cleverest."

"But I am not clever," pleaded Macbane, taking the chair indicated.

"Well, you are big, anyway, which is next best. Now, Johnny Gibbs, spell your name."

"M-a-c—" began the unhappy scholar.

But Rita only laughed gleefully. "I am ashamed of you," she said. "Well, Johnny, you can sing, I know."

"Not in here," said Macbane, springing up. "Can't we sit on the door-step and eat the lunch?"

She came down at once. "Of course. Are you very hungry? It is only pie."

"Pie is delightful," said Macbane, and lazily watched her as she spread out a napkin on the round stone of one of the steps, and decorating it with leaves, laid out the repast.

The steps were wide and really comfortable; overhead the trees arched with their boughs, and the little clearing had a pleasant faint odor of pines. Rita had spread a shawl over a bit of the ground, and sat there contentedly, while Macbane was above her. Suddenly she became aware that he was looking at her with a curious smile—half perplexed, half sad.

"Of what are you thinking?" she said, gravely.

"Well, I will tell you—of how very odd it is for us to be so soon good friends, when until last night we had never so much as seen each other."

A flush crept slowly over her cheeks and brow, and faded away before she said, "I had seen you before."

"Oh, at the ticket office; and so had I seen you."

She was silent. Although there was not one suspicion of coquetry in the girl, yet he felt a slight contempt for letting their conversation drift into so common an exchange of personalities.

"It is going to rain," said Rita, lifting her face to the space in the boughs above, "and a thunder-storm has been threatening; so we must be off."

"Oh, that isn't rain!" said Macbane, looking up also. "You are like my Captain Cherry. He is always afraid it is going to rain."

"Your *what?*" inquired Rita.

Macbane seemed to be lost in thought. "Oh, the captain of a yacht I was on," he said, with some gloom.

"Do you know, I *long* to see or to be on a yacht," she said, presently; but there was no response until Macbane said,

"You haven't told me how you liked the concert yet," and would at once have given worlds to unsay the words.

"Yes," said the girl, with her direct, sweet gaze, "I told you; don't you remember?"

"But that was only *my* part."

"Oh," she said, somewhat carelessly, "I don't think I liked the dancing—that is, for a man. Do you know—I'll tell you confidentially—I shouldn't have liked to see my *brother* do that."

"Have you a brother?" said the now triumphant Macbane.

"No," she said; "but if I had."

"He'd like cheese," said Macbane, dreamily.

"How?" said the girl.

Macbane laughed, and then of course had to tell her the story of Dundreary's wooing.

She enjoyed it greatly. "I'd like to see that," she said, putting the napkin carefully away. "In fact—"

"In fact, child," said the young man, "you'd like to see it all. Have you ever seen *anything?*" He smiled.

"Yes," she said—"the County Fair twice, and Philadelphia once."

"Once—for how long?"

"Two nights and a day; but it rained, so we didn't go out."

"Well, there is more than that for you to see—when it doesn't rain."

"Which it is certainly going to do now; it will only be a quick shower, but unless we stop here there will be no chance of shelter."

"Where?" said Macbane, glancing about the unsightly piece of woodland.

Rita plunged into a little thicket to the left, glancing merrily at him over her shoulder.

He followed. A sort of bower had been rudely constructed of spruce and pine trees. About them now hung the faded branches of some flowering vine, evidently the ghosts of some recent festal decoration.

"What is this?" laughed Macbane, standing before it, and looking up and down and around the poor little place.

"It *was* a bower," she returned. "My boys undertook to give me an entertainment, part of which was the crowning me with laurel in this bower. Really we had a very good time."

"I dare say. So the boys *have* a little fun in them?"

Rita considered a moment. "No," she said, thoughtfully, "I don't know that they really have *fun:* there isn't anything here to be funny about."

"I see."

"But they are very good and nice to me, and they had saved up ever so long for this. We really had quite a party; and Jered—"

"Did he approve?"

The girl looked at him earnestly a moment, scrutinizing the careless, handsome face of the young man before her. He had one hand above his head, pulling idly at the twigs, the other thrust into his loose blue flannel coat, and evidently quite easy in this attitude, he was smiling down upon the girl, the impersonation of everything fine and manly and independent—as she thought—in the world which she had never seen. Yet Rita's color slowly and painfully rose. Something hurt her keenly, and she turned her head aside.

Macbane's smile vanished. "I beg your pardon, Miss Tall," he said, contritely.

"My name isn't Tall," said the girl, still looking down.

To her blank amazement the little wood fairly rang with his laugh. "What," he said, "you too! Is this a nightmare?"

"Oh!" cried the girl, "I don't understand you. *Do* tell me what you mean! What did I say? I suppose because you knew it was uncle's name you concluded it must be mine as well; so I didn't correct you, thinking it would only be for a few hours, and of no consequence."

During her broken sentences Macbane had recovered himself, and thoroughly appreciated the naturalness of the situation.

"I am afraid," he said, very urgently but calmly, "my imagination has become fantastic. And to tell you the truth, I have had a great deal on my mind lately—much, much I wish I could tell you about."

The sweet face of the girl had grown full of tender womanly pity. "Oh, *have* you?" she said, in a very gentle tone.

She seemed such a child, and yet a woman; but involuntarily Macbane, looking down at her grave and tender eyes, said, "Yes, dear," and with a sigh really genuine turned and walked out toward the path. The rain had begun with swift dashes, then flying, as it were, upon them.

He turned back to Rita, who was sitting on the wooden flooring of the bower, leaning back against the withered leaves and greenery, well protected from the storm, but evidently thinking but little of any such danger.

Her mind had only grasped the fact that this splendid, careless-looking young man had *trouble*, and if Macbane had understood the feminine nature better he would have known this to be the moment for the recital of his luckless tale.

"My name is really Breton," she said, suddenly, and in a very quiet voice. "There, didn't I tell you it would rain? Why don't you come and sit there on that step?"

He mutely obeyed. The place was really sheltered and comfortable.

"So your name is Breton," he said, leaning back against the post of the bower and folding his arms. "That's not a common name—Rita Breton."

"Alice," the girl corrected, gently. "It is only at Uncle Tall's they call me Rita."

"Oh, you don't live there always?" He felt an unaccountable joy over this fact.

She looked down, meditatively folding and unfolding with both hands a piece of her pretty muslin gown.

"I'll tell you, I guess," she said at length. "My mother married a second time when I was quite young. She—well, she really supposed that Mr. Eversley would let me stay with her; but he wouldn't, and so I came here."

"Was her marriage happy?"

Rita shook her head. "Not entirely. He is old and very cross. I was with them one year, and he treated me very unkindly. My aunt here—she is my mother's half-sister—came and found it out, and I cried to go home with her. So I came. It isn't much of a story, you see," she added, smiling, but lifting eyes to his face where the suspicion of tears lingered.

"It has a great deal in it, my dear child," said Macbane, quietly. "I can well imagine all that it involved. And here you have been ever since, except for that rainy day in Philadelphia."

"Yes."

"And are you happy?"

A dangerous question to ask any girl who has seen nothing, and yet whose nature is full of ardent longings.

"What is it to be happy?" asked Alice, unconscious that she was repeating the riddle of ages.

"Ah," cried Macbane, "you must learn to be a philosopher to answer that! I have my ideal of happiness; but if I attained it, would it satisfy anything in me?"

"What is it?—tell me," she urged. But for some reason the sense of their disparities came upon him; he felt it out of the question that he should give any part of his real self to this child.

"Tell me yours," he responded.

"I have never been able to tell myself," she answered, simply.

Macbane sprang to his feet. "Miss Breton," he said, laughing, "I own myself answered, and taught a lesson. *I* have fancied myself somewhat of a philosopher, but you—having seen nothing, as you say, certainly not knowing anything of the world—are ahead of me in my most beloved science."

She laughed too, merrily. "That is great nonsense," she said, standing up. "Now don't you think the shower is over sufficiently for us to go on?"

He went out to the path again, held out his hand, looked up and down, came back to say a vague, "Yes, I think so; at all events we can try."

The rain had thoroughly refreshed the atmosphere. Whatever bloom or joy the country held seemed to have been awakened by it, and a tangled vine above a hedge that had looked cruelly down-hearted when they passed it, now was thrilled and shining, moved by a little faint wind, so that it shed its glistening drops on the ground below, and seemed anxious to make its unexpected charm apparent. And in the two hours since they had left the path, something certainly had come into both minds and hearts as unexpected as it was joyous. To Macbane it was the delight of finding so fresh, so sweet, so strong a nature; to Rita it was the sense of something new in life, in all the world; for women of her temperament when touched by the right hand send many vague and mystic feelings in response: already she was beginning to think of what her ideal might be.

They were rather silent until they neared the stile which led to the last field. Then Rita said, "Who is that?"

A light and happy figure was crossing the field—a young man with a sketch-book under his arm. It was most undeniably Bret.

The other two stood still, but Bret saw



"HE WENT OUT TO THE PATH AGAIN, HELD OUT HIS HAND," ETC.—[SEE PAGE 536.]

them from a distance, hailed his friend with a wave of the sketch-book, and on nearing them took off his hat respectfully to Miss Breton.

What glances passed between the two men Rita did not see. But Bret was true to his friend.

"I called at your aunt's, Miss Breton," he said, very politely, when Macbane had introduced him, "and she desired me to come here in search of my friend—Brignoli."

"Yes," said Rita; "she knows this path very well."

"I found myself detained," continued Bret, without a glance at his friend. "But really the hospitality of Byrams is so delightful I can't be sorry. I take the 7 P.M. train this evening."

Bret's fluent conversational ability kept up the party until they reached Mrs. Tall's cottage.

It was two o'clock, an hour past that for dinner, but the hospitable hostess had put away the wanderers' meal, and they enjoyed it no doubt better than the more formal family repast.

Bret, whose spirits were unquenchable, accompanied them into the little dining-room, where he rattled on, to the relief of Rita, who found herself suddenly silenced. She disappeared after dinner, attending to her household duties, and then going up to her own room, sat down to think over the events of the past two days. Was it only yesterday that here in this very room she had tied on her white bonnet to go down for the tickets? It seemed to her that the time might have been a year, so much had come to her, so singular a possession of life!

The visitors were on the back piazza, overlooking the only really pretty part of the place, the old-fashioned garden with its many and sweet fragrances.

Rita soon went down again, appearing in the door a little timidly. Bret's sketch-book was open on his knee, and Macbane was looking over his shoulder.

As the young girl joined them, sitting down in a low wicker rocking-chair, Macbane remarked that she looked pale.

"Oh, *do* I?" she said, and blushed. Macbane came over to her side of the porch, and they talked ten or fifteen minutes, unconscious that Bret's airy pencil was flying over a clean sheet in his book. It was when Rita rose for some purpose that he said, pleadingly,

"Oh, Miss Breton, *please* don't move!"

The young girl involuntarily resumed her seat.

"Oh, are you drawing me?" she said, laughing. "May I see it when it is finished?"

"On one condition," rejoined Bret—"that you let me have a sketch of you in your white bonnet."

To Rita it seemed the utmost piece of fun. She departed promptly for the bonnet, and at once Macbane exclaimed:

"But what are you doing? Don't you see what an unsuspecting girl she is? She doesn't guess you'll use that lovely face of hers in your next picture."

"What if she *did*?" said Bret, without looking up. "She'd be flattered. These country belles are always vain."

"By heavens, boy!" exclaimed Macbane, "is that all the discrimination you have? Can't you see the fibre she's made of?"

"Then just let your old uncle Bret give you a piece of advice," said that youth, looking up shrewdly. "Don't impose upon her *too* long yourself—hear?"

Macbane groaned. Before he could speak, Rita, looking charming in her white bonnet, had rejoined them.

This time she posed carefully, and in spite of Macbane's walking off down the garden paths, Rita thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the occasion. And Bret really sketched well; his knack of reproducing the dainty, subtle element of any face was really clever, and at the end of an hour, when Macbane returned, it was to find a creditable and charming likeness of Miss Breton, though, to his rage, it was on a page of Bret's book.

Deacon and Mrs. Tall were delighted, and an hour more was employed in making sketches of them, which the younger man did with his usual good-humor, presenting them to the old couple with the promise of a copy of the one he had made of Miss Breton.

While this was in progress Macbane and Rita were in the garden, she gathering flowers for the tea-table, he standing near her, longing to say something uncivil about Bret's work, and to explain himself, yet restrained by honor from the one, and by shame from the other.

So the afternoon wore away. Bret departed with joyous good-byes, and vows to visit Byrams again. And then came the dusk, the evening, and finally the



"DEACON AND MRS. TALL WERE DELIGHTED."

moonlight, for which both Rita and Macbane had been wishing, so that once again they might see the country under its enchantment.

And the moon favored them. Again Byrams was divested of its meanness; again the bridge and the little tank shone silvery, and the heavens shed their radiance—gave their "patens of bright gold" for lustre even to this dingy corner of the earth.

"I never shall forget this time, Miss Breton," Macbane said as they stood on the little porch. He realized at once that it was a very commonplace remark.

"Oh, I dare say you will," said the girl. "Let me see. You will go away, and perhaps in years to come some one will say, 'Do you remember a place called Byrams?' And you will give that peculiar little frown to your eyebrows, and—"

"Did you notice that?" said Macbane, intensely pleased.

"Yes," she pursued; "and you will answer: '*Byrams? Byrams?* Why, yes, I *think* I do.'"

"Very well," returned Macbane, contentedly. "Wait and see."

She smiled mischievously. "How long?" she asked, with her happy laugh.

"Oh, until next summer," he responded.

It had been arranged that Macbane was to leave by the ten o'clock train the next morning—Jered Hopkins to drive him over to the station; but long before that hour the visitor appeared at Jered's door, requesting to be conveyed to another depot, the train from which left at six o'clock.

When Rita came down-stairs she was met rather suddenly by her aunt in the parlor door.

Mrs. Tall's expression was certainly peculiar. "That young man has gone, my dear," she said, rather grimly.

"*Gone!*" Rita echoed the word with a far-away sort of feeling. A strange, dizzy sensation came over her.

"Yes," pursued Mrs. Tall, making her way to the kitchen. "He found he had business which would take him away early."

And that was all that Rita could learn. In fact she scarcely tried to turn the conversation on a subject which quickly became painful. No one in Byrams could have said anything of him which she cared to hear; and yet from time to time there would arise in the girl's young heart a wild longing just to hear his name spoken; but it never reached her ears. Byrams had no doubt received an immense advantage by the concert of July, but its outer crust of dulness or apathy was too thick to make the impression so lasting that the personality of the singers meant anything to them. Gradually they came to be spoken of collectively as "that band," and so the individuality so vivid to Rita Breton's mind was merged into the general and vague impression of the whole. She had long been accustomed to reserve, and now this came fortunately to her rescue, for there was no desire for speech, no sense that an outlet was necessary. Such relief as her feelings needed the girl found when her little school opened, and she betook herself once more over the familiar ground, and found with a pang of dismay as well as tortured remembrance how every part held its meaning for her. It was the first day of school when she trusted herself over that ground, and seemed for the first time to realize herself, to know what had been in her mind all these weeks, as visions like phantoms started up here and there, confronting her now with an exquisite rush of tender feeling, now with a smile, remembering some lighter mood, again with a dread lest she had in reality been creating for herself some ideal which time must inevitably dash down; for it was characteristic of the girl, with all her buoyancy of nature, to expect little for herself. It never had occurred to her that she had any special rights in life or nature. Free and happy and wholesome-hearted as she had been, kept apart from the world of movement or strife, seeing her duty in the simple round of life at Byrams, possibilities were hard for her to grasp. But now, alone, as she trod the same ground on a September morning where she had once carried a free spirit, the girl felt that she had assumed a fetter. Something arose within her which made her see herself wholly a different being. Whence or why had it come? It took its form in her recalling every word that he had spoken, every look that she had noted on his handsome, brave young face, in glancing with a pang at the places he had occupied, suddenly seeming to behold him again in the little clearing, idling in the bower, or even standing lifting his face up with outstretched hand to the sky; and as each memory smote upon her she tried to banish it, and above all to hide the joyous hope that he would come again; but youth is stronger in its powers of belief than all else, and with an anxious heart she *knew* she was *waiting*. There was no sentimentality about the girl, or she would have condoled with herself and grown to believe herself a deserted heroine of romance. No, even the loneliness that she felt was full of bravery, and tinged by no melancholy that was unwholesome. Still there was something always missing now. The girl felt it when she no longer could take delight in her old pleasures, when the prospect of a winter at Byrams seemed hard to bear.

And then quite suddenly an event of great importance occurred. Mrs. Eversley appeared at Byrams most unexpectedly. Her last visit had been when Rita was fourteen—not then in any degree the beautiful girl she was now. Mrs. Eversley had been abroad since then, contenting herself with occasional letters to her daughter.

Rita was on her way back from school. It was a February day, clear and cool. The wind had brought a soft color to her cheeks under her broad-brimmed hat; the masses of her richly tinted hair seemed to have caught the wintry sunbeams; she was looking absolutely lovely as she entered the little parlor, and her mother actually screamed with surprise.

Mrs. Eversley was a woman past fifty, yet retaining an air of youthful good looks, which she considered—added to perfect taste in dress—an equivalent for actual beauty and twenty years of age. Her purely mercenary marriage was entirely characteristic. The same impulse which led to her doing that governed every action—governed her now in insisting upon a visit from the daughter she considered a *rara avis*—one bound to add to the social distinction which Mrs. Eversley flattered herself she possessed.

And so, as usual, the mother carried her point. Indeed, who could resist her authority? It was Jered Hopkins who held out the longest.

"*Don't* go, Rita," the young man pleaded with her one February evening

when he walked home with her from church. "It 'll break your heart, dear, to be with your mother and her kind."

"I must, Jered," the girl answered.

"Rita," he said, after a pause, "I want to ask you one thing. Could ye—could ye make your mind up to gi' me some sorter *promise* before you go, not to say you'd sw'ar to marry me, but just somethin' I could keep up hope on?"

They stood still, looking at each other earnestly, but with such different meanings in the eyes. The man's face was white and anguished.

"Oh, Jered," she whispered—"dear, *dear* Jered, don't ask me!"

"Well, I won't, dear—I won't," he said, huskily. "Don't let it weigh on ye." And suddenly and wildly the girl clung to him, and burst into a passion of tears. It was because she knew herself in that moment—knew she had flung away all hope of loving a good and honest man, because she must remember—two summer days.

At Murr's, in the Catskills, as in all other fashionable summer hotels, the arrival of the evening train, the stage-coach, and the passengers therein, constitutes an exciting element in the routine of the day, and the new-comer who passes the gantlet of that first criticism from a hundred or more eyes, makes a fine impression on entering the large hallway and dining-room for the first time, may well be satisfied with his or her appearance. How quickly are the jaded, travel-worn, or nervously anxious passengers overlooked! how eagerly are signs of "tone" or "style" or even beauty noticed and caught up in such a place and such an hour! and above all how fortunate are the travellers who, arriving by their own conveyance, descend leisurely, and care not a whit for any comment that may be made!

Such a party arrived one August evening at Murr's, and descended with the active assistance of hotel clerks, waiters, and other functionaries, thereby creating quite a flutter in the minds of the assemblage on the long wide verandas.

A hop was going on, the band was crashing away grandly, the wide hall was full of people, and yet this party attracted profound attention — two ladies and two servants only; but the elder lady, although handsome and elegantly dressed, was evidently a querulous invalid, and the younger was the most beautiful girl, the most distinguished, that Murr's had ever seen. She was tall, and carried herself with the most perfect, the most indifferent and queenly air of self-possession. Her dress was of Parisian finish—one of those incomparable plain cloth travelling costumes conspicuous only in their minor details, fitting exquisitely, harmonious from the small toque with its white wing to the blue cloth boots and long-wristed gray gloves; but dress was a secondary matter in noticing this girl. She was, if a trifle coldly, still absolutely beautiful, and a rapid inventory of her charms included magnificent chestnut hair, gray eyes, a perfect mouth, and finely modelled chin, a carriage of the head, a grace in movement, that every woman or girl at Murr's might well have imitated; and yet even as she stood on the veranda those first moments it was observed that she seemed wholly unconscious, or perhaps indifferent to herself, taken up with attending to the older lady's rather capricious wants, directing the servants, finally, as both these appendages seemed out of their wits, going so far as to approach the desk and register the names of the party—Mrs. Eversley, Miss Breton, maid, and man-servant.

Rita, since her Byrams life, had been much abroad and in school, but this was her first experience of an American summer resort.

The finest suite of rooms in the house had been secured, and as usual Rita went through them to assure her mother that all was right.

Mrs. Eversley had gone at once to bed, and when her daughter came into her room for good-night, she was detained to know if she had seen any familiar names on the hotel register.

No, Rita had not. So the book was sent for, and lying in bed, in a cloud of frills and laces, Mrs. Eversley scanned the pages. Long custom had inured Rita to this process. She knew her part; it was to listen as the well-known names were called off. "Jay Vanvoort"—Mrs. Eversley gave a little scream—"E. V. Leinster," "Donald Macbane," "J. Sturgison."

"My dear Rita," said her mother, closing the book and looking up solemnly at her daughter, "in the *first* pages three or four of the most eligible young men in New York! I call it a special providence! Go to bed at once, or you won't

be fit to look at to-morrow. Don't forget your scented gloves. Tell Maria to be *most* particular with your hair; and, Rita, you remember I engaged Mrs. Peters to chaperon you when I couldn't go down. I'll breakfast in bed, but you must appear. She will call for you. Don't forget you are to wear the écru muslin if it is warm, and the white wool if it is cool. White, of *course*, for a first appearance. What a mercy it is I made such a study of dress!"

"Yes, mamma," said the girl, stooping down and bestowing a light kiss on the enamelled brow. "Good-night. You know Maria's bed is in the dressing-room."

But Mrs. Eversley was already wrapped in thought, in visions of the morrow.

Rita passed through the dressing-room, the luxurious parlor, and thence to her own room, where the maid was already unpacking her trunks, hanging up one after another of the exquisite costumes prepared for Rita's new triumphs.

"I am to wear the écru mull, Maria," Rita said, looking mechanically at the maid.

"Yes, miss," said the servant, with a sigh of admiration. To her mind Miss Breton was the most beautiful as well as the most fortunate young lady on earth.

But it chanced that one of her mother's heart attacks interfered with Rita's first "distinguished" appearance. It was late in the afternoon before Rita dared go beyond instant recall, and she would not then have ventured down-stairs had her mother not insisted upon it. So Rita was dressed in the dainty muslin—all its laces and frills pulled out, and came to her mother's bedside for a final inspection.

Certainly the girl was beautiful. The hair which in the old days had followed its own way, now was gathered into a coil low upon her neck, yet by the deft fingers of the maid drawn so that it waved back, showing the exquisite contour of her throat and the back of the neck; and on the brow a few locks only were allowed to wave, not marring the pure lines which so many painters had assured the mother were her daughter's greatest beauty. "But you need color," said Mrs. Eversley from her pillows. "There, give me those roses."

Rita obediently lifted from a bowl a huge bunch of Jacques. "There! Mrs. Peters, with those in her belt the child defies criticism!"

Rita slowly made her way down to the public rooms. She was thankful it was an hour when few people were about, and thought she would enjoy looking about a great American hotel for the first time. So many things had lost their flavor of novelty that she welcomed a really new interest. The long drawing-room facing the stairs, and bounded on either side by the verandas, seemed almost deserted; but as she approached it some one at the upper end of the room struck a few notes on the piano. Rita moved in as far as one of the pillars which divided in a fashion the upper and the lower parts of the room.

A girl's voice in shrill tones was saying, "Oh, Mr. Macbane, I *really* can't sing it; you sing it; do. I know it would just suit your voice."

"I will show you the melody," said her companion. The man's back was turned toward Rita, who had felt on the sound of his voice rooted to where she stood. The girl at the piano moved, he sat down, and then arose the song which had haunted the girl for all those years. He sang, not turning his eyes toward the spot to which she was riveted until he came to the last verse, the last line,

> "There in the star shine,
> Alice, I know art thou,"

and as if by some common impulse both he and she moved, looked up, and their eyes met.

He had thought so many times of her, and where and when he would see her again. He had carried in his mind always a picture of the light-hearted, gentle, beautiful girl sitting in the bower where her rude subjects had crowned her; of the girl lifting tenderly compassionate eyes to his face; of the girl whom he had deceived. He had thought once and again, wondering how it would be, how soon; but it is always the ordinary part that fate plays which surprises us.

Their eyes met; the whole soul of the girl, in spite of herself, had rushed with joy into hers. For that one instant of perfect happiness in again beholding him doubts, misgivings, all that had assailed her first belief in him, vanished. She knew that the name he had given her at Byrams was not his own, but she had told herself a thousand times that when they met this could be explained. When they met! How often in her loneliest,

saddest hours had not the girl said this within her heart, dreading yet longing for the moment! and, as we all do, even when we are playing the last act in our tragedies, she encountered that moment with a feeling that time had in reality been as nothing. Again she felt herself the Rita whom he had smiled upon so long ago.

But Macbane was fairly startled by what he saw. Could it be that the queenly, beautiful girl standing there was the child he had known? It was perhaps fortunate for them both that the young lady for whom he had been singing spoke.

"That is the beautiful Miss Breton," she whispered, moving her lips so as to articulate very distinctly. "She was all the rage in London last year: don't you remember hearing of her?"

"Yes," said Macbane. "We are old friends."

"Oh!" The girl at the piano moved back with a little start, half admiration, half pique. She was a pretty, brown-eyed little thing in a garden hat—one of the many of her kind and calibre to be found in the mountains during August.

"Will you excuse me, Miss Palmer?" Macbane said, politely; and Miss Palmer nodded, and picking up her music, walked away.

Meanwhile Rita had moved over to one of the many windows, where she sat down, wondering how they were to speak.

Macbane came over to her joyously. "Rita!—Miss Breton!" he exclaimed.

The girl turned, her face crimson with a lovely color that swept it and died away as he spoke.

"Where have you been?" he said, holding out his hand.

She laid hers gently on it, still regarding him with a soft, quiet, happy gaze.

He sat down, and now Rita could find her voice.

"I am very glad to see you," she said. "I have often thought—wondered about you."

"And now," said Macbane, "we will have no end of personal history to exchange."

The girl smiled. He longed to say to her that she amazed, almost bewildered him; but he saw at once this was not the little girl of Byrams; this was, as Miss Palmer had said, the beautiful Miss Breton who had been "the rage."

"Mamma and I have been abroad two years," Rita continued, in the same quietly modulated voice. "Mamma is a great invalid, and her husband, Mr. Eversley, rarely is able to be with her. He is my step-father, and is engaged in mining business West. I have been to Venice," she added, suddenly, with a smile.

Macbane thought a moment, and then laughed lightly.

"Oh, I wish I had been with you! Did it *rain*?"

Rita laughed—*almost* like her old self. Perhaps because of the slight change, Macbane recalled the gleeful note of the girl he had known.

"Where is the ring of your old laugh?" he asked.

"Ah!" cried Rita, "did I laugh better then? It has been educated away, I am afraid. I have been *taught* an ideal."

"And it is—?"

"Very many things I suppose you in your world would approve of. It is certainly ambitious."

"Do you expect to attain it?"

"Emphatically." There was a fine touch of scorn in her voice. "What a pity if all my training should be thrown away! Don't you consider me improved?"

He looked at her long and reflectively. "No," he said, slowly.

The young girl said nothing for a moment. "I have not," she said, simply; "and I am glad you are frank enough to tell me the truth."

"Yet I hear," he said, almost with annoyance, "you were the rage in London."

"I went out a great deal," she said, quietly.

"I know it all," he exclaimed. "You had attentions here and there and everywhere. The Prince admired you; and you were presented, and visited, and were visited, and—"

She listened to him with a curious look of pain in her eyes.

"Some people like all that," she said, "and there are men who only care for a girl for just that reason. I used to notice it *so* often. There were girls in society far better educated, better bred, than I, fitter to marry any of those men, and I used to feel ashamed of myself when men neglected them for me. I think I never could *really* like any man who could do it."

The old fervent, insistent little way had come back. But very soon, "I must go



"'MISS BRETON,' HE SAID, QUICKLY, 'YOU ARE ILL.'"

back to mamma," Rita said, rising suddenly; "she will need me."

"And when shall I see you again?" He was very much in earnest.

"We are coming down to the ball to-night," she answered.

"You dance, of course; will you promise me the first and the third waltz?" As he spoke, a sense of the curious part of their renewed acquaintance struck him, and he laughed. "Miss Breton," he said, "is it not odd? We parted in Byrams; and when we meet, I in the most conventional manner ask you for a waltz."

She laughed, yet there was a touch of sadness in her tone as she walked away.

Mrs. Eversley had determined to appear at the ball, and the process of attiring her in a gorgeous pink satin was long and tiresome to both Rita and the maid; but she was dressed at last, and then Rita

was free to make her own toilet. She had selected something very simple, partly from a desire to be quickly dressed, partly because of a desire *not* to look so entirely unlike the Rita of old days.

The ball was at its height when Mrs. Eversley and the "beautiful Miss Breton" entered the long room. Such scenes were too familiar to Rita to cause even a change in her color. There was a buzz of admiration, an eager following of her movements, a very evident desire to be first in the field; but the girl with her superb manner seemed to see and hear nothing of it.

Yet during that moment she was striving to think what were the changes in Macbane since she had seen him last. He was older—*finer* some way in his expression. If some of the old boyishness was gone, the quiet reflection of his dark eyes which had come instead was better. The outline of his face was perhaps thinner, but the same curve to the mouth and chin, the same sudden gleam in his eyes as he spoke, the rich quiet tones of his voice, the indescribable fascination of his manner—these, these all remained, and with a joyousness the girl claimed them as her own, her faithful memories of him and that briefly happy time. It was hard to keep her eyes from moving about the room in search of him, and at last and quite suddenly they met his gaze. He was in the doorway, almost facing them, leaning against the side, and quietly watching her. If he had seemed reluctant to join her, it was because he was thoroughly enjoying this quiet although distant survey of her face and figure. Half a dozen men were asking her to dance. Mrs. Eversley had begun to feel impatient over her daughter's silence, when Macbane sauntered over, and first offered his hand to the old lady, whom he had known years ago in Paris.

"My daughter, Miss Breton," said the mother, proudly. "Rita, Mr. Donald Macbane."

The girl started. It was the first time she had heard his name.

"May I have this waltz, Miss Breton?" he said, with the air of their having just met. "So you never told your mother?" he said, when they had taken one turn. Rita only shook her head. "Let us sit down a little while," Macbane urged, leading her out on to the veranda. "These balls are terrible bores. There! put yourself in that chair. Are you cold?" The night was oppressively warm, but Macbane insisted upon her having a light wrap, and went to fetch it. It seemed as though he had only just departed when, from the curve of the porch, Rita caught the sound of voices, was startled by hearing Macbane's name.

"Oh, Macbane has settled down," the speaker was saying; "but, by Jove! he used to be a regular boy about larks. Did you ever hear of the time he and a lot of the fellows went to some God-forsaken village and gave a concert, passed themselves off as famous singers—Brignoli and all that sort of thing, don't you know? The people, they say, were about as green as they make them, and the boys had no end of fun. They staid around with different natives, and the joke of it all was that there was some pretty girl there that Macbane was regularly mashed on; he staid on, and had lots of fun with her, and he got Bret to take her picture, and I tell you it *was* stunning, and no mistake. Bret had it down at the boat-house one day, and he said it didn't begin to do her justice. A lot of us went up there the next summer, but she wasn't there."

The voices went on and on.

Rita never knew how she sat still and absolutely silent while the words burned themselves into her brain.

So *that* was what it had all meant. He and the rest had come there to make a summer's holiday and jest of the honest people who had loved her—of her, herself! The girl felt herself at one moment flaming with passion, and in the next fairly bowed down with shame. What could she do? What could she say? The tumult of thought resolved itself only into a confused sense of pain, in which memory and dread of the future made her almost afraid to move, to speak, above all to meet his eyes or hear his voice again. How it was that she contrived to escape and get back to her mother's side she hardly knew, for in the second doorway she encountered Macbane, with her shawl upon his arm.

The girl's face, white and as it were stricken, shocked him.

"Miss Breton," he said, quickly, "you are ill."

"No," Rita answered, quietly—she felt already that she must learn to control her voice—"no; I am tired. I will not finish the dance, if you don't mind."

She had reached her chair again, but Macbane was still there. Mrs. Eversley had begun to be agreeably reminiscent. Rita listened to an account of his father, his grandfather, his uncle Theodore who died in the war, his aunt Lucilla who married the one-armed Hungarian patriot. Macbane meanwhile leaned back in his chair smiling languidly, and supplying Mrs. Eversley with the thread of her narratives from time to time when they seemed to be giving out. All the time with inward wonder he was observing Rita's face with its strange look, half disdain, half misery.

The girl refused to dance, but a crowd of men were about her, and Macbane gave himself up more exclusively to Mrs. Eversley. In the pauses of her own conversation with various gentlemen, young and old, Rita caught sentences which plainly told her that her mother intended Macbane to be impressed favorably. Was it not shame enough, asked the girl, that he had once had the chance to amuse himself at her expense, but that again the ridiculous weakness of her position be made apparent to him, again to have her folly and herself as it were thrown at his feet? For by this time Mrs. Eversley had drifted on to her own family traditions, and was giving an account of the early settlement of Byrams and Tallmans by her own great-grandfather. Rita, who had made a little respite for herself from her adorers, turned suddenly, with white cheeks but very brilliant eyes.

"Mamma," she said, in a voice that seemed to hold all her concentrated feeling, "do you not think Mr. Macbane would be amused by an account of Byrams of to-day? I think he has seen it; so the family traditions cannot be particularly entertaining to him."

"The place has certainly run down," began Mrs. Eversley, loftily. "Nevertheless some of the first people of Pennsylvania belonged there."

"It is a dear old place," said Rita; "a very ugly country; but the people are true-hearted, honest, and sincere. They are too trusting, that is all."

Mrs. Eversley laughed a little nervously. She had learned to know, with all her daughter's docility, when it was not safe to contradict her.

"Rita is so intensely loyal!" she said.

"My remembrance of Byrams," Macbane said, quietly, "is of the most perfect hospitality, the most sincere kindliness, I ever met with in my life."

He forced her to meet his glance; as it were challenged her criticism; but Rita could say nothing. It seemed to the girl as though something in the very air were stifling her. When they were in their own rooms, it was with a pang she heard her mother say:

"That Mr. Macbane is one of the very finest young men in America—good old Scotch and English blood; and he will have a million dollars, if a penny."

Alone in her own room, Rita turned out the lights and sat down in the open window, trying to collect her thoughts. *How* was she to bear the next week, seeing him, hearing him, being near to him, humiliated, grieved, wrenched from her illusions, and yet to her shame knowing that his presence, the sound of his voice, the very touch of his hand, were a joy to her? Of what poor stuff was she made, the girl asked herself passionately, if she could feel the spell and yet hate herself for feeling it? Was such a feeling to be called love? Was it not an unworthy fetter which she must force herself to break, else die of very shame? And then with a rush came back those strange two days which had wakened her to life. She recalled his lightest word, wondering whether she had now the right to remember what she must feel as insults, jests, veiled derision of her youth and childishness.

Mrs. Eversley went to sleep with a determination, and awoke with it unchanged. She was on the porch when the band played at ten, and had desired Rita to join a game of tennis. The girl, loving all outdoor sports, played well, and looked even better, so that Mrs. Eversley was gratified by a shower of admiration of her daughter's skill and beauty. Macbane had been playing, but stopped when Rita's game began, so that he drew a chair near Mrs. Eversley, who chained him until Rita, prettily flushed by the exercise, was summoned to her side. She could not refuse to sit down at her mother's request; but the music was an excuse for silence. Macbane and Mrs. Eversley resumed genealogical investigations, and the former had to account for his own parentage and childhood. He was "old Joseph's" son. Oh yes, she remembered the New Hampshire Macbanes. And did he practise law like all of them?

"I'm afraid I don't do much that is very worthy," he said. "I have travelled a great deal, dabbled a little in various things, and generally given myself up to considering the world as in need of reform, with the exception of myself."

Rita sat silent, looking fixedly ahead of her at the tennis-players, yet conscious that her heart was throbbing with a desire to hear him speak, especially of himself. The subject was the dearest to her, yet she *must* not listen.

"Mamma," she said, breaking away suddenly, "I will go in and change my dress."

But Macbane, indulging in a half-reproachful, half-amused glance at the young girl, instantly expressed his willingness to be at Mrs. Eversley's bidding; and Rita, mortified and vexed, went away to the solitude of her own room, allowing herself half an hour's reflection and ten minutes for a hasty toilet. Why, oh why, when she felt free to do it, had she not urged his talking of himself, that at least she might *know* the details of his life! To be tortured by hearing her mother draw him out, and feel that she must harbor no more painfully sweet recollections! But a day or two later chance favored her. Every one had seemed stimulated to vast exertions since the arrival of the famous Miss Breton, and expeditions of a luxurious as well as rural and Arcadian character were eagerly planned.

Among the drift-wood of this ocean poured at the girl's feet was a friend of Macbane's, a young medical student who had known him in Vienna. Charlie Wentworth, as every one called him, had been timid over his first introduction to Rita, but at one of the large and luxurious picnics arranged for her amusement he found himself, to his wild joy, actually strolling apart with her. Rita had been drawn to the boy by his likeness to Jered —they were both of that fair, placid, honest type in which nothing is so clearly distinguishable as sincerity and purity of heart. But Charlie had both education and a fervent soul. He was readily induced to pour forth his entire history to Miss Breton. "I don't mind telling you," he said, in the midst of his long recital. "It was Macbane who gave me my *real* chance—you know Macbane, don't you? But of course you know him just as a woman—beg pardon, a lady—would; but what he *really* is you can't imagine." Rita tried to look unconcerned. The lad went on: "He seems so careless and indifferent that you would never dream what he really is. I wish you could have seen him in Vienna! A lot of us poor chaps got stuck, you know; lost all we had. Well, Macbane in the quietest way came forward, never said much, but we were all on our feet again. And as for myself, why, he just put me right through the course. Miss Breton, he made a *man* of me—I don't like to think what I'd have been but for him—and it was his example too. He never sets up for a saint, don't you know; but if I were *half* as good," said the lad, with enthusiasm, "I'd be a credit to him."

In this way the ingenuous youth discoursed for some time, and much to Miss Breton's satisfaction. Was she to blame if, after he had recounted innumerable of Macbane's noble deeds, he saw with joy that she was surrounded by half a dozen admirers, and received with but languid interest their attentions?

But such talks were as stolen fruit. In no way could the girl bring herself to be more than distantly civil to Macbane himself. Once when he tried to speak of the concert, she silenced him peremptorily. They were walking up and down at evening in front of the hotel, and Rita stopped, facing him suddenly in the moonlight, her face pale and stern.

"Mr. Macbane," she said, "let me ask of you a favor: *never* allude to that—unfortunate episode."

Failing to satisfy her, Macbane attached himself to Mrs. Eversley, whose welcome was always cordial; but even this luxury was soon denied him, the old lady falling ill—not seriously, but enough to make it necessary that she should keep her room —a reason for Rita's absenting herself as much as possible. The season had waned; nearly every one had departed; Macbane had gone away twice and returned. Rita's most ardent admirers had been compelled to tear themselves away, comforted by the thought that during the coming winter she was to be with her mother at the Bristol in New York, but with little else from the young girl herself to console them.

"Tell you what it is," young Sturgison confided to his friend and travelling companion as they were whirling away, "if that girl wasn't so stunningly good-looking, she couldn't afford to put on such

airs. Cold as an icicle. I know them, my boy—one of your out and out icebergs."

"Then you didn't come to the point, eh?" inquired the friend. Mr. Sturgison reddened. "Better luck next time, perhaps," said the friend. "Wish you joy, but I wouldn't try it."

Rita meanwhile found her hands full in caring for her mother, who during this illness had grown querulous and exacting. The doctor who had been in the hotel staid on for their benefit, and Charlie Wentworth was invaluable. Rita did not know that it was by Macbane's special management he remained, but he was just young enough to make it possible for the girl to call upon him for all the services a brother would have performed—such as she would never have dreamed of asking of Macbane himself. She missed him, however, in his absences with a pang that smote her like grief and shame together. How many times, while watching her mother sleep in the twilight, she allowed her fancies to wander, her heart recklessly to assert itself! If, as often happened, she was summoned at that hour to the little sitting-room to see Macbane, it would seem to the girl that with the first touch of his hand on hers, the first sound of his voice, her courage failed her. But the feeling only lent her new coldness, and Macbane went away each time with a new sense of rebuff.

For, however careless his earlier feelings may have been, the fact that he loved her was apparent to him now in every moment of his life—loved her as he had never thought it possible to love any woman on God's earth. He had fancied a dozen women, had flirted, had enjoyed the charms of feminine society as all other men; but he had never asked any woman to become his wife; and this girl, with her cold white face, her proud eyes and distant manner, her voice that haunted him long after she had spoken—this girl he desired to make his wife, to shield, to protect, to love, to command, and to obey, with all the ardor, the joy, the passion, of a nature long pent up, yet having an ideal and craving the reality. During his brief absences he fought the feeling only to come back to it with new anguish and desire.

There came a time when Mrs. Eversley's condition improved so that she was less subject to nervousness, and Rita occasionally escaped for a longer walk than she had taken for two weeks. The October weather was perfection in the mountains; the air chill, but never too keen, the sky showing only a faint haze, the foliage reddening and gilding on every bank and hill-side, so that the views far and near were glorified reminders of the summer.

Macbane discovered that Rita walked alone, and remonstrated with her for it. She reminded him of her many years of such freedom at Byrams.

"Before I was a great lady," she said, smiling, though a little sadly; "and you know I cannot take Maria away from mamma."

"You are childish," he said, half angrily. "You know you could have me, or Charlie would be glad to go."

But Rita had grown to fear Charlie as a companion. His beloved theme was like an intoxicating draught to her, and she could not trust herself with it.

"Then come with me to-day," she said, with an unusual gentleness. "I am only going a little way down the ravine."

The place was tranquil, deserted, and yet peaceful. They walked almost in silence, each fearing speech that would bring their minds and memories, their hearts, back to the first starting-point. At last,

"I think that I must be naturally mature," said Rita. "I am only twenty, yet I feel nearly a hundred sometimes."

Macbane looked down upon her with a smile; she was pulling little leaves from the half-bare bushes as they walked along, and letting them fall idly to the ground. Her face was turned away from him, and of late Macbane was possessed by a jealous longing always to see her face—meet the honest if proud look of her eyes while she talked. The coil of soft hair beneath her hat, the bit of throat visible above the yellow silk handkerchief, were charming, but he wanted to see her face, to read what she meant in her eyes.

"Why?" he said, rather sharply. "Look around at me, Rita. Why do you feel old?"

She stopped and turned her face full upon him. The tears which she had been striving to conceal had gathered, and one or two were beginning to roll quietly down the girl's white cheeks.

"My heavens!" cried Macbane, "what is it, child? Oh, Rita!"—and the man's

voice broke—"will you not let me love you? Dear, don't you see that I love you?"

He had caught her hands, and now held them passionately in his own; but Rita had started, with a look in which terror was the only element he could define.

"No! no! no!" she cried, wildly. "You do not—you must not—no!"

"But, Rita, be my wife, and I will *make* you care, dear," he pleaded, holding her firmly.

"No! never! never!" the girl exclaimed, evidently in terror. Where were her resolves—her certainty that he was again cheating her, or perhaps himself?

He dropped her hands suddenly, and without a word Rita turned and fled like a frightened child toward the house.

Macbane occupied an hour or more in strolling about the lonely ravines. Then returning to the hotel, he went to his room, and wrote the following lines:

"I am going away to New York for a few days. If you need me, send for me, to the care of my club. I will wait a little longer, hoping you may have something to say. D. M."

But when early the next day Macbane went to leave the note for Miss Breton, he was greeted by the intelligence that Mr. Eversley had arrived, and that Rita had been summoned to the bedside of Mrs. Tall, who was dying.

Jered Hopkins had come for her. The young man made his appearance very quietly at the gorgeous hotel; but when Rita, pale and beautiful, and dressed, as he thought, like a princess, came into the room, poor Jered's wits and courage nearly deserted him. Had he not come on an errand of sorrow he could not have controlled or regained his feelings; but the habitual reserve of Byrams served him in good stead. He stood very straight and stiff and uncomfortable as he told the story, and it was only when they were in the cars on the way to Byrams that he thawed sufficiently to express his opinion of the many changes in her.

"Yes, Jered," said the girl, rather sorrowfully, "I *am* changed; I know it."

The young man looked her over carefully again, waited a little while, and then said, "I don't suppose ye've changed *one* kinder way, hev ye?"

The girl shook her head. "No, dear," she said, very gently.

"No, I thought not," he said, and drew his hand across his mouth, and for a time looked fixedly in another direction.

Presently he felt Rita's hand touch his arm, and he started, and looked at her eagerly.

"Jered," the young girl said, in a low tone, "you've been about the best friend I've *ever* had, and so I'm going to tell you something. I love another man with all my heart, and he *says* that he loves me; but I can't believe him—I can't, I dare not. This is my only secret, Jered, and I've trusted you with it."

The friend who had known her always looked at her in mute anguish for an instant, and then he said, quietly: "You must tell me more, Reety, when you *kin*. Mebbe somethin' kin kinder fix it up."

Rita dreaded a return to Byrams to find illness and the vacancy of death in the old house. The deacon had passed away a year before; only Mrs. Tall and a far-away cousin were occupying the house. Jered drove her in melancholy silence over the familiar road, and her heart was too full to note its dull, dreary aspect. The house itself had the look of complete changelessness, which is hardest of all to greet us when we come to say farewell to the dead or dying.

Mrs. Tall was a little better: indeed, on seeing Rita, she brightened, and made the girl talk quite freely to her; but toward evening she failed again, awoke to look in a startled way at the child she had loved so well, clasp her arms about her neck, and so pass away in peace.

The elderly cousin and Rita had all the melancholy work of the next week on their hands. It was over at last; a dreary wet day heard the last words spoken over a woman whose whole life had been one monotonous, cheerless, though generous and loving round. Rita had found to her surprise that she was left sole heiress of the little all her aunt and uncle had possessed; the familiar place once dear to the girl's inmost heart was her own—alas! when that heart was filled to overflowing with bitterness and grief.

Jered came and went during that time, helping the lonely women, trying in an awkward, silent way to draw Rita out upon the subject of her luckless love. One evening, after he had kindled a fire for her on the hearth in the little parlor, and stood watching her white face, whiter than ever in contrast to the sombre dress

she wore, the girl suddenly told him the whole story.

"Why, Rita!" he said. "He *wrote* you that very night. I give Mis' Tall the letter with my own hands."

Rita started to her feet! Oh, if here, here only could be a solution to her vain, unquiet questionings!

The widow's few possessions were neatly laid away. Rita knew that she would in all likelihood have preserved any letter from a stranger, and the next day was devoted to a careful search through the desk, the small and large boxes, and at last, laid away in the leaves of a book, she found it—the letter intended for her, although enclosed to Mrs. Tall, and which, but for this strange turn of circumstances, she never would have seen.

It was a clear autumn day. Rita, holding her treasure, went down-stairs to the sitting-room to read it, and then suddenly a strange thing occurred to her. She would *not* read it! She would place it in his hands, and give him her own, and say she believed in him.

A longing to make reparation came over her. She remembered with self-abasement the cruel things she had said, her covert sneers, her doubts too plainly shown, her disdainful acceptance of the many kindly services he had rendered her mother. What was it that had caused that revolution of feeling she could not tell, but something had arisen in the girl's heart deeper than humility, and her tears were of self-abasement and joy together.

She had briefly written to him of her sorrow, and where she was to be until matters arranged themselves, and she believed that he would come to her at once, but she did not know that Jered for the first time in his life had despatched a telegram, most respectfully requesting Mr. Macbane's presence at Byrams.

It was four o'clock, the October twilight had begun, when Rita, sitting still holding her letter unread in her hands, heard some one come quickly up the porch, open the door, and in another instant Macbane was in the room.

People who have passed through doubts never can say just when faith first came, or just what followed.

Rita knew only that the arms that were to shield her for life were around her, that her face was near to his, that all but the joy of the present seemed to have vanished.

They talked very little of the past for some time. Macbane asked her to read the letter. She said she would keep it, and perhaps read it long years hence. But when the next day they walked out to the school-house, he told her that the concert was the result of the maddest freak, of a week of dead calm on their yacht, and whose suggestion it was he scarcely remembered; that they had not dreamed of really deluding the community, and knowing their entertainment would be good, had persuaded themselves it would all end in fun.

"And yet I wrote you, my darling," said Macbane, standing with her in the little bower, "because I *could* not go away without telling you the whole story, and humbly begging your dear pardon. Ah, Rita, how often, when I've tried to regret it, I haven't had the heart to, knowing it gave me you!"

Mrs. Eversley, who was slowly convalescing, received Rita with much effusiveness. Mr. Eversley had departed on another Western trip, but left his congratulations.

"I *never* supposed you could even tolerate him," the mother said the evening of Rita's return. "After all, it was my doing. I kept him going."

Even now Mrs. Macbane has occasionally to endure such remarks, but her serenity is too complete to make them effective. One of the first things she did after her marriage was to discover the fate of Bret's picture, and as it proved to have been in her husband's possession since the summer when the Internationals made their first and last appearance, she was satisfied.

Only one thing Rita tells her husband is needed to make her joy perfect. "I can't *quite* feel my ideal is attained," she said to him the other day in Venice.

"Why, my dear?" inquired Macbane, who encourages his wife in expressing herself very freely.

"Because, although it is nice to think of Jered keeping the old place at Byrams, still, he ought to marry."

"But, my love," said Macbane, with a twinkle in his eye, "he fully approved, didn't he?"

The Macbanes, say their friends, have a fund of the most incomprehensible phrases, all dating, Rita will tell you, from the season the Internationals gave in '79.

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VII.—MEMPHIS AND LITTLE ROCK.

THE State of Tennessee gets its diversity of climate and productions from the irregularity of its surface, not from its range over degrees of latitude, like Illinois; for it is a narrow State, with an average breadth of only a hundred and ten miles, while it is about four hundred miles in length, from the mountains in the east—the highest land east of the Rocky Mountains—to the alluvial bottom of the Mississippi in the west. In this range is every variety of mineral and agricultural wealth, with some of the noblest scenery and the fairest farming land in the Union, and all the good varieties of a temperate climate.

In the extreme southwest corner lies Memphis, differing as entirely in character from Knoxville and Nashville as the bottom-lands of the Mississippi differ from the valleys of the Great Smoky Mountains. It is the natural centre of the finest cotton-producing district in the world, the county of Shelby, of which it is legally known as the Taxing District, yielding more cotton than any other county in the Union except that of Washington in Mississippi. It is almost as much aloof politically from east and middle Tennessee as it is geographically. A homogeneous State might be constructed by taking west Tennessee, all of Mississippi above Vicksburg and Jackson, and a slice off Arkansas, with Memphis for its capital. But the redistricting would be a good thing neither for the States named nor for Memphis, for the more variety within convenient limits a State can have, the better, and Memphis could not wish a better or more distinguished destiny than to become the commercial metropolis of a State of such great possibilities and varied industries as Tennessee. Her political influence might be more decisive in the homogeneous State outlined, but it will be abundant for all reasonable ambition in its inevitable commercial importance. And besides, the western part of the State needs the moral tonic of the more elevated regions.

The city has a frontage of about four miles on the Mississippi River, but is high above it on the Chickasaw Bluffs, with an uneven surface and a rolling country back of it, the whole capable of perfect drainage. Its site is the best on the river for a great city from St. Louis to the Gulf; this advantage is emphasized by the concentration of railways at this point, and the great bridge, which is now on the eve of construction, to the Arkansas shore, no doubt fixes its destiny as the inland metropolis of the Southwest. Memphis was the child of the Mississippi, and this powerful, wayward stream is still its fostering mother, notwithstanding the decay of river commerce brought about by the railways; for the river still asserts its power as a regulator of rates of transportation. I do not mean to say that the freighting on it in towed barges is not still enormous, but if it did not carry a pound to the markets of the world it is still the friend of all the inner continental regions, which says to the railroads, beyond a certain rate of charges you shall not go. With this advantage of situation, the natural receiver of the products of an inexhaustible agricultural region (one has only to take a trip by rail through the Yazoo Valley to be convinced of that), and an equally good point for distribution of supplies, it is inevitable that Memphis should grow with an accelerating impulse.

The city has had a singular and instructive history, and that she has survived so many vicissitudes and calamities, and entered upon an extraordinary career of prosperity, is sufficient evidence of the territorial necessity of a large city just at this point on the river. The student of social science will find in its history a striking illustration of the relation of sound sanitary and business conditions to order and morality. Before the war, and for some time after it, Memphis was a place for trade in one staple, where fortunes were quickly made and lost, where no attention was paid to sanitary laws. The cloud of impending pestilence always hung over it, the yellow-fever was always a possibility, and a devastating epidemic of it must inevitably be reckoned with every few years. It seems to be a law of social life that an epidemic, or the probability of it, engenders a recklessness of life and a low condition of morals and public order. Memphis existed, so to speak, on the edge of a volcano, and

it cannot be denied that it had a reputation for violence and disorder. While little or nothing was done to make the city clean and habitable, or to beautify it, law was weak in its mobile, excitable population, and differences of opinion were settled by the revolver. In spite of these disadvantages, the profits of trade were so great there that its population of twenty thousand at the close of the war had doubled by 1878. In that year the yellow-fever came as an epidemic, and so increased in 1879 as nearly to depopulate the city; its population was reduced from nearly forty thousand to about fourteen thousand, two-thirds of which were negroes; its commerce was absolutely cut off, its manufactures were suspended, it was bankrupt. There is nothing more unfortunate for a State or a city than loss of financial credit. Memphis struggled in vain with its enormous debt, unable to pay it, unable to compromise it.

Under these circumstances the city resorted to a novel expedient. It surrendered its charter to the State, and ceased to exist as a municipality. The leaders of this movement gave two reasons for it, the wish not to repudiate the city debt, but to gain breathing-time, and that municipal government in this country is a failure. The Legislature erected the former Memphis into The Taxing District of Shelby County, and provided a government for it. This government consists of a Legislative Council of eight members, made up of the Board of Fire and Police Commissioners, consisting of three, and the Board of Public Works, consisting of five. These are all elected by popular vote to serve a term of four years, but the elections are held every two years, so that the council always contains members who have had experience. The Board of Fire and Police Commissioners elects a President, who is the executive officer of the Taxing District, and has the power and duties of a mayor; he has a salary of $2000, inclusive of his fees as police magistrate, and the other members of his board have salaries of $500. The members of the Board of Public Works serve without compensation. No man can be eligible to either board who has not been a resident of the district for five years. In addition there is a Board of Health, appointed by the council. This government has the ordinary powers of a city government, defined carefully in the act, but it cannot run the city in debt, and it cannot appropriate the taxes collected except for the specific purposes named by the State Legislature, which specific appropriations are voted annually by the Legislature on the recommendation of the council. Thus the government of the city is committed to eight men, and the execution of its laws to one man, the President of the Taxing District, who has extraordinary power. The final success of this scheme will be watched with a great deal of interest by other cities. On the surface it can be seen that it depends upon securing a non-partisan council, and an honest, conscientious President of the Taxing District—that is to say, upon the choice by popular vote of the best eight men to rule the city. Up to this time, with only slight hitches, it has worked exceedingly well, as will appear in a consideration of the condition of the city. The slight hitch mentioned was that the President was accused of using temporarily the sum appropriated for one city purpose for another.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that Memphis had not evaded its obligations by a change of name and form of government. The result was a settlement with the creditors at fifty cents on the dollar; and then the city gathered itself together for a courageous effort and a new era of prosperity. The turning-point in its career was the adoption of a system of drainage and sewerage which transformed it immediately into a fairly healthful city. With its uneven surface and abundance of water at hand, it was well adapted to the Waring system, which works to the satisfaction of all concerned, and since its introduction the inhabitants are relieved from apprehension of the return of a yellow-fever epidemic. Population and business returned with this sense of security, and there has been a change in the social atmosphere as well. In 1880 it had a population of less than 34,000; it can now truthfully claim between 75,000 and 80,000; and the business activity, the building both of fine business blocks and handsome private residences, are proportioned to the increase in inhabitants. In 1879–80 the receipt of cotton was 409,809 bales, valued at $23,752,529; in 1886–87, 663,277 bales, valued at $30,099,510. The estimate of the Board of Trade for 1888, judging from the first months of the year, is 700,000 bales. I notice in the compar-

ative statement of leading articles of commerce and consumption an exceedingly large increase in 1887 over 1886. The banking capital in 1887 was $3,360,000—an increase of $1,560,000 over 1886. The clearings were $101,177,377 in 1877, against $82,642,192 in 1886.

The traveller, however, does not need figures to convince him of the business activity of the town; the piles of cotton beyond the capacity of storage, the street traffic, the extension of streets and residences far beyond the city limits, all speak of growth. There is in process of construction a union station to accommodate the six railways now meeting there and others projected. On the west of the river it has lines to Kansas City and Little Rock and to St. Louis; on the east, to Louisville and to the Atlantic seaboard direct, and two to New Orleans. With the building of the bridge, which is expected to be constructed in a couple of years, Memphis will be admirably supplied with transportation facilities.

As to its external appearance, it must be said that the city has grown so fast that city improvements do not keep pace with its assessable value. The inability of the city to go into debt is a wholesome provision, but under this limitation the city offices are shabby, the city police quarters and court would disgrace an indigent country village, and most of the streets are in bad condition for want of pavement. There are fine streets, many attractive new residences, and some fine old places, with great trees, and the gravelled pikes running into the country are in fine condition, and are favorite drives. There is a beautiful country round about, with some hills and pleasant woods. Looked at from an elevation, the town is seen to cover a large territory, and presents in the early green of spring a charming appearance. Some five miles out is the Montgomery race-track, park, and club-house—a handsome establishment, prettily laid out and planted, already attractive, and sure to be notable when the trees are grown.

The city has a public-school system, a Board of Education elected by popular vote, and divides its fund fairly between schools for white and colored children. But it needs good school-houses as much as it needs good pavements. In 1887 the tax of one and a half mills produced $54,000 for carrying on the schools, and $19,000 for the building fund. It was not enough—at least $75,000 were needed. The schools were in debt. There is a plan adopted for a fine High-School building, but the city needs altogether more money and more energy for the public schools. According to some reports the public schools have suffered from politics, and are not as good as they were years ago, but they are undoubtedly gaining in public favor, notwithstanding some remaining Bourbon prejudice against them. The citizens are making money fast enough to begin to be liberal in matters educational, which are only second to sanitary measures in the well-being of the city. The new free Public Library, which will be built and opened in a couple of years, will do much for the city in this direction. It is the noble gift of the late F. H. Cossitt, of New York, formerly a citizen of Memphis, who left $75,000 for that purpose.

Perhaps the public schools of Memphis would be better (though not so without liberal endowment) if the city had not two exceptionally good private schools for young ladies. These are the Clara Conway Institute and the Higby School for Young Ladies, taking their names from their principals and founders. Each of these schools has about 350 pupils, from the age of six to the mature age of graduation, boys being admitted until they are twelve years old. Each has pleasant grounds and fine buildings, large, airy, well planned, with ample room for all the departments—literature, science, art, music—of the most advanced education. One finds in them the best methods of the best schools, and a most admirable spirit. It is not too much to say that these schools give distinction to Memphis, and that the discipline and intellectual training the young ladies receive there will have a marked effect upon the social life of the city. If one who spent some delightful hours in the company of these graceful and enthusiastic scholars, and who would like heartily to acknowledge their cordiality, and his appreciation of their admirable progress in general study, might make a suggestion, it would be that what the frank, impulsive Southern girl, with her inborn talent for being agreeable and her vivid apprehension of life, needs least of all is the cultivation of the emotional, the rhetorical, the sentimental side. However cleverly they are

done, the recitation of poems of sentiment, of passion, of love-making and marriage, above all, of those doubtful dialect verses in which a touch of pseudo-feeling is supposed to excuse the slang of the street and the vulgarity of the farm, is not an exercise elevating to the taste. I happen to speak of it here, but I confess that it is only a text from which a little sermon might be preached about "recitations" and declamations generally, in these days of overdone dialect and innuendoes about the hypocrisy of old-fashioned morality.

The city has a prosperous college of the Christian Brothers, another excellent school for girls in the St. Agnes Academy, and a colored industrial school, the Lemoyne, where the girls are taught cooking and the art of house-keeping, and the boys learn carpentering. This does not belong to the public-school system.

Whatever may be the opinion about the propriety of attaching industrial training to public schools generally, there is no doubt that this sort of training is indispensable to the colored people of the South, whose children do not at present receive the needed domestic training at home, and whose education must contribute to their ability to earn a living. Those educated in the schools, high and low, cannot all be teachers or preachers, and they are not in the way of either social elevation or thrifty lives if they have neither a trade nor the taste to make neat and agreeable homes. The colored race cannot have it too often impressed upon them that their way to all the rights and privileges under a free government lies in industry, thrift, and morality. Whatever reason they have to complain of remaining discrimination and prejudice, there is only one way to overcome both, and that is by the acquisition of property and intelligence. In the history of the world a people were never elevated otherwise. No amount of legislation can do it. In Memphis—in Southern cities generally—the public schools are impartially administered as to the use of money for both races. In the country districts they are as generally inadequate, both in quality and in the length of the school year. In the country, where farming and domestic service must be the occupations of the mass of the people, industrial schools are certainly not called for; but in the cities they are a necessity of the present development.

Ever since Memphis took itself in hand with a new kind of municipal government, and made itself a healthful city, good fortune of one kind and another seems to have attended it. Abundant water it could get from the river for sewerage purposes, but for other uses either extensive filters were needed or cisterns were resorted to. The city was supplied with water, which the stranger would hesitate to drink or bathe in, from Wolf River, a small stream emptying into the Mississippi above the city. But within the year a most important discovery has been made for the health and prosperity of the town. This was the striking, in the depression of the Gayoso Bayou, at a depth of 450 feet, perfectly pure water, at a temperature of about 62°, in abundance, with a head sufficient to bring it in fountains some feet above the level of the ground. Ten wells had been sunk, and the water flowing was estimated at ten millions of gallons daily, or half enough to supply the city. It was expected that, with more wells the supply would be sufficient for all purposes, and then Memphis will have drinking water not excelled in purity by that of any city in the land. It is not to be wondered at that this incalculable good fortune should add buoyancy to the business, and even to the advance in the price, of real estate. The city has widely outgrown its corporate limits, there is activity in building and improvements in all the pleasant suburbs, and with the new pavements which are in progress, the city will be as attractive as it is prosperous.

Climate is much a matter of taste. The whole area of the alluvial land of the Mississippi has the three requisites for malaria—heat, moisture, and vegetable decomposition. The tendency to this is overcome, in a measure, as the land is thoroughly drained and cultivated. Memphis has a mild winter, long summer, and a considerable portion of the year when the temperature is just about right for enjoyment. In the table of temperature for 1887 I find that the mean was 61.9°, the mean of the highest by months was 84.9°, and the mean lowest was 37.4°. The coldest month was January, when the range of the thermometer was from 72.2° to 4.3°, and the hottest was July, when the range was from 99° to 67.3°. There is a preponderance of fair, sunny weather. The rec-

ord for 1887 was: 157 days of clear, 132 fair, 65 cloudy, 91 days of frost. From this it appears that Memphis has a pretty agreeable climate for those who do not insist upon a good deal of "bracing," and it has a most genial and hospitable society.

Early on the morning of the 12th of April we crossed the river to the lower landing of the Memphis and Little Rock Railway, the upper landing being inaccessible on account of the high water. It was a delicious spring morning, the foliage, half unfolded, was in its first flush of green, and as we steamed down the stream the town bluffs, forty feet high, were seen to have a noble situation. All the opposite country for forty miles from the river was afloat, and presented the appearance of a vast swamp, not altogether unpleasing in its fresh dress of green. For forty miles, to Madison, the road ran upon an embankment just above the flood; at intervals were poor shanties and little cultivated patches, but shanties, corn patches, and trees all stood in the water. The inhabitants, the majority colored, seemed of the sort to be content with half-amphibious lives. Before we reached Madison and crossed St. Francis River we ran through a streak of gravel. Forest City, at the crossing of the Iron Mountain Railway, turned out to be not exactly a city, in the Eastern meaning of the word, but a considerable collection of houses, with a large hotel. It seemed, so far in the wilderness, an irresponsible sort of place, and the crowd at the station were in a festive, hilarious mood. This was heightened by the playing of a travelling band which we carried with us in the second-class car, and which good-naturedly unlimbered at the stations. It consisted of a colored bass-viol, violin, and guitar, and a white cornet. On the way the negro population were in the majority, all the residences were shabby shanties, and the moving public on the trains and about the stations had not profited by the example of the commercial travellers, who are the only smartly dressed people one sees in these regions. A young girl who got into the car here told me that she came from Marianna, a town to the south, on the Languille River, and she seemed to regard it as a central place. At Brinkley we crossed the St. Louis, Arkansas, and Texas Road, ran through more swamps to the Cache River, after which there was prairie and bottom-land, and at De Valle's Bluff we came to the White River. There is no doubt that this country is well watered. After White River fine reaches of prairie-land were encountered—in fact, a good deal of prairie and oak timber. Much of this prairie had once been cultivated to cotton, but was now turned to grazing, and dotted with cattle. A place named Prairie Centre had been abandoned; indeed, we passed a good many abandoned houses before we reached Carlisle and the Galloway. Lonoke is one of the villages of rather mean appearance, but important enough to be talked about and visited by the five aspirants for the gubernatorial nomination, who were travelling about together, each one trying to convince the people that the other four were unworthy the office. This is lowland Arkansas, supporting a few rude villages, inhabited by negroes and unambitious whites, and not a fairly representative portion of a great State.

At Argenta, a sort of railway and factory suburb of the city, we crossed the muddy, strong-flowing Arkansas River on a fine bridge, elevated so as to strike high up on the bluff on which Little Rock is built. The rock of the bluff, which the railway pierces, is a very shaly slate. The town lying along the bluff has a very picturesque appearance, in spite of its newness and the poor color of its brick. The situation is a noble one, commanding a fine prospect of river and plain, and mountains to the west, rising from the bluff on a series of gentle hills, with conspicuous heights further out for public institutions and country houses. The city, which has nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, can boast a number of handsome business streets with good shops and an air of prosperous trade, with well-shaded residence streets of comfortable houses; but all the thoroughfares are bad for want of paving, Little Rock being forbidden by the organic law (as Memphis is) to run in debt for city improvements. A city which has doubled its population within eight years, and been restrained from using its credit, must expect to suffer from bad streets, but its caution about debt is reassuring to intending settlers. The needed street improvements, it is understood, however, will soon be under way, and the citizens have the satisfaction of knowing that

when they are made, Little Rock will be a beautiful city.

Below the second of the iron bridges which span the river is a bowlder which gave the name of Little Rock to the town. The general impression is that it is the first rock on the river above its confluence with the Mississippi; this is not literally true, but this rock is the first conspicuous one, and has become historic. On the opposite side of the river, a mile above, is a bluff several hundred feet high, called Big Rock. On the summit is a beautiful park, a vineyard, a summer hotel, and pleasure-grounds—a delightful resort in the hot weather. From the top one gains a fair idea of Arkansas—the rich delta of the river, the mighty stream itself, the fertile rolling land and forests, the mountains on the border of the Indian Territory, the fair city, the sightly prominences about it dotted with buildings—altogether a magnificent and most charming view.

There is a United States arsenal at Little Rock; the government post-office is a handsome building, and among the twenty-seven churches there are some of pleasing architecture. The State-house, which stands upon the bluff overlooking the river, is a relic of old times, suggesting the easy-going plantation style. It is an indescribable building, or group of buildings, with classic pillars of course, and rambling galleries that lead to old-fashioned, domestic-looking State offices. It is shabby in appearance, but has a certain interior air of comfort. The room of the Assembly—plain, with windows on three sides, open to the sun and air, and not so large that conversational speaking cannot be heard in it—is not at all the modern notion of a legislative chamber, which ought to be lofty, magnificently decorated, lighted from above, and shut in as much as possible from the air and the outside world. Arkansas, which is rapidly growing in population and wealth, will no doubt very soon want a new State-house. Heaven send it an architect who will think first of the comfortable, cheerful rooms, and second of imposing outside display! He might spend a couple of millions on a building which would astonish the natives, and not give them as agreeable a working room for the Legislature as this old chamber. The fashion is to put up an edifice whose dimensions shall somehow represent the dignity of the State, a vast structure of hallways and staircases, with half-lighted and ill-ventilated rooms. It seems to me that the American genius ought to be able to devise a capitol of a different sort, certainly one better adapted to the Southern climate. A group of connected buildings for the various departments might be better than one solid parallelogram, and I have a fancy that legislators could be clearer-headed, and could profit more by discussion, if they sat in a cheerful chamber, not too large to be easily heard in, and open as much as possible to the sun and air and the sight of tranquil nature. The present Capitol has an air of lazy neglect, and the law library which is stored in it could not well be in a worse condition; but there is something rather pleasing about the old, easy-going establishment that one would pretty certainly miss in a smart new building. Arkansas has an opportunity to distinguish itself by a new departure in State-houses.

In the city are several of the State institutions, most of them occupying ample grounds with fine sites in the suburbs. Conspicuous on high ground in the city is the Blind Asylum, a very commodious and well-conducted institution, with about 80 inmates. The School for Deaf-Mutes, with 125 pupils, is under very able management. But I confess that the State Lunatic Asylum gave me a genuine surprise, and if the civilization of Arkansas were to be judged by it, it would take high rank among the States. It is a very fine building, well constructed and admirably planned, on a site commanding a noble view, with eighty acres of forest and garden. More land is needed to carry out the superintendent's idea of labor, and to furnish supplies for the patients, of whom there are 450, the men and women, colored and white, in separate wings. The builders seem to have taken advantage of all the Eastern experience and shunned the Eastern mistakes, and the result is an establishment with all the modern improvements and conveniences, conducted in the most enlightened spirit. I do not know a better large State asylum in the United States. Of the State penitentiary nothing good can be said. Arkansas is still struggling with the wretched lease system, the frightful abuses of which she is beginning to appreciate. The penitentiary is a sort of depot for convicts, who are distributed about the

State by the contractors. At the time of my visit a considerable number were there, more or less crippled and sick, who had been rescued from barbarous treatment in one of the mines. A gang were breaking stones in the yard, a few were making cigars, and the dozen women in the women's ward were doing laundry-work. But nothing appeared to be done to improve the condition of the inmates. In Southern prisons I notice comparatively few of the "professional" class which so largely make the population of Northern penitentiaries, and I always fancy that in the rather easy-going management, wanting the cast-iron discipline, the lot of the prisoners is not so hard. Thus far among the colored people not much odium attaches to one of their race who has been in prison.

The public-school system of the State is slowly improving, hampered by want of constitutional power to raise money for the schools. By the constitution, State taxes are limited to one per cent.; county taxes to one-half of one per cent., with an addition of one-half of one per cent. to pay debts existing when the constitution was adopted in 1874; city taxes the same as county; in addition, for the support of common schools, the Assembly may lay a tax not to exceed two mills on the dollar on the taxable property of the State, and an annual *per capita* tax of one dollar on every male inhabitant over the age of twenty-one years; and it may also authorize each school district to raise for itself, by vote of its electors, a tax for school purposes not to exceed five mills on the dollar. The towns generally vote this additional tax, but in most of the country districts schools are not maintained for more than three months in the year. The population of the State is about 1,000,000, in an area of 53,045 square miles. The scholastic population enrolled has increased steadily for several years, and in 1886 was 164,757, of which 122,296 were white and 42,461 were colored. The total population of school age (including the enrolled) was 358,006, of which 266,188 were white and 91,818 colored. The school fund available for that year was $1,327,710. The increased revenue and enrolment are encouraging, but it is admitted that the schools of the State (sparsely settled as it is) cannot be what they should be without more money to build decent school-houses, employ competent teachers, and have longer sessions. Little Rock has fourteen school-houses, only one or two of which are commendable. The High-School, with 50 pupils and 2 teachers, is held in a district building. The colored people have their fair proportion of schools, with teachers of their own race. Little Rock is abundantly able to tax itself for better schools, as it is for better pavements. In all the schools most attention seems to be paid to mathematics, and it is noticeable how proficient colored children under twelve are in figures.

The most important school in the State, which I did not see, is the Industrial University at Fayetteville, which received the Congressional land grant and is a State beneficiary; its property, including endowments and the university farm, is reckoned at $300,000. The general intention is to give a practical industrial education. The collegiate department, a course of three years, has 77 pupils; in the preparatory department are about 200; but the catalogue, including special students in art and music, the medical department at Little Rock of 60, and the Normal School at Pine Bluff of 215, foots up about 600 students. The university is situated in a part of the State most attractive in its scenery and most healthful, and offers a chance for every sort of mental and manual training.

The most widely famous place in the State is the Hot Springs. I should like to have seen it when it was in a state of nature; I should like to see it when it gets the civilization of a European bath place. It has been a popular and even crowded resort for several years, and the medical treatment which can be given there in connection with the use of the waters is so nearly a specific for certain serious diseases, and going there is so much a necessity for many invalids, that access to it ought by this time to be easy. But it is not. It is fifty-five miles southwest of Little Rock, but to reach it the traveller must leave the Iron Mountain Road at Malvern for a ride over a branch line of some twenty miles. Unfortunately this is a narrow-gauge road, and however ill a person may be, a change of cars must be made at Malvern. This is a serious annoyance, and it is a wonder that the main railways and the hotel and bath keepers have not united to rid themselves of the monopoly of the narrow-gauge road.

The valley of the Springs is over seven hundred feet above the sea; the country is rough and broken; the hills, clad with small pines and hard-wood, which rise on either side of the valley to the height of two to three hundred feet, make an agreeable impression of greenness, and the place is capable, by reason of its irregularity, of becoming beautiful as well as picturesque. It is still in the cheap cottage and raw brick stage. The situation suggests Carlsbad, which is also jammed into a narrow valley. The Hot Springs Mountain—that is, the mountain from the side of which all the hot springs (about seventy) flow—is a government reservation. Nothing is permitted to be built on it except the government hospital for soldiers and sailors, the public bath-houses along the foot, and one hotel, which holds over on the reserved land. The government has enclosed and piped the springs, built a couple of cement reservoirs, and lets the bath privileges to private parties at thirty dollars a tub, the number of tubs being limited. The rent money the government is supposed to devote to the improvement of the mountain. This has now a private lookout tower on the summit, from which a most extensive view is had over the well-wooded State, and it can be made a lovely park. There is a good deal of criticism about favoritism in letting the bath privileges, and the words "ring" and "syndicate" are constantly heard. Before improvements were made the hot water discharged into a creek at the base of the hill. This creek is now arched over and become a street, with the bath-houses on one side and shops and shanties on the other. Difficulty about obtaining a good title to land has until recently stood in the way of permanent improvements. All claims have now been adjudicated upon, the government is prepared to give a perfect title to all its own land, except the mountain, forever reserved, and purchasers can be sure of peaceful occupation.

Opposite the Hot Springs Mountain rises the long sharp ridge of West Mountain, from which the government does not permit the foliage to be stripped. The city runs around and back of this mountain, follows the winding valley to the north, climbs up all the irregular ridges in the neighborhood, and spreads itself over the valley on the south, near the Ouachita River. It is estimated that there are 10,000 residents in this rapidly growing town. Houses stick on the sides of the hills, perch on terraces, nestle in the ravines. Nothing is regular, nothing is as might have been expected, but it is all interesting, and promising of something pleasing and picturesque in the future. All the springs, except one, on Hot Springs Mountain are hot, with a temperature ranging from 93° to 157° Fahrenheit; there are plenty of springs in and among the other hills, but they are all cold. It is estimated that the present quantity of hot water, much of which runs to waste, would supply about 19,000 persons daily with 25 gallons each. The water is perfectly clear, has no odor, and is very agreeable for bathing. That remarkable cures are performed here the evidence does not permit one to doubt, nor can one question the wonderfully rejuvenating effect upon the system of a course of its waters.

It is necessary to suggest, however, that the value of the springs to invalids and to all visitors would be greatly enhanced by such regulations as those that govern Carlsbad and Marienbad in Bohemia. The success of those great "cures" depends largely upon the regimen enforced there, the impossibility of indulging in an improper diet, and the prevailing regularity of habits as to diet, sleep, and exercise. There is need at Hot Springs for more hotel accommodation of the sort that will make comfortable invalids accustomed to luxury at home, and at least one new and very large hotel is promised soon to supply this demand; but what Hot Springs needs is the comforts of life, and not means of indulgence at table or otherwise. Perhaps it is impossible for the American public, even the sick part of it, to submit itself to discipline, but we never will have the full benefit of our many curative springs until it consents to do so. Patients, no doubt, try to follow the varying regimen imposed by different doctors, but it is difficult to do so amid all the temptations of a go-as-you-please bath place. A general regimen of diet applicable to all visitors is the only safe rule. Under such enlightened rules as prevail at Marienbad, and with the opportunity for mild entertainment in pretty shops, agreeable walks and drives, with music and the hundred devices to make the time pass pleasantly, Hot Springs would become one of the

most important sanitary resorts in the world. It is now in a very crude state; but it has the water, the climate, the hills and woods; good saddle-horses are to be had, and it is an interesting country to ride over; those who frequent the place are attached to it; and time and taste and money will, no doubt, transform it into a place of beauty.

Arkansas surprised the world by the exhibition it made of itself at New Orleans, not only for its natural resources, but for the range and variety of its productions. That it is second to no other State in its adaptability to cotton raising was known; that it had magnificent forests and large coal fields and valuable minerals in its mountains was known; but that it raised fruit superior to any other in the Southwest, and quite equal to any in the North, was a revelation. The mountainous part of the State, where some of the hills rise to the altitude of 2500 feet, gives as good apples, pears, and peaches as are raised in any portion of the Union; indeed, this fruit has taken the first prize in exhibitions from Massachusetts to Texas. It is as remarkable for flavor and firmness as it is for size and beauty. This region is also a good vineyard country. The State boasts more miles of navigable waters than any other, it has variety of soil and of surface to fit it for every crop in the temperate latitudes, and it has a very good climate. The range of northern mountains protects it from "northers," and its elevated portions have cold enough for a tonic. Of course the low and swampy lands are subject to malaria. The State has just begun to appreciate itself, and has organized efforts to promote immigration. It has employed a competent State geologist, who is doing excellent service. The United States has still a large quantity of valuable land in the State open to settlement under the homestead and preemption laws. The State itself has over 2,000,000 acres of land, forfeited and granted to it in various ways; of this, the land forfeited for taxes will be given to actual settlers in tracts of 160 acres to each person, and the rest can be purchased at a low price. I cannot go into all the details, but the reader may be assured that the immigration committee make an exceedingly good showing for settlers who wish to engage in farming, fruit raising, mining, or lumbering. The constitution of the State is very democratic, the statute laws are stringent in morality, the limitations upon town and city indebtedness are severe, the rate of taxation is very low, and the State debt is small. The State, in short, is in a good condition for a vigorous development of its resources.

There is a popular notion that Arkansas is a "bowie-knife" State, a lawless and an ignorant State. I shared this before I went there. I cannot disprove the ignorance of the country districts. As I said, more money is needed to make the public-school system effective. But in its general aspect the State is as orderly and moral as any. The laws against carrying concealed weapons are strict, and are enforced. It is a fairly temperate State. Under the high license and local option laws, prohibition prevails in two-thirds of the State, and the popular vote is strictly enforced. In forty-eight of the seventy-five counties no license is granted, in other counties only a single town votes license, and in many of the remaining counties many towns refuse it. In five counties only is liquor perfectly free. A special law prohibits liquor selling within five miles of a college; within three miles of a church or school, a majority of the adult inhabitants can prohibit it. With regard to liquor selling, woman suffrage practically exists. The law says that on petition of a majority of the adult population in any district the county judge must refuse license. The women, therefore, without going into politics, sign the petitions and create prohibition.

The street-cars and railways make no discrimination as to color of passengers. Everywhere I went I noticed that the intercourse between the two races was friendly. There is much good land on the railway between Little Rock and Arkansas City, heavily timbered, especially with the clean-boled, stately gum-trees. At Pine Bluff, which has a population of 5000, there is a good colored Normal School, and the town has many prosperous negroes, who support a race-track of their own, and keep up a county fair. I was told that the most enterprising man in the place, the largest street-railway owner, is black as a coal. Further down the road the country is not so good, the houses are mostly poor shanties, and the population, largely colored, appears to be of a shiftless character. Arkansas City itself, low-lying on the Mississippi, has a bad reputation.

Little Rock, already a railway centre of importance, is prosperous and rapidly improving. It has the settled, temperate, orderly society of an Eastern town, but democratic in its habits, and with a cordial hospitality which is more provincial than fashionable. I heard there a good chamber concert of stringed instruments, one of a series which had been kept up by subscription all winter, and would continue the coming winter. The performers were young Bohemians. The gentleman at whose pleasant, old-fashioned house I was entertained, a leading lawyer and jurist in the Southwest, was a good linguist, had travelled in most parts of the civilized globe, had on his table the current literature of France, England, Germany, and America, a daily Paris newspaper, one New York journal (to give its name might impugn his good taste in the judgment of every other New York journal), and a very large and well-selected library, two-thirds of which was French, and nearly half of the remainder German. This was one of the many things I found in Arkansas which I did not expect to find.

THE MASTER AND THE REAPERS.

BY ZOE DANA UNDERHILL.

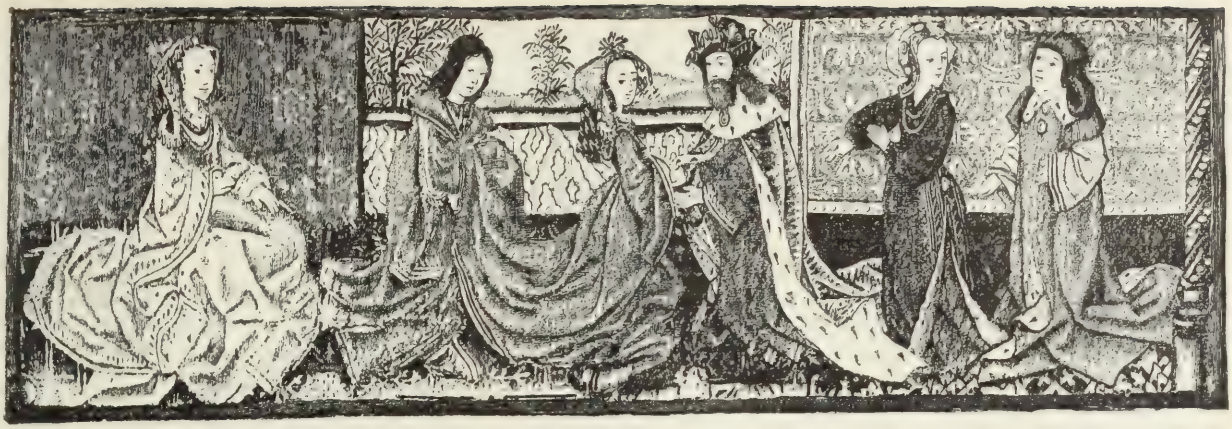
THE master called to his reapers:
"Make scythe and sickle keen,
And bring me the grain from the uplands,
And the grass from the meadows green;
And from off of the mist-clad marshes,
Where the salt waves fret and foam,
Ye shall gather the rustling sedges
To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborers cried: "O master,
We will bring thee the yellow grain
That waves on the windy hill-side,
And the tender grass from the plain;
But that which springs on the marshes
Is dry and harsh and thin,
Unlike the sweet field grasses,
So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish!
For many a weary day,
Through storm and drought, ye have labored
For the grain and the fragrant hay.
The generous earth is fruitful,
And breezes of summer blow
Where these, in the sun and the dews of heaven,
Have ripenèd soft and slow.

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land
Hath never a plough been set,
And with rapine and rage of hungry waves
The shivering soil is wet.
There flower the pale green sedges,
And the tides that ebb and flow,
And the biting breath of the sea-wind,
Are the only care they know.

"They have drunken of bitter waters,
Their food hath been sharp sea-sand,
And yet they have yielded a harvest
Unto the master's hand.
So shall ye all, O reapers,
Honor them now the more,
And garner in gladness, with songs of praise,
The grass from the desolate shore."



I.—A German Tapestry of the Fourteenth Century.—Scene from the Canticles.

THE NEW GALLERY OF TAPESTRIES AT FLORENCE.

"And he made a hanging for the tabernacle door of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, of needle-work."—*Exodus*, xxxvi. 37.

"With cherubim of cunning work shalt thou make them."—*Exodus*, xxvi. 1.

PAINTING in textile fabrics, or the art of producing figures by the loom, is almost as ancient as that of painting on a wall or panel. The art existed on the banks of the Nile many thousands of years before our era. In Eastern Asia and in Greece we meet with it simultaneously with the first signs of a general civilization. In those different regions the decorative roll of tapestry asserts itself at a very early period. To nomadic tribes it furnished the principal element of ornamentation of their tents. Dwellers in towns made use of them to complete the arrangement or to heighten the splendor of their temples or their palaces. Semper says that in primitive architecture the most important part, the generating element, belongs to stuffs. According to him, drapery is the principle which dominates the art of building, and which presides over its development, each new material of textile art giving birth to form and color, sources of perpetual modification, and that one has but to examine the plan of an ancient house to discover that it was only inhabitable thanks to the hangings, which in the absence of walls served as the necessary divisions, and also as protection against heat and cold.

The loom is one of the oldest inventions. Those used by the ancient Egyptians, pictures of which are painted and sculptured upon some of their monuments, are of similar form to those of the Hindoo and Chinese, and the form was not very essentially varied in the looms used by Western nations in their development toward modern civilization for several thousands of years. In Egypt weaving was an important branch of industry, cotton and flax being indigenous; it is uncertain whether silk was used. Stuffs were woven in large manufactories under the superintendence of the priests, who had a monopoly of all the cloths used for sacred purposes, especially for the mummies. The stuffs were generally dyed in the wool, and many of them embroidered with threads of gold and silver wire. Some of them are striped, others stained or flowered, and the colors of all exhibit those dazzling hues of the East which we are unable to rival in Europe.

The art of embroidering cloth with needle-work is said to have been first invented by the Phrygians; the interweaving of gold, by King Attalus; the interweaving of different colors, by the Babylonians; the raising of several threads at once, by the people of Alexandria, in Egypt, which produced a cloth similar to the Babylonian, called polymita, wrought, as weavers say, with a many-leaved comb. The art of mixing silver in cloth was not invented till the time of the Greek emperors. Spinning and weaving constituted the chief employment of the ancient Greek and Roman women, hence the frequent allusions to it in the poets. Hector, when he sees Andromache overwhelmed with



II.—Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis witnessing Games.—A Flemish Tapestry of the Sixteenth Century.



III.—Christ washing the Apostles' Feet.—A Sixteenth Century Tapestry.

terror, sends her for consolation to the loom and the distaff (Iliad, vi.).

Herod besieged Jerusalem and took it in 37 B.C.; he restored the Temple on a more magnificent scale than Solomon's, and hung it with Babylonian tapestries. We read, too, that Nero spent £32,281 for hangings and furniture of Babylonian tapestries for his dining-room alone. The tapestries Rome possessed at that time were imported. Rome ruled the world, and her soldiers brought back with them spoils from every country. The works of the Grecian artists became the first object of proconsular rapacity, and the astonishing number which Verres had acquired during his government of Sicily formed one of the most striking features of the invectives of Cicero, who asserted that throughout that whole province of Sicily, so distinguished by the taste and riches of its inhabitants, there was not a single statue or figure, either of bronze, marble, or ivory, not a picture or *piece of tapestry*, that Verres had not appropriated and brought back to Rome with him.

In those days tapestries were not only used for the interior decoration of palaces, temples, and villas, but they were used also to convert public highways and squares into the guise of galleries or rooms to add splendor during the solemnity of a civic or religious festival, to which they lent themselves in a marvellous manner. Such, however, was the devastation which took place in Italy during the Middle Ages, age of superstition and barbarian invasion, that of the innumerable works of art collected by the Roman conquerors, scarcely a specimen was to be found in the beginning of the fifteenth century.

There is not a vestige, perhaps, to be discovered in Europe for several generations of any considerable manufacture: I mean of fabricating articles of common utility to an extent beyond what the necessities of an adjacent district required. Rich men kept domestic artisans among their servants; even kings in the ninth century had their clothes made by the women upon their farms; but there was no extended traffic. The insecurity of movable wealth, and difficulty of accumulating it, the ignorance of mutual wants, the peril of robbery in conveying merchandise, and the certainty of extortion, are sufficient explanation why manufactures did not flourish; and before any manufactures were established in Europe, her commer-



IV.—A Home Interior of the Seventeenth Century.

cial intercourse with Egypt and Asia must have been very trifling, because, whatever inclination she might feel to enjoy the luxuries of those genial regions, she wanted the means of obtaining them. It is not, therefore, necessary to rest the miserable conditions of Oriental commerce upon the Saracen conquest, because the poverty of Europe is an adequate cause, and in fact what little traffic remained was carried on with no material inconvenience through the channel of Constantinople; but imports from the East beginning to fail, the inhabitants of the different states of western Europe began to consider their local resources and to develop them.

We read that the art of weaving tapestry was introduced into France about the ninth century, but it was not generally introduced into Europe until the time of the Crusades, and the workmen employed in the manufacture were originally called *sarazins* and *sarazinois*, indicating the origin of the art as derived from the Saracens. But the fabrication of tapestry with the needle had always been a favorite occupation for ladies of the highest rank. The famous Bayeux tapestry is supposed to have been done by Matilda, wife of William the Conqueror, and the ladies of her court; it is a wonderful piece of pictorial needle-work, representing the events connected with the conquest of England. It is worked like a sampler, in woollen thread of different colors.

It is only from the end of the fourteenth century, in the reign of Charles V., surnamed the Wise—for he was one of the most useful of French kings in promoting all kinds of industries—that we can follow the developments of the art. The tapestries of Arras were so famous about that time that the name generally given to this species of hangings (*arras*, French; *arazzo*, Italian) is said to have been derived from the name of the town. At Bruges in 1430 Philip the Good instituted the order of the Golden Fleece, in honor of the prosperity of the woollen trade of the town. Bruges had then a large share of the commerce of the globe, while its manufactures, especially in tapestry, excelled all others. It is supposed that Flemish workmen went to Constantinople to learn the secrets of the art of weaving tapestry, for they were at that time superior to all other workmen, and were sought for all over Europe. The famous Gobelin establishment in Paris derives its name from the brothers Jehan and Gilles Gobelin, who came from Holland about 1470, and erected a building in the Faubourg St.-Marcel, upon the Bièvre, as they believed that the water of the little stream possessed qualities advantageous to their art. Louis XIV. purchased it in 1667, and ever since it has belonged to the French government.

The first tapestries made in Italy were manufactured at Mantua, in 1419, by Flemish workmen, but it was not until 1545 that Cosmo I. de' Medici created an establishment in Florence. Cosmo I. turned his especial attention to the encouragement of all arts and industries, and wished the Florentine factory to surpass all others. The founders of the factory were Nicolo Karches and Giovanni vander Roost, who were already celebrated by their works in the factory at Ferrara. They were tempted to Florence by the princely offer of the Grand-duke Cosmo. They bound themselves to teach the secrets of their art in all its branches to a stated number of Florentines, in return for which, commodious quarters were placed at their disposal, and a sum of 600 gold scudi yearly. The work that was done for the house of Medici was paid apart. They were also at liberty to execute private commissions, but were obliged to keep 24 tapestries in hand as examples and instruction for the students.

This new Gallery of Tapestry in Florence was opened in February, 1884, and is the first and only institution of its kind in Italy; it contains specimens of the different developments of tapestry, and represents in a special manner its history in Tuscany. There are about 124 pieces of tapestry, made from designs of celebrated artists, and woven by foreign and domestic workmen.

This wealth of tapestries was scattered about in the palaces of Florence, Pisa, and Siena, and in the grand-ducal villas, until brought together by the care of Baron Ricasoli, who had them placed temporarily in the gallery that unites the Uffizi and Pitti palaces, where they remained from 1865 to 1882; then the collection was removed to its present abode, on the second floor of the Palazzo della Crocetta (the Egyptian Museum is on the first floor), and a quantity of forgotten tapestries were brought to light from the storerooms of the Uffizi, and now the whole collection is carefully and systematically



V.—Gobelins Tapestry of the Seventeenth Century.



VI.—The Fall of Phaeton.—An Italian Tapestry of the Eighteenth Century.

arranged; it forms an almost complete history of Tuscan tapestry, besides containing some beautiful specimens of Gobelins and German and Flemish work.

There is no specimen earlier than the fourteenth century. The engravings Nos. I. and VII. illustrate two of a series of very interesting German works of that date, representing scenes from the Canticles of Solomon. The colors are still rich and beautiful, deep in tone, and in the days when those tapestries were made each different material employed had its particular signification. Colors were symbolical, white representing purity of morals; red, charity; green, contemplation; black, mortification of the flesh; livid colors (*les lividæ*), tribulation. Guillaume Durand, Bishop of Mende, in his treatise upon tapestry, written at the end of the

thirteenth century, defined with accurate precision all their details.

No. II. is a Flemish tapestry of the sixteenth century, depicting Henry II. and Catherine de Medicis, with the ladies of their court, witnessing games given in their honor. The dresses of the ladies are wonderful. It also forms one of a series of most beautiful and interesting tapestries, perhaps the most interesting in the gallery.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century this industry did not flourish in Florence, for the Grand-duke Ferdinand I. divided his patronage, being more interested in mosaic work, in pietra dura, than in tapestries, and it was not until Ferdinand II. came to the throne, and induced Pietro Fevère to leave a high position in Paris, that the factory began to flourish again. Very little seventeenth century work is interesting or worth dwelling upon.

No. III. is a hanging executed at the Florentine factory by Papini between 1591 and 1609, from a cartoon of Alessandro Allori—Christ washing the Apostles' Feet—one of the most interesting and beautiful tapestries of the collection: exquisite in design: every detail of the intricate border is worthy of study.

No. IV. is a tapestry hanging executed by Fevère about 1640, representing an interior in winter. It is interesting as depicting a home scene in the seventeenth century.

No. V. is an exceedingly pretty Gobelins of the seventeenth century.

In the beginning of the eighteenth century Bronconi was at the head of the Florence works. Under him were the celebrated workmen Bernini and Demigott, to whom are due the beautiful tapestries of the Four Quarters of the Globe. The Fall of Phaeton (No. VI.) and the Rape of Proserpine each took Bernini and his workmen two years of constant work; and they are the last specimens of the Florentine factory, as in the year 1737 Gian Gastine de' Medici died, and it was decided to close the factory. Instituted and supported in Tuscany by the Medici, it lived and died in the reign of that illustrious and munificent family.



VII.—German Tapestry of the Fourteenth Century.—Scene from the Canticles.

THE BELFRY CHIMES.

BY JOHN MUIR.

HARK! a merry peal we're ringing,
With joyous clash we cleave the air,
God's peace and blessing gayly flinging
O'er a happy bridal pair.
Slowly down the aisle they're passing,
Proudly 'neath the archway gay,
Far above sweet music's crashing—
Heed the warning now we say.
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Life to-day, to-morrow death.

Now changed our note, so soft and low,
As they turn the burial sod,
And bowed the mourners weeping go,
For a soul returned to God.
With muffled sob we clang so slowly,
As round the grave they kneel and pray,
And mingled with those words so holy,
Sad our warning still we say:
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Comes and goes the fleeting breath;
Time for sorrow, time for song—
Life to-day, to-morrow death.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XIII.

IN the process of that expansion from a New England village to an American town of which Putney spoke, Hatboro' had suffered one kind of deterioration which Annie could not help noticing. She remembered a distinctly intellectual life, which might still exist in its elements, but which certainly no longer had as definite expression. There used to be houses in which people, maiden aunts and hale grandmothers, took a keen interest in literature, and read the new books and discussed them, some time after they had ceased to be new in the publishing centres, but whilst they were still not old. But now the grandmothers had died out, and the maiden aunts had faded in, and she could not find just such houses anywhere in Hatboro'. The decay of the Unitarians as a sect perhaps had something to do with the literary lapse of the place: their highly intellectualized belief had favored taste in a direction where the more ritualistic and emotional religions did not promote it: and it is certain that they were no longer the leading people.

It would have been hard to say just who these leading people were. The old political and juristic pre-eminence which the lawyers had once enjoyed was a tradition; the learned professions yielded in distinction to the growing wealth and plutocratic influence of the prosperous manufacturers; the situation might be summed up in the fact that Colonel Marvin of the shoe interest and Mr. Wilmington now filled the place once held by Judge Kilburn and Squire Putney. The social life in private houses had undoubtedly shrunk; but it had expanded in the direction of church sociables, and it had become much more ecclesiastical in every way, without becoming more religious. As formerly, some people were acceptable, and some were not; but it was, as everywhere else, more a question of money; there was an aristocracy and a commonalty, but there was a confusion and a more ready convertibility in the materials of each.

The social authority of such a person as Mrs. Gerrish was not the only change that bewildered Annie, and the effort to extend her relations with the village people was one from which she shrank till her consciousness had more perfectly adjusted itself to the new conditions. Meanwhile Dr. Morrell came to call the night after their tea at the Putneys', and he fell into the habit of coming several nights in the week, and staying late. Sometimes he was sent for at her house by sick people, and he must have left word at his office where he was to be found.

He had spent part of his student life in Europe, and he looked back to his travel there with a fondness that the Old World inspires less and less in Americans. Apparently he found it droll that a woman of her acquaintance with a larger life should be willing to live in Hatboro' at all, and he seemed incredulous about her staying after summer was over. She felt that she mystified him, and sometimes she felt the pursuit of a curiosity which was a little too like a psychical diagnosis. He had a way of sitting beside her table and playing with her paper-cutter, while he submitted with a quizzical smile to her endeavors to turn him to account. She did not mind his laughing at her eagerness (a woman is willing enough to join a man in making fun of her femininity if she believes that he respects her), and she tried to make him talk about Hatboro', and tell her how she could be of use among the working people. She would have liked very much to know whether he gave his medical service gratis among them, and whether he found it a pleasure and a privilege to do so. There was one moment when she would have liked to ask him to let her be at the charges of his more indigent patients, but with the words behind her lips she perceived that it would not do. At the best, it would be taking his opportunity from him and making it hers. She began to see that one ought to have a conscience about doing good.

She let the chance of proposing this impossibility go by; and after a little silence Dr. Morrell seemed to revert, in her interest, to the economical situation in Hatboro'.

"You know that most of the hands in the hat shops are from the farms around;

* Begun in June number, 1888.

and some of them own property here in the village. I know the owner of three small houses, who's always worked in the shops. You couldn't very well offer help to a landed proprietor like that?"

"No," said Annie, abashed in view of him.

"I suppose you ought to go to a factory town like Fall River, if you really wanted to deal with overwork and squalor."

"I'm beginning to think there's no such thing anywhere," she said, desperately.

The doctor's eyes twinkled sympathetically. "I don't know whether Benson earned his three houses altogether in the hat shops. He 'likes a good horse,' as he says; and he likes to trade it for a better; I know that from experience. But he's a great friend of mine. Well, then, there are more women than men in the shops, and they earn more. I suppose that's rather disappointing too."

"It is, rather."

"But, on the other hand, the work only lasts eight months of the year, and that cuts wages down to an average of a dollar a day."

"Ah!" cried Annie. "There's some hope in *that!* What do they do when the work stops?"

"Oh, they go back to their country-seats."

"All?"

"Perhaps not all."

"I *thought* so!"

"Well, you'd better look round among those that stay."

Even among these she looked in vain for destitution; she could find that in satisfactory degree only in straggling veterans of the great army of tramps which once overran country places in the summer.

She would have preferred not to see or know the objects of her charity, and because she preferred this she forced herself to face their distasteful misery. Mrs. Bolton had orders to send no one from the door who asked for food or work, but to call Annie and let her judge the case. She knew that it was folly, and she was afraid it was worse, but she could not send the homeless creatures away as hungry or poor as they came. They filled her gentlewoman's soul with loathing; but if she kept beyond the range of the powerful corporeal odor that enveloped them, she could experience the luxury of pity for them. The filthy rags that caricatured them, their sick or sodden faces, always frowzed with a week's beard, represented typical poverty to her, and accused her comfortable state with a poignant contrast; and she consoled herself as far as she could with the superstition that in meeting them she was fulfilling a duty sacred in proportion to the disgust she felt in the encounter.

The work at the hat shops fell off after the spring orders, and did not revive till the beginning of August. If there was less money among the hands and their families who remained than there was in time of full work, the weather made less demand upon their resources. The children lived mostly out-of-doors, and seemed to have always what they wanted of the season's fruit and vegetables. They got these too late from the decaying lots at the provision stores, and too early from the nearest orchards; and Dr. Morrell admitted that there was a good deal of sickness, especially among the little ones, from this diet. Annie wondered whether she ought not to offer herself as nurse among them; she asked him whether she could not be of use in that way, and had to confess that she knew nothing about the prevailing disease.

"Then I don't think you'd better undertake it," he said. "There are too many nurses there already, such as they are. It's the dull time in most of the shops, you know, and the women have plenty of leisure. There are about five volunteer nurses for every patient, not counting the grandmothers on both sides. I think they would resent any outside aid."

"Ah, I'm always on the outside! But can't I send—I mean carry—them any thing nourishing, any little dishes—"

"Arrowroot is about all the convalescents can manage." She made a note of it. "But jelly and chicken broth are always relished by their friends."

"Dr. Morrell, I must ask you not to turn me into ridicule, if you please. I cannot permit it."

"I beg your pardon—I do indeed, Miss Kilburn. I didn't mean to ridicule you. I began seriously, but I was led astray by remembering what becomes of most of the good things sent to sick people."

"I know," she said, breaking into a laugh. "I have eaten lots of them for my father. And is arrow-root the only thing?"

The doctor reflected, gravely. "Why, no. There's a poor little life now and then that might be saved by the sea-air. Yes, if you care to send some of my patients, with a mother and a grandmother apiece, to the sea-side—"

"Don't say another word, doctor," cried Annie. "You make me *so* happy! I will—I will send their whole families. And you won't, you *won't* let a case escape, will you, doctor?" It was a break in the iron wall of uselessness which had closed her in; she behaved like a young girl with an invitation to a ball.

When the first patient came back well from the sea-side her rejoicing overflowed in exultation before the friends to whom she confessed her agency in the affair. Putney pretended that he could not see what pleasure she could reasonably take in restoring the child to the sort of life it had been born to; but that was a matter she would not consider, theoretically or practically.

She began to go outside of Dr. Morrell's authority; she looked up two cases herself, and upon advising with their grandmothers, sent them to the sea-side, and she was at the station when the train came in with the young mother and the still younger aunt of one of the sick children. She did not see the baby, and the mother passed her with a stare of impassioned reproach, and fell sobbing on the neck of her husband, waiting for her on the platform. Annie felt the blood drop back upon her heart. She caught at the girlish aunt, who was looking about her with a sense of the interest which attached to herself as a party to this spectacle.

"Oh, Rebecca, where is the child?"

"Well, there, Miss Kilburn, I'm *ril* sorry to tell you, but I guess the sea-air didn't do it a great deal of good, if any. I tell Maria she'll see it in the right light after a while, but of course she can't, first off. Well, there! *Somebody's* got to look after it. You'll excuse *me*, Miss Kilburn."

Annie saw her run off to the baggage-car, from which the baggage-man was handing out a narrow box. The ground reeled under her feet; she got the public depot carriage and drove home.

She sent for Dr. Morrell, and poured out the confession of her error upon him before he could speak. "I am a murderess," she ended, hysterically. "Don't deny it!"

"I think you can be got off on the ground of insanity, Miss Kilburn, if you go on in this way," he answered.

Her desperation broke in tears. "Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do? I've killed the child!"

"Oh no, you haven't," he retorted. "I know the case. The only hope for it was the sea-air; I was going to ask you to send it—"

She took down her handkerchief and gave him a piercing look. "Dr. Morrell, if you are lying to me—"

"I'm not lying, Miss Kilburn," he answered. "You've done a very unwarrantable thing in both of the cases that you sent to the sea-side on your own responsibility. One of them I certainly shouldn't have advised sending, but it's turned out well. You've no more credit for it, though, than for this that died; and you won't think I'm lying, perhaps, when I say you're equally to blame in both instances."

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered, with dawning comfort in his severity. "I didn't mean—I didn't intend to say—"

"I know it," said Dr. Morrell, allowing himself to smile. "Just remember that you blundered into doing the only thing left to be done for Mrs. Savor's child; and —don't try it again. That's all."

He smiled once more, and at some permissive light in her face, he began even to laugh.

"You—you're horrible!"

"Oh no, I'm not," he gasped. "All the tears in the world wouldn't help; and my laughing hurts nobody. I'm sorry for you, and I'm sorry for the mother; but I've told you the truth—I have indeed; and you *must* believe me."

The child's father came to see her the next night. "Rebecca she seemed to think that you felt kind of bad, maybe, because Maria wouldn't speak to you when she first got off the cars yesterday, and I don't say she done exactly right, myself. The way I look at it, and the way I tell Maria *she'd* ought to, is like this: You done what you done for the best, and we wa'n't *obliged* to take your advice anyway. But of course Maria she'd kind of set her heart on savin' it, and she can't seem to get over it right away." He talked on much longer to the same effect, tilted back in his chair, and looking down, while he covered and uncovered one of his knees with his straw hat. He had the usual

rustic difficulty in getting away, but Annie was glad to keep him, in her gratitude for his kindness. Besides, she could not let him go without satisfying a suspicion she had.

"And Dr. Morrell—have you seen him for Mrs. Savor—have you—" She stopped, for shame of her hypocrisy.

"No, 'm. We hain't seen him *sence*. I guess she'll get along."

It needed this stroke to complete her humiliation before the single-hearted fellow.

"I—I suppose," she stammered out, "that you—your wife, wouldn't like me to come to the— I can understand that; but oh! if there is anything I can do for you—flowers—or my carriage—or helping anyway—"

Mr. Savor stood up. "I'm much obliged to *you*, Miss Kilburn; but we thought we hadn't better wait, well not a great while, and — the funeral was this afternoon. Well, I wish you good-evening."

She met the mother, a few days after, in the street; with an impulse to cross over to the other side she advanced straight upon her.

"Mrs. Savor! What can I say to you?"

"Oh, I don't presume but what you meant for the best, Miss Kilburn. But I guess I shall know what to do next time. I kind of felt the whole while that it was a resk. But it's all right now."

Annie realized, in her resentment of the poor thing's uncouth sorrow, that she had spoken to her with the hope of getting, not giving, comfort.

"Yes, yes," she confessed. "I was to blame." The bereaved mother did not gainsay her, and she felt that, whatever was the justice of the case, she had met her present deserts.

She had to bear the discredit into which the sea-side fell with the mothers of all the other sick children. She tried to bring Dr. Morrell once to the consideration of her culpability in the case of those who might have lived if the case of Mrs. Savor's baby had not frightened their mothers from sending them to the sea-side; but he refused to grapple with the problem. She was obliged to believe him when he said he should not have advised sending any of the recent cases there; that the disease was changing its character, and such a course could have done no good.

"Look here, Miss Kilburn," he said, after scanning her face sharply, "I'm going to leave you a little tonic. I think you're rather run down."

"Well," she said, passively.

XIV.

It was in her revulsion from the direct beneficence which had proved so dangerous that Annie was able to give herself to the more general interests of the Social Union. She had not the courage to test her influence for it among the work-people whom it was to entertain and elevate, and whose co-operation Mr. Peck had thought important; but she went about among the other classes, and found a degree of favor and deference which surprised her, and an ignorance of what lay so heavy on her heart which was still more comforting. She was nowhere treated as the guilty wretch she called herself; some who knew of the facts had got them wrong; and she discovered what must always astonish the inquirer below the pretentious surface of our democracy—an indifference and an incredulity concerning the feelings of people of lower station which could not be surpassed in another civilization. Her concern for Mrs. Savor was treated as a great trial for Miss Kilburn; but the mother's bereavement was regarded as something those people were used to, and got over more easily than one could imagine.

Annie's mission took her to the ministers of the various denominations, and she was able to overcome any scruples they might have about the theatricals by urging the excellence of their object. As a Unitarian, she was not prepared for the liberality with which the matter was considered; the Episcopalians of course were with her; but the Universalist minister himself was not more friendly than the young Methodist preacher, who volunteered to call with her on the pastor of the Baptist church, and help present the affair in the right light; she had expected a degree of narrow-mindedness, of bigotry, which her sect learned to attribute to others in the militant period before they had imbibed so much of its own tolerance.

But the recollection of what had passed with Mr. Peck remained a reproach in her mind, and nothing that she accomplished for the Social Union with the other ministers was important. In her vivid reveries

she often met him, and combated his peculiar ideas, while she admitted a wrong in her own position, and made every expression of regret, and parted from him on the best terms, esteemed and complimented in high degree; in reality she saw him seldom, and still more rarely spoke to him, and then with a distance and consciousness altogether different from the effects dramatized in her fancy. Sometimes during the period of her interest in the sick children of the hands, she saw him in their houses, or coming and going outside; but she had no chance to speak with him, or else said to herself that she had none, because she was ashamed before him. She thought he avoided her; but this was probably only a phase of the impersonality which seemed characteristic of him in everything. At these times she felt a strange pathos in the lonely man whom she knew to be at odds with many of his own people, and she longed to interpret herself more sympathetically to him, but actually confronted with him she was sensible of something cold and even hard in the nimbus her compassion cast about him. Yet even this added to the mystery that piqued her, and that loosed her fancy to play, as soon as they parted, in conjecture about his past life, his marriage, and the mad wife who had left him with the child he seemed so ill-fitted to care for. Then, the next time they met she was abashed with the recollection of having unwarrantably romanced the plain, simple, homely little man, and she added an embarrassment of her own to that shyness of his which kept them apart.

Except for what she had heard Putney say, and what she learned casually from the people themselves, she could not have believed he ever did anything for them. He came and went so elusively, as far as Annie was concerned, that she knew of his presence in the houses of sickness and death usually by his little girl, whom she found playing about in the street before the door with the children of the hands. She seemed to hold her own among the others in their plays and their squabbles; if she tried to make up to her, Idella smiled, but she would not be approached, and Annie's heart went out to the little mischief in as helpless good-will as toward the minister himself.

She used to hear his voice through the summer-open windows when he called upon the Boltons, and wondered if some accident would not bring them together, but she had to send for Mrs. Bolton at last, and bid her tell Mr. Peck that she would like to see him before he went away, one night. He came, and then she began a parrying parley of preliminary nothings before she could say that she supposed he knew the ladies were going on with their scheme for the establishment of the Social Union; he admitted vaguely that he had heard something to that effect, and she added that the invited dance and supper had been given up.

He remained apparently indifferent to the fact, and she hurried on: "And I ought to say, Mr. Peck, that nearly every one—every one whose opinion you would value—agreed with you that it would have been extremely ill-advised, and—and shocking. And I'm quite ashamed that I should not have seen it from the beginning; and I hope—I hope you will forgive me if I said things in my—my excitement that must have— I mean not only what I said to you, but what I said to others; and I assure you that I regret them, and—"

She went on and repeated herself at length, and he listened patiently, but as if the matter had not really concerned either of them personally. She had to conclude that what she had said of him had not reached him, and she ended by confessing that she had clung to the Social Union project because it seemed the only thing in which her attempts to do good were not mischievous.

Mr. Peck's thin face kindled with a friendlier interest than it had shown while the question at all related to himself, and a light of something that she took for humorous compassion came into his large, pale blue eyes. At least it was intelligence; and perhaps the woman nature craves this as much as it is supposed to crave sympathy; perhaps the two are finally one.

"I want to tell you something, Mr. Peck—an experience of mine," she said, abruptly, and without trying to connect it obviously with what had gone before, she told him the story of her ill-fated beneficence to the Savors. He listened intently, and at the end he said: "I understand. But that is sorrow you have caused, not evil; and what we intend in good-will must not rest a burden on the conscience, no matter how it turns out. Otherwise

the moral world is no better than a crazy dream, without plan or sequence. You might as well rejoice in an evil deed because good happened to come of it."

"Oh, I *thank* you!" she gasped. "You don't know what a load you have lifted from me!"

Her words feebly expressed the sense of deliverance which overflowed her heart. Her strength failed her like that of a person suddenly relieved from some great physical stress or peril; but she felt that he had given her the truth, and she held fast by it while she went on.

"If you knew, or if any one knew, how difficult it is, what a responsibility, to do the least thing for others! And once it seemed so simple! And it seems all the more difficult, the more means you have of doing good. The poor people seem to help one another without doing any harm, but if *I* try it—"

"Yes," said the minister, "it is difficult to help others when we cease to need help ourselves. A man begins poor, or his father or grandfather before him—it doesn't matter how far back he begins—and then he is in accord and full understanding with all the other poor in the world; but as he prospers he withdraws from them and loses their point of view. Then, when he offers help, it is not as a brother of those who need it, but a patron, an agent of the false state of things in which want is possible; and his help is not an impulse of the love that ought to bind us all together, but a compromise proposed by iniquitous social conditions, a peace-offering to his own guilty consciousness of his share in the wrong."

"Yes," said Annie, too grateful for the comfort he had given her to question words whose full purport had not perhaps reached her. "And I assure you, Mr. Peck, I feel very differently about these things since I first talked with you. And I wish to tell you, in justice to myself, that I had no idea then that—that—you were speaking from your own experience when you—you said how working people looked at things. I didn't know that you had been—that is, that—"

"Yes," said the minister, coming to her relief, "I once worked in a cotton-mill. Then," he continued, dismissing the personal concern, "it seems to me that I saw things in their right light, as I have never been able to see them since—"

"And how brutal," she broke in, "how cruel and vulgar, what I said must have seemed to you!"

"I fancied," he continued, evasively, "that I had authority to set myself apart from my fellow-workmen, to be a teacher and guide to the true life. But it was a great error. The true life was the life of work, and no one ever had authority to turn from it. Christ himself came as a laboring-man."

"That is true," said Annie; and the words transfigured the man who spoke them, so that her heart turned reverently toward him. "But if you had been meant to work in a mill all your life," she pursued, "would you have been given the powers you have, and that you have just used to save me from despair?"

The minister rose, and said, with a sigh: "No one was meant to work in a mill all his life. Good-night."

She would have liked to keep him longer, but she could not think how, at once. As he turned to go out through the Boltons' part of the house, "Won't you go out through my door?" she asked, with a helpless effort at hospitality.

"Oh, if you wish," he answered, submissively.

When she had closed the door upon him she went to speak with Mrs. Bolton. She was in the kitchen mixing flour to make bread, and Annie traced her by following the lamp-light through the open door. It discovered Bolton sitting in the outer doorway, his back against one jamb and his feet resting against the base of the other.

"Mrs. Bolton," Annie began at once, making herself free of one of the hard kitchen chairs, "how is Mr. Peck getting on in Hatboro'?"

"I d' know as I know just what you mean, Miss Kilburn," said Mrs. Bolton, on the defensive.

"I mean, is there a party against him in his church? Is he unpopular?"

Mrs. Bolton took some flour and sprinkled it on her bread-board; then she lifted the mass of dough out of the trough before her, and let it sink softly upon the board.

"I d' know as you can say he's unpoplah. He ain't poplah with some. Yes, there's a party—the Gerrish party."

"Is it a strong one?"

"It's pretty strong."

"Do you think it will prevail?"

"Well, most o' folks don't know *what*

they want; and if there's some folks that know what they *don't* want, they can generally keep from havin' it."

Bolton made a soft husky prefatory noise of protest in his throat, which seemed to stimulate his wife to a more definite assertion, and she cut in before he could speak:

"*I* should say that unless them that stood Mr. Peck's friends first off, and got him here, done something to keep him, his enemies wa'n't goin' to take up his cause."

Annie divined a personal reproach for Bolton in the apparent abstraction.

"Oh, now, you'll see it 'll all come out right in the end, Pauliny," he mildly opposed. "There ain't any such great feelin' about Mr. Peck; nothin' but what 'll work itself off perfec'ly natural, give it time. It's goin' to come out all right."

"Yes, at the day o' jedgment," Mrs. Bolton assented, plunging her fists into the dough, and beginning to work a contempt for her husband's optimism into it.

"Yes, an' a good deal before," he returned. "There ain't any real feelin' agin Mr. Peck. There's always somethin' to objec' to every minister; we ain't any of us perfect, and Mr. Peck's got his failin's; he hain't built up the church quite so much as some on 'em expected but what he would; and there's some that don't like his prayers; and some of 'em thinks he ain't doctrinal enough. But I guess, take it all round, he suits pretty well. It 'll come out all right, Pauliny. You'll see."

A pause ensued, of which Annie felt the awfulness. It seemed to her that Mrs. Bolton's impatience with this intolerable hopefulness must burst violently. She hastened to interpose. "I think the trouble is that people don't fully understand Mr. Peck at first. But they do finally."

"Yes; take time," said Bolton.

"Take eternity, I guess, for some," retorted his wife. "If you think William B. Gerrish is goin' to work round with time—" She stopped for want of some sufficiently rejectional phrase, and did not go on.

"The way I look at it," said Bolton, with incorrigible courage, "is like this: When it comes to anything like askin' Mr. Peck to resign, it 'll develop his strength. You can't tell how strong he is without you try to git red of him. I 'most wish it would come, once, fair and square."

"I'm sure you're right, Mr. Bolton," said Annie. "I don't believe that your church would let such a man go when it really came to it. Don't they all feel that he has great ability?"

"Oh, I guess they appreciate him as far forth as ability goes. Some on 'em complains that he's a little *too* intellectial, if anything. But I tell 'em it's a good fault; it's a thing that can be got over in time."

Mrs. Bolton had ceased to take part in the discussion. She finished kneading her dough, and having fitted it into two baking pans and dusted it with flour, she laid a clean towel over both. But when Annie rose she took the lamp from the mantel-shelf, where it stood, and held it up for her to find her way back to her own door.

Annie went to bed with a spirit lightened as well as chastened, and kept saying over the words of Mr. Peck, so as to keep fast hold of the consolation they had given her. They humbled her with a sense of his wisdom and insight; the thought of them kept her awake. She remembered the tonic that Dr. Morrell had left with her, and after questioning whether she really needed it now, she made sure by getting up and taking it.

XV.

The spring had filled and flushed into summer. Bolton had gone over the grass on the slope before the house, and it was growing thick again, dark green above the yellow of its stubble, and the young generation of robins was foraging in it for the callow grasshoppers. Some boughs of the maples were beginning to lose the elastic upward lift of their prime, and to hang looser and limper with the burden of their foliage. The elms drooped lower toward the grass, and swept the straggling tops left standing in their shade.

The early part of September had been fixed for the theatricals. Annie refused to have anything to do with them, and the preparations remained altogether with Brandreth. "The minuet," he said to her one afternoon, when he had come to report to her as a co-ordinate authority, "is going to be something exquisite, I assure you. A good many of the ladies studied it in the Continental times, you know, when we had all those Martha Washington parties—or, I forgot you were out of the country—and it will be done perfectly. We're going to have the

ball-room scene on the tennis-court just in front of the evergreens, don't you know, and then the balcony scene in the same place. We have to cut some of the business between Romeo and Juliet because it's too long, you know, and some of it's too—too passionate; we couldn't do it properly, and we've decided to leave it out. But we sketch along through the play, and we have Friar Laurence coming with Juliet out of his cell onto the tennis-court and meeting Romeo; so that tells the story of the marriage. You can't imagine what a Mercutio Mr. Putney makes; he throws himself into it heart and soul, especially where he fights with Tybalt and gets killed. I give him lines there out of other scenes too; the tennis-court sets that part admirably; they come out of a street at the side. I think the scenery will surprise you, Miss Kilburn. Well, and then we have the Nurse and Juliet, and the poison scene—we put it into the garden, on the tennis-court, and we condense the different acts so as to give an idea of all that's happened, with Romeo banished, and all that. Then he comes back from Mantua, and we have the tomb scene set at one side of the tennis-court just opposite the street scene; and he fights with Paris; and then we have Juliet come to the door of the tomb—it's a liberty, of course; but we couldn't arrange the light inside—and she stabs herself and falls on Romeo's body, and that ends the play. You see, it gives a notion of the whole action, and tells the story pretty well. I think you'll be pleased."

"I've no doubt I shall," said Annie. "Did you make the adaptation yourself, Mr. Brandreth?"

"Well, yes, I did," Mr. Brandreth modestly admitted. "It's been a good deal of work, but it's been a pleasure too. *You* know how that is, Miss Kilburn, in your charities."

"*Don't* speak of my charities, Mr. Brandreth. I'm not a charitable person."

"You won't get people to believe *that*," said Mr. Brandreth. "Everybody knows how much good you do. But, as I was saying, my idea was to give a notion of the whole play in a series of passages or tableaux. Some of my friends think I've succeeded so well in telling the story, don't you know, without a change of scene, that they're urging me to publish my arrangement for the use of out-of-door theatricals."

"I should think it would be a very good idea," said Annie. "I suppose Mr. Chapley would do it?"

"Well, I don't know—I don't know," Mr. Brandreth answered, with a note of trouble in his voice. "I'm afraid not," he added, sadly. "Miss Kilburn, I've been put in a very unfair position by Miss Northwick's changing her mind about Juliet, after the part had been offered to Miss Chapley. I've been made the means of a seeming slight to Miss Chapley, when, if it hadn't been for the cause, I'd rather have thrown up the whole affair. She gave up the part instantly when she heard that Miss Northwick wished to change her mind, but all the same I know—"

He stopped, and Annie said, encouragingly: "Yes, I see. But perhaps she doesn't really care."

"That's what she said," returned Mr. Brandreth, ruefully. "But I don't know. I have never spoken of it with her since I went to tell her about it, after I got Miss Northwick's note."

"Well, Mr. Brandreth, I think you've really been victimized; and I don't believe the Social Union will ever be worth what it's costing."

"I was sure you would appreciate—would understand;" and Mr. Brandreth pressed her hand gratefully in leave-taking.

She heard him talking with some one at the gate, whose sharp, "All right, my son!" identified Putney.

She ran to the door to welcome him.

"Oh, you're *both* here!" she rejoiced at sight of Mrs. Putney too.

"I can send Ellen home," suggested Putney.

"Oh, *no*, indeed!" said Annie, with single-mindedness at which she laughed with Mrs. Putney. "Only it seemed too good to have you both," she explained, kissing Mrs. Putney. "I'm *so* glad to see you!"

"Well, what's the reason?" Putney dropped into a chair and began to rock nervously. "Don't be ashamed: we're *all* selfish. Has Brandreth been putting up any more jobs on you?"

"No, no! Only giving me a hint of his troubles and sorrows with those wretched Social Union theatricals. Poor young fellow! I'm sorry for him. He is really very sweet and unselfish. I like him."

"Yes, Brandreth is one of the most

lady-like young fellows I ever saw," said Putney. "That Juliet business has pretty near been the death of him. *I* told him to offer Miss Chapley some other part —Rosaline, the part of the young lady who was dropped; but he couldn't seem to see it. Well, and how come on the good works, Annie?"

"The good works! Ralph, tell me: *do* people think me a charitable person? Do they suppose I've done or can do any good whatever?" She looked from Putney to his wife, and back again with comic entreaty.

"Why, aren't you a charitable person? Don't you do any good?" he asked.

"No!" she shouted. "Not the least in the world!"

"It is pretty rough," said Putney, taking out a cigar for a dry smoke; "and nobody will believe me when I report what you say, Annie. Mrs. Munger is telling round that she don't see how you can live through the summer at the rate you're going. She's got it down pretty cold about your taking Brother Peck's idea of the invited dance and supper, and joining hands with him to save the vanity of the self-respecting poor. She says that your suppression of that one unpopular feature has done more than anything else to promote the success of the Social Union. You ought to be glad Brother Peck is coming to the show."

"To the theatricals?"

Putney nodded his head. "That's what he says. I believe Brother Peck is coming to see how the upper classes amuse themselves when they really try to benefit the lower classes."

Annie would not laugh at his joke. "Ralph," she asked, "is it true that Mr. Peck is so unpopular in his church? Is he really going to be turned out—dismissed?"

"Oh, I don't know about that. But they'll bounce him if they can."

"And can nothing be done? Can't his friends unite?"

"Oh, they're united enough now; what they're afraid of is that they're not numerous enough. Why don't you buy in, Annie, and help control the stock? That old Unitarian concern of yours isn't ever going to get into running order again, and if you owned a pew in Ellen's church you could have a vote in church meeting, after a while, and you could lend Brother Peck your moral support now."

"I never liked that sort of thing, Ralph. I shouldn't believe with your people."

"Ellen's people, please. *I* don't believe with them either. But I always vote right. Now you think it over."

"No, I shall not think it over. I don't approve of it. If I should take a pew in your church it would be simply to hear Mr. Peck preach, and contribute toward his—"

"Salary? Yes, that's the way to look at it in the beginning. I knew you'd work round. Why, Annie, in a year's time you'd be trying to *buy* votes for Brother Peck."

"I should *never* vote," she retorted. "And I shall keep myself out of all temptation by not going to your church."

"Ellen's church," Putney corrected.

She went the next Sunday to hear Mr. Peck preach, and Putney, who seemed to see her the moment she entered the church, rose, as the sexton was showing her up the aisle, and opened the door of his pew for her with ironical welcome.

"You can always have a seat with us, Annie," he mocked, on their way out of church together.

"Thank you, Ralph," she answered, boldly. "I'm going to speak to the sexton for a pew."

XVI.

A wire had been carried from the village to the scene of the play at South Hatboro', and electric globes fizzed and hissed overhead, flooding the open tennis-court with the radiance of sharper moonlight, and stamping the thick velvety shadows of the shrubbery and tree-tops deep into the raw green of the grass along its borders.

The spectators were seated on the verandas and terraced turf at the rear of the house, and they crowded the sides of the court up to a certain point, where a cord stretched across it kept them from encroaching upon the space intended for the action. Another rope enclosed an area all round them, where chairs and benches were placed for those who had tickets. After the rejection of the exclusive feature of the original plan, Mrs. Munger had liberalized more and more; she caused it to be known that all who could get into her grounds would be welcome on the outside of that rope, even though they did not pay anything; but a large number of tickets had been sold to

the hands, as well as to the other villagers, and the area within the rope was closely packed. Some of the boys climbed the neighboring trees, where from time to time the town authorities threatened them, but did not really dislodge them.

Annie, with other friends of Mrs. Munger, gained a reserved seat on the veranda through the drawing-room windows; but once there, she found herself in the midst of a sufficiently mixed company.

"How do, Miss Kilburn? That you? Well, I declare!" said a voice that she seemed to know, in a key of nervous excitement. Mrs. Savor's husband leaned across his wife's lap and shook hands with Annie. "William thought I better come," Mrs. Savor seemed called upon to explain. "I got to do *something*. Ain't it just too cute for anything the way they got them screens worked into the shrubbery down they-ar? It's like the cycloraymy to Boston; you can't tell where the ground ends and the paintin' commences. Oh, I do want 'em to *begin!*"

Mr. Savor laughed at his wife's impatience, and she said, playfully: "What you laughin' at? I guess you're full as excited as what I be, when all's said and done."

There were other acquaintances of Annie's from Over the Track, in the group about her, and upon the example of the Savors they all greeted her. The wives and sweethearts tittered with self-derisive expectation; the men were gravely jocose, like all Americans in unwonted circumstances, but they were respectful to the coming performance, perhaps as a tribute to Annie. She wondered how some of them came to have those seats, which were reserved at an extra price; she did not allow for that self-respect which causes the American workman to supply himself with the best his money can buy while his money lasts.

She turned to see who was on her other hand. A row of three small children, stretched from her to Mrs. Gerrish, whom she did not recognize at first. "Oh, Emmeline!" she said; and then, for want of something else, she added, "Where is Mr. Gerrish? Isn't he coming?"

"He was detained at the store," said Mrs. Gerrish, with cold importance; "but he will be here. May I ask, Annie," she pursued, solemnly, "how you got here?"

"How did I get here? Why, through the windows. Didn't you?"

"May I ask who had charge of the arrangements?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Annie. "I suppose Mrs. Munger."

A burst of music came from the dense shadow into which the group of evergreens at the bottom of the tennis-court deepened away from the glister of the electrics. There was a deeper hush; then a slight jarring and scraping of a chair beyond Mrs. Gerrish, who leaned across her children and said, "He's come, Annie—right through the parlor window!" Her voice was lifted to carry above the music, and all the people near were able to share the fact that righted Mrs. Gerrish in her own esteem.

From the covert of the low pines in the middle of the scene Miss Northwick and Mr. Brandreth appeared hand in hand, and then the place filled with figures from other apertures of the little grove and through the artificial wings at the sides, and walked the minuet. Mr. Fellows, the painter, had helped with the costumes, supplying some from his own artistic properties, and mediævalizing others; the Boston costumers had been drawn upon by the men; and they all moved through the stately figures with a security which discipline had given them. The broad solid colors which they wore took the light and shadow with picturesque effectiveness; the masks contributed a sense of mystery novel in Hatboro', and kept the friends of the dancers in exciting doubt of their identity; the strangeness of the audience to all spectacles of the sort held its judgment in suspense. The minuet was encored, and had to be given again, and it was some time before the applause of the repetition allowed the characters to be heard when the partners of the minuet began to move about arm in arm, and the drama properly began. When the applause died away it was still not easy to hear; a boy in one of the trees called, "Louder!" and made some of the people laugh, but for the rest they were very orderly throughout.

Toward the end of the fourth act Annie was startled by a child dashing itself against her knees, and breaking into a gurgle of shy laughter as children do.

"Why, you little witch!" she said to the uplifted face of Idella Peck. "Where is your father?"

"Oh, somewhere," said the child, with entire ease of mind.

"And your hat?" said Annie, putting her hand on the curly bare head—"where's your hat?"

"On the ground."

"On the ground—where?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Idella, lightly, as if the pursuit bored her.

Annie pulled her up on her lap. "Well, now, you stay here with me, if you please, till your papa or your hat comes after you."

"My—hat—can't—come—after—me!" said the child, turning back her head, so as to laugh her sense of the joke in Annie's face.

"No matter; your papa can, and I'm going to keep you."

Idella let her head fall back against Annie's breast, and began to finger the rings on the hand which Annie laid across her lap to keep her.

"For goodness gracious!" said Mrs. Savor, "who you got there, Miss Kilburn?"

"Mr. Peck's little girl."

"Where'd she spring from?"

Mrs. Gerrish leaned forward and spoke across the six legs of her children, who were all three standing up in their chairs: "You don't mean to say that's Idella Peck? Where's her father?"

"Somewhere, she says," said Annie, willing to answer Mrs. Gerrish with the child's nonchalance.

"Well, that's great!" said Mrs. Gerrish. "I should think he better be looking after her—or some one."

The music ceased, and the last act of the play began. Before it ended, Idella had fallen asleep, and Annie sat still with her after the crowd around her began to break up. Mrs. Savor kept her seat beside Annie. She said, "Don't you want I should spell you a little while, Miss Kilburn?" She leaned over the face of the sleeping child. "Why, she ain't much more than a baby! William, you go and see if you can't find Mr. Peck. I'm goin' to stay here with Miss Kilburn." Her husband humored her whim, and made his way through the knots and clumps of people toward the rope enclosing the tennis-court. "Won't you let me hold her, Miss Kilburn?" she pleaded again.

"No, no; she isn't heavy; I like to hold her," replied Annie. Then something occurred to her, and she started in amazement at herself.

"Or yes, Mrs. Savor, you *may* take her awhile;" and she put the child into the arms of the bereaved creature, who had fallen desolately back in her chair. She hugged Idella up to her breast, and hungrily mumbled her with kisses, and moaned out over her. "Oh dear! Oh my! Oh my!"

XVII.

The people beyond the rope had nearly all gone away, and Mr. Savor was coming back across the court with Mr. Peck. The players appeared from the grove at the other end of the court in their vivid costumes, chatting and laughing with their friends, who went down from the piazzas and terraces to congratulate them. Mrs. Munger hurried about among them, saying something to each group. She caught sight of Mr. Peck and Mr. Savor, and she ran after them, arriving with them where Annie sat.

"I hope you were not anxious about Idella," Annie said, laughing.

"No; I didn't miss her at once," said the minister, simply; "and then I thought she had merely gone off with some of the other children who were playing about."

"You shall talk all that over later," said Mrs. Munger. "Now, Miss Kilburn, I want you and Mr. Peck and Mr. and Mrs. Savor to stay for a cup of coffee that I'm going to give our friends out there. Don't you think they deserve it? Wasn't it a wonderful success? They must be frightfully exhausted. Just go right out to them. I'll be with you in one moment. Oh yes, the child! Well, bring her into the house, Mrs. Savor; I'll find a place for her, and then you can go out with me."

"I guess you won't get Maria away from her very easy," said Mr. Savor, laughing. His wife stood with the child's cheek pressed tight against hers.

"Oh, I'll manage that," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm counting on Mrs. Savor." She added in a hurried under-tone to Annie: "I've asked a number of the work-people to stay—representative work-people, the foremen in the different shops and their families—and you'll find your friends of all classes together. It's a great day for the Social Union!" she said aloud. "I'm sure *you* must feel that, Mr. Peck. Miss Kilburn and I have to thank you for saving us from a great mistake at the outset, and now your staying," she continued, "will give it just the appearance we want. I'm going

to keep your little girl as a hostage, and you shall not go till I let you. Come, Mrs. Savor!" She bustled away with Mrs. Savor, and Mr. Peck reluctantly accompanied Annie down over the lawn.

He was silent, but Mr. Savor was hilarious. "Well, Mr. Putney," he said, when they joined the group of which Putney was the centre, "you done that in apple-pie order. I never see anything much better than the way you carried on with Mrs. Wilmington."

"Thank you, Mr. Savor," said Putney; "I'm glad you liked it. You couldn't say I was trying to flatter her up much, anyway."

"No, no!" Mr. Savor assented, with delight in the joke.

"Well, Annie," said Putney. He shook hands with her, and Mrs. Putney, who was there with Dr. Morrell, asked her where she had sat.

"We kept looking all round for you."

"Yes," said Putney, with his hand on his boy's shoulder, "we wanted to know how you liked the Mercutio."

"Ralph, it was incomparable!"

"Well, that will do for a beginning. It's a little cold, but it's in the right spirit. You mean that the Mercutio wasn't comparable to the Nurse."

"Oh, Lyra was wonderful!" said Annie. "Don't you think so, Ellen?"

"She was Lyra," said Mrs. Putney, definitively.

"No; she wasn't Lyra at all!" retorted Annie. "That was the marvel of it. She was Juliet's nurse."

"Perhaps she was a little of both," suggested Putney. "What did you think of the performance, Mr. Peck? I don't want a personal tribute, but if you offer it, I shall not be ungrateful."

"I have been very much interested," said the minister. "It was all very new to me. I realized for the first time in my life the great power that the theatre must be. I felt how much the drama could do—how much good."

"Well, that's what we're after," said Putney. "We had no personal motive; good, right straight along, was our motto. Nobody wanted to outshine anybody else. I kept my Mercutio down all through, so's not to get ahead of Romeo or Tybalt in the public esteem. Did our friends outside the rope catch on to my idea?" Mr. Peck smiled at the barter, but he seemed not to know just what to say, and Putney went on: "That's why I made it so bad. I didn't want anybody to go home feeling sorry Mercutio was killed. I don't suppose Winthrop could have slept."

"You won't sleep yourself to-night, I'm afraid," said his wife.

"Oh, Mrs. Munger has promised me a particularly weak cup of coffee. She has got us all in, it seems, for a sort of supper, in spite of everything. I understand it includes representatives of all the stations and conditions present except the outcasts beyond the rope. I don't see what you're doing here, Mr. Peck."

"Was Mr. Peck really outside the rope?" Annie asked Dr. Morrell, as they dropped apart from the others a little.

"I believe he gave his chair to one of the women from the outside," said the doctor.

Annie moved with him toward Lyra, who was joking with some of the hands.

With all her good-nature, she had the effect of patronizing them, as she stood talking about the play with them in her drawl, which she had got back to again. They were admiring her, in her dress of the querulous old nurse, and told her how they never would have known her. But there was an insincerity in the effusion of some of the more nervous women, and in the reticence of the others, who were holding back out of self-respect.

She met Annie and Morrell with eager relief. "Well, Annie?"

"Perfect!"

"Well, now, that's very nice; you can't go beyond perfect, you know. I *did* do it pretty well, didn't I? Poor Mr. Brandreth! Have you seen him? You must say something comforting to him. He's really been sacrificed in this business. You know he wanted Miss Chapley. She would have made a lovely Juliet. Of course she blames him for it. She thinks he wanted to make up to Miss Northwick, when Miss Northwick was just flinging herself at Jack. Look at her!"

Jack Wilmington and Miss Sue Northwick were standing together near her father and a party of her friends, and she was smiling and talking at him. Eyes, lips, gestures, attitude expressed in the proud girl a fawning eagerness to please the man, who received her homage rather as if it bored him. His indifferent manner may have been one secret of his power over her, and perhaps she was not capable

of all the suffering she was capable of inflicting.

Lyra turned to walk toward the house, deflecting a little in the direction of her nephew and Miss Northwick. "Jack!" she drawled over the shoulder next them as she passed, "I wish you'd bring your aunty's wrap to her on the piazza."

"Why, stay here!" Putney called after her. "They're going to fetch the refreshments out here."

"Yes, but I'm tired, Ralph, and I can't sit on the grass, at my age."

She moved on, with her sweeping, lounging pace, and Jack Wilmington, after a moment's hesitation, bowed to Miss Northwick and went after her.

The girl remained apart from her friends, as if expecting his return.

Silhouetted against the bright windows, Lyra waited till Jack Wilmington reappeared with a shawl and laid it on her shoulders. Then she sank into a chair. The young man stood beside her talking down upon her. Something restive and insistent expressed itself in their respective attitudes. He sat down at her side.

Miss Northwick joined her friends carelessly.

"Ah, Miss Kilburn," said Mr. Brandreth's voice at Annie's ear, "I'm glad to find you. I've just run home with mother—she feels the night air—and I was afraid you would slip through our fingers before I got back. This little business of the refreshments was an after-thought of Mrs. Munger's, and we meant it for a surprise—we knew you'd approve of it in the form it took." He looked round at the straggling work-people, who represented the harmonization of classes, keeping to themselves as if they had been there alone.

"Yes," Annie was obliged to say; "it's very pleasant." She added: "You must all be rather hungry, Mr. Brandreth. If the Social Union ever gets on its feet, it will have *you* to thank more than any one."

"Oh, don't speak of me, Miss Kilburn! Do you know, we've netted about two hundred dollars. Isn't that pretty good, doctor?"

"Very," said the doctor. "Hadn't we better follow Mrs. Wilmington's example, and get up under the piazza roof? I'm afraid you'll be the worse for the night air, Miss Kilburn. Putney," he called to his friend, "we're going up to the house."

"All right. I guess that's a good idea."

The doctor called to the different knots and groups, telling them to come up to the house. Some of the work-people slipped away through the grounds and did not come. The Northwicks and their friends moved toward the house.

Mrs. Munger came down the lawn to meet her guests. "Ah, that's right. It's much better in-doors. I was just coming for you." She addressed herself more particularly to the Northwicks. "Coffee will be ready in a few moments. We've met with a little delay."

"I'm afraid we must say good-night at once," said Mr. Northwick. "We had arranged to have our friends and some other guests with us at home. And we're quite late now."

Mrs. Munger protested. "Take our Juliet from us! Oh, Miss Northwick, how can I thank you enough? The whole play turned upon you!"

"It's just as well," she said to Annie, as the Northwicks and their friends walked across the lawn to the gate, where they had carriages waiting. "They'd have been difficult to manage, and everybody else will feel a little more at home without them. Poor Mr. Brandreth, I'm sure *you* will! I did pity you so, with such a Juliet on your hands!"

In-doors the representatives of the lower classes were less at ease than they were without. Some of the ministers mingled with them, and tried to form a bond between them and the other villagers. Mr. Peck took no part in this work; he stood holding his elbows with his hands, and talking with a perfunctory air to an old lady of his congregation.

The young ladies of South Hatboro', as Mrs. Munger's assistants, went about impartially to high and low with trays of refreshments. Annie saw Putney, where he stood with his wife and boy, refuse coffee, and she watched him anxiously when the claret-cup came. He waved his hand over it, and said, "No; I'll take some of the lemonade." As he lifted a glass of it toward his lips he stopped and made as if to put it down again, and his hand shook so that he spilled some of it. Then he dashed it off, and reached for another glass. "I want some more," he said, with a laugh; "I'm thirsty." He drank a second glass, and when he saw a tray coming toward Annie, where Dr. Morrell had

joined her, he came over and exchanged his empty glass for a full one.

"Not much to brag of as lemonade," he said, "but first-rate rum punch."

"Look here, Putney," whispered the doctor, laying his hand on his arm, "don't you take any more of that. Give me that glass!"

"Oh, all right!" laughed Putney, dashing it off. "You're welcome to the tumbler, if you want it, Doc."

XVIII.

Mrs. Munger's guests kept on talking and laughing. With the coffee and the punch there began to be a little more freedom. Some prohibitionists among the working people went away when they found that the lemonade was punch; but Mrs. Munger did not know it, and she saw the ideal of a Social Union figuratively accomplished in her own house. She stirred about among her guests till she produced a fleeting, empty good-fellowship among them. One of the shoe-shop hands, with an inextinguishable scent of leather and the character of a droll, seconded her efforts with noisy jokes. He proposed games, and would not be snubbed by the refusal of his boss to countenance him, he had the applause of so many others. Mrs. Munger approved of the idea.

"Don't you think it would be great fun, Mrs. Gerrish?" she asked.

"Well, now, if Squire Putney would lead off," said the joker, looking round.

Putney could not be found, nor Dr. Morrell.

"They're off somewhere for a smoke," said Mrs. Munger. "Well, that's right. I want everybody to feel that my house is their own to night, and to come and go just as they like. Do you suppose Mr. Peck is offended?" she asked, under her breath, as she passed Annie. "He *couldn't* feel that this is the same thing; but I can't see him anywhere. He wouldn't go without taking leave, you don't suppose?"

Annie joined Mrs. Putney. They talked at first with those who came to ask where Putney and the doctor were; but finally they withdrew into a little alcove from the parlor, where Mrs. Munger approved of their being when she discovered them; they must be very tired, and ought to rest on the lounge there. Her theory of the exhaustion of those who had taken part in the play embraced their families.

The time wore on toward midnight, and her guests got themselves away with more or less difficulty as they attempted the formality of leave-taking or not. Some of the hands who thought this necessary found it a serious affair; but most of them slipped off without saying good night to Mrs. Munger or expressing that rapture with the whole evening from beginning to end which the ladies of South Hatboro' professed. The ladies of South Hatboro' and Old Hatboro' had met in a general intimacy not approached before, and they parted with a flow of mutual esteem. The Gerrish children had dropped asleep in nooks and corners, from which Mr. Gerrish hunted them up and put them together for departure, while his wife remained with Mrs. Munger, unable to stop talking, and no longer amenable to the looks with which he governed her in public.

Lyra came down-stairs, hooded and wrapped for departure, with Jack Wilmington by her side. "Why, *Ellen!*" she said, looking into the little alcove from the hall. "Are you here yet? And Annie! Where in the world is Ralph?" At the pleading look with which Mrs. Putney replied, she exclaimed: "Oh, it's what I was afraid of! I don't see what the woman could have been about! But of course she didn't think of poor Ralph. Ellen, let me take you and Winthrop home! Dr. Morrell will be sure to bring Ralph."

"Well," said Mrs. Putney, passively, but without rising.

"Annie can come too. There's plenty of room. Jack can walk."

Jack Wilmington joined Lyra in urging Annie to take his place. He said to her, apart, "Young Munger has been telling me that Putney got at the sideboard and carried off the rum. I'll stay and help look after him."

A crazy laugh came into the parlor from the piazza outside, and the group in the alcove started forward. Putney stood at a window, resting one arm on the bar of the long lower sash, which was raised to its full height, and looking ironically in upon Mrs. Munger and her remaining guests. He was still in his Mercutio dress, but he had lost his plumed cap, and was bareheaded. A pace or two behind him stood Mr. Peck, regarding the effect of this apparition upon the company with the same dreamy, indrawn presence he had in the pulpit.

"Well, Mrs. Munger, I'm glad I got back in time to tell you how much I've enjoyed it. Brother Peck wanted me to go home, but I told him, Not till I've thanked Mrs. Munger, Brother Peck; not till I've drunk her health in her own old particular Jamaica." He put to his lips the black bottle which he had been holding in his right hand behind him; then he took it away, looked at it, and flung it rolling along the piazza floor. "Didn't get hold of the inexhaustible bottle that time; never do. But it's a good article; a better article than you used to sell on the sly, Bill Gerrish. You'll excuse my helping myself, Mrs. Munger; I knew you'd want me to. Well, it's been a great occasion, Mrs. Munger." He winked at the hostess. "You've had your little invited supper, after all. You're a manager, Mrs. Munger. You've made even the wrath of Brother Peck to praise you."

The ladies involuntarily shrank backward as Putney suddenly entered through the window and gained the corner of the piano at a dash. He stayed himself against it, slightly swaying, and turned his flaming eyes from one to another, as if questioning whom he should attack next.

Except for the wild look in them, which was not so much wilder than they wore in all times of excitement, and an occasional halt at a difficult word, he gave no sign of being drunk. The liquor had as yet merely intensified him.

Mrs. Munger had the inspiration to treat him as one caresses a dangerous lunatic. "I'm sure you're very kind, Mr. Putney, to come back. Do sit down!"

"Why?" demanded Putney. "Everybody else standing."

"That's true," said Mrs. Munger. "I'm sure I don't know why—"

"Oh yes, you do, Mrs. Munger. It's because they want to have a good view of a man who's made a fool of himself—"

"Oh, now, Mr. *Putney!*" said Mrs. Munger, with hospitable deprecation. "I'm sure no one wants to do anything of the kind." She looked round at the company for corroboration, but no one cared to attract Putney's attention by any sound or sign.

"But I'll tell you what," said Putney, with a savage burst, "that a woman who puts hell-fire before a poor devil who can't keep out of it when he sees it, is better worth looking at."

"Mr. Putney, I assure you," said Mrs. Munger, "that it was the *mildest* punch! And I really didn't think—I didn't remember—"

She turned toward Mrs. Putney with her explanation, but Putney seemed to have forgotten her, and he turned upon Mr. Gerrish, "How's that drunkard's grave getting along that you've dug for your porter?" Gerrish remained prudently silent. "I know you, Billy. You're all right. You've got the pull on your conscience; we all have, one way or another. Here's Annie Kilburn, come back from Rome, where she couldn't seem to fix it up with hers to suit her, and she's trying to get round it in Hatboro' with good works. Why, there isn't any occasion for good works in Hatboro'. I could have told you that before you came," he said, addressing Annie directly. "What we want is faith, and lots of it. The church is going to pieces because we haven't got any faith."

His hand slipped from the piano, and he dropped heavily back upon a chair that stood near. The concussion seemed to complete in his brain the transition from his normal dispositions to their opposite, which had already begun. "Bill Gerrish has done more for Hatboro' than any other man in the place. He's the only man that holds the church together, because he knows the value of *faith*." He said this without a trace of irony, glaring at Annie with fierce defiance. "You come back here, and try to set up for a saint in a town where William B. Gerrish has done—has done more to establish the dry-goods business on a metro-me-tro-politan basis than any other man out of New York or Boston."

He stopped and looked round, mystified, as if this were not the point which he had been aiming at.

Lyra broke into a spluttering laugh, and suddenly checked herself. Putney smiled slightly. "Pretty good, eh? Say, where was I?" he asked, slyly. Lyra hid her face behind Annie's shoulder. "What's that dress you got on? What's all this about, anyway? Oh yes, I know. *Romeo and Juliet*—Social Union. Well," he resumed, with a frown, "there's too much *Romeo and Juliet*, too much Social Union, in this town already." He stopped, and seemed preparing to launch some deadly phrase at Mrs. Wilmington, but he only said, "You're all right, Lyra."

"Mrs. Munger," said Mr. Gerrish, "we must be going. Good-night, ma'am. Mrs. Gerrish, it's time the children were at home."

"Of course it is," said Putney, watching the Gerrishes getting their children together. He waved his hand after them, and called out, "William Gerrish, you're a man; I honor you."

He laid hold of the piano and pulled himself to his feet, and seemed to become aware, for the first time, of his wife, where she stood with their boy beside her.

"What you doing here with that child at this time of night?" he shouted at her, all that was left of the man in his eyes changing into the glare of a pitiless brute. "Why don't you go home? You want to show people what I did to him? You want to publish my shame, do you? Is that it? Look here!"

He began to work himself along toward her by help of the piano. A step was heard on the piazza without, and Dr. Morrell entered through the open window.

"Come now, Putney," he said, gently. The other men closed round them.

Putney stopped. "What's this? Interfering in family matters? You better go home and look after your own wives, if you got any. Get out the way, 'n' you mind your own business, Doc Morrell. You meddle too much." His speech was thickening and breaking. "You think science going do everything—evolution! Talk me about evolution! What's evolution done for Hatboro'? 'Volved Gerrish's store. One day of Christianity—real Christianity— Where's that boy? If I get hold of him—"

He lunged forward, and Jack Wilmington and young Munger stepped before him.

Mrs. Putney had not moved, nor lost the look of sad, passive vigilance which she had worn since her husband reappeared.

She pushed the men aside.

"Ralph, behave yourself! *Here's* Winthrop, and we want you to take us home. Come now!" She passed her arm through his, and the boy took his other hand. The action, so full of fearless custom and wonted affection from them both, seemed with her words to operate another total change in his mood.

"All right; I'm going, Ellen. Got to say good-night Mrs. Munger, that's all." He managed to get to her, with his wife on his arm and his boy at his side. "Want to thank you for a pleasant evening, Mrs. Munger—want to thank you—"

"And *I* want to thank you *too*, Mrs. Munger," said Mrs. Putney, with an intensity of bitterness no repetition of the words could give. "It's been a pleasant evening for *me!*"

Putney wished to stop and explain, but his wife pulled him away.

Dr. Morrell and Annie followed to get them safely into the carriage; he went with them, and when she came back Mrs. Munger was saying: "I will leave it to Mr. Wilmington, or any one, if I'm to blame. It had quite gone out of my head about Mr. Putney. There was plenty of coffee, besides, and if everything that could harm particular persons had to be kept out of the way, society couldn't go on. We ought to consider the greatest good of the greatest number." She looked round from one to another for support. No one said anything, and Mrs. Munger, trembling on the verge of a collapse, made a direct appeal: "Don't you think so, Mr. Peck?"

The minister broke his silence with reluctance. "It's sometimes best to have the effect of error unmistakable. Then we are sure it's error."

Mrs. Munger gave a sob of relief into her handkerchief. "Yes, that's just what I say."

Lyra bent her face on her arm, and Jack Wilmington put his head out of the window where he stood.

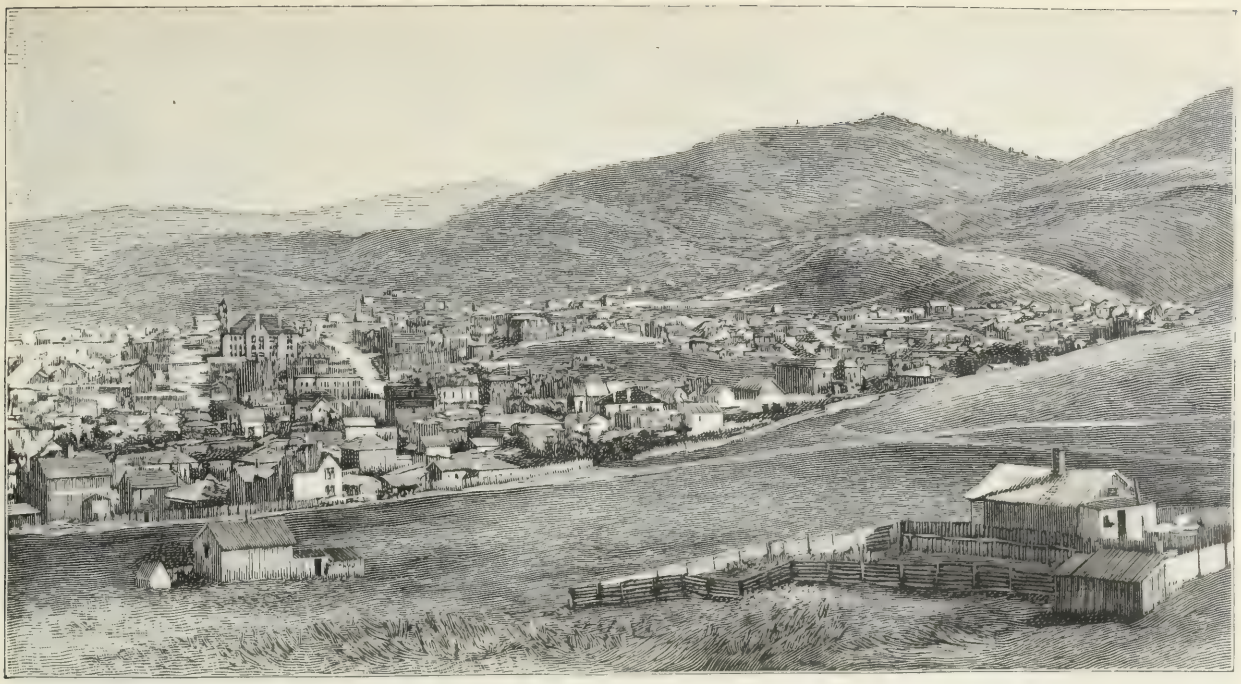
Mr. Peck remained staring at Mrs. Munger, as if doubtful what to do. Then he said: "You seem not to have understood me, ma'am. I should be to blame if I left you in doubt. You have been guilty of forgetting your brother's weakness, and if the consequence has promptly followed in his shame, it is for you to realize it. I wish you a good-evening."

He went out with a dignity that thrilled Annie. Lyra leaned toward her and said, choking with laughter, "He's left Idella asleep upstairs. We haven't *any* of us got *perfect* memories, have we?"

"Run after him!" Annie said to Jack Wilmington, in under-tone, "and get him into my carriage. I'll get the little girl. Lyra, *don't* speak of it."

"Never!" said Mrs. Wilmington, with delight. "I'm solid for Mr. Peck every time."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



HELENA, LOOKING SOUTH.

TWO MONTANA CITIES.

BY EDWARDS ROBERTS.

I.—HELENA.

THE Territory of Montana is in itself an empire. It was given Territorial rights in 1864, and since then has increased rapidly both in wealth and population. Fabulously rich in mines, already having an annual output of nearly $26,000,000, it is famous for its vast areas of grazing land, and is becoming widely known as an agricultural country. With a total area of 93,000,000 acres of land, of which 16,000,000 are agricultural, 38,000,000 grazing, 12,000,000 timber, 5,000,000 mineral, and 22,000,000 mountainous, it is the source of the Columbia and the Missouri, and has an almost innumerable number of smaller streams, whose presence in the mountain cañons and in the valleys gives the Territory a charming picturesqueness. Within a distance of from twenty to forty miles of Helena are thousands of mining claims yet to be developed, any one of which may prove as rich as the richest of those that are now productive. If the several agricultural valleys were placed in a continuous line, they would form a belt 4000 miles long, and averaging four miles in width. Every year the number of farms increases. In the Gallatin, Prickly-Pear, Yellowstone, Bitter Root, Sun River, and other valleys, one no longer sees neglected fields.

But if one were to write in detail of Montana and its resources, he would find the task an arduous one. There are so many valleys, each with its own claims and characteristics, so many mines and towns and districts, that a volume might be devoted to each. There is great and general buoyancy among the people, and local prejudice runs high.

Regarding Helena and Butte, however, there is almost a unanimity of feeling. The two places are looked upon as perfect illustrations of what has been accomplished in the Territory since the age of development began.

To the younger generation Helena is a Parisian-like centre which he hopes in time to see. Capitalists may make their money at Butte or elsewhere, but are moderately sure to spend it at Helena; and the miner or ranchman is never so happy as when he finds himself in what, without question, is the metropolis of the Territory. I know of no city in the extreme middle West that could so well satisfy one who had learned to appreciate Western life as Helena. Its climate, its surroundings, even its society, largely composed of Eastern and college-bred men and young wives fresh from



HELENA, LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY.

older centres, are delightfully prominent features. The city has a population of nearly 15,000, and considering its great wealth, it is not surprising that it should have electric lights, a horse-car line, and excellent schools.

Thanks to the railways, which have had and are continuing to have so important an effect upon the country overlooked by the Rocky Mountains, Montana's isolation is now a thing of the past. Two railroad routes connect it with the East and Pacific West, and there is still the Missouri, navigable from St. Louis to the Great Falls, within easy reach of Helena.

The early history of Helena, which fortunately may still be gathered from living witnesses, is a striking illustration of the fact that chance and luck were once the two most important factors of ultimate success in the Territory. None who came into Montana in early days were systematic discoverers. The majority of them knew little of the theory of mining. What success they had was due to luck. The paying properties they found were nearly all discovered by chance. When John Cowan and Robert Stanley grew dissatisfied with the amount of room afforded them in the overcrowded camps of Alder Gulch, they resolved to push northward to Kootanie, where rich diggings had been reported. In July, 1864, the two men and their friends reached a tributary of the Prickly-Pear. There the supply of food they had brought ran low, and further progress northward was impossible. In despair, the party made camp and began to dig for gold. Luckily finding it, they named their diggings the Last Chance Mines, and their district Rattlesnake, the latter word being suggested, no doubt, by the presence of earlier settlers than they themselves. In September Cowan and Stanley built their cabins, and thus had the honor of being the first residents of a camp that in after-years became the present city of Helena.

From the very first, Last Chance Gulch fulfilled its first promise. Soon after Cowan's cabin was completed a Minnesota wagon train reached the valley, and brought an increase of population to the young camp, the fame of which had gone broadcast over the land. Fabulous stories were told of its great wealth, and during the winter of 1864–5 there was a

wild stampede to it from all directions. But still the infant Helena was without a name. The first Territorial election had already been held, and on the 12th of December the first Legislature assembled at Bannack. In view of this progress, the miners of Last Chance decided that their camp must no longer go unchristened. At a meeting held in the cabin of Uncle John Somerville the name Helena was accepted, and given without dissent to the collection of rudely built huts in which the miners lived.

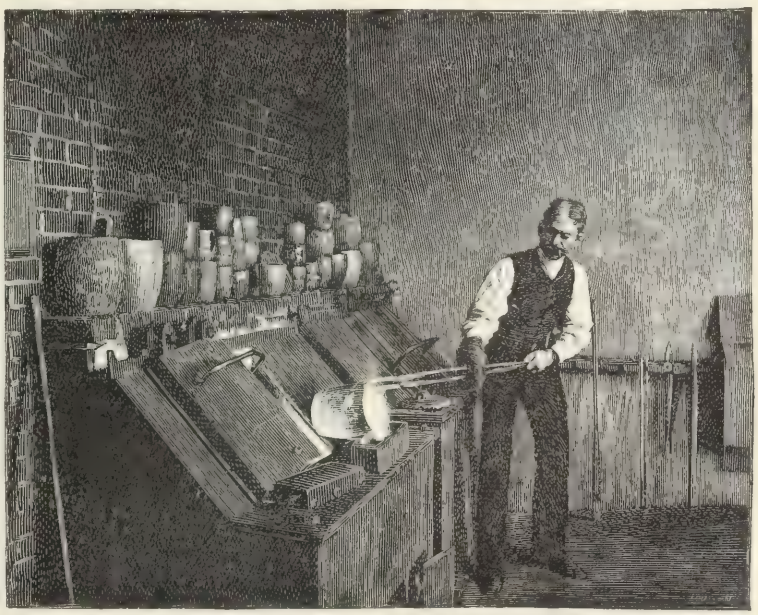
Helena then entered upon its eventful and prosperous career. Discovery followed discovery, and the town, unsightly with its main streets occupied by sluice-boxes and gravel heaps, became the centre of a mining district that proved richer every day. In the summer of 1865 the first newspaper was printed. The press was brought in over the mountains on the backs of pack-mules, and many of the earlier editions were printed on yellow wrapping paper.

In 1869 the township of Helena was entered from the general government. In a period of seven years the placer claims near Helena yielded $20,000,000, and although far removed from the outside world, the city, as a mining centre, was of great importance, and may be said to have enjoyed an uninterrupted period of success.

Helena, regarded from a local standpoint, is the geographical, commercial, monetary, political, railroad, and social centre of Montana. Its trade is larger and more extended than that of any other city or town in the Territory, and therefore its commercial supremacy is unquestioned. The Helena banks, rich in deposits and many in number, may well entitle the city to its claim as the monetary centre. The terminus of the lately completed Manitoba system, and having the Northern Pacific as an outlet to the east, west, and south, it has several branch roads to the important mining camps of Wickes, Marysville, and Rimini, and is promised others which are to aid in developing the rich districts scattered about the surrounding country.

Helena, in the truest sense of the word, is cosmopolitan. Let one walk the streets at any hour of the day or night, and he will be sure to notice the peculiarity. Crowding the sidewalks are miners, picturesque in red shirts and top-boots; long-haired Missourians, waiting, like Micawber, for something to "turn up"; ranchmen, standing beside their heavily loaded wagons; trappers; tourists; men of business. Chinamen and Indians, Germans and Hebrews, whites and blacks, the prosperous and the needy, the representatives of every State in the Union, Englishmen and Irishmen, all make Helena their home. No traditions, no old family influence, no past social eminence, hamper the restless spirit of the busy workers. There is a long list of daily visitors, and the city is never without its sight-seers. Invalids seek it for its climatic advantages.

The site of Helena, though the railway station is a mile from the heart of the town, was most happily chosen. It could not have been better had Cowan and his *confrères* foreseen the future size and importance of the camp they founded. The city faces toward the north. Behind it rise the mountains of the main range, the noble isolated peaks, bare, brown, and of every varying shape and size, forming a background of which one never tires. The old camp was gathered into the narrow quarters of the winding gulch that extends from the mountains to the open valley of the Prickly-Pear. The present city has outgrown



POURING GOLD—ASSAY OFFICE, HELENA.



COUNTY COURT-HOUSE, HELENA.

such limitations, and from the gulch, down which the leading business street runs, has spread over the confining hills, and to-day proudly looks out upon the broad valley, and far beyond it, to the peaks that mark the course of the great Missouri. Directly overshadowing the city is Mount Helena. From it the view is broadest, grandest, most complete. At one's feet is the town of rapid growth. You can see the houses scattered at random over the low, bare elevations, and in the old ravine, the source of so much wealth, the scene of such strange stories, are the flat-roofed business blocks in which Helena takes such justifiable pride. It is no mere frontier town that you look upon. It is a city rather—a city compactly built, and evidently vigorous and growing. On its outskirts, crowning sightly eminences or clinging to the steep hill-sides, are the new houses of those upon whom fortune has smiled, and far out upon the levels are scattered groups of buildings that every day draw nearer to the railway that has come from the outside world to lend Helena a helping hand.

Leaving the hotel in the very heart of the town, and following Main Street to its upper end, we find ourselves in the oldest part of the city. Nothing here is modern or suggestive of wealth. At your side are rudely built log cabins, with gravel roofs and dingy windows. They are time-stained and weather-beaten now. Chickens scratch upon the roofs; half-fed dogs slink away at your approach. A Chinaman has taken this for his home, and has hung his gaudy red sign of "Wah Sing" over the low doorway; and in this live those who have failed to find in Helena their El Dorado, and now are reduced to living Heaven only knows how. But in years gone past, when the city was a camp, who scoffed at a cabin of logs? These huts were the homes of future capitalists.

We pass once more into Main Street, and from it into Broadway, that climbs a steep hill-slope, and brings us to the government Assay Office. It is a plain two-storied brick building with stone trimmings, and occupies a little square by itself. Within, all is order and neatness. To the right of the main hall are the rooms where the miners' gold-dust and silver ore are melted and poured in molten streams from the red-hot crucibles. Bars and bricks of the precious metals



TWO OLD-TIMERS, HELENA.

are shown, and in the vaults they are stacked in glittering array. Every room has its interest. In one the accounts are kept by the assayer; in another are rows of delicate scales, in which the smallest particles of ore are weighed to determine the purity of the moulds packed away in the strongly guarded vaults.

As the ore is received it is tested, weighed, and melted. From the retorts it is run



A STREET SCENE IN WICKES.

into moulds, which, after being properly valued and marked, are placed in vaults or shipped to the government Mint at Philadelphia. An ordinary gold brick is a trifle larger than the common clay brick. One was shown us which measured 9 inches long, $3\frac{1}{2}$ wide, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ high. Its actual weight was $509\frac{25}{100}$ ounces, the component parts being (basis 1000) 667.2 gold, 294 silver, and 29.2 baser metals. The cash value of the mould was $7373.

The County Court-house, costing $200,000, is one of the most conspicuous objects of the city. Besides affording accommodation for all the courts and officers of the county, it has rooms for the Governor and other Territorial officials, the Montana Library (both law and miscellaneous), the Historical Society, and the Legislature. The walls are of Montana granite, quarried near Helena, and the trimmings, of red sandstone, came from Bayfield, on Lake Superior. The building is 132 feet long by 80 wide, and with the basement is three stories high.

To the left of the main entrance is a Norman tower. From it is had one of those views for which Helena is so famous—a view of city, valley, mountains. We are nearly 5000 feet above sea-level, and the air is clear and rarefied. Swiftly flows the blood through our veins, and our lungs are all expanded. No wonder the people love their city. Never is the weather sultry, never is the heat oppressive. In winter, a month of snow and terrible cold; then an early spring, with wild flowers in March, and green grasses in April.

From the Court-house our way is through a succession of residence streets. All are wide, long, and straight. On either side grows a row of cotton-wood-trees, the leaves turning now, and some of them dropping to the ground, on this September day. Behind the trees are

cottages, some of wood, others of bright red brick; and before and around each house is a bit of lawn, with a few shade trees, and a flower bed tucked away in some sunny corner. Here a riding party is ready for a canter out into the valley or to the mountain trails; and there stands a pony phaeton, upstart successor of the old canvas-covered wagons that twenty years ago were the only vehicles to be seen in this far-off land.

The newer and more pretentious houses in Helena are on Madison Avenue, a wide thoroughfare nearly parallel to Main Street, but having a much higher elevation and more commanding outlook. A few years ago the plateau which may now be regarded as the "court end" of Helena was without a tree or house. It now presents an entirely different appearance. Madison Avenue in itself would claim attention in any city, while the residences that face it afford striking evidence of the fact that Helena is fast outgrowing all provincialism, and to-day deserves the encomiums that one is inclined to bestow upon it.

Leaving the cottage-lined streets, we will descend the hill to Main Street once more, and crossing the city, climb to this popular boulevard. Far away, across the valley, are seen the purple peaks of the Beet Range, out of which rises a huge cone known as Bear's Tooth. At its base the Missouri takes its plunge into the Gate of the Mountains. For more than a hundred miles the view is unobstructed. Mountains are everywhere; piled together here; broken, snow-capped, and isolated in other directions. No wonder that the people have selected the plateau as the site of their best houses. In no other city of the far West is there to be had a more extended or a more interesting view.



SMELTING-WORKS, WICKES.

Benton Avenue is another favorite residence street. Walking down its shaded length, passing the houses that are springing into existence as though by magic, we gain a still deeper insight into the life and attractions of the city. Are we interested in churches? If so, they are here, Episcopal and Congregationalist, Baptist, Methodist, and Catholic. Scattered at random about the city, and in no instance being more than well suited to present needs, they still give Helena its proper tone, and

show by their presence that a new life has crept into the old camp of reckless mining days.

The Helena Board of Trade was organized in 1887, and on the 1st of January, 1888, issued its first annual report. Many interesting facts regarding the growth of the city are given in the pamphlet. The assessable wealth of Helena in 1887, according to the Secretary of the Board, is $8,000,000, or, estimating the population at 13,000, over $615 *per capita*. The assessed valuation of Lewis and Clarke County for 1887 was $11,000,000, while its actual wealth was $75,000,000. There were 388 new buildings erected in Helena and its several additions in 1886 and '87, the total cost of which was $2,037,000.

The chief social organization in Helena is the Helena Club. Among its members are men prominent in all business circles, and in such industries as cattle-raising and mining. The club-rooms are fully supplied with current literature, and are the popular resort during the late afternoon and early evening. A stranger in Helena is moderately sure of finding whomsoever he wishes to meet at the club, and I am sure the hospitalities of the organization are always gladly extended.

In her schools and other public institutions Helena is fully abreast of the times. There are five brick school-houses in the city, and money for their support is raised by direct taxation on property. School lands cannot be sold in Montana until the Territory becomes a State. Then, however, there will be 5,000,000 acres available for the establishment of a fund that will relieve the tax-payers from their present burden.

Besides the public schools there are other institutions, maintained by the Catholic sisters, and a business college with an enrolment already of nearly 500 scholars.

The two library associations of Helena, namely, the City Library and the Historical Society's Library, were both destroyed by fire in 1874, but have since been replaced by collections that are large, varied, and valuable. The Law Library contains neary 4000 volumes of reports, text-books, and laws. The last Legislature appropriated $3000 to its use. The Historical Society's Library consists of original MSS., old historical works, home pamphlets and maps, and contains 5000 volumes. The society occupies two rooms in the Court-house, and last year



THOMAS CRUSE.
From photograph by R. H. Beckwith, Helena.

was given $400 by the Legislature. The object of the officers is to collect and preserve such original letters, diaries, and accounts of travel in Montana as shall serve as the material from which a comprehensive history of the Territory may be gathered. The Helena Free Library contains 2500 carefully selected books of miscellaneous reading, and is supported by a city tax of one-half mill on each dollar of valuation. The income from such source was $2600 in 1886. Still another library is that belonging to the Young Men's Christian Association.

Sufferers from pulmonary troubles are often greatly benefited by living at Helena. The air is dry and bracing, and acts as a tonic to those who have not much natural energy. It would be unwise to advise all who are ill to try living at Helena. No one can select a new home for a patient without first knowing his particular trouble. But I have no doubt that one who takes his case in hand before disease does more than suggest its presence, and goes to Montana prepared to live in the open air, will be able to build up his constitution and begin life anew.

But having seen the city, let us now visit Wickes, and glance for a moment at one of the regions from which the people draw the revenue that they have poured

so freely forth for the public good. Making an early start, we will drive down Main Street to the station, and taking the train there, ride down the Prickly-Pear Valley to the Junction, and then on toward the southeast to our destination. On one side rise the mountains, with cool, inviting-looking cañons, hemmed in by high hills, and leading into the heart of the range; on the other is the valley, extending far away to the hills in the east. Grasses are brown, and the pines deep green. For an hour the Montana of old is ours to enjoy: isolated, quiet, just as nature fashioned it.

And then comes Wickes: an unsightly town; a mining camp; a place with many saloons and no churches; wooden shanties; wavering streets; groups of men, flannel-shirted, unshaven; a background of mountains. This is the picture. We can hear the heavy pounding of the crushers in the works; the air at times is heavy with the smoke of the furnaces. The town is not inviting. It is, as Helena once was, rough, uncouth, repellent almost; but it is rich.

Not rich in itself perhaps, but unquestionably so in its surroundings. The largest works at Wickes are those of the Helena Mining and Reduction Company. The town is the creation of this company, and the works bring together the throng that greets us. The product of the smeltery in 1886 had a money value of $1,105,190 76. Nearly 500 men are employed, and ore from Idaho as well as from the mines near the town is treated. Standing anywhere in the main street, we look upon a country fairly riddled with mines. Some of them are famous producers; others are but just opened. One can scarcely realize the possible future of the region. Every day brings its progress; every year the output is greater. As we walk through the dimly lighted buildings, stopping now to watch the crushers and again to listen while the guide explains the process of reduction, one begins to form a just estimate of Helena's claims, for all this district is at her very doors, and the more money Wickes produces, the more brilliant become the prospects of the Territorial capital.

Marysville, nearly thirty miles from Helena, is a second Wickes in appearance, but when one remembers the wealth of the mines which have created the town, he forgets the ugliness of the streets, and ceases to notice the dilapidation of the rudely built cabins. Marysville is chiefly famous as the site of the Drum Lummon, but does not depend on this mine alone for its support. The town is the chief seat of an extremely rich district, already well developed, and is an important suburb of Helena. It is connected by rail with the latter city, and will eventually be the terminus of a branch of the Manitoba road.

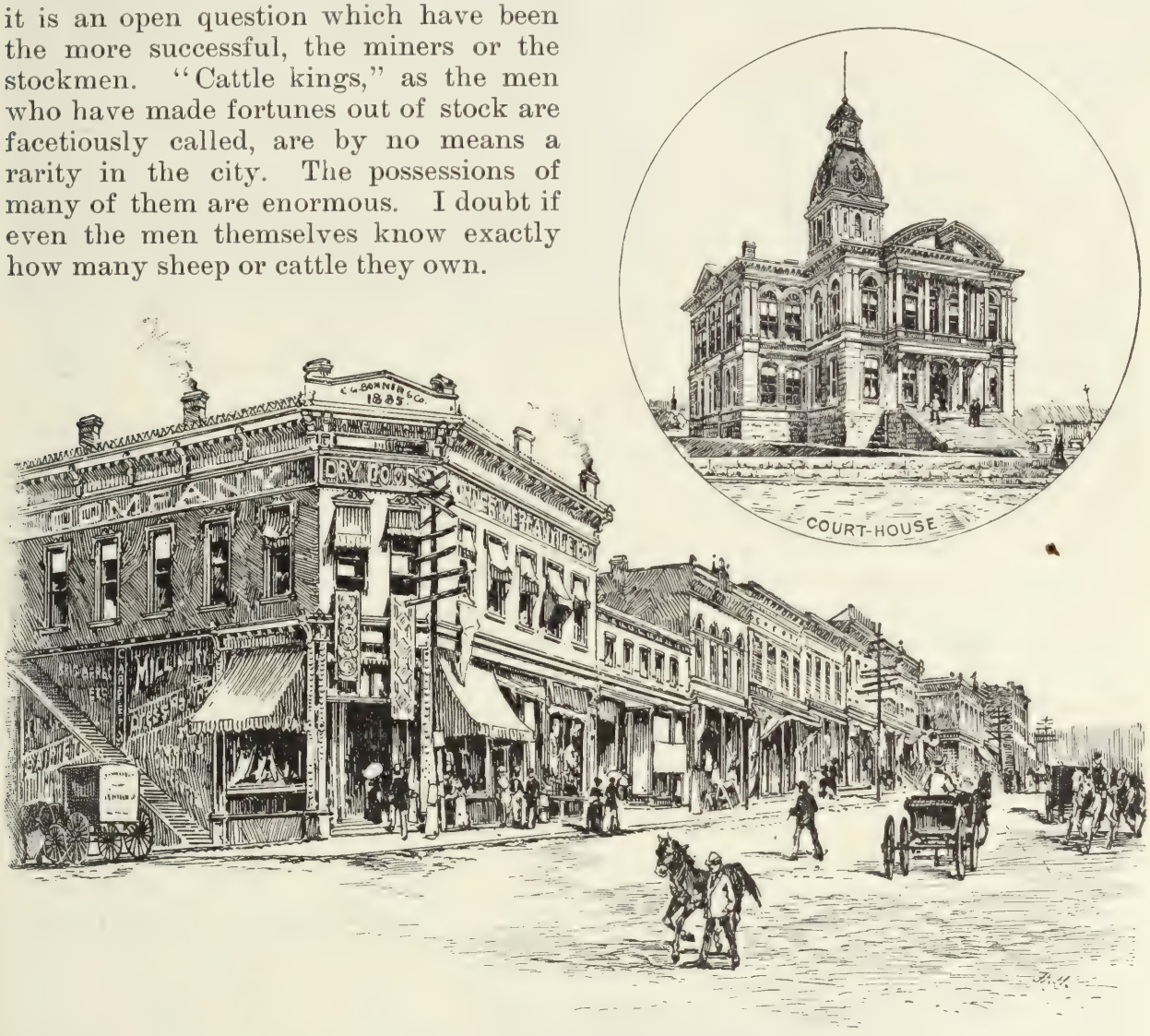
The discoverer of the Drum Lummon was Mr. Thomas Cruse. In the days before he sold his property and returned to Helena a much honored millionnaire, Mr. Cruse was locally known as "old Tommy," and was looked upon as a somewhat visionary man. None questioned after a time that his mine, where he lived and labored alone, was valuable, but few placed its worth so high as did the patient owner. When he refused half a million for his mine, the people of Helena called him foolish, and when he turned away from the offer of a million, they called him a fool. But the miner was wiser than his friends, and eventually received his price, $11,500,000, and a goodly number of shares in the new company. Then, as so often is the case, the old familiarity was dropped, and the "Tommy" of by-gone days became Mr. Thomas Cruse, "capitalist." A kind, thoroughly honest man, of whom all who know him are ready to say a good word, he is a familiar figure on the streets of Helena, and to-day is president of a savings-bank in the city where a few years ago he was not sure of getting trusted for enough to keep himself alive. As an illustration of the ups and downs of a miner's life he is a notable example.

Mining, fascinating as it seems to one who learns only its brighter side, must not be thought the only industry from which Helena derives its revenue. It is undoubtedly the chief occupation of the people, but fortunes have been made and are now being made in that other great Montana industry, stock-raising. In his last report, the Governor of Montana estimated that there were then in the Territory:

Cattle	1,400,000
Horses	190,000
Sheep	2,000,000

Sheep-raising is a most profitable business. The Montana grasses are abundant and nutritious, and a vast area of country

is available for pasturage. Montana wool has a ready sale in Eastern markets. The clip for 1887 is estimated at 5,771,420 pounds. Cattle suffered severely in the winter of 1886–7, and the industry was badly crippled, although not by any means annihilated. Millions of Helena capital are invested both in sheep and cattle, and it is an open question which have been the more successful, the miners or the stockmen. "Cattle kings," as the men who have made fortunes out of stock are facetiously called, are by no means a rarity in the city. The possessions of many of them are enormous. I doubt if even the men themselves know exactly how many sheep or cattle they own.



STREET IN BUTTE, AND COURT-HOUSE.

II.—BUTTE.

From Helena to Butte is only a half-day's ride. Leaving the one early in the morning, you are at the other by noon. The journey is extremely interesting. The route is westward, by the Northern Pacific, over the main divide of the Rocky Mountains to Garrison, and from there southward, through the fertile Deer Lodge Valley, to the city of mines, smelteries, and steep hills. For an hour after leaving Helena the road traverses the Prickly-Pear Valley. Westward rise the Rockies, seemingly impossible, and in the south-east Helena is seen nestled in its winding gulch, and creeping out upon the low-browed hills. The air is so clear that objects fifty miles away seem close at hand. By degrees the grade becomes steeper, and leaving the valley, one finds himself among the gigantic cliffs and buttresses of granite that form the foundations of the huge natural wall that stretches north and south from British Columbia to the borders of old Mexico. Then comes the Mullan Tunnel, long and dark, through which the train passes to the western side of the divide, where the slopes have a pastoral beauty in strange contrast to the appearance of those on the east. At last we are literally among the mountains. Tall peaks surround us; the pines choke the winding valleys that we follow; clear streams of water flow past us; we enter park after park. The coloring is exquisite, and so varied that one cries out with

delight. Strangely fashioned monuments of red and yellow sandstone, grim cliffs of dark basaltic rock, rich green masses of firs and pines, surrounded by dull brown grasses, and scattered over the slopes the bright patches of the quaking-asp, colored by the early frosts, and as beautiful as the New England maples after their first encounter with the chilly nights of fall.

The Deer Lodge Valley is of varying width, and contains a large area of agricultural and natural hay lands. The chief towns are Deer Lodge and Anaconda, the latter having a population of 5000. The smelting-works at Anaconda are said to be the largest in the world, and cover nearly fifteen acres of land.

The city of Butte does not claim to be picturesque. It is an interesting place, however, as one so rich and productive and energetic must be, and from the top of its high hills the view of distant mountains does much toward making one forget the disagreeable features of the city itself. The very activity of Butte is sometimes wearisome. It never ceases. By day and night the tall chimneys at the mills are pouring forth their smoke and flame; the streets at all hours of the day and night are filled with moving throngs. Money-making is the evident passion of the day. In the race for it all else is forgotten. The city covers the slope of a steep, rocky hill, overlooked by a bare butte, from which the town derives its name, and for the most part the houses are set down at random, and present a heterogeneous collection of wooden cabins and high brick blocks. There is everywhere a sign of haste and uncertainty. No trees are to be seen; the streets take a bold plunge from heights above to the levels below. There is nothing soft or winning to the side which nature shows. By some great convulsion the hills have been created, and man has occupied them with all their crudities.

Silver Bow County, of which Butte is the county-seat, has the smallest superficial area, but the largest population, of any county in Montana. It was originally a part of Deer Lodge County, but in 1881 achieved its independence by reason of the discovery of the great copper and silver leads at Butte and vicinity. Mining is the main industry in the county, which so early as 1870 contained the locations of 981 gulch claims and 226 bar and hill claims. The total cost of ditches at that time was $106,000. Gulch mining prospered until 1871, when it collapsed.

Butte is the centre of what is known as the Summit Mountain District, and has an elevation of 5800 feet. The city is virtually the county of Silver Bow. Under the general title of Butte are included Butte proper, South Butte, Walkerville, Centreville, and Meadesville; the several towns form the largest and richest mining camp in the world. The district of which Butte is the natural centre is three miles square, and contains more than 5000 mineral claims, 2000 of which are held under United States patents. The product of the camp for 1886 was $13,246,500, divided as follows:

Fine bullion per express	$5,856,500
Copper (55,000,000 pounds, at 10 cents)	5,500,000
Silver ore shipments	650,000
Silver in matte	1,240,000
Total	$13,246,500

In 1881 the output amounted to only $1,247,600. For 1887 the returns show an increase over the product of 1886 of over $3,000,000. Nearly 5000 men are employed in the various stamp-mills and smelteries, and the monthly pay-roll amounts to $500,000.

The post-office at Butte pays a net profit to the government of $23,000 a year. The city is well supplied with banks, carrying check deposits aggregating over $2,000,000, and has an assessed property valuation of from $8,000,000 to $9,000,000. On the business streets are a number of buildings of great size and solidity, and elsewhere are several private houses built by those who have made princely fortunes since coming to Butte. Particularly noticeable are the public buildings, such as the schools and Court-house. The latter cost $150,000, and on the former more than $100,000 have been expended. Gas and electricity are used in lighting; the retail trade is large; and as a rule Butte is a well-regulated city, enjoying a majority of the modern improvements, and happy in the knowledge that its fame is world-wide, and its prestige as a mining centre undisputed.

Quartz locations were made on and near the present site of Butte as early as 1864. In 1867 the town site was laid out, and Butte had a population of nearly 500 souls. The early comers were only moderately successful in their ventures, however, and in time the placer claims were exhausted.

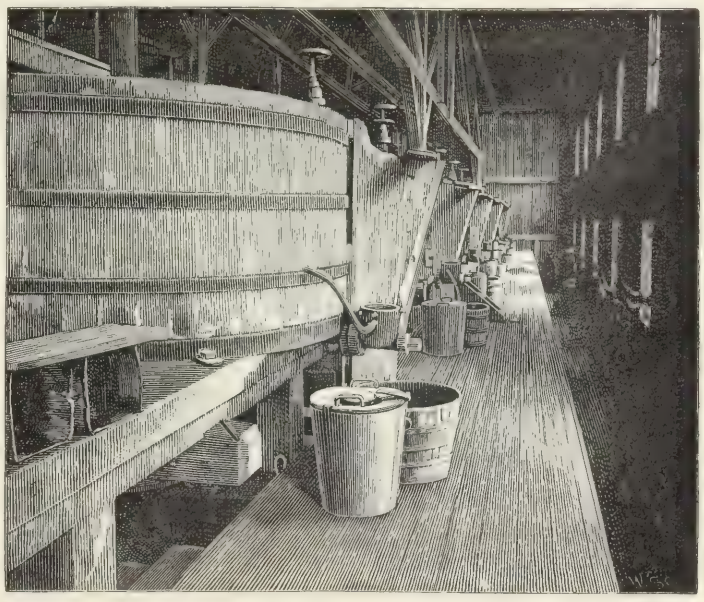


THE PANS.

In 1875 came the startling discovery that the "black ledges of Butte" were rich with silver. The news spread rapidly. Old claims were relocated, and smelteries and mills erected. The camp grew rapidly. In a year the Utah and Northern road reached the place, and the present era of wealth and progress was fully inaugurated. This, in brief, is the history of Butte. All its trials and disappointments came at an early day, and when once overcome, never returned. To-day the Utah and Northern furnishes its southern outlet, and the Montana, Union, and Northern Pacific its eastern and western. Before another year passes the Manitoba will give it still another direct connection with the outside world, and with other local lines will bring it into closer communication with Helena and the various districts of Montana.

The mines of Butte are of two classes—one silver, the other copper-bearing. The silver ores vary in richness from fifteen to eighty ounces of silver per ton. Most of the silver veins also contain from $4 to $12 per ton gold. Some of the copper mines carry silver, but the percentage is small. The principal copper ores are copper glance, erubescite, and pyrites. The rough ore assays from 8 to 60 per cent copper, and most of it bears a concentration from two to two and one-half tons into one, with a small loss in lastings.

The process of mining as practised at Butte is of too complicated a nature to be properly described by a layman, and I therefore quote from an expert. "The silver ores," he says, "are either free or base. In the first the silver contents are extracted after the ore has been stamped by simply mixing it with mercury in water, the precious metal amalgamating readily with the quicksilver. In base ores, however, the process is more expensive and complex. After the ore has been hoisted from the mine, it is conveyed in hand-cars to the upper part of the mill, where it is put through large iron crushers, which reduce it to about the size of walnuts. From the crushers it drops to the drying floor, where all the moisture it contains is evaporated, and where it is mixed with a proportion of salt varying from 8 to 10 per cent. of its weight, the amount of salt depending on the baseness of the ore. When thoroughly dried it is shovelled under the stamps—large perpendicular iron bars weighing 900 pounds—which are raised by machinery and permitted to drop on the ore below at the rate of about fifty strokes per minute. The effect, of course, is to crush the ore to powder, in which condition it is taken automatically to the roasters. These are huge hollow cylinders, revolving slowly,



THE SETTLERS.

and filled with flames of intense heat, conveyed from the furnaces below by means of a draught. As the cylinders revolve, the action of the heat drives off the sulphur in the ore, liberates the chlorine in the salt, and a chemical change takes place in the nature of the silver in the ore, making a chloride of what was formerly a sulphide of silver, and rendering it susceptible of amalgamation with quicksilver, just like the silver in the 'free' ore mentioned. From the roasters the pulp is then conveyed by tramway to the pans—large tubs filled with water, in which quicksilver is placed with the pulp. The mass is then violently agitated, so that every particle of the silver chloride comes in contact with the quicksilver, by which it is taken up. The whole is then conveyed to the settlers—another series of tubs in which the water settles, and from which the metal is drawn in the form of amalgam. This is afterward subjected to heat, volatilizing the quicksilver, which is afterward condensed for use again by means of cold-water pipes, leaving the silver in a pure metallic state, to be melted into bars and shipped for coinage."

Copper ores are somewhat more simply smelted. They are of a sulphurous composition, and must be roasted before the metal contents are put in marketable shape. They are either desulphurized by "heat roasting," or by being run through "reverberatory furnaces." After this initial treatment, the ore, previously crushed and rolled to the fineness of sand, is dumped into the matting furnaces, whence, so far as possible, the worthless ingredients are reduced to a molten state to separate them from the metal base. The metal is then drawn off into sand cavities, similar to the drawing off of pig-iron, where the metal cools and becomes copper matte. This matte usually assays from 55 to 65 per cent. of copper, besides the silver it contains. Silver-copper matte is a desirable matte. The Parrott Company, by an adaptation of the Bessemer converter process, produces a copper matte carrying only two per cent. of impurities. The process is a very interesting one, and probably the cheapest in use in this camp, all things considered. Some of the Butte companies, whose ore carries from 49 to 79 per cent. of copper, ship their product in a crude state—some to Eastern smelters, others to England and Wales. The high per cent. of copper returns a handsome profit.

Our hotel at Butte was in nearly the centre of the city. Close by ran the main street, with its ever-changing pictures, and from the upper end of which we could look down upon the famous camp. The sight was novel in the extreme. On every hand were tall smoke-stacks pouring forth smoke and flames like miniature volcanoes, and great heaps of mineral refuse were scattered around promiscuously. There was nothing to see but stamp-mills and smelteries, nothing to do but visit them. Mines and mining were the talk of the hour. No one thought of anything else. The very ground seemed honey-combed, and we knew that by day and night an army of men was at work in the dimly lighted "cross-cuts," industriously searching for the treasures nature so long refused to disclose. Rough-looking, pale, worn, and haggard are these miners of Butte. Many of them have lived the greater part of their lives in the horrible chambers that, lined as they are with precious metals, have still no charm for their inmates. Life in the mines is modern slavery. The looks of the men prove this; the wan faces of the children bear painful evidence of the fact.

Above the city proper, on the road to Walkerville, were grouped the cabins of these laborers. Nothing more desolate than their appearance can be imagined. Perched on rocky ledges, crowded into narrow gulches, unpainted, blacked by the smoke, unrelieved by tree or shrub or grass-plot, they bore not even the suggestion of home, but were more like hovels—untidy, neglected, and oppressive to look upon.

There are 340 stamps in operation at Butte, and the amount of ore treated every day amounts to 500 tons, or 15,000 tons per month. Besides the stamp-mills there are seven smelteries, with a capacity of 1250 tons.

A majority of the mines have their own mills and smelteries, equipped with every modern appliance for the rapid and saving reduction of ore, and all are rich producers. Viewing the many properties, acquainted with their figures, one wonders how copper can ever be "cornered," and how long it will be before silver is a drug upon the market.

SUNSET ON THE ALLEGHANY.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

WHEN to its gracious heart has been confest
The whispered wanderings of a hundred rills,
The river saunters slowly toward the west,
Watched by the rounded, grassy-shouldered hills.

Close to its edge the meadows bask and dream,
All hazy where the level sunshine lies;
The distant fields seem drinking from the stream,
Till, far away, it melts in reddening skies.

Slowly, as though reluctant yet to go,
The river stops with fringing trees to play,
Or fills some brook's mouth with its hidden flow,
And in a pasture makes a shining bay.

Faintly it splashes 'mid the grass and sedge
That half conceal a fallen sycamore.
But, save a murmur at the water's edge,
The evening stillness broods along the shore,

Till, like a vision, dim at first, then clear,
From out the shadowy east a raft floats slow,
And as it nears us, soft and sweet we hear
The toiling raftsmen singing as they row.

Still to the rhythm of their song they push
The heavy oar from side to side again,
And breaking through the sunset glow and hush,
Comes suddenly the ringing, glad refrain:

"From up above
My raft drifts down
To you! to you!
And, oh, my love,
Your sweetheart brown
Is true! is true!

"No girl's so sweet,
Up in the Pine,
As you! as you!
Say, when you meet
This raft of mine,
'I'm true! I'm true!'"

When they are past, the slowly creaking oar
Still jars the silence that is closing round;
The wrinkled water trembles toward the shore,
And reeds and grasses stir with faintest sound.

The soft, uncertain, hurried wind of night,
That rises when the cool gray shadows close,
Skims slowly, with a backward ripple light,
The ruffled river's deepening repose.

It strikes the water with a dim white line,
Or makes its brown breast dappled like a cloud;
It trails the raftsmen's voices far and fine,
Then on a sudden brings them clear and loud.

It holds a lingering cadence sweet and far—
A line perhaps, or but a word or two—
And then lets silence, like a mellow bar,
Break off the song, until we hear, "To you!"

"No girl's so sweet." The wind conceals the rest,
Till, growing fainter, comes, "I'm true! I'm true!"
Then they are lost within the yellow west,
And evening settles with its dusk and dew.



COME, Roger and Nell;
Come, Simkin and Bell;
Each lad with his lass hither come,
With singing and dancing,
In pleasure advancing
To celebrate harvest-home.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.

Our labour is o'er,
And our barns in full store
Now swell with rich gifts of the land.
Let each man then take,
For the prong and the rake,
His can and his lass in his hand.
'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.

No courtiers can be
So happy as we
In innocent pastime and mirth,
While thus we carouse
With our sweetheart or spouse,
And rejoice o'er the fruits of the earth.





'Tis Ceres bids play
And keep holiday
To celebrate harvest-home.

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN EXTREMITY.

THE evening after-glow had deepened and richened in its marvellous intensity of light and color; for while in the shining skies overhead there hung masses of crimson cloud that were soft and ethereal in their reposeful majesty and calm, down here the wide waters of the loch were all of a lambent ruddy-purple, broken everywhere by multitudinous swift-glancing ripples—black shuttles they seemed to be, darting transversely hither and thither through the rose-violet fire. And yet, despite this final glory in sky and sea, a sombre darkness was gathering over the western hills behind which the sun had gone down, and the profound and hushed silence prevailing everywhere seemed to tell of the coming of the night.

And it was under these still shining heavens and by the side of these lustrous waters that Alison and her lover walked slowly to and fro, he earnestly pleading with her, she almost too distraught to make answer; for the meaning of that letter was plain enough. The end had come.

"Ludovick," she said at length, between her only half-concealed sobs, "since ever we two met it has been one good-by after another, but this is the last; and it is better it should be the last. It was all a mistake from the beginning. And I have been the one to blame, I know that. I should have discovered you were a Catholic; and then—and then, after knowing it, I should never have come back to Fort William. I thought it would be easy enough. I thought we could be friends. But I am the one that is to blame; and I—I shall have to bear the punishment; for you are a man—you will forget it all in a year or two; but I am a woman—it will go with me through life."

"Come, don't talk like that, Alison!" he said to her, but very gently. "Things are not so bad as that. But they are bad enough; and I will tell you what it is I fear. You see, when you are left to your own judgment, when you are removed from certain influences, when you are here in the Highlands, in short, I do believe you are the most clear-sighted, courageous, self-possessed woman I have ever met; but as soon as you go back to that town you surrender yourself and become quite a different being. You are afraid of the congregation; the elders' wives are all-important to you; why, you even seem to owe some mysterious duty to those ancient Blairs of Moss End—who were no doubt worthy old gentlemen in their own day, walking according to their lights, just as you should do now, without being tyrannized over by them or their ghosts. Here in the Highlands you are bright and merry and talkative, and happy as the day is long; there you are a timorous frightened creature, who will hardly hold out your hand when a friend calls on you. I don't know whether it's the moral atmosphere of the place, or the physical, or both; but what I fear is that when you go back there you will lose your self-possession, you will let them do with you what they like, and then what will be the end? Why, that you and I may never see each other again in this world."

"Ludovick, what else is there?" she said, piteously.

"I wish you had never gone back to that town!" he exclaimed, almost angrily. "Why was I such a fool as to let you go back last summer?—why am I such a fool as to let you go back now?"

"Ludovick," said she, with an accent of reproach, "would you have the door of my father's house shut against me forever?"

"Well, I know what will happen," he said. "I know it to a certainty. I tell you, Alison, I do believe I understand you better than you understand yourself. I have reasoned it all out many a time—after what Flora told me. Many a night I used to lie awake in the dahabeeyah we had on the Nile—a fine place for thinking it was, the hammock slung in the small cabin, and hardly a whisper heard of the water outside—and I went over again and again all Flora's explanations, and I got to see pretty well how you were situated. And haven't I told you before now that you are a far more human kind of being in the Highlands—that you show all your frank qualities of mind and disposition—

* Begun in January number, 1888.

that, in fact, you are the Alison that all of us up here have got to be so fond of? But what are you in Kirk o' Shields?—the Minister's daughter, a cowed creature, superstitious, timorous, with all your natural gayety crushed out of you by the fear of the congregation. Oh, upon my soul, it's too bad!" he exclaimed, in his hot impetuosity. "It's too bad! You—who have the spirit of a lark—who are naturally as light-hearted as a bird—and—and merry—for you to be chained down—to be shut up in that dungeon—that hole—it's too bad!"

But this indignant and incoherent protest brought no light of direction with it.

"It isn't every one who can choose," she made answer, rather sadly. "And it's all very well for you, Ludovick, to make light of duties; but the duties are there; and it would be better not to live at all than to live with a conscience that would always be reproaching you."

"Oh, now you're beginning to talk like Kirk o' Shields!" he said, roughly. "I wish you would talk like our Alison—like the Alison we know."

"And what would you have me say, Ludovick, except good-by?"

The question was a simple one, not to say a pathetic one, but it received no answer. His soul within him was chafing against these unseen bonds, that were all the more vexatious that they were impalpable and not to be seized and broken asunder. He walked on in silence by her side, his brows knit, his eyes fixed mostly on the ground. As for her, she was regarding the now fading glories of sea and sky with the knowledge that, here at least, she should never look on them again. She was taking farewell of them, as it were. She was Princess Deirdri, gazing for the last time on the land where she had been beloved and happy.

"Alison," said he, presently, "have you definitely resolved to go back to Kirk o' Shields to-morrow?"

"What else can I do, Ludovick?" she said. "I cannot have my father's house shut against me. I must go back."

"Then, as I say, I know what will happen. Here and now you might make a resolution—I might even claim a promise from you; but there you would soon be under the power of old influences and associations, and you would let yourself be led. Do you forget what your aunt Gilchrist told me?—that you were very nearly being induced to marry that wretched creature of a divinity student—"

"But that was different, Ludovick!" she exclaimed, in eager self-justification. "I—I thought it was all over between you and me—I knew it was—and I didn't seem to care what happened—"

"And won't the same thing occur again?" he said. "The moment you go back you will be forbidden to have any communication with such a frightful monster as a Catholic; and the years will go by, and some fine day I shall hear of my Alison being married to that stickit minister, as your aunt calls him. That will be a pleasant thing for me to hear!"

"I don't think you ever will, Ludovick," she said, in rather a low voice.

"You don't think so now, because you are here, on the shores of Loch Eil; but you may think differently when two or three years of living in Kirk o' Shields, among all those people, have changed you. And I wonder what Mrs. James Cowan—that is the name you will be wearing then, isn't it?—I wonder what Mrs. James Cowan will be saying to herself when she sees in the newspaper that the Ludovick she used to know in other days has got married too? I wonder what she will be thinking then? or will she think at all? I suppose she will have forgotten there ever was such a person, or that she was ever in such a place as Lochaber."

"You are not—not very kind to me to-night, Ludovick," she said, in tremulous tones, "and—and I am going away to-morrow."

He suddenly stopped (a gray twilight lay over the land now, and these two figures were dark against the wan lilac of the water), and he took both her hands in his, and held them tight.

"Sweetheart," said he, in a very different voice, "don't heed what I have been saying. The very idea of losing you altogether maddens me. I can't bear your going away—when I think of what may happen, with distance and perhaps years separating us; and when I see you standing here so close to me, and not very happy, I suppose—you, my own Alison, that should be mine always—and yet you are going away from me—well, I was too impatient, and you will forgive me!"

These appealing sentences had to cease; some belated traveller was coming along the road, and they had to resume their

walk in silence until he had passed. Then he said:

"You see, Alison, what I was thinking of is this: it is so easy for two young people to say they will never marry if they cannot marry each other; and they make promises and vows, and they separate quite sure of each other's constancy. It's the commonest thing in the world. But circumstances are strong; you can never tell what may happen in absence; misrepresentations may be made, or false rumors get about; and friends and relatives may be urgent until—well, until one of the lovers forgets what she has promised, or is perhaps piqued by false reports into marrying some one else; and the other one—well, he is miserable enough for a time, but he gives up the dreams of his youth, and by-and-by consoles himself as best he may. Oh, I assure you," he continued (and now the whole twilight world was to themselves, and there was not a sound but the monotonous plash of the ripples along the sea-weed), "I could preach to you for an hour on that subject, for I've been preached to again and again, and in very similar circumstances. I should like to tell you the story, Alison; perhaps you would care to know what the two sweethearts did?"

He paused in his walk, while she stopped too. He was regarding her curiously; her eyes were downcast; probably she was listening with sadly wandering thoughts—for how could a story interest one who was about to say good-by forever to the man she loved?

"They were both friends of mine," Ludovick continued, cheerfully enough, though he never for a moment removed his eyes from her downcast face. "One of them, indeed, was my chum—Ogilvie his name. Well, at that time his regiment was stationed at Fort George, and it was at the Northern Counties Ball at Inverness that he met the youngest of the Ramsay girls—the Ramsays of Kilcoultrie—Lilias I think her name was, but I've often heard her called the Flower of Strath-glas—and the two of them took such a fancy for each other that they were like Romeo and Juliet over again. He was quite daft about her, managed to get invitations to any country-house she might be stopping at, and worried his colonel's life out for leave. But the Ramsay family wouldn't hear of it: they are very wealthy; and besides, she had become quite a famous beauty; and young Ogilvie had little beyond his pay. At last they forbade him to have any communication with her; and as they found that wasn't enough, they resolved upon sending the Flower of Strath-glas to the south of Ireland, where she had some relatives, to live there for an indefinite time. Ogilvie came to me. I got preached at, as I tell you. He was quite pathetic, and magnified all the dangers of the threatened separation; but I don't think I would have intermeddled on his account, if the young lady had not come and appealed to me as well. That finished me; I couldn't refuse; and when I found out what pluck she had, I became party to a little scheme, though the Ramsay family have no idea until this day that I had anything to do with it. The short and the long of it was that one fine morning these two young people, without saying by your leave or with your leave, got quietly married in Inverness, and no one knew anything about it for nearly three years thereafter."

"They got married?" Alison repeated, rather faintly, and she raised her face with asking eyes.

He was regarding her intently; her raised eyes were seeking, and fearing, to read the meaning in his.

"But that is not what I would have done," he said, slowly. "I would have no secret marriage—not a bit. If I were in a position like that, and if the girl had courage enough, and if there was a chance of our being separated forever, then I might ask her to go through a form of civil marriage before the sheriff, because that could be done instantly, and there could be no chance of interference; but immediately it was over, I should want everybody to know who cared to know. I should want to be able to say, 'She is mine; you can't touch her now; she may go back to her own home, if she thinks her duty lies that way, but she is mine: absence and threats and persuasion are of no avail now; sooner or later we shall come together again; in the mean time we will wait, if there is reason for waiting, but you cannot divide us the one from the other any more.' Alison," he said, "what is your answer?"

She uttered a little cry, and buried her face in his bosom.

"Oh, Ludovick!" was all she could say.

"Understand," he continued, "I don't want to drag you into any secret marriage—any hole-and-corner marriage. I want everybody to know who has the right to know. I should like you to go right back now, and let me tell Hugh and Flora, and Mr. and Mrs. Munro, and your aunt Gilchrist, what we are going to do to-morrow morning; and after we have been to the sheriff's chambers, then you are free to go back to Kirk o' Shields. Isn't it simple, Alison? You are mine; but I want you to be safely mine, that is all!"

She withdrew herself from his embrace.

"It is late," she said; "they will be wondering."

Indeed she hardly seemed to know what she said; and when they turned to walk back to the outskirts of the little town —where the orange lamps were beginning to appear in the dusk—he led her by the hand, as if she had been a child, while he was persuading her that this step he was urging her to take was reasonable and natural and justifiable. She listened in silence. Once only, in the midst of his earnest, his almost passionate, pleadings, she stopped him.

"Ludovick," she said, "if—if I hesitate —don't think it is because I do not love you, or am afraid to trust you. I have trusted you; I have given myself to you; what more can I do than that? But—but this is so sudden."

And then again he said, very gently:

"I know, dearest Alison, that it is a very startling thing; but the circumstances are imperative. You are going away to-morrow morning: it is a question of hours. But if you are so alarmed, wouldn't you ask the advice of your friends? Wouldn't you ask Flora and Hugh and Mrs. Gilchrist? They can only wish for your good. I don't quite say you should ask the Doctor and Mrs. Munro; for, you see, you are staying in their house, and they are in a way responsible for you to your father; but your aunt Gilchrist, she knows how you are situated, she is exceedingly fond of you; why not ask her? In any case you would have to give her some reason for your going away so suddenly; why not give her the true reason, and tell her what I want you to do?"

"Yes—yes—perhaps," Alison answered, absently: her thoughts were flying far afield.

But as it chanced it was Hugh and Flora who were first called into counsel. As Ludovick and his companion were getting back to the small garden-enclosed villas they perceived two dark figures coming along the road toward them, and as these drew near they could be made out to be Alison's cousins.

"Why, where have you two been?" Flora cried, with good-humored reproach.

"I will apologize to your mother the moment we get back," Ludovick said, at once, "for having kept Alison out so late; but the fact is something serious has happened, and we had many matters to talk over that could only be spoken of between ourselves. She is going back to Kirk o' Shields to-morrow morning."

"What! Alison?" cried Flora; and instinctively the girl seized hold of her cousin's hand, as if she would detain her there and then, and prevent any such spiriting away. "What do you mean, Ludovick?"

"It is for Alison herself to say how much I am to tell you," he answered.

She hesitated only for a moment.

"Everything, Ludovick—everything," she said.

Well, thereupon Captain Ludovick told his two friends the whole story of the engagement (which was hardly news, perhaps), of Alison's hopes that her friends in Kirk o' Shields might perchance be brought to sanction the marriage, of the peremptory letter received that evening, and also of his daring proposal for the morrow morning; and he hinted that Alison was looking to them for some advice and assistance in the straits in which she found herself.

"Well, look here, Ludovick," Hugh said, frankly, "I for one am dead against it. I can foresee nothing but trouble—for Alison first, and for both of you after. You would land yourself in for you don't know what. But in any case where is the use of talking? You couldn't get married in that hasty fashion if you tried. How could you get married at an hour or two's notice?"

"The simplest thing in the world," was the confident rejoinder. "My dear lad, I've been through it—as best man, that is; I know all about it. You get a lawyer to draw out a declaration; Alison and I sign it; you have two witnesses—you'll be one, Hugh, and the lawyer the other; then you take it along to the

sheriff-substitute; he reads it over and signs it; you take the warrant along to the registrar, and the ceremony is complete. Simplest thing in the world!"

And then as they were going up through the garden to the open door of the house he told them the story he had told to Alison, in explanation of his knowledge of these particulars.

"But, Ludovick," said Flora, who had not yet expressed either approval or disapproval, "how did that marriage turn out in the end?"

"Why, excellently—excellently!" he said, with unnecessary eagerness. "The Ramsays saw it was no use crying over spilt milk; they made it up with the young people very soon after the truth became known; and I must say the old man behaved very handsomely. As for Major Ogilvie and his wife—well, I went with them as far as Suez last winter, when they were going to India, and I'm sure there wasn't a happier or merrier couple on board."

"Well, I don't know, Ludovick," Hugh said, doubtfully, as they were going into the house, "but I for one wouldn't advise Alison to do anything of that kind."

"Anything of what kind!" Captain Ludovick protested. "This isn't a secret marriage at all! This is as open as the day!"

He could say nothing further at the moment, for they had reached the dining-room door, and Mrs. Munro came out to scold the two recusants (as well as she could scold anybody), and to inform them that they should have to sup by their two selves, as the rest of the family had declined to wait for them.

It was not supper that was in Alison's mind. She asked for her aunt Gilchrist. She was told that the old lady had gone to her own room. Thither, accordingly, Alison repaired—but slowly and thoughtfully, for she did not know how she was to acquaint her with what had happened.

And when she came to the door she paused there, irresolute, that she might gain some composure; for her heart was full. Aunt Gilchrist had been more than kind to her. And now she was come to say good-by; and she did not wish to appear ungrateful. There was something else that was bringing her near to tears; but she was trying to put that aside for the moment.

At last she summoned up courage, and tapped at the door.

"Come in!" called a cheerful voice; and then on entering she found her aunt seated by the little window-table, the gas lit, and an open desk beside her.

"Well, what does my bit lady want?" Aunt Gilchrist asked, encouragingly enough, as she laid aside the legal-looking document she had been reading. "I was just looking at your name, my dear, in that paper there."

The girl went forward, hesitating—not able to speak—and then she sank on to her knees, and buried her head in the old dame's lap, and burst into a passionate fit of crying.

"Oh, you've been so good to me, Aunt Gilchrist—you've been so good to me!" she sobbed. "And I'm going away to-morrow morning; and perhaps they'll never let me come to see you again!"

"Mercy on us, what in all the world is this, now?" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, in a swift blaze of anger. "Going away? Who says that? Tell me who says that!"

But Alison could only sob and sob, and made no answer; and pity for the grief-stricken child before her quickly interfered with the old dame's wrath against these persons unknown. She put her hand on the soft brown hair.

"Ailie, my dear," said she, "what's all this, now? Why, I've just been delighted this while back to see you so light-hearted and blithe and merry, and now all of a sudden it's gone, and you're struck down, and crying like a bairn. What is it, my dear? There, now, get up and dry your eyes, and take that chair, and tell me the whole story. I warrant it's none o' your own wrong-doing; I'll be bound for that. But I know there's folk in this world just that contentious and cantankerous that they'll not let things go smoothly on. And to interfere with such an innocent creature as you! I say interfere; for unless faces tell lies ye've been a very happy young madam since ye've been in Fort William this time. Oh, I'm not asking for secrets, never fear; but old as I am I can see what's as plain as a pikestaff to everybody else. Well, now, that's a dear! there's my lamb! you just draw your chair close up, and keep quiet and peaceful, and tell me the whole story."

But Alison could not so quickly recover her self-control; and so, as the simplest key to the whole situation, she took out

the letter that had summoned her to the south, and without a word handed it to her aunt Gilchrist. And no sooner had the little old dame begun to read Agnes's trembling lines than it was quickly apparent she had forgotten those exhortations to peacefulness and calm which she had been impressing on her niece but a moment before. Her eyes began to burn; her teeth were set hard with indignation; and at last she dashed down the letter on the table with her clinched fist.

"It's *that woman*, Alison!" she exclaimed, with suppressed fury. "It's that woman that's at the bottom o't; and I declare to ye she'll never rest until I set my ten nails on her smirking, sniggering, simpering face! I wish I could see that great yellow hogshead o' a husband o' hers take a thick stick to her back; that would teach her to interfere in other folks' affairs. But I've not done wi' her yet—my word, I've not; and for your father to be led away by a cringing, mincing, scheming, double-faced, wicked woman like that—oh, it would drive a saint wild! Has he no eyes? Does he no see that all her concern is to get you to marry that bit o' washed-out rag that they hope to make a minister o'?"

Alison shook her head.

"No, aunt, it—it isn't that has made my father threaten to shut the door on me. Can you remember—in the letter you sent to Mrs. Cowan—whether you happened to say that—that Ludovick was a Catholic?"

"Of course I did!" said Aunt Gilchrist, with rather a triumphant air; "of course I did! I thought I would give her a fright—her and her tallow-faced son! Certainly I told her what *our* notions were as to your probable future, my dear; and I let her know pretty plainly that the probationer was *not* included!"

"Ah, that is it, then," Alison said, sadly enough. "She has taken the letter to my father; and no doubt she made the most of Ludovick's being a Catholic. Well, it does not matter. He would have had to know sooner or later; and I suppose this is what would have been the end in any case."

"And so you are really going away back to-morrow morning, Alison?" the old lady demanded, with a curious look of interrogation.

"Yes; what else can I do?" the girl answered, simply. "And I came to thank you, dear aunt, or to try to thank you, for all your goodness to me—"

"We'll say nothing about that," Aunt Gilchrist broke in, without ceremony. "This is what I want to know—have ye put all this affair before Captain Ludovick?"

"Oh yes, indeed, aunt."

"And—and what does he say about it?" the old dame inquired, in an offhand kind of fashion, but still regarding her niece.

Alison hesitated. What was the use of disclosing that wild scheme, when it had already met with Hugh's distinct disapproval, and with Flora's hardly less significant silence? Yet Ludovick had appealed to her to include Aunt Gilchrist also among her counsellors; and so, briefly enough, and with downcast eyes, she told the little dame what it was that Ludovick Macdonell had proposed should be done on the very next morning.

And what a change came over Aunt Gilchrist's face during this recital! At first there was merely surprise; but when she fully understood what was in contemplation she became quite radiant and exultant.

"Well done!—well done!" she cried, with a kind of proud laugh. "There's a proper kind o' man! there's a fellow for ye! there's my brave laddie!—and so *that's* the answer he's sending back to they folk in Kirk o' Shields!" She laughed aloud in her delight. "I declare to ye, Alison, I could take three skips o'er the floor and back again, if it werena for that wee deevil Periphery that's waiting for me! I thought, now, he wouldna be for letting you slip through his fingers! My word, that's a good one! that's the way to carry the war into the enemy's camp! And you—what do you say? Is it to be 'hey the bonny breast-knots' before ye go away by the steamer? Are we to have a wedding sprung on us at a moment's notice? As sure as I'm alive, Alison Blair, if ye get married the morn's morning, I'll dance a reel wi' your good man in the evening, ay, if I die for it!"

Alison smiled a little, and blushed too, and her eyes were averted.

"You see, Aunt Gilchrist, it is not quite easy to say either yes or no, for it has all been so sudden, so unexpected. I have only spoken of it to Hugh and Flora. Hugh is greatly against it; he foresees nothing but trouble."

"Hugh? What's Hugh!" the impetuous small creature exclaimed. "Hugh understands about music and poetry and things o' that kind: what does he know of the practical affairs o' this blessed world we are livin' in?"

"And I imagine Flora thinks the same way, Aunt Gilchrist," Alison said, looking up doubtfully.

"Flora! What right has that impertinent young minx to have an opinion at all? Tell her from me to mind her own business, and keep to her gallivanting with those young fellows she pretends to despise all the time."

"And—and you, Aunt Gilchrist?" Alison said, with some hesitation.

"Come here!"

She took the girl in her arms, and drew down her head, and kissed her very tenderly.

"Ailie, my dear, I've never had a child of my own, and ye've been like a daughter to me. There is nothing in the world I would not do for your welfare. And maybe I was a wee bit thing too hasty, because I was delighted with the spirit o' the lad; and—and I was glad to think o' they folk getting a slap on the cheek; but it's your own heart ye must consult, my lamb; ye must ask yourself what ye've the courage to face; for there may be trouble. But mind this—now mind this, Alison—if ever you are in trouble, ye'll never want for a friend and a warm welcome as long's I'm above the ground. Now go away and think it out for yourself—and ye're a wise kind of creature too—and ye've got decision enough when ye like; think it out for yourself; ask yourself what ye have the courage to do; and then come and tell me—to-night, or as early the morn's morning as ye like."

"Very well, aunt," Alison said, and kissed her, and was about to leave the room, when the little old lady called to her again.

"And just remember this, my dear," Aunt Gilchrist said, in a much blither fashion, "that when I promised ye a home and a warm welcome, I did not mean a Hydropathic. Not one bit. You and I will find for ourselves something snugger than a big hotel filled wi' lunatics drinking water. And if ye do get married the morn's morning, and if by-and-by ye would take up your naitural position in Oyre House, just you tell your Captain Ludovick that his bride will be provided for on all points, for whenever he asks me I'll come and be a mother-in-law to him for as many weeks together as he likes."

Meanwhile the whole house had been put in commotion by the news that Alison was going away by the next day's steamer; but it was now grown late; and there was not much time left for consideration as to what should happen on the morrow. When Alison went down-stairs, she found that her two cousins and Ludovick had gone out into the garden, for there was a clear moonlight night shining all around—the pale and silvery radiance lighting up the flower beds near at hand, the white road, the gray beach, the still bosom of the loch, and the far slopes and crags of the opposite hills that rose into an almost cloudless sky. She joined that little group of black figures; but she had no definite message for them. Aunt Gilchrist had left the matter to her own decision; and she would take the intervening time to think over it. So Hugh and Flora discreetly bade Ludovick good-night, and slipped into the house, leaving the two lovers to their own farewells. These were not protracted; for Ludovick did not wish to weaken what he had said by any needless repetition; soon Alison had rejoined her cousins, and in a little while thereafter the whole household had retired to rest.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FOR GOOD OR ILL.

Long into the night, and on toward the morning, she sat at the open window of her room, with this ghostly, silent, moonlit world all around her, not even the whisper of a ripple along the sea-weed margin of the beach, not a breath of wind stirring the wan gray surface of the loch. A kind of phantom world it was, and she the only living thing in it. And as she looked absently and wistfully at the sleeping water, at the silvered crags and slopes that rose afar into the starry skies, at the darker pine woods in the north, and the still more distant and visionary hills beyond Loch Eil, the farewell song of the Princess Deirdri would come again and again into her head, like some recurrent, ineffably sad refrain:

"*Glen Etive, O Glen Etive,*
There was raised my earliest home;

Beautiful were its woods on rising,
When the sun fell on Glen Etive!
* * * * *
"*Glenorchy, O Glenorchy,*
The straight glen of smooth ridges;
No man of his age was so joyful
As my Naos in Glenorchy!
* * * * *
"*Glenmassan, O Glenmassan,*
Long its grass, and fair its woodland glades;
All to ourselves was the place of our repose
On grassy Invermassan!"

For she was trying to put away from her the momentous decision she would have to face before the morning. It was her leave-taking—this time a final leave-taking—on which her mind was fixed. She had been living in a fool's paradise; Ludovick had warned her of it at Bridge of Roy. And here was the sharp and sudden awakening, and a swift end to all her pleasant day-dreams, and to that joyousness that for the time being she had deemed all-sufficient.

But there were two or three other chance words of Ludovick Macdonell's that haunted her in a curious way. Her imagination would insist on carrying her forward a few years, and showing her a certain thing happening to her. She did not picture herself as Mrs. James Cowan. If her friends pleaded with her, if it was put before her as her bounden duty—well, that might or might not be: it was hardly a matter of concern to her. She might be Mrs. James Cowan, or she might still be Alison Blair; she only knew that the woman she looked forward to and beheld in these coming years was a solitary woman, with hardly anything to hope for, and anxious only to secure forgetfulness of what was by-gone by incessant attention to the trivial duties surrounding her. One morning—this is what Alison saw, regarding herself as another person almost—she is in Kirk o' Shields, and busy as usual with her household cares, when a newspaper arrives. It is addressed to her by some friend in the north; she opens it; there is a mark that attracts her attention—then her startled eyes read the brief announcement of the marriage of Captain Ludovick Macdonell, of Oyre House, Lochaber, to Miss So-and-So, daughter of So-and-So. "And he was once my Ludovick," that solitary woman is saying to herself, as the newspaper drops from her hand, and her memory flies swiftly back to the time when every hour was a delight to her, when kind friends were around her, and the days shining and clear, and her lover by her side, waiting for a smile and a look, in the far solitudes of Lochaber. And perhaps that Alison, grown callous and indifferent with added years, might dismiss the announcement of Ludovick's marriage with merely a bit of a sigh; but this Alison—here at this window, and with the knowledge that her departure was now but a question of hours—had not so schooled herself. This Alison, with her arms on the sill, and her head bent down on them, was sobbing and sobbing as if her heart would break. The other Alison might say, sadly enough, "He was once my Ludovick." This Alison kept repeating to herself, "He is my Ludovick; and to-morrow I may be looking into his eyes for the last time."

Yet ever and anon the bewildering alternative—that she should go through a hasty and informal marriage ceremony just before stepping on board the steamer—would reassert itself, and press for a decisive yes or no. Guidance she had none. Even her aunt Gilchrist, who at first had been captivated by the mere audacity of the proposal, had grown doubtful. On the one hand was the girl's own natural dread of so sudden and serious an undertaking, on the other were her lover's eager and impetuous representations. And then, while her heart swayed this way and that, now shrinking back in fear, now grown bold through very desperation, there would come before her once more that vision of the solitary, sad-eyed woman living in Kirk o' Shields—and the newspaper with its laconic announcement—and her knowledge that now she was wholly cast aside and severed and forgotten. It was Ludovick himself who had told her that such was the way of the world. Lovers swore vows of eternal constancy when they were about to part; but absence, the persuasions of friends, perhaps false reports—all these were powerful solvents. She knew now what she had to expect when she went back to Kirk o' Shields: no more illusion was possible on that point. Just as likely as not she would be sternly forbidden to hold any, even the slightest, further communication with this dangerous person who had almost drawn her away from her allegiance to the true Church. And night and day they would be pointing out to her the iniquity of one in her position thinking of marrying a Roman Catholic.

The silence of this sleeping world brought her no counsel; the ineffable beauty of the silvered night had no message for her, unless it were to increase her sadness at the thought of the morrow's farewell. That unspeakable sadness followed her even into the land of dreams; for when at length, worn out by these conflicting anxieties, she flung herself, half undressed, upon the bed, and eventually fell into a troubled and uncertain slumber, behold! she was once more the Princess Deirdri, sailing away from the shores where she had been joyous and beloved. There was a sound of lamentation; her friends were weeping around her; she could see the pleasant garden-land slowly receding from sight, and the dark mountains gradually hemming it in. But what was the song of mourning?—it was no longer a farewell to Glen Etive and Glenorchy and Glenmassan—it was "Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!" that the very winds and the waves were sighing and calling as the boat sped away to the south. And then still stranger things began to happen. For surely this is no more the Princess Deirdri—this solitary, pale-faced woman, clothed in black, who stands all alone in a pew in the church, with the rest of the congregation pointing at her and murmuring. Then some one reads aloud—and the sound of the reading goes echoing through the silent church—"*And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her: for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow. Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her.*" She stands unmoved, and white of face; no one comes near her; the people begin to leave—turning and pointing toward her as they go, and murmuring among themselves—until she is absolutely alone in the empty building. Darker it grows, and darker. The walls seem to come closer together: why, this is a prison—a dungeon—and she is lost forever to the outer world. And yet she is unmoved; she is like a statue; no prayer rises to her lips, no tears come to her eyes: here in the darkness she remains unheeding; the life seems to have gone from her; she is as stone; she makes no appeal to God or man. And then—but she knows not how long thereafter—a sound strikes her ear—a sound as of distant bells—and a wild desire possesses her to learn what is going on in the world without. In the wall of the dungeon there is a small grating; she climbs up to it; eagerly she clasps two of the iron bars—and lo! a fair and sunlit landscape, with a white beach sloping down to the sea, and pleasant gardens, and dappled and far-receding hills. Breathless she holds on to the bars; for there is a wedding procession coming along—the bride all in white—the bridegroom gay and smiling—the bridemaids bearing white flowers. Nearer they come—now they are passing by—and in vain, in vain she strives to make herself heard. "Ludovick! Ludovick! have you no word for me?" she calls to him in her extremity of anguish; but he cannot hear. "Ludovick! Ludovick! have you quite forgotten?" she would call to him again; but her voice cannot reach him; the wedding party has passed by; her grasp relaxes; and with a wild cry of despair she falls backward from the light, and knows no more.

It was that despairing cry that awoke her; and when she came into the real world again, behold! the new day was here—the new day that was to see her a bride, or a broken-hearted fugitive and exile. Quickly she went to the window again—to assure herself that she was in no black dungeon, forsaken and alone, with the wedding party going on in its joyful procession, leaving her unheeded in the dark. And if there was anything that could bring peace to her troubled soul, surely it was this tranquil dawn that was now declaring itself over land and sea. Soft and shadowy it was as yet, for the skies were veiled by a net-work of cloud; and strangely still it was—the loch a dead calm, save where the smooth olive-green reflections of the opposite hills were broken by some wandering puff of wind into a shivering silver gray. There was no blaze of morning splendor in this pre-

vailing quietude; the only shaft of sunlight that came into this mysterious half-darkened world caught a solitary distant peak—a shoulder of rose-hued granite that shone clear and wonderful above the shadowed mountains of Ardgour.

Suddenly into this silence and solitude there stepped an apparition—at least, so her frightened eyes at first imagined; but the next instant she had recognized the well-known figure of Ludovick Macdonell, who was coming idly along the road, but with his eyes fixed on the Doctor's house. And the moment he caught sight of her she could see how his face lit up. He waved his hand. She forgot that she was but partly dressed; again and again she returned his salutation—for it seemed so reassuring to have him so near her after those black terrors of the night. But he lingered there in front of the small garden: did he expect her to go down to him? Then swiftly she retreated from the window, dressed herself in a kind of way, thrust her bare feet into slippers, drew a shawl round her head, and presently, with stealthy foot-fall, was making her way down the stairs and through the sleeping house. The heavy lock made something of a noise, but she did not heed that now; Ludovick was there, expecting her. And then the next moment she found herself in the garden—she rosy red, and yet with joy and welcome in her eyes, he hastening to her with a look as glad as her own.

"What have you to say to me, Alison? Is it to be yes?"

He had not to wait for an answer—it was written in her upturned face. He caught her to him, and pushed back the shawl from her forehead, and kissed her again and again.

"So you are going to be brave!" he said to her.

She hid her burning face in his bosom, and murmured:

"Ludovick, I am yours—yours—yours! Tell me what is right."

"But you are all trembling!" he exclaimed.

"I have been so frightened," she said. "There was a terrible dream. I thought I was in a dungeon, and there was one small window, and I looked through it, and saw you—you were going away to be married—"

"And there's a true dream, anyway!" he said, gayly. "Indeed I am going to be married as soon as ever this blessed town of Fort William wakes up!"

"But why are you here already?" she asked, and she disengaged herself a little, so that they could walk up and down the small gravelled pathways between the beds of flowers, though still his arm was interlinked with hers. "What made you think of coming so early, Ludovick?"

"Oh, well," he said, evasively, "I have just been strolling about."

"Ludovick," she protested, "do you mean that you have never been to bed at all?"

"It was hardly worth while," he said; and then he added: "Well, to tell you the truth, I was determined to have the earliest possible glimpse of you, and I knew you would come to the window some time. And really it was very pleasant. There has been hardly any darkness at all; the moonlight seemed to melt into the first light of the morning. I have been walking up and down in front of the gardens, and wondering whether the good people would be awfully angry if I went in and made up a bouquet of all the prettiest flowers, for the bride to carry in her hand."

"Were you so sure, Ludovick?" she said, slowly, with downcast eyes.

"I was nearly sure."

She was silent for a second or two; then she said, but perhaps merely to hide her embarrassment: "How delicious the morning air is! Don't you think the flowers smell more sweetly before the sun gets at them? That is why I like to sleep with the window open; you can almost tell when the morning begins by the scent of the flowers coming in, and the birds beginning to chirp. I mean when I am living here," she said, rather sadly. "We have neither birds nor flowers in Kirk o' Shields."

"I suppose not," he said, lightly—for he would not allow her to fall into any despondent mood on her wedding morning. "But you are not going to live always in Kirk o' Shields. By-the-way, Alison," he said, in a sort of incidental fashion, "don't you think Oyre House looks very bare outside? I can't see why the gardener shouldn't get some flowering plants trained up the walls. I suppose you don't know whether honeysuckle or a tree-fuchsia would grow most quickly?"

"No, Ludovick, I'm sure I don't know," she said.

"The tree-fuchsia is certainly a beauti-

ful thing," he continued, as they were idly and happily walking together, with interlinked arms, between those beds of flowers, "when you can get it to grow properly. I have seen the whole side of a house covered with it—and the rich crimson bells go so well with the dark-green leaves. But the honeysuckle has the great advantage of scent. Which would you like to have round your window?"

"I?" she said, looking up at this abrupt question.

"Yes. I was just thinking," he said, "that I must try and do something to make Oyre look less forlorn, and I was wondering whether honeysuckle or fuchsias would be best."

"I should think most people would say honeysuckle," Alison made answer, modestly; and then she said, "Now I must go in, Ludovick."

"No, not yet," he pleaded. "We have got the whole world to ourselves; there is no one thinking of stirring yet. I want you to tell me—" (For a moment he could not say what he wanted her to tell him; then he hit upon an excuse for delaying her.) "I want you to tell me what are your favorite flowers for planting out—beds like these, you see—tell me your favorite colors in flowers. You know, I don't think our man at Oyre has much taste—or perhaps it's direction he wants; my father and myself never think of interfering. Aren't you very fond of white moss-roses, Alison? I fancy they are not so common as they used to be, but we've got some bushes—oh yes, we've got some—"

"But I must go in, Ludovick! The fact is," she said, by way of laughing excuse, "the pebbles are hurting my feet—my slippers are so thin."

"Then come and stand on the doorstep," said he.

"But the servants will be about directly."

"Oh no, not at all. You have no idea how early it is yet. Why, don't they say it is unlucky for lovers to meet on their wedding day before the ceremony takes place? But then, you see, this isn't the wedding day yet; this belongs to the nighttime; it isn't day at all yet."

"It looks very like it, Ludovick," said she; for now there were stray shafts of sunlight striking on the higher crests of the opposite hills; and the yachts, that had been black as jet on the lilac-gray water, had now assumed their ordinary color, their riding-lights being no longer distinguishable.

But despite the ever widening and brightening dawn, their leave-taking was a long and lingering one; and even when she had crept silently back to her own room she found he was still in the garden below, waiting for a last look or wave of the hand. So from a jug of flowers that stood on the small table beside her she took a rose and flung it to him, and kissed her finger-tips therewith; then she noiselessly shut the window, so that none in the house should hear. But she did not go back to bed again—there was too much to think of on this eventful morning.

Eventful indeed! For no sooner had Alison's decision become known throughout the household than there was very considerable perturbation, not to say dismay—the elder Munroes having to be told, and the Doctor taking no pains to conceal his strong disapproval of so mad a project.

"Of course you are quite old enough to judge for yourself, Alison," he said at the breakfast-table, when the servant had left the room, "and whatever you will do will be quite legal and proper and correct; but I wish it had not been done from this house. We have had charge of you; your father will put the blame on us. And I for one cannot but think that so sudden and unconsidered a step may lead you into difficulties that you don't anticipate just now—"

"Duncan," his wife interposed, with a quiet smile, "surely you have not forgotten that you wanted me to do exactly the same thing when we were sweethearts?"

"There's a great difference," he said, quickly and uneasily (for the father of a family does not like to have his romantic exploits of past days discussed at his own breakfast-table). "There's a great difference between a medical student without any certain prospects and the young laird of Oyre. Your family were quite right in their opposition—I may say that now; but where can the objection be to young Macdonell—what is the use of this hurry—what is the need of rushing into a hasty marriage—"

"Duncan, my man," interposed Aunt Gilchrist, with but scant courtesy toward her brother, "ye're just havering. There's plenty of objection to young Macdonell among they folk in Kirk o' Shields; and

if Alison goes back there without some such bond, I doubt whether she will ever see him again. Oh, I'm not responsible for the marriage—ye needna think that! I left it to herself—I left it to herself to say whether she had courage enough; but now that my bit lady has plucked up heart, do ye think I'm going to desert her? Not I! That's not like me, I tell ye! I'll stand by your side, Ailie, my dear; and I've got something to hint to your Captain Ludovick when I get a quiet word wi' him that 'll no disappoint him, I reckon."

"Responsible or no responsible, Jane," said the Doctor, who seemed extremely uncomfortable about this affair, "you are taking act and part in it. And if it were an ordinary marriage, with proper notice given to everybody—but an irregular marriage—"

"Who says it is an irregular marriage?" demanded the little dame, fiercely.

"They are going to be married by declaration and a warrant of the sheriff-substitute—isn't that the proposal?" her brother said.

"What then?"

"But that *is* an irregular marriage," he insisted. "You will find it will have to be so described in the Register."

Then Aunt Gilchrist laughed aloud in her scorn.

"Well, I declare!" she cried. "You do exactly as the law bids ye, and then the law itself tells ye it is irregular! Dod, man, Duncan, the lawyers maun be as daft as the doctors! Never mind, it's a marriage all the same; and if I'm to be at the wedding, I'm going to make myself as splendid as splendid can be, and Alison is coming to help me. And mind," said this imperious small person, as she was leading her niece away with her toward the door, "mind, as this is Alison's wedding day, I'm not going to tramp backward and forward through the streets of Fort William. One of you, Hugh or Flora, you'll just step along to Mr. Carmichael, and say I want the wagonette sent here instanter, and the best pair o' horses in the stable. And if the man has a new suit o' livery, then on wi't at once! Come away, Alison; it's 'hey the bonny, ho the bonny, hey the bonny breast-knots!' and if ye've got no special finery for the wedding, see if I dinna make that up to ye before long—my word for it."

And then again, when the little silver-haired, fresh-complexioned, bright-eyed woman had got her niece into her own room, she placed her at arm's-length before her and regarded her.

"They've no frightened ye, Ailie, my dear?"

"No, aunt, not in the least," Alison answered, quite simply.

"There's self-possession for ye! there's coolness!—there's my bit lady, that would face a regiment of cavalry when her mind's made up!" Aunt Gilchrist said, quite proudly. "That brother o' mine—don't you heed him, Alison! They professional folk are just that timid about what the neighbors may say—they're a' living in glass houses—and they darena call their soul their own. But I thought he might frighten you."

"Well, aunt, this is how it is," Alison made answer. "I was very much troubled and very anxious at first, when I had to consider this—this proposal; but since I have given my promise to Ludovick, it is of no consequence what any one may say—that is all."

"Since you've given your promise to Ludovick!—and when was that, I wonder?"

"This morning."

"This morning?"

"He was in the garden, aunt; I went down and saw him."

"They young folk! they young folk!" exclaimed Aunt Gilchrist, shaking her head mournfully; but she was not deeply displeased, and forthwith she went to her chest of drawers. "Well, Alison, I'll show ye the gown I'm going to wear, and if ye dinna say it's fit for a wedding, I'll call ye an ungrateful hussy."

Indeed, one might have thought it was Aunt Gilchrist herself who was about to be married, from the importance she assumed on this momentous morning. Of course there was a vast amount of hurrying, for the time was short; and yet in the midst of it all Aunt Gilchrist found an opportunity of calming the consciences of the elder Munroes, who were not a little alarmed by what was going on. She pointed out to them that they need not take any part whatsoever in this project, or be in any way responsible for it. What would happen, would happen after Alison had left their house. Her luggage was quite ready; let the lad John convey it down to the quay. Alison would say

good-by to the Doctor and Mrs. Munro at their own door; and if she chose to go through a marriage ceremony with anybody—no matter whom—between that leave-taking and her departure by the steamer, why, that was her own affair, and they need not be supposed to know.

When Ludovick Macdonell came along, a few minutes thereafter, Flora's quick eye perceived that he did not wear his usual happy and careless audacity of manner; he seemed anxious about Alison somehow; he kept looking at her from time to time—though, to be sure, she appeared perfectly calm and self-possessed. He had no opportunity of speaking to her alone until they were going down through the garden to the wagonette, and even then it was only a word.

"Alison," he said, in a low voice, "am I asking too much?"

"No, Ludovick," she answered, simply, and with frank eyes upturned to his.

And indeed there was nothing very exacting or imposing or terrifying about this brief ceremony. When they drove along to the solicitor's office, that functionary drew out a declaration of marriage from particulars he had already received from Captain Ludovick. The two contracting parties signed it, Alison's hand just trembling a little; then two witnesses had to sign, of whom Aunt Gilchrist boldly claimed to be the first. The bridegroom looked doubtfully at Hugh.

"Perhaps you would rather have nothing to do with it, Hugh?" said he.

"Oh, I'm going to stand by you, Ludovick," the younger man answered, promptly, and he took the pen from Aunt Gilchrist and affixed his name.

The next part of the ceremony was equally brief and simple. Armed with this important document, they drove along to the big brown-stone building in which the sheriff's court is held; there they sought out the sheriff-substitute in his chambers. That worthy gentleman read over the declaration, signed it, and handed it back to Captain Ludovick, whom, by-the-way, he chanced to know slightly; and the next minute, when they were out in the open air again, Alison Blair was no longer Alison Blair but Alison Macdonell, whatever the change might bring to her in the coming years.

"And is it really all over, Ludovick?" Flora cried, clinging on to Alison's arm, and looking a little bit awe-stricken as well as amused; for there was something uncanny about this swift, simple, informal transaction that had in a few minutes so completely transformed the lives of two human beings.

"Well," said the bridegroom, doubtfully, as he pulled out his watch, "there might be time to go to the registrar and get a copy of the entry, if Alison would like to take it with her."

"Ludovick," said Hugh, who was a long-sighted lad, "the steamer has left Corpach."

"Then we'll run no risks," Macdonell said, forthwith. "I'll go to the registrar when I come back in the afternoon; there is no hurry; and we can walk down to the quay now, unless Mrs. Gilchrist would rather drive."

"Oh, I'll go with ye. Periphery will let me go that short way," Aunt Gilchrist responded. "But the wagonette must wait for me. I'm not going home until I see my bit lady fairly started for the south."

And now, as the red-funnelled steamer slows in and stops, picks up its passengers and cargo, and sets forth on its voyage again—and when the last farewells have been waved to the proud little dame still standing at the end of the quay—behold! this is no sad-eyed Princess Deirdri sailing away southward, surrounded by weeping companions. The steeled composure of the morning is no longer necessary; the ordeal is over; now she is roseate and happy and glad, as becomes a bride; and her cousins are as kind to her as they can be, though still they must tease her, and pay mock homage to her new estate. As for Captain Ludovick, he holds somewhat aloof; he is her husband, but does not press any claim on her attention; he allows the cousins to monopolize her; he appears indifferent; has he not the part of a husband to play? And is not the day a fair day and fit for a bride? The farther and farther south they go the skies get brighter and brighter, until here, close at hand, along the Appin shore, the sun is shining brilliantly on the sandy bays, on the rocks and crags half covered with ivy, and on the patches of dark-green fir and light-green ash; while away to the west, beyond the glassy plain of the sea, the far hills of Morven and Kingairloch have become of a faint rose-gray, with every

scaur and corrie traced in shadows of purest azure. The throb of the paddle-wheels no longer bids her say a last farewell to Lochaber; kind friends are close and near to her; her lover—her husband—is but a yard or two away, an outstanding guard, as it were; and if there were no marriage bells rung for her in Fort William, they are ringing now in her heart.

Ludovick comes forward.

"I say, Flora," he begins, "don't you think it is rather shabby of me to let Alison go back alone? Don't you think I should go with her, to see her properly established!"

Alison looks up with a smile.

"Well, Ludovick," she says, "I don't know what may happen to me; perhaps something not very pleasant; but I know if you were to go with me, it would be twenty times worse. You talk about your discretion: why, you haven't got any at all! No, you must come back in this steamer with Hugh and Flora; I don't want any one to see you with me in the railway train or anywhere else; that would only make matters worse; and the truth is, Ludovick, perhaps—perhaps it may be better for me not to tell them what has happened—not for a little while anyway, until I see a good chance."

"Then," said he, with an air of surprise, "do you want me to address my letters to Miss Alison Blair?—is that what I'm to call you?"

She looked down.

"Oh yes; why not?" she said.

"Oh, very well," he made answer, cheerfully enough; "it is of little consequence; only that would hardly be my way; I would tell them straight off, and let them make what they can of it. But just as you like. You see, Flora, I'm going to be a very obedient husband—at first. We'll have to lead her into slavery by gentle degrees. We'll have the rack and the thumb-screw produced later on."

None the less was it somewhat hard that the parting between husband and wife should take place in view of the onlookers in Oban railway station. The train was pretty full; the best he could do for her was to get her a seat in a compartment in which an elderly lady and her three fair, large, and bright-haired daughters were already installed; therefore, what he had to say to her had to be spoken in parables.

"Remember, Alison"—these were his last words to her as the train was beginning to move out of the station—"remember, you will have to be at Oyre long before the honeysuckle has had time to grow up to the window."

Her eyes were fixed on his: she knew what he meant.

"I am not so sure about that, Ludovick," she answered; but she smiled bravely as long as he was in sight, and even kissed her hand to him again and again, despite the presence of these strangers; and when at last the train tore her away from him, and from the cousins who had been so kind to her, the tears that dimmed her eyes were not such tears of wretchedness after all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MIDSUMMER TRIP TO THE WEST INDIES.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

Third Paper.

XXII.

AGAINST a hot wind south. Absolute darkness before us, a gloom of thunder-storm; a violet transparency behind, ablaze with stars. Through a sudden rift ahead the Southern Cross sparkles momentarily: then the sable curtain closes again, and overspreads the whole heaven. Wind—a wind that comes in immense sweeps, lifting the water: there universal blackness now, and torrents of slanting rain; the ship pitches wildly. But the tremendous wind is blood-warm.

Between each lovelier island our night journeying seems to become stormier: always vaster heavings, deeper blacknesses, mightier winds, as if Nature sought more and more to daunt us, the nearer our approach to her heart.

With morning, Barbadoes appears, drawing near—a long low land, having no visible kinship with other isles we have seen, no volcanic outlines; it is a level wind-swept burning coral coast—a streak of green, white-edged, against the sea verge. As we near the bay an overhanging cloud

bursts in illuminated rain, through which moored ships seem magnified as through a fog of gold. It ceases as suddenly as it began; the clouds and the luminous mist vanish; and the world-azure is revealed unflecked, dazzling, wondrous, a midsummer tropical noon. The horizon glow at once charms and dazzles the eye; the sea line curves sharp as a razor edge; and motionless upon the level water nearly a hundred ships lie, masts, spars, booms, cordage, nettings, cutting against the amazing blue splendor. Then the island brings out all its beauties, displays all its gradations of color. First comes the long white winding thread line of beach—bright sand and coral; then rises the deep green fringe of tropical vegetation, through which roofs peep and spires rise; and over these quiver the feathery heads of very tall palms with white trunks. The general tone of the foliage is sombre green, although it is full of lustre: there is a glimmer in it as of metal. But just a little above all this coast fringe long undulations of misty green are visible—far slopes of low hill and plain, the loftiest curving line, the spine of the island, bearing a fringe of cocoa-palms, so far away that their stems are finer than spider threads; only the crests are clearly discernible, like arachnidæ dangling between earth and sky. Tamarinds, mangoes, mahoganies, bread-fruits, bananas, fig-trees, plantains, cabbage-palms, peep up here and there among city dwellings; but afar off no woods are visible; the land is a naked green.

Architecturally the city of Bridgetown is almost uninteresting; it has few unique features, no romantic ones; it looks just like a little English town—not an old-time English town, but a new one, modern, plain, commonplace. Even the palms are powerless to lend the place a really tropical look. The streets are narrow without picturesqueness, white as lime roads, and full of glare; the manners, the costumes, the style of living, the system of business, are thoroughly English and modern; the population is black without originality, and its uncommon activity and energy (so oddly at variance with the quiet indolence of other West Indian peoples) appear absolutely unnatural.

The merchants, the officials, the professional men, the storekeepers, soldiers, sailors, and police, are all black. Black regiments march through the streets to English music, all clad as Zouaves; black policemen in white uniforms and white helmets maintain order; black postmen deliver letters; black hackmen await customers at one shilling per hour. Comely half-breed women, attractive colored girls, do not appear; there is little grace, little beauty, observable.

XXIII.

Night: steaming toward the equator, with Demerara for a goal. A terrific warm wind that compels the taking in of every awning and wind-sail. Driving tepid rain. Blackness intense, broken only by the phosphorescence of the sea, which to-night displays extraordinary radiance.

Our wake is a great broad seething river of fire, whiter than strong moonlight; the glow is bright enough to read by. At its centre the trail is brightest; at the edges it pales cloudily, curling like a smoke of phosphorus. Great sharp lights burst up momentarily through it like meteors. Weirder, however, than this wake of strange light are the long slow fires that keep burning about us, at a distance, out in the dark. Nebulous incandescences arise, change form, and pass; serpentine flames wriggle by; then there are long billowing crests of fire. These seem to be formed of millions of tiny sparks that light up all at the same time, glow brightly awhile, disappear, reappear, and swirl away in a prolonged smouldering.

Morning: steaming still south, through a vast blue day. Deep azure heaven, with bluish-white glow in the horizon; indigo sea.

Then again night, all luminous and very calm. The Southern Cross burns whitely. We are nearing the enormous shallows of the South American coast.

XXIV.

Morning. The light of an orange-colored sun illuminates, not a blue, but a greenish-yellow, sickly sea—thick, foul, glassy smooth. We are in the shallows. The line-caster keeps calling, hour after hour, "And a half four, sir!" "Quarter less five, sir!" There is little variation in his soundings—always a quarter of a fathom or half a fathom difference. The air has a sickly heaviness, like the air above a swamp.

And a blue sky! The water-green shows olive and brownish tones alternate-

ly: the foam looks viscous and yellow; our wake is ochre-colored, very yellow and very shiny-looking. It seems unnatural that a blue sky should hang over so hideous a waste of water; it seems to demand a gray blind sky, such gray and such green being the colors of a fresh-water inundation. We are only five or six degrees north of the equator. Very low the land lies before us; a thin dark green line, suggesting marshiness, miasma, paludal odors; and always the nauseous color of the water deepens.

Even this same ghastly flood washes the great penal colony of Cayenne. There, when a convict dies, the body is borne to the sea, and a great bell is tolled. And then is the viscous, glaucous sea surface furrowed suddenly by fins innumerable, swart, sharp, triangular—the legions of the sharks rushing to the hideous funeral. They know the Bell!

XXV.

As the land draws near, it reveals an extraordinary tropical appearance. The sombre green line brightens color, sharpens into a splendid fringe of fantastic evergreen fronds, bristling with palm crests. Then a mossy sea-wall comes into sight—dull gray stone-work, green-mottled, and green-lined at all its joints. There is a fort. The steamer's whistle is exactly mocked by a queer echo, and the cannon-shot once reverberated—only once: there are no mountains here to multiply a sound. And all the while the water becomes a thicker and more turbid green; the wake looks more and more ochreous, the foam ropier and yellower. Vessels becalmed speck the glass-level of the sea, like insects sticking upon a mirror surface. Boats approach filled with negroes who speak English with a strong old-country accent. We pass through immense government warehouses, and find ourselves in the broad, palm-bordered streets of Georgetown, Demerara.

This is certainly the most tropical-looking city I have yet seen, and its exotic aspect is largely, if not chiefly, due to the palm. For the edifices, the plan, the general idea of the town, is European and modern; the white streets, laid out very broad to the sweep of the sea-breeze, and drained by canals running through their centres, with bridges at the cross streets, display all the value of nineteenth-century knowledge regarding house-building with a view to coolness as well as to beauty. The architecture is a tropicalized Swiss style—Swiss eaves are developed into veranda roofs, and Swiss porches prolonged and lengthened into beautiful piazzas and balconies. The men who devised these large cool halls, these admirably ventilated rooms, these latticed windows opening to the ceiling, may have lived in India; but the physiognomy of the town also reveals a fine sense of beauty in the designers: all that is rich and strange and beautiful in the vegetation of the tropics has had a place contrived for it, a home prepared for it. Each dwelling has its garden; each garden blazes with singular and lovely color; but everywhere and always tower the palms. There are colonnades of palms, clumps of palms, groves of palms, sago and cabbage and cocoa and fan palms. You can see that the palm is cherished here, is loved for its beauty, like a woman. Everywhere you find palms, in all stages of development, from the first sheaf of tender green plumes rising above the soil to the wonderful colossus that holds its head a hundred feet above the roofs; palms border the garden walks in colonnades; they are grouped in exquisite poise about the basins of fountains; they stand like grand gray pillars at either side of gates; they look into the highest windows of public buildings and hotels.

For miles and miles and miles we drive along vast avenues of palm—avenues leading to opulent cane fields, traversing queer coolie villages. Rising on either side of the road to the same level, the palms present the vista of a long unbroken double colonnade of dead-silver trunks, shining tall pillars with deep green plume-tufted summits, almost touching, almost forming something like the dream of an interminable Moresque arcade. Sometimes for a full mile the trees are only about thirty or forty feet high; then, turning into an older alley, we drive for half a league down a colonnade of giants nearly a hundred feet in altitude. The double perspective lines of their crests, meeting before us and behind us in a bronze-green darkness, betray only at long intervals any variation of color, where some dead leaf droops like an immense yellow feather.

In the tremendous glow that brings out all the rings of their bark the palms seem to move, slowly, stealthily, as if endowed with some sort of subtle fleshy life. They



TRAFALGAR SQUARE, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

seem more and more alive the longer you look at them, more and more like long, animated, articulated, silver-gray bodies that poise, that undulate, that stretch and elongate serpentwise. And all this beautiful, solemn, silent life upreaching to the sun—seeking for warmth, for color, for power—impresses you at last with an almost terrifying conception of vital energy, of individual effort. The longer one looks, the more is one tempted to suspect that each lithe body is animated by a thinking ghost—that all are watching you with the passionless calm of superior beings. You feel humble, like a mortal for whom some legion of spirits had mercifully opened their ranks to make way.

All through the land round about are other wonders. There are avenues of table-trees, whose foliage seems exaggerated horizontally; alleys of mahogany-trees; lanes of Orinokes, whose fronds coruscate with crimson blossoming. There are amazing shrubs—orange-colored things; there are plants with glossy leaves speckled in four different colors; there are various plants that look like wigs of green hair, or masses of filiform green sea-weed, set on short sticks; plants with enormous broad leaves, so diaphanous as to seem made of green glass; plants that do not look like real plants, but like idealizations of plants, like the fantasticalities of wood-carvers and stone-cutters animated by witchcraft. There are grasses that look like dwarf palms—tiny arborescent grasses with curving stems and plumed heads. There are flowers of extravagant forms and colors—flowers that possess familiar shapes, but have absurd tints and unfamiliar perfumes, yellow and indigo and green, orange and black and crimson plants. And in all the ponds, covering all the canals, float the green navies of the monster lily, the Victoria Regia. Close to shore the leaves are not extraordinarily large; but they in-



INNER BASIN, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOES.

crease in breadth as they float further out, as if gaining bulk proportionately to the depth of water. A few yards off, they are large as soup plates; further out, they are broad as dinner trays; in the centre of the pond or canal they have surface large as tea-tables. And all have an upturned edge, a perpendicular rim, like a bulwark. Here and there you see the flower—a nonsensical flower, large as a hat. Then there are fiddlewood-trees in multitude, calabash-trees, mangoes, bread-fruits, sago-palms, fig-trees, and a hundred unfamiliar shapes of which I cannot learn the names. And there is the snake-nut tree, bearing a most ghastly fruit. For this swart nut—shaped almost like a clam shell, and halving in the same way along its sharp edges—encloses something incredible. There is a pale envelop about the kernel; remove it, and you find between your fingers a little viper, triangular-headed, coiled thrice upon itself, perfect in every detail of form from skull to tail. Was this marvellous mockery evolved for a protective end? It is no eccentricity: in a hundred nuts the serpent-kernel lies coiled the same.

Yet in spite of these astonishments, of these novel impressions, what a weird delight it is to turn again into an avenue of palms, and to know once more the queer sense of being watched, without love or hate, by all those silent, gracious, tall, sweet things!

XXVI.

Hindoos; coolies; men, women, and children—standing, walking, or sitting in the sun, under the shadowing of the palms. Men squatting, with hands clasped over their black knees, steadily observe you from under their white turbans—very steadily, with a slight scowl. All these Indian faces have the same set, stern expression, the same knitting of the brows; and the keen, strong gaze is not altogether pleasant. It borders upon hostility; it is the look of measurement—measurement physical and moral. In the mighty swarming of India these have learned the full meaning and force of life's law as we Occidentals rarely learn it. Under the dark forehead with its fixed frown the eye glitters like a serpent's.

Nearly all wear the same Indian dress: the thickly folded turban, usually white, white drawers reaching but half-way down the thigh, leaving the knees and the legs bare, and white jacket. A few don long blue robes, and wear a colored head-dress: these are babagees—priests. All the men look tall; they are lithe, very slender, small-boned, but the limbs are well turned. They are grave—talk in low tones, and seldom smile. Those you see

with very heavy full beards are probably Mussulmans: they have their mosques, and the cry of the muezzin sounds thrice daily over the vast cane fields. Some shave—Buddhists or followers of Hindooism—but the children of Islam never. Very comely some of the women are in their close-clinging soft brief robes and tantalizing veils—a costume leaving shoulders, arms, and ankles bare. The dark arm is always tapered and rounded; the silver-circled ankle always elegantly knit to the light, straight foot. Many of these slim girls, whether standing or walking or in repose, present perpetually studies of grace; their attitude when erect always suggests lightness and suppleness, like the poise of a perfect dancer.

A coolie mother passes, carrying at her hip a very pretty naked baby. It has exquisite delicacy of limb: its tiny ankles are circled by thin bright silver rings; it looks like a little bronze statuette, a statuette of Kama, the Indian Eros. The mother's arms are covered from elbow to wrist with silver bracelets, some flat and decorated, others coarse, round, smooth, with ends hammered into the form of viper heads. She has large flowers of gold in her ears, a small gold flower in her very delicate little nose. This nose ornament does not seem absurd; on these dark skins the effect is, on the contrary, pleasing, although bizarre. All this jewelry is pure metal; it is thus the coolies carry their savings; they do not learn to trust the banks until they become rich.

There is a woman going to market, a very odd little woman: is she a Chino-blanco—a coolie or a Malay half-breed? I do not know. She represents a type I have never seen before. She wears one loose soft white garment, leaving arms, ankles, and part of back and bosom exposed, like a low-cut sleeveless chemise, but less long. Her whole figure is rounded, compact, admirably knit, and her walk is indescribably light, supple, graceful. But her face is queer: it is an Oriental grotesque, a Chinese dream, oblique eyes and blue-black brows and hair, very high and broad cheek-bones. Singular as it is, this face has the veritable *beauté du diable;* it is a very young and very fresh face, and the uncommonly long, black, silky lashes give her gaze a very pleasing, velvety expression. Still, the most remarkable peculiarity she has is her color, clear and strange, almost exactly the color of a fine ripe lemon.

XXVII.

Evening is brief: all this time the days have been getting shorter; it will be black



VICTORIA REGIA IN THE CANAL, DEMERARA

at 6 P.M. Nature is merciful: such a blaze as the glory of this tropical day is almost too much to endure for even twelve hours. The sun is already very low and very yellow, with a tinge of vermilion—a vast and phantasmal sun. As he falls between the palms his stare colors the world with an unearthly ruddy hue; such might be the color cast by a nearly burnt-out sun in the senescence of a system. The air is heavy with unfamiliar odors; we pass a flame-colored bush, and an extraordinary perfume—rich, sweet, strange—envelops us; a caress of scent, the soul of a red jasmine.

Down goes the sun; instantly the world is enveloped in indigo shadow, scintillating with star fires. The air grows humid, full of vegetable breath, weighty with vapor; frogs commence to make a queer bubbling noise, as of gargling; and some unknown creature begins in the trees a singular music, not trilling, like the note of our cricket, but one continuous shrill tone, high, keen, as of a thin jet of steam leaking through a valve. Strong vegetal scents, aromatic and novel, rise up. Under the trees of our hotel I hear a continuous dripping sound; the drops fall heavily, like bodies of clumsy insects. But it is not dew, nor insects; it is a thick, transparent jelly—a fleshy liquor that falls in immense drops. What is it? I do not know. The night grows chill; some monstrous chemistry is going on. This coldness gives you a sensation of the supernatural, such as might precede the advent of a spectre.



GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

We are steaming away from Guiana, northward at last. The horizon glow has a tender green tint, deepening as the sun descends, and there is a lilac tinge in the sky. The sun dips, and the wonderful glow of tropical sunset burns the green to yellow, and the west flames with a light like the conflagration of a world. Only a minute, and the glory is gone; there is no twilight here. We are to touch at other islands as we return.

Morning brings back to us that indigo color of the sea to which we have become accustomed; there is a long swell all day,

and tepid winds. But toward evening the water once more shifts its hue —takes olive tint— the mighty flood of the Orinoco is near.

Over the rim of the sea rise shapes faint pink, faint gray—misty shapes that grow and lengthen as we advance. We are nearing Trinidad.

It first takes definite form as a prolonged, undulating, pale gray mountain chain, the outline of a sierra. Approaching nearer, we discern other hill summits rounding up and shouldering away behind the chain itself. Then the nearest heights begin to turn faint green—very slowly. Right before the first cliff spur, strange rocks are rising sheer from the water—fantastically splintered and reddish-gray where the naked surface remains unclothed by green creepers and shrubs. Between them the sea leaps high and whitens wildly.



COOLIE, DEMERARA.

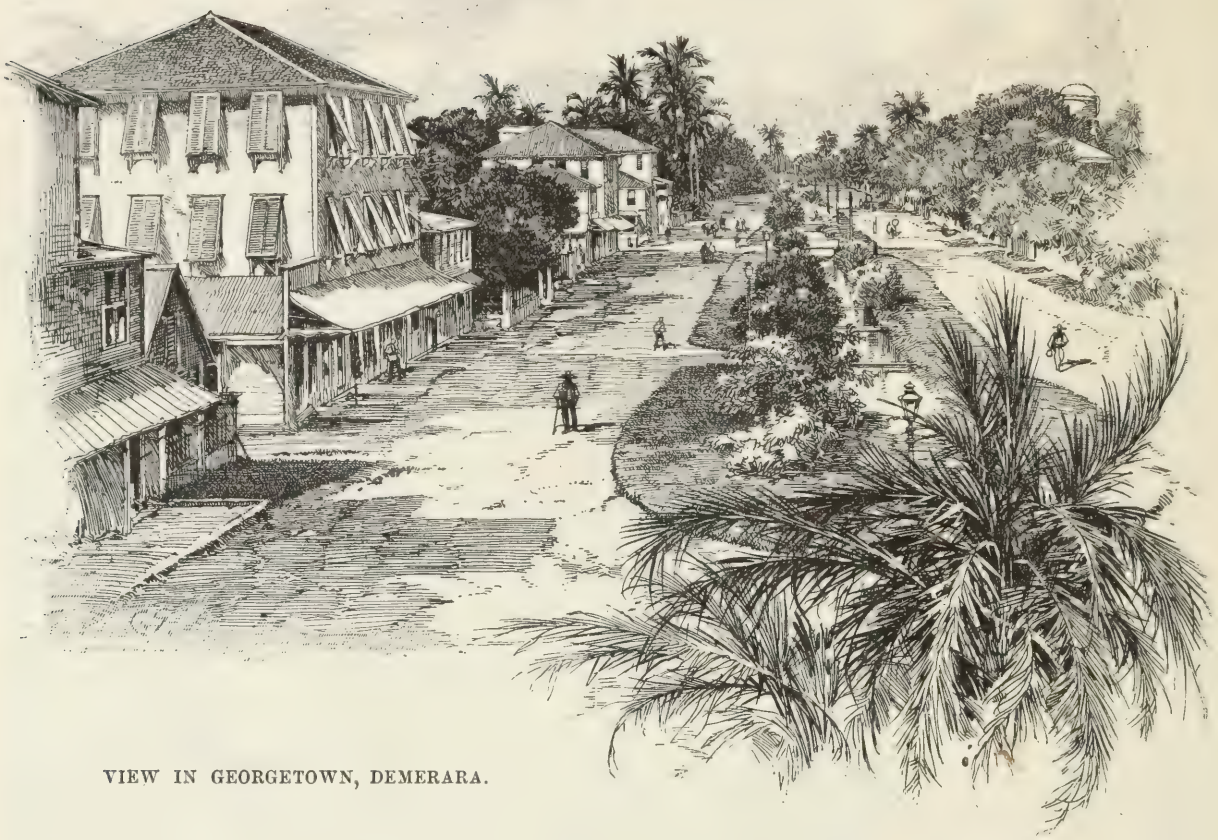
Then we begin to steam along a mighty tropical shore, before a grand volcanic billowing of hills all wrapped in forest from sea to sky—astounding forests, dense, impenetrable, sombre; every gap a blackness as of ink. Tremendous palms here and there overtop the denser foliage, and queer green monsters, never seen before, rise over the forest level against the azure, spreading out immense flat crests, from which masses of creepers stream down like huge green rags. This forest front has the solidity of a wall, the loftiness of a mountain; and forty-five miles of it undulate unbrokenly past us, rising by terraces, or projecting in turrets, or shooting up into cathedral forms, or displaying extravagant mockeries of castellated architecture.

There comes a whiff—another, another; then a vast breath begins to blow steadily upon us—the mighty breath of the Orinoco! It is night when we steam at last through the Ape's Mouth, to cast anchor in perhaps the most silent harbor of the world. Over unruffled water the lights of Port-of-Spain shoot long thin motionless yellow beams. The night grows chilly with vapors, frigid with the breath of the enormous woods.

XXVIII.

Sunrise in the harbor of Port-of-Spain. A morning of supernatural beauty; the sky of a fairy tale, the sea of a love poem.

Under a heaven of exquisitely tender



VIEW IN GEORGETOWN, DEMERARA.

blue, the whole smooth sea lies a perfect luminous dove-color, the horizon being filled to a great height with greenish-golden haze, a mist of unspeakably sweet tint, a hue that, imitated in any aquarelle, would be cried out against as an impossibility. As yet the hills are nearly all gray, the forests also enwrapping them are gray and ghostly, for the sun has but just risen above them, and vapors hang like a veil between. Then, over the glassy level of the flood, bands of purple and violet and pale blue and fluid gold begin to shoot and quiver and broaden; these are the currents of the morning, catching varying color with the deepening of the day and the lifting of the tide.

Then, as the sun rises higher, green masses begin to glimmer among the grays; the outlines of the forest summits commence to define themselves through the vapory light, to left and right of the great glow. Only the city still remains invisible; it lies exactly between us and the downpour of solar splendor, and the mists there have caught such radiance that the place seems hidden by a fog of fire. Gradually the gold-green of the horizon changes to a pure yellow; the hills assume soft, rich, sensuous colors. One of the more remote has turned a marvellous tone—a seemingly diaphanous aureate color, the very ghost of gold. But at last all of them sharpen bluely, show bright folds and wrinkles of green through their haze. The valleys remain awhile clouded, as if filled with something like blue smoke; but the projecting masses of cliff and slope swiftly change their phantom green to a brighter hue. All these tints and colors have a spectral charm, a preternatural loveliness; everything seems subdued, softened, semi-vaporized, the only very sharply defined silhouettes being those of the little becalmed ships sprinkling the western water, all spreading colored wings to catch the morning breeze.

The more the sun ascends, the more rapid the development of the landscape out of vapory blue; the hills all become green-faced, reveal the details of frondage. The wind fills the waiting sails—white, red, yellow—ripples the water, and turns it green. Little fish begin to leap; they spring and fall in glittering showers

like opalescent blown spray. And at last, through the fading vapor, dew-glittering red-tiled roofs reveal themselves: the city is unveiled—a city full of color, somewhat quaint, somewhat Spanish-looking—a little like St. Pierre, a little like New Orleans in the old quarter; everywhere fine tall palms.

XXIX.

Ashore, through a great sable swarming and a tempest of creole chatter, into warm, narrow, yellow streets.

White faces have begun to look almost unearthly; and one feels, in a totally novel way, the dignity of a white skin. When a white face does show itself it usually appears under the shadow of an Indian helmet; it is formidably bearded, austere—the countenance of one accustomed to command. Against the black and fantastic ethnic background of these queer little worlds, this calm, strong, bearded, aquiline English face takes heroic outline, grandiose relief; you involuntarily murmur to yourself, with pride of race, "I also am of such blood as these!"

There is not so much of the picturesque in this black and brown population as one might expect; there is little of real beauty in the town save what verdant Nature has bestowed upon it—arborescent grasses and palms, tree-ferns, shadowing fruit trees of many kinds. We drive out of it, to the nearest coolie village, over smooth white roads rounding high forest-covered hills, or overlooking valleys displaying a hundred shades of green, sometimes traversing perfect arcades formed by interlacings and intercrossings of dense alleyed lines of bamboos. Rising in giant clumps, spreading out sheafwise from the soil toward the sky, the curves of their jointed stems meet at Gothic angles above the way, and at either side of it form groinings at regular intervals, imitate exactly the beautiful architecture of old Gothic abbey cloisters. Above the road, shadowing the slopes of lofty hills, forests beetle in dizzy precipices of verdure. They are green—burning, flashing green—covered with parasitic green creepers and vines; they show enormous forms, or rather dreams of form, fetichistic and startling. Banana banners flicker and flutter along the way-side; palms shoot up to vast altitudes, like pillars of white metal; and there is a perpetual shifting of foliage color, from yellow-green to orange, from reddish-green to purple, from emerald-green to black-green. But the background color, the dominant tone, is bright, bright green, like the plumage of a green parrot.

We drive into the coolie village, along a narrow white road, lined with plantain-trees, bananas, flamboyants, tropical



BREAD-FRUIT TREE.



ST. JAMES AVENUE, PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.

growths, mostly with very broad, large leaves. Here and there are palms. Beyond the little ditches on either side, occupying cleared openings in the natural hedge, are the dwellings—wooden cabins, widely separated from each other. The narrow lanes that cross the road are also lined with habitations, half concealed by banana-trees. There is a prodigious glare, an intense heat. Around, above the trees and the roofs, rise the far hill shapes, some brightly verdant, some cloudy blue, some gray. The road and the lanes are almost deserted; there is little shade; only at intervals some slender brown girl or naked baby appears at a doorway. The carriage halts before a shed built against a wall—a mere sloping roof of palm thatch supported upon jointed posts of bamboo.

It is a little coolie temple. A few weary Indian laborers slumber in its shadow; pretty naked children, with silver rings round their ankles, are playing there with a white dog. Painted all over the wall surface, in red, yellow, brown, blue, and green designs upon a white ground, are extraordinary figures of gods and goddesses—very rude daubs, unrecognizable. These seem to refer to avatars—avatars of Siva or Vishnu; they have several pairs of arms, all brandishing mysterious objects; they seem to swagger, to strut, sometimes to dance; they are *naïf;* they are absurd—ugh!—and yet touching; they remind one of the first efforts of a child with the first box of paints, which must be contemplated without a smile. While I am looking at these things, one coolie after another wakes up (these men sleep lightly) and begins to observe me almost as curiously, and I fear much less kindly, than I have been observing the gods. "Where is your priest?" I inquire. No one seems to comprehend my question; the iron gravity of each dark face remains unrelaxed. Yet I would have liked to make an offering unto Siva.

Outside the Indian goldsmith's cabin, palm shadows are crawling slowly to and fro in the white glare, like shapes of tarantulas. Inside, the heat is augmented by the tiny charcoal furnace which glows beside a ridiculous little anvil set into a wooden block buried level with the soil. Through a rear door come odors of unknown flowers and the cool brilliant green



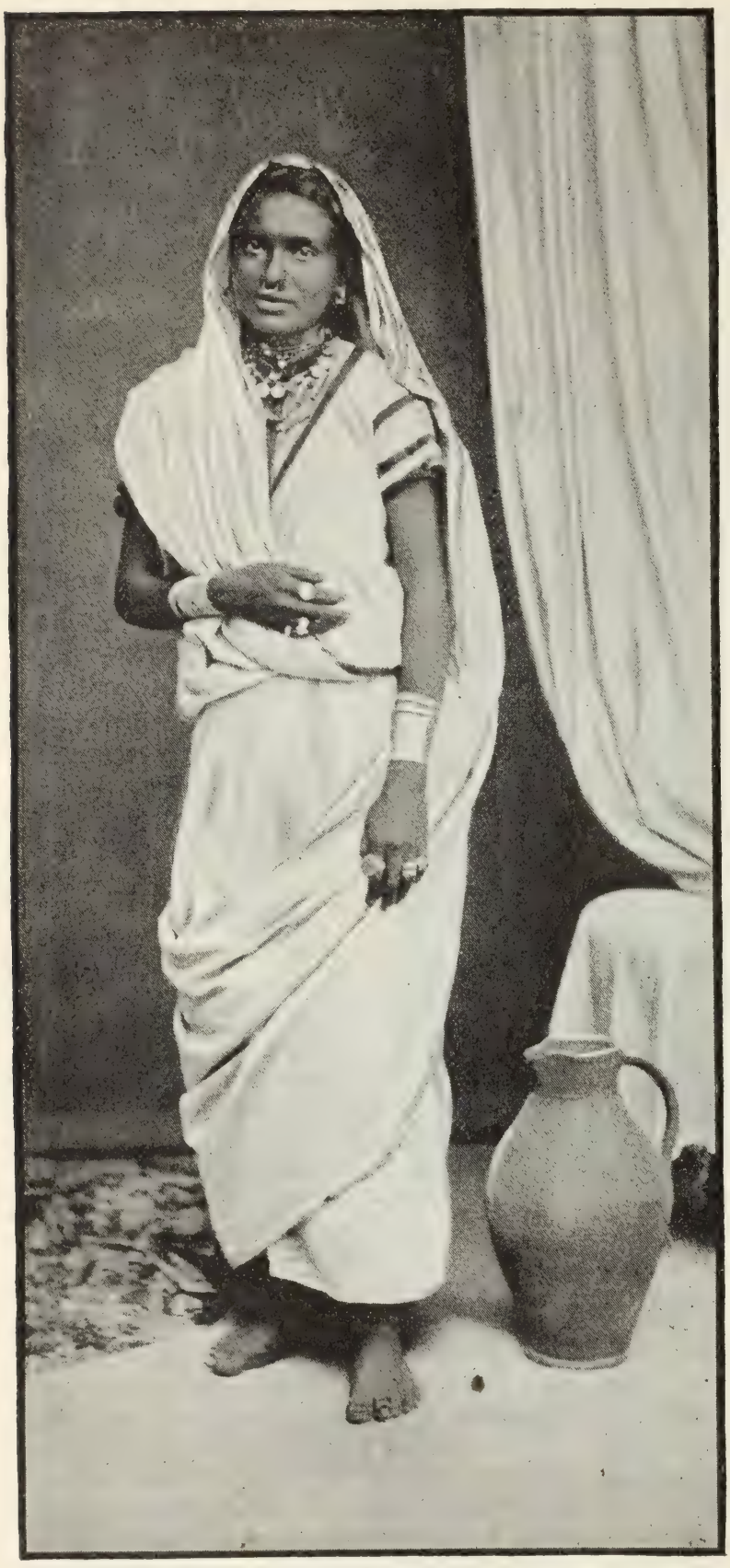
COOLIES—CALCUTTA TYPES.

of banana leaves. Then the nude-limbed smith enters noiselessly as a spectre, squats down upon his little mat before his little anvil, and turns inquiringly toward us a face half veiled by a black beard, austere, regular, and withal slightly unpleasant in expression. "*Vlé beras*," observes my creole driver, pointing to his client. The turbaned smith lifts his voice, utters the single syllable "*Ra!*" and folds his arms.

Almost immediately a young woman responds to the call, enters, squats down on the earthen floor at the further end of the bench, and turns upon me a pair of the largest black eyes I have ever seen. She is very simply clad, in a coolie robe leaving arms and ankles bare, and clinging about the figure in gracious folds; her color is a clear bright brown—new bronze; her face a perfect oval, and charmingly aquiline. I perceive a little silver ring, in the form of a twisted snake, upon the slender second toe of each bare foot; upon each arm she has at least ten heavy silver rings; there are also large silver rings about her ankles; a gold flower is fixed by a little hook in one nostril, and two immense silver circles, shaped like new moons, shimmer in her ears. The smith mutters something to her in his Indian tongue. She rises, and seating herself on the bench beside me, in an attitude of perfect grace, holds out one beautiful brown arm to me that I may choose a ring.

That arm is much more worthy of attention than the rings; it has the tint, the smoothness, the symmetry, of a fine statuary's work in metal; the upper arm, tattooed with a bluish circle of arabesques, is otherwise unadorned; all the bracelets are on the forearm. Very clumsy and coarse they prove to be on closer examination: it was the fine dark skin which by color contrast made them look so pretty. I choose the outer one, a round ring with terminations shaped like viper heads; the smith inserts a pair of tongs between these ends, presses outward slowly and strongly, and the ring is off. It has a faint musky odor, not unpleasant, the perfume of the tropical flesh it clung to. The smith snatches it from me, heats it in his little charcoal furnace, hammers it into a perfect circle again, slakes it in an earthen bowl of water, burnishes it.

Then I ask for children's bracelets; and the young mother brings in her baby girl, a little brown beauty just able to walk. She has positively enormous eyes—the



COOLIE SERVANT.

mother's eyes idealized: the father's are small and fierce. I bargain for the single pair of thin rings on her tiny arms: while the father takes them off, the child keeps her extraordinary orbs fixed on my face. Then I observe that the peculiarity of the eye is the size of the iris rather than the size of the ball. These eyes are not soft like the mother's, after all; they are ungentle, beautiful as they are; they have the dark and splendid flame of the eyes of a great bird—a bird of prey.

She will grow up, this little maid, into a slender, tall, and comely woman, very beautiful, no doubt, perhaps a little sinister, a little dangerous. She will marry, of course: probably she is betrothed even now, according to Indian custom—pledged to some brown boy, the son of a friend. It will not be so many years before the day of their noisy wedding: girls shoot up under this sun with as swift a growth as those broad-leaved beautiful shapes which fill the narrow doorway with quivering emerald light. And surely she will know the witchcraft of those eyes, will feel the temptation to use them, and to smile one of those smiles which have power over life and death. What then?

Ah! then the old coolie story! One day, in the yellowing cane fields, among the swarm of veiled and turbaned workers, a word is overheard, a side glance intercepted; there is the swirling flash of a cutlass blade; a shrieking gathering of brown women about a headless corpse in the sun; and passing cityward, between armed and helmeted men, the vision of an Indian prisoner, blood-crimsoned, walking very steadily, very erect, with the solemnity of a judge, the dry bright gaze of an idol.

XXX.

A frightful volley of reverberations, like a long roll of thunder, replies to the single boom of the steamer's cannon as we drop anchor in the glassy harbor of

St. George, Grenada. Then dead silence. There are heavy damp smells in the warm air as of mould, or of rich wet clay freshly upturned.

This harbor is a deep clear basin, surrounded and shadowed by enormous volcanic hills, all green. The opening by which we entered is cut off from sight by a promontory, and hill shapes beyond the promontory; we seem to be in the innermost ring of a double crater. There is a continuous shimmering and plashing of leaping fish in the shadow of the loftiest height, which reaches half across the water.

Climbing up the base of the huge hill at an almost precipitous angle, the old city can be viewed from the steamer's deck almost as in a bird's-eye view. A senescent city; mostly antiquated Spanish architecture; ponderous archways and earthquake-proof walls. The old yellow buildings fronting us beyond the wharf seem half decayed; they are strangely mottled and streaked with green, look as if they had been long under water. We row ashore, land in a crowd of lazy-looking, silent blacks.



COOLIE MERCHANT.

What a quaint, dawdling, sleepy place it is! All these narrow streets are falling into ruin; everywhere the same green stains upon the walls, as of slime left by a flood; everywhere disjointed brickwork, crumbling roofs, pungent odors of mould. Yet this Spanish architecture was built to endure; those yellow, blue, or green walls were constructed with the solidity of fortress-work; the very stairs are stone; the balustrades and the railings of stone balconies were made of good wrought iron. In a Northern clime such edifices would resist the wear and tear of five hundred years. But here the powers of disintegration are extraordinary, and the very air would seem to have the devouring force of an acid. Everywhere surfaces and angles are yielding to the attacks of time, weather, and microscopic organisms; paint peels, stucco falls, tiles tumble, stones slip out of place, and in every chink tiny green things nestle, propagating themselves through the jointures and dislocating the masonry. There is an appalling mouldiness, an exaggerated mossiness—the mystery and the melancholy of a city deserted. Old warehouses without signs, vast and void, are opened regularly every day for so many hours; yet the business of the aged merchants within seems to be a problem; you might fancy those gray men were always waiting for ships that sailed away a generation ago, and will never return. You see no customers entering the stores, but only a black mendicant from time to time. And high above all this, overlooking streets too steep for any vehicle, slope the red walls of the mouldering fort, patched with the iridescences of ruin.

By a road leading up beyond the city, you reach the cemetery. The staggering iron gates by which you enter it are almost rusted from their hinges, and the low wall enclosing it is nearly all verdant with mossy growths. Within, you see a wilderness of strange weeds, vines, creepers, fantastic things run mad, with a few palms mounting above the green

rout, and here and there a gleam of tomb slabs with inscriptions half erased. Such as you can read are epitaphs of seamen, dating back to the years 1800, 1802, 1812. Over these lizards are running; undulations in the weeds warn you to beware of snakes; toads leap away as you proceed; and you observe everywhere crickets perched—grass-colored creatures with two ruby specks for eyes. They make a sound shrill as the shriek of machinery bevelling marble. At the further end of the cemetery is a heavy ruin that would seem to have once been part of a church: it is so covered with green vines now that you only distinguish the masonry on close approach, and high trees are growing within it.

There is something in tropical ruin peculiarly and terribly impressive: this luxuriant, evergreen, ever-splendid Nature consumes the results of human endeavor so swiftly, buries memories so profoundly, distorts the labors of generations so grotesquely, that one feels here, as nowhere else, how ephemeral man is, how intense and how tireless the effort necessary to preserve his frail creations even a little while from the vast unconscious forces antagonistic to all stability, to all factitious equilibrium.

A gloomy road winds high around one cliff overlooking the hollow of the bay. Following it, you pass under extraordinarily dark shadows of foliage, and over a blackish soil strewn with pretty bright green fruit that has fallen from above. Do not touch them even with the tip of your finger! Those are manchineel apples; with their milky juice the old Caribs were wont to poison the barbs of their parrot-feathered arrows. Over the mould, swarming among the venomous fruit, innumerable crabs make a sound almost like the murmuring of water. Some are very large, with prodigious stalked eyes, and claws white as ivory, and a red cuirass; others, very small and very swift in their movements, are raspberry-colored; others, again, are apple-green, with queer mottlings of black and white. There is an unpleasant odor of decay in the air—vegetable decay.

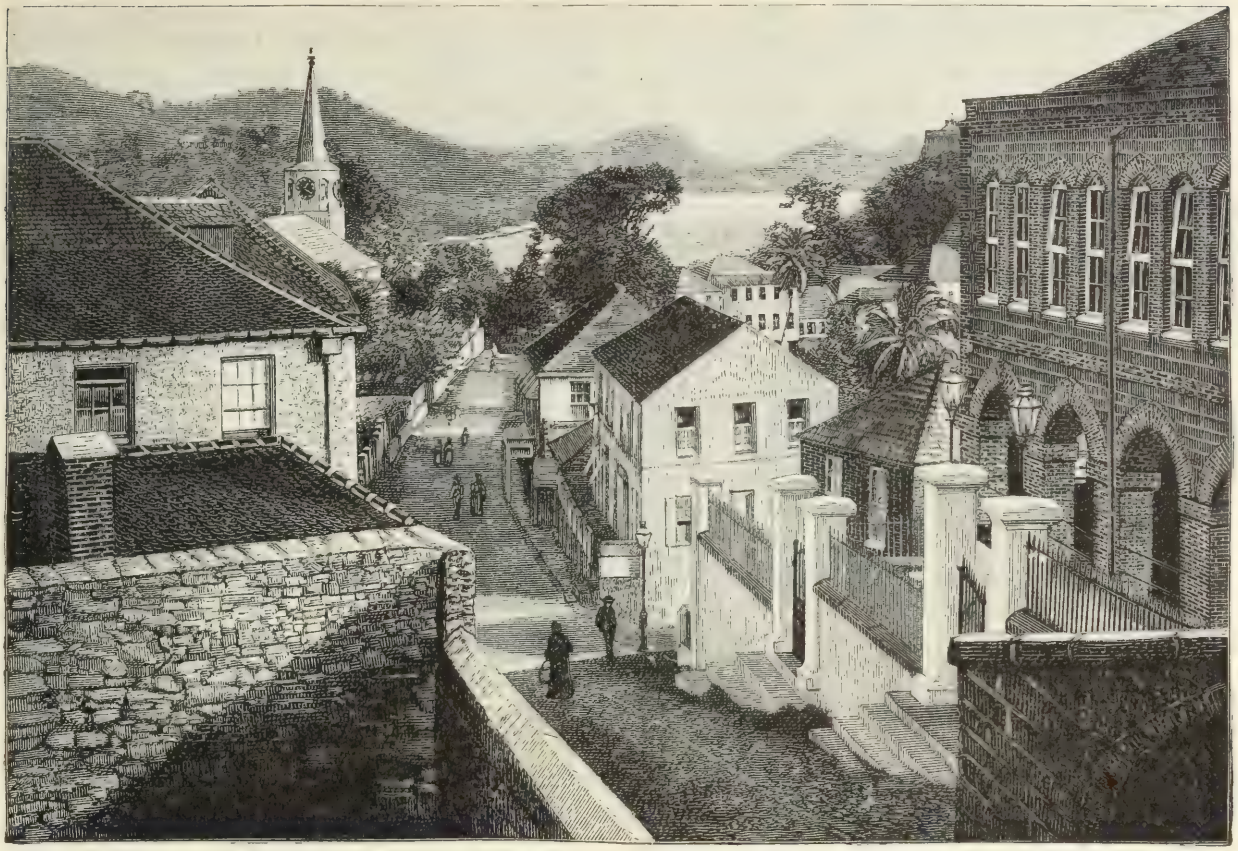
Emerging from the shadow of the manchineel-trees, you may follow the road up, up, up, under beetling cliffs of plutonian rock that seem about to topple down upon the pathway. The rock is naked and black near the road; higher, it is veiled by a heavy green drapery of lianas, curling creepers, unfamiliar vines. All around you are sounds of crawling, dull echoes of dropping; the thick growths far up waver in the breathless air as if something were moving sinuously through them. And always the sickly odor of humid decomposition. Further on, the road looks wilder, sloping up between black rocks, through strange vaultings of foliage and night-black shadows. Its lonesomeness oppresses; one returns without regret, by rusting gateways and tottering walls, back to the old West Indian city rotting under the sun.

Yet Grenada, despite the dilapidation of her capital and the seeming desolation of its environs, is not the least prosperous of the Antilles. Other islands have been less fortunate; the era of depression has almost passed for Grenada; through the rapid development of her secondary cultures—coffee and cocoa—she hopes with good reason to repair some of the vast losses involved by the decay of the sugar industry.

Still, in this silence of mouldering streets, this melancholy of abandoned dwellings, this invasion of mosses, there is a suggestion of what any West Indian port might become when the resources of the island had been exhausted, and all its commerce failed. After all persons of means and energy enough to seek other fields of industry and enterprise had taken their departure, and the plantations had been abandoned, and the warehouses closed up forever, and the voiceless wharves left to rot down into the green water, Nature would soon so veil the place as to obliterate every outward visible sign of the past. In scarcely more than a generation from the time that the cannon signal of the last merchant steamer had wakened the thunders of the hills, some traveller might look for the once populous and busy mart in vain: the forests would have devoured it.

In the mixed English and creole speech of the black population one can discern evidence of a linguistic transition. The original French *patois* is being rapidly forgotten or transformed irrecognizably.

Now, in almost every island the negro idiom is different. So often have some of the Antilles changed owners, moreover, that in them the negro has never been able to form a true *patois*. He had scarcely acquired some idea of the language of



CHURCH STREET, ST. GEORGE, GRENADA.

his first masters, when other rulers and another tongue were thrust upon him, and this may have occurred four or five times. The result is a *baragouin* that defies analysis, a totally incoherent agglomeration of speech forms, a bewildering medley, fantastic, astonishing, incomprehensible, almost weird.

XXXI.

Saint Lucia approaches through the aureate morning light: first shaped in misty gold, then in gray, then in blue, changing swiftly to green. Most strangely formed of all this huge volcanic family —an odder beauty, a more singular outline. Far off, the Pitons—twin volcanic peaks—show like two black breasts pointing against the sky.

The harbor of Castries, with its hills, seems of craterine origin. Between the massings of the green peaks about it are deep gaps showing groves of palm beyond. Over the highest summit hangs the invariable cloud. Behind us the harbor mouth seems spanned by broad steel-blue bars—lines of sea currents. The town is still hidden by a blue mist; but everything is sharpening—the haze is clearing off. Away, on either hand, hills are billowing through varyings of color that range from brightest green through blues and bluish-grays into cloudy gold. In the nearer hollows are beautiful deepenings of color—ponded shadows diaphanously blue or purplish.

We remain but a moment, and steam on to another port. Always the same color effects as we proceed, with new and surprising shapes of hills. The near slopes descending to the sea are ever radiantly green, with some streakings and patchings of darker verdure; the further-lying hills gray-blue with green saliencies catching light; and yet beyond these there are upheavals of very radiant gray — pearl-gray—sharpened against the silver glow by the horizon. The general impression is one of terrific motion suddenly arrested —earthquake surgings suddenly fixed and petrified: a raging of cones and peaks and monstrous truncated forms. We approach the Pitons.

Seen afar off, they first appeared like twin mammiform peaks, naked and black against the sky; but now they begin to brighten color a little and to change shape: they assume a lilaceous hue, with green and gray lights here and there; and as we draw still nearer they prove dissimi-

lar both in form and tint. Now they separate before us, throwing vast pyramidal shadows across the steamer's path. Then, as they open to our coming, between them a sea bay is revealed—a very lovely curving bay, bounded by hollow cliffs of fiery green. At either side of the gap the Pitons rise like monster pylones. And a charming little settlement, a beautiful sugar plantation, is nesting there between them, on the very edge of the bay.

Out of a bright sea of verdure, speckled with oases of darker foliage, these Pitons from the land side tower in very sombre verdure. Very high up, on the nearest one, amid the forest-shadowed slopes, you can see houses perched; and there are bright breaks in the color there—tiny mountain pastures that look like patches of green silk velvet.

We pass the Pitons, and enter another little craterine harbor, to cast anchor before the village of Choiseul. It lies on a ledge above the beach and under high hills: we land through a surf, running the boat high up on soft yellowish sand. A delicious saline scent of sea-weed.

It is disappointing, the village: it is merely one cross of brief streets, lined with blackening wooden dwellings; there are no buildings worth looking at, except the queer old French church, steep-roofed and bristling with gables that look like extinguishers. Over broad reaches of lava rock a shallow river flows by the village to the sea, gurgling under deep green shadows of tamarind foliage. It passes beside the market-place—a market-place without stalls, benches, sheds, or pavements: meats, fruits, and vegetables are simply fastened to the trees. Women are washing and naked children bathing in the stream; they are bronze-skinned, a fine dark color with a faint tint of red in it. There is nothing else to see: the steep wooded hills cut off the view toward the interior.

But over the verge of the sea there is something strange growing visible, looming up like a beautiful gold-yellow cloud. It is an island, so lofty, so luminous, so phantom-like, that it seems a vision of the Island of the Seven Cities. It is only the form of St. Vincent, bathed in vapory gold by the sun.

Evening at La Soufrière: still another semicircular bay in a hollow of green hills. Glens hold bluish shadows. The color of the heights is very tender; but there are long streaks and patches of dark green, marking watercourses, and very abrupt surfaces. From the western side immense shadows are pitched brokenly across the valley and over half the roofs of the palmy town. There is a little river flowing down to the bay on the left; and west of it a walled cemetery is visible, out of which one monumental palm rises to a sublime height: its crest still bathes in the sun, above the invading shadow. Night approaches; the shade of the hills inundates all the landscape, rises even over the palm-crest. Then, black-looming over the purple flood, black-towering into the golden glow of sunset, the land loses all its color, all its charm; forms of frondage, variations of tint, become invisible. Saint Lucia becomes a monstrous silhouette; all its billowing hills, its volcanic bays, its amphitheatrical valleys, turn black as ebony.

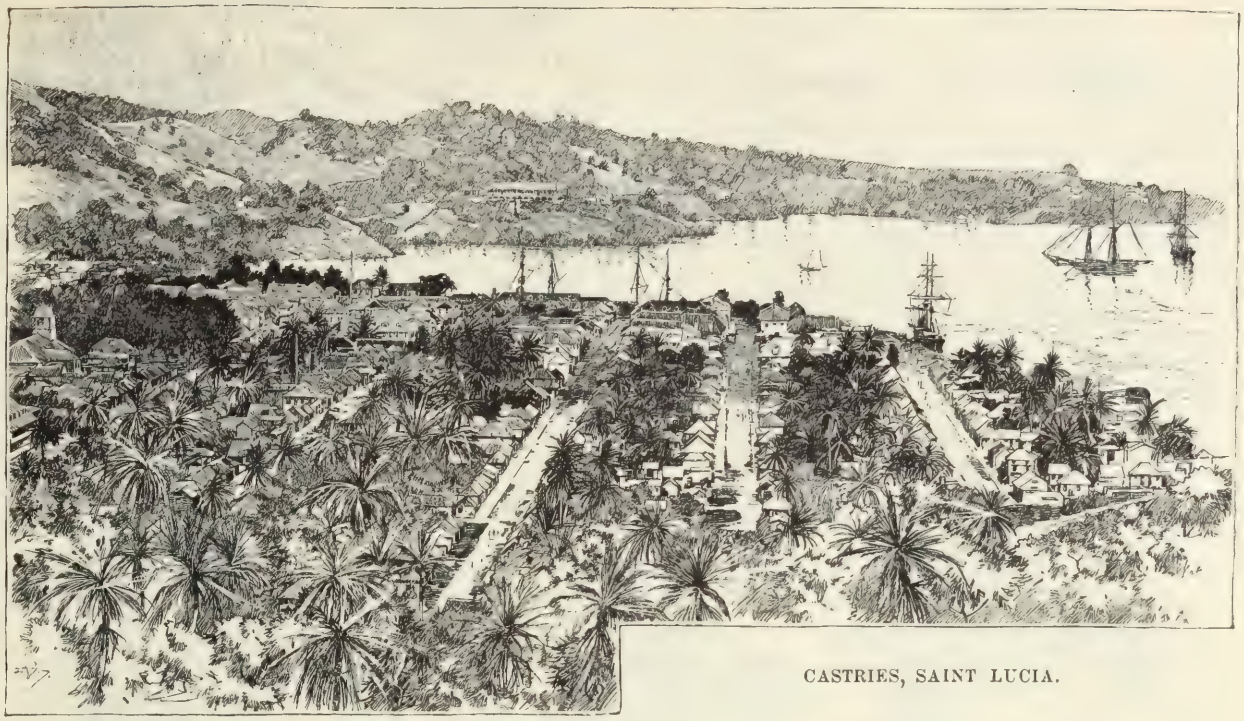
And you behold before you a geological dream, a vision of the primeval sea: the apparition of the land as first brought forth, all peak-tossed and fissured and naked and grim, in the tremendous parturition of an archipelago.

XXXII.

Homeward bound.

Again the enormous poem of azure and emerald unrolls before us, but in order inverse; again is the island-Litany of the Saints repeated for us, but now backward. All the blue bright harbors once more open to receive us; each lovely Shape floats to us again, first golden yellow, then vapory gray, then ghostly purple, but always sharply radiant at last, symmetrically exquisite, as if chiselled out of amethyst and emerald and sapphire. We review the same monstrous wrinkling of volcanic hills, the cities that sit in extinct craters, the woods that tower to heaven, the heights that are forever coifed with radiant cloud, turbaned eternally with folded mist.

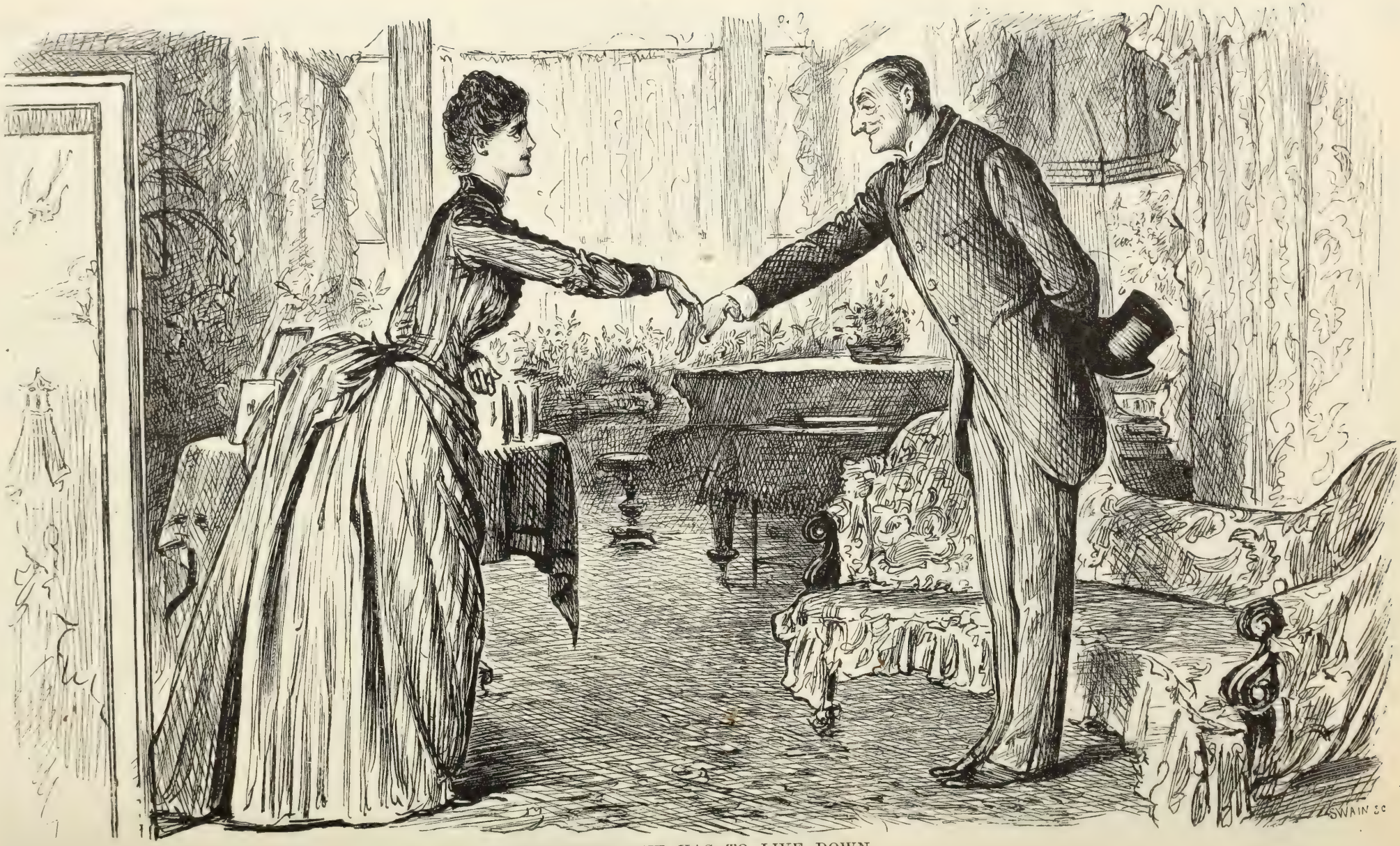
Then all the long succession of impressions received—fantastic, sensuous, exotic, unfamiliar—begin to group, to blend, to form homogeneous results, ideas, beliefs. Strongest among these is the conviction that the white race is disappearing from these islands, acquired and held so long, at so vast a cost of blood and treasure. Reasons almost beyond enumeration have been advanced—economical, climatic, ethnical, political—all of which contain truth,



CASTRIES, SAINT LUCIA.

yet no single one of which can wholly explain the fact. Already the white West Indian populations are diminishing at a rate that almost staggers credibility. In the island paradise of Martinique in 1848 there were 25,000 whites; now, against 160,000 blacks and half-breeds, there are less than 8000 creoles left to maintain the ethnic struggle, and the number of these latter is annually growing less. Many of the British islands have been almost deserted by their former cultivators: St. Vincent is becoming desolate; Tobago is a ruin; St. Martin lies half abandoned; St. Christopher is crumbling; Grenada has lost more than half her whites; St. Thomas, once the most prosperous, the most prolific, the most cosmopolitan of West Indian ports, is in full decadence. Perhaps in Trinidad, where immense English capital has been invested, and where the coolie population is intelligent and powerful enough to supplant and master the African, the struggle will be greatly prolonged, and the result less dismal; but elsewhere the slave races of the past seem destined to become, sooner or later, the masters of the future; and the exterminated Indian peoples of the Antilles will eventually be replaced by populations similarly fitted to cope with climatic conditions, in perfect physiological harmony with this tropical Nature—violent, terrible, splendid—which mocks the will and consumes the energies of the races of the North, which swallows up the grandest results of their labors, which devours all that has been accomplished by their heroisms or their crimes, obliterating their cities, rejecting their civilization.

But with the disappearance of the white populations the ethnical problem would be still unsolved. Between the black and mixed peoples rage hatreds far more enduring and more intense than any race prejudices between masters and freedmen in the past; a new struggle for supremacy could not fail to begin, with the perpetual augmentation of numbers, the ever-increasing competition for existence. And the true black element, more numerically powerful, more fertile, more cunning, better adapted to the conditions of pyrogenic climate and tropical environment, would surely win the contest. All these mixed races, all these beautiful fruit-colored populations, seem doomed to extinction; the future tendency must be to universal blackness, if existing conditions continue—perhaps to universal savagery. Everywhere the sins of the past have borne the same fruit, have furnished the colonies with social enigmas that mock the wisdom of all humane legislators, a dragon-crop of problems that no modern political science has yet proved competent to deal with. Can it even be hoped that future sociologists will be able to answer them, after Nature—who never forgives—shall have exacted the utmost possible retribution for all the errors and follies of three hundred years?



SPEECHES ONE HAS TO LIVE DOWN.

HOSTESS. "*So* sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Green."
VISITOR. "Oh, don't mention it—the anticipation, you know, is always so much brighter than the reality."
—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE field of Gettysburg is one of the most interesting of American battle-fields for many reasons. Its natural beauty is very great, and makes it a fitting scene of imposing historic associations. From New York it is approached through a rich region of Pennsylvania—a magnificent farming country, which in midsummer has an air of the utmost prosperity and comfort. At Harrisburg the main line of the Pennsylvania Railroad is left by the pilgrim, who then proceeds into the Cumberland Valley. The panorama of the battle which has been on exhibition in New York for some months gives an admirable impression of the general aspect of the landscape from the centre of the Union line upon Cemetery Hill. The battle of three days drifted over a space of many miles from the first engagement of Buford's cavalry with the advance of the Confederate force upon the Chambersburg road, to the Round Tops at the left of the Union line, so that the battle-field is of great extent.

The village of Gettysburg, around which the contest raged, through which the Union forces were driven on the first day, and which remained in possession of the Confederate army until the close of the battle, contains a population of about three thousand persons. It is a farming, market, and county town, extremely quiet, as becomes a secluded Pennsylvania village. Its most noted citizen in the past seems to have been Thaddeus Stevens, who came to reside there soon after he became a citizen of the State, and he remained until he removed to Lancaster in 1842. His law office was in the little square of the town. The most famous building of the neighborhood is the Lutheran Seminary, upon the ridge to the west of the town, along which the Confederate forces lay. The cupola of the seminary at the beginning of the battle was the point from which the Union commanders studied the field, and afterward it was the lookout of General Lee. On the other side of the town is the Pennsylvania College, in whose establishment Mr. Stevens was interested.

The view from the cupola of the seminary is very comprehensive. The land slopes gently both ways, toward the west with the spacious country stretching to the Blue Ridge, and toward the east with the village and Cemetery Ridge and the familiar points of the second and third days' battle. The ground in every direction is marked with monuments commemorating the position of troops and signal incidents of the encounter. The ground for this purpose has been bought by the various military bodies interested, while the National Cemetery belongs to the government. This is a very beautiful enclosure, sloping from the summit of Cemetery Hill, with fine distant views over the picturesque country. The grounds are planted with shrubs and trees from all the Union States, and they are kept in exquisite condition. At a high point a lofty monument marks the spot upon which Lincoln stood when he made his speech at the dedication of the grounds as the burial-place of the Union soldiers slain in battle. Part of the speech is carved upon the monument.

A citizen of the town who heard the speech says that Mr. Lincoln arrived on the evening before the ceremonies of dedication, and drafted the speech upon a large legal envelop, then copied it upon a fair sheet of paper. To the question whether the audience was aware that it was listening to an utterance which would become immortal, he answered that it was, and that the impression was profound. The sadness of Mr. Lincoln throughout his visit the good citizen described as deeply affecting. A permanent rostrum of stone has been built at a little distance from this monument, which is like a large bower, the columns and roof covered with vines. But the audience on the greensward is exposed in an afternoon of midsummer to a fierce sun.

It was from this platform that the speeches at the late reunion of the blue and the gray veterans of the battle of Gettysburg were delivered. It was an occasion of the most touching significance. There were several corps commanders of the Army of the Potomac, and two of the chief lieutenants of Lee, General Longstreet and General Gordon, with General Hooker from Mississippi, who, however, was not in the battle of Gettysburg. In the crowd there was a large number of ex-Confederate soldiers, some wearing the gray, but usually in citizens' dress. The

spirit of the occasion was that of peace and fraternity. The incident itself was without precedent. General Longstreet, who almost succeeded in turning the left of the Union line on the same afternoon twenty-five years before, was introduced by General Sickles, whose corps held the left, and both spoke as fellow-citizens with a common pride, a common purpose, and a common flag. General Gordon, who was one of the most daring of the Confederate chieftains upon the field, made a speech so manly and emphatic and patriotic that it was heard with acclamations of delight, and illustrated the marvellous change of the situation.

No incident in a history so full of striking incidents as ours is more suggestive than that of the perfectly cordial reunion of the hostile leaders upon the field of Gettysburg. It was the fulfilment of Lincoln's prophecy, and the augury of a Union such as the fathers hoped for, but which the children never saw, and could not see, until now. The little town was overflowed with an enormous temporary increase of its population. But there was no disturbance. Everybody seemed to keep the peace, and to be animated by the same generous spirit of good-will. There was a constant stream of pilgrims along the whole line of the Union army, and a host of old soldiers recalled at every point the adventures of the terrible and famous day.

None of these were pleasanter to hear than those which showed the friendly, human feeling and sympathy which the ardor of battle could not extinguish. On the first day, as General Barlow lay wounded and apparently bleeding to death upon the field, the battle raged over his prostrate and helpless body. As the Union line fell back toward the town, the Confederate line advanced and presently passed him, and as a young Confederate lieutenant came to the spot where Barlow lay he saw that his head was most uncomfortably placed, and as he swept forward with his men he stooped, and picking up a knapsack, placed it under the wounded and apparently dying man's head as a pillow. The story of battle is full of such incidents. The eagerness with which they are seized and cherished in memory illustrates the humanity which is outraged by war in every form, and which stimulates the hope that the progress of the race may yet abolish the last "dread ordeal" of decision between conflicting opinions. This is the dream even of the heroic soldier Sheridan.

One public man in a recent angry altercation with another taunted him with elaborately preparing his invective, and some notoriously vituperative speeches are known to have been written out and printed before they were spoken. Such cold venom is undoubtedly as effective in reading as the hot outbreak of the moment, and it may be even more effective in the delivery, since self-command is as useful to the orator as to the actor. But if a man be guilty of a gross offence who upon a dignified scene violates the self-restraint and respect for the company which are not only becoming, but so much assumed that whoever violates the requirement is felt to insult his associates and the public, why do we not consider whether every scene is not too dignified for mature and intelligent men to attempt to rival in blackguardism the traditional fishwives of Billingsgate?

If an orator or a newspaper conducts a discussion without discharging the fiercest and foulest epithets at the opponent, it is often declared to be tame and feeble and indifferent. But to whom and to what does vituperation appeal? When an advocate upon the platform shouts until he is very hot and very red that the supporter of protection is a thief, a robber, a pampered pet of an atrociously diabolical system, he inflames passion and prejudice, indeed, to the highest fury, and he produces a state of mind which is inaccessible to reason, but he does not show in any degree whatever either that protection is inexpedient or how it is unjust. In the same way, to assail an opponent who favors revision of the tariff and incidental protection as a rascally scoundrel who is trying to ruin American industry—as if he could have any purpose of injuring himself materially and fatally—is absurd. The tirade merely injures the cause which the blackguard intends to help. But the man who carries on discussion in this style is described by other professors of the same art as manly and virile and hitting from the shoulder, and he comes perhaps to think himself a doughty champion of the right.

The weapon that demolishes an antagonist and an argument is not rhetoric, but truth. This accumulation of "bad

names" and ingenious combination of scurrility is merely rhetoric. It serves the rhetorical purpose, but it does not convince. It does not show the hearer or reader that one course is more expedient than another, nor give him any reason whatever for any opinion upon the subject. Virility, vigor, masculinity of mind, and essential force in debate are revealed in quite another way. If an American were asked to mention the most powerful speech ever made in the debates of Congress, he would probably mention Mr. Webster's reply to Hayne. It contained the great statement of nationality and the argument for the national interpretation of the Constitution, and it was spoken in the course of a famous controversy. Let any man read it, and ask himself whether it would have gained in power, in effect, in weight, dignity, or character, by personal invective and elaborate vituperation of any kind and any degree whatever.

The truth is that the fury which is supposed to imply force is the conclusive proof of weakness. The familiar advice, "If you have no evidence, abuse the plaintiff's attorney," contains by implication the whole philosophy of what is called the manliness and force of the blackguard. He has no reason, therefore he sneers. He has no argument, therefore he swears. He will get the laugh upon his adversary if he can, forgetting that those who laugh at the clown may also despise him.

Of wit, humor, satire, sarcasm, we are not speaking. The ordinary blackguardism of the political platform and press does not belong to that category. Caricature, however, easily may. There are certain pictures in American caricature which are wit made visible. They are the satire of instructive truth. Indeed, they tell to the eye the indisputable truth as words cannot easily tell it to the ear. In this way caricature is one of the most powerful agents in public discussion. But, like speech or writing, it may be merely blackguard. The incisive wit, the rich humor, the withering satire of speech, gain all their point and effect from the truth. They have no power when they are seen to be false.

So it is with caricature. Nobody can enjoy it more than its subject when it is merely humorous; nobody perceive so surely its pungent touch of truth; nobody disregard more completely its mere malice and falsehood. True wit and humor, whether in controversial letters or art, whether in the newspaper article or the "cartoon," as we now call it, often reveal to the subject in himself what otherwise he might not have suspected. It is very conceivable that an actor, seeing a really clever burlesque of himself, may become aware of tendencies or peculiarities or faults which otherwise he would not have known, and quietly address himself to their correction.

This sanitary service of humor in every form, as well as that of the honest wrath which shakes many a noble sentence of sinewy English as a mighty man-of-war is shaken by her own broadside, is something wholly apart from the billingsgate and blackguardism which are treated as if they were real forces. Publicity itself, as the Easy Chair has often said, has a certain power, and to call a man a rascal to a hundred thousand persons at once produces an undeniable effect. But we must not mistake it for what it is not. Being false, it is not an effect which endures, nor does it vex the equal mind.

It is the fact that the public often seems to demand that kind of titillation, to enjoy fury instead of force, and ridicule instead of reason, which suggests the inquiry whether, if self-restraint and wise discipline are desirable for every faculty of the mind and body, the tongue and hand alone should be allowed to riot in wanton excess. If even the legitimate superlative must be handled, like dynamite, with extreme caution, blackguardism of every degree is a nuisance to be summarily discountenanced and abated by those who know the difference between grandeur and bigness, between Mercutio and Tony Lumpkin, between fair play and foul.

It was recently said that the censor is a living insult to all other persons because of his self-asserted superiority. There is nothing more unpopular, certainly, than a censorious disposition, and nobody is more disagreeable than the Pharisee who is continually and vociferously grateful that he is not as other men. But it is necessary to discriminate carefully. The man who declines to take a glass of wine in a company where others take it, really censures them by his conduct, and may be said to assert his own superiority.

But ought he therefore to take a glass of wine? Ought he to offend his conscience in order to avoid seeming to censure others and to proclaim his own superiority? A man who tells the truth in a company of liars seems to rebuke them. But to avoid that imputation must he lie also?

If men are to cease to speak their honest thoughts and to walk by the light of their own convictions because their course may seem to reprove those who do differently, human progress will be seriously obstructed. It is a very disagreeable reputation which is expressed by the remark that you set yourself up as being better than other men, and yet any man who does not conform strictly to the company in which he finds himself subjects himself to that reproach. To do at Rome as the Romans do is a maxim which may be easily pushed to a ridiculous extreme. The maxim is said to be an embodiment of good sense and of practical wisdom. But while it is constantly cited, it is obeyed in a very limited and superficial way.

The maxim means only that in the little manners and customs of a place it is better to conform than to protest and resist. If people generally wear their hair long, it is foolish to make yourself conspicuous by wearing your hair short. If people wear white cravats at dinner, it is better not to wear a red one. But it does not mean that because Romans go to mass and confession, you must therefore go to mass and confession. Yet if you do not you become in a sort the censor of those who do. You are a Protestant, and set yourself up in a Catholic country to be wiser than the people of the country. The liar who feels insulted by the man who speaks the truth, and the drunkard who denounces the preacher of sobriety as a censor, are not critics to be seriously heeded. The laugh at the twelfth juryman who alleged that he had eleven incorrigible colleagues is a laugh at Columbus and Galileo and Jenner. They all insulted the ignorance of their time, and ignorance is generally in the majority.

The charge of insult in such circumstances is generally the cry of the wounded. It is a confession that the shaft has struck home. An arrogant arraigner of other men and of common courses, a man who plainly assumes a personal superiority and merit, is the true Pharisee, who is instantly and instinctively repudiated by honest men. But Luther was not a Pharisee, nor Sam Adams, nor Garrison. They spoke truths most unwelcome to great multitudes of men—truths which condemned general beliefs and practices. But they had no personal air of censorship. They spoke as John the Baptist spoke, from the fulness of conviction and from the loftiest of motives. The small gibe of "censor" flung at such men expresses merely the jealousy of small men, who are always consciously reproved by noble sentiments and generous aspirations.

The gibe, however, is undoubtedly a serious obstacle to many men, and to the advance of good causes. The wisdom of minding your own business is so obvious, and whoever lives by that principle is so generally highly esteemed, that a man is reluctant to expose himself to a sneer which implies that he is trying to mind the business of others. It is better, he thinks, to leave wrongs alone than to acquire a bad name by the effort to remedy them. In another section the Easy Chair makes some observations upon blackguardism. Condemnation as a censor does not fall under that head precisely, but the condemnation aims at the same purpose. It intends to silence or to belittle the man whose words assail or injure our cause.

But if a popular man be false, or an accepted doctrine mischievous, or an agreeable habit dangerous, somebody must say so. In this sense the censor, instead of insulting other men, cheers and helps them. The youth who is so censorious that he will not associate with Lothario, and frankly calls Lovelace a profligate, is a social benefactor, to whom every modest woman and every gentleman is beholden. The merchant who refuses to be associated in the conduct of business with men whom he knows to be unprincipled is a censor of their behavior, but he certainly insults no one. Indeed, the man who is often described as a censor, and therefore an insulter of others, is usually a man who denounces the frauds and humbugs which he sees around him, and who has merely the courage of his opinions and principles.

If censor be understood to be the name of a mere fault-finder, a man who points out faults only to jeer and not to correct, or who cultivates a habit of sneering, and of seeking the worse rather than the bet-

ter aspects of life for the gratification of a morbid taste, he is a nuisance and a pest. Of that there is no dispute. But it is an ill disposition which, inclined to self-indulgence of any kind, rails at the critic as a fault-finding censor, and holds the Vicar of Bray to be the type of the Christian moralist. To cry honestly, repent! repent! is not a popular nor a gratifying office, but it is a truer and manlier service than to insist upon eating and drinking because to-morrow we die.

Editor's Study.

I.

SO many books of verse have come to the Study lately that a department much more obstinate than this in its impressions might well question whether it was not mistaken in ever supposing a decline of poetry among us. Quantitatively, at least, we do not think the Study could maintain that opinion, and qualitatively there is a chance that possibly the Study may have been wrong, though that is a great deal to say. What is certain is that in these books, quite fortuitous in their arrival and desultory in their range, there is the presence more and more of what seems the color of an authentic life; or, if we may not quite say this, then there is the increasing absence of reflected life. We have before now spoken of the gradual silencing in the minor poets of the echoes from the great modern masters; and though this hush means the extinction of the voices that woke the echoes, it means something more than that too. Perhaps while they sounded at their grandest, it was not possible for any lesser note to lift itself except in tune with them; perhaps an interval of suspense in what has long seemed the highest poetry was necessary to the facultation of any new utterance. At its lowest the ebb is a prophecy of the flood, and the rising tide is the next thing in order, unless the moon forget her office upon the seas and the sensibilities.

The reader is not to imagine, however, that the tide is coming back with the fabled rush of its reflux on Labradoran coasts; there will be time enough apparently for every one who dislikes poetry to get out of the way before it touches high-water mark. But the fact remains that there seems really a stir again in forms supposed nearly lifeless, and that the impulse is from within rather than from without.

It must always be a surprise to the critic nurtured in the times of the great poets now quiet or quiescent not to find their influence in every young poet he takes up; but this is the surprise, not to say disappointment, we have suffered in the new books of verse before us. It is impossible not to name Tennyson here, and one hardly feels contemporary with these poets who have not only not tried to write like him (with all that sweet unconsciousness of imitation once so delightfully obvious), but who are apparently insensible if not ignorant of him. We do not find his mental attitudes in them, nor his turns of phrase, nor his pet words; it is all very strange; it is like another country, another language, another world; we are a little lost in it. He is even more extinct in them than Dickens, his only compeer as an influence, is in our fiction; for one still comes upon traces of that master now and then in apprentices of the art. It would be extremely interesting, if one could do it, to follow the decline of such a literary domination, and mark the moment of its final lapse; but the inquiry would be possible only to German thoroughness and German patience. Our airier criticism may yet make this sort of research its office; but in the mean time it can now only recognize the accomplished fact, and another fact equally important, that there is no reversion to still earlier types in the new writers who have cast off this influence. The poets who do not sing like Tennyson do not sing like Byron either, nor like Keats, nor Shelley, nor Wordsworth.

A literary influence seems to cease at a certain date, so that even the writers who once felt it strongly no longer feel it after that date. We were struck in reading Mr. Coates Kinney's powerful poem "Optim and Pessim," a few months ago, with the absence of Tennysonianism in the treatment of a theme akin to several that Tennyson treated with his greatest mastery; and this although Mr. Kinney was a mature writer at the time of Tennyson's

supremacy as an influence. It would have been impossible, we are almost ready to say, for him to have written "Optim and Pessim" fifteen or twenty years ago and not have betrayed the Tennysonian control: we will not be quite positive, for in other poems Mr. Kinney seems to have escaped it in singular degree. But others of our poets, who at one time came under it devotedly, and wrote poems that Tennyson might perhaps have been willing to own, and certainly would have been puzzled to disclaim, have completely outgrown his influence in their later work; and they now no more write like Tennyson than Mr. Madison Cawein does, or Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, or Miss Lizette Woodworth Reese, or any of the new poets whose books have inspired these observations.

II.

But by all this we hope we have not been denying the enduring influence upon the language of such a poet as Tennyson; this will last always, though no one imitates his manner any more. English is a sweeter and suppler tongue for his having used it and governed it with his master-touch; whoever, to the end of time, writes in it, will find it a mellower instrument because Tennyson's breath so long filled it. The new men have not escaped his influence in this sense; their phrase is lovelier and more elect because his exquisite sense of diction has ennobled and clarified the poetical vocabulary, leaving it impossible for them to be as crude or prosaic in their wording as they might have been without him. In this effect, however, Tennyson does not stand for himself alone, but for many tendencies, for the general tendency of English verse to a strictly poetic expression; his utterance is habitually what that of Wordsworth, of Keats, of Coleridge, of Shelley, was at its best.

We should like to know if our young poets read him as fondly as their literary uncles and aunts and elder brothers did, and we wish some of the journals that make a business of symposiums concerning questions of ethics and æsthetics would invite a general confession on this point. Who, in fact, is now the most influential poet? We interrogate the work of our young poets in vain; it gives back no certain sound; if it is imitative at all, it is eclectically, not specifically, imitative, and reverberates a synthesis of all the poetic moods of the century. We have spoken of Mr. Cawein's verse before, and we have to note in *The Triumph of Music, and Other Lyrics*, chiefly the ripening of qualities felt in his first volume: a love of nature in her recondite as well as obvious aspects, and a rich sympathy with all that is splendid and beautiful in the outer world. The spirit of his poetry feels itself akin with the arts that interpreted the old mythologies, and yet is at home with the least associated suggestions of the new land in which it is native, and in which it naturalizes the lovely things of old, as the spirit of Keats revived Greece under the gray English skies. Our words do not say it quite, and it is hard to choose from the book just the passages which shall characterize it; for a book is like a man's face, and one point of view gives only one effect, and is not the whole of its meaning. But perhaps the reader will get some intimation of what we intend from this very aerially fancied, delicately worded little poem:

"THE DRYAD.

"I have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare,
Then a hating, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

"I have seen her hardy cheek
Like a molten coral leak
Through the leafage shaded
Of thick Chickasaws; and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

"Often on the ferny rocks
Dazzling rimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed; 'twas in vain;
They had trickled into rain
Sunlit on the braken.

"Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade;
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

"There, I wot, hid amorous Pan,
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
Whiles a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage; 'twas the lost
Cooings of a turtle."

Another mood utters itself here in no less choice and fortunate phrase, whose truth will be felt by any one who recalls a country usage in the South and older West, where a family's dead are often laid in a little plot of ground near the home of the living:

"THE FAMILY BURYING-GROUND.

"A wall of crumbling stones doth keep
Watch o'er long barrows where they sleep,
Old chronicled grave-stones of its dead,
On which oblivious mosses creep,
And lichens gray as lead.

"Warm days the lost cows as they pass
Rest here and browse the juicy grass
That springs about its sun-scorched stones;
Afar one hears their bells' deep brass
Waft melancholy tones.

"Here the wild morning-glory goes
A-rambling as the myrtle grows,
Wild morning-glories, pale as pain,
With holy urns that hint at woes,
The night hath filled with rain.

"Here are blackberries largest seen,
Rich, winy dark, whereon the lean
Black hornet sucks, noons sick with heat,
That bend not to the shadowed green
The heavy-bearded wheat.

"At dark, for its forgotten dead,
A requiem of no known wind said,
Through ghostly cedars moans and throbs,
While to thin starlight overhead
The shivering screech-owl sobs."

For the mere pleasure of it we light our page with these gorgeous dyes from the poet's study of an old garden:

"Bubble-like the hollyhocks
Budded, burst, and flaunted wide
Gypsy beauty from their stocks;
Morning-glories, bubble-dyed,
Swung in honey-hearted flocks.

"Tawny tiger-lilies flung
Doublets slashed with crimson on;
Graceful girl slaves, fair and young,
Like Circassians, in the sun
Alabaster lilies swung.

"Ah, the droning of the bee
In his dusty pantaloons
Tumbling in the fleurs-de-lis;
In the drowsy afternoons
Dreaming in the pink sweet-pea.

"Ah, the moaning wild-wood dove,
With its throat of amethyst
Ruffled like a shining cove
Which a wind to pearl hath kissed,
Moaning, moaning of its love.

"And the insects' gossip thin,
From the summer hotness hid,
In the leafy shadows green;
Then at eve the katydid
With its hard, unvaried din.

"Often from the whispering hills,
Lorn within the golden dusk—
Gold with gold of daffodils—
Thrilled into the garden's musk
The wild wail of whippoorwills.

"From the purple-tangled trees,
Like the white, full heart of night,
Solemn with majestic peace,
Swam the big moon, veined with light,
Like some gorgeous golden fleece."

Caprices, conceits if you will, and excesses, as in the case of this moon doing double metaphoric duty on such short notice, but all full of the security and courage of the born artist who dashes his color or his epithet on, and leaves it to approve itself to you or not as you choose. We cannot put down his book without copying one thing more from it, in which he touches a flying emotion that perpetually escapes the hold:

"DEFICIENCY.

"Ah, God! were I away, away,
By woodland-belted hills,
There might be more in Thy bright day
Than my poor spirit thrills.

"The elder coppice, banks of blooms,
The spice-wood brush, the field
Of tumbled clover, and perfumes
Hot, weedy pastures yield.

"The old rail-fence, whose angles hold
Bright brier and sassafras,
Sweet priceless wild flowers, blue and gold,
Starred through the moss and grass.

"The ragged bank path that winds unto
Lone cow-behaunted nooks,
Through brambles, to the shade and dew
Of rocks and woody brooks.

"To see the minnows turn and gleam
White sparkling bellies, all
Shoot in gray schools adown the stream
Let but a dead leaf fall.

"The buoyant pleasure and delight
Of floating feathered seeds,
Capricious wanderers, soft and white,
Born of silk-bearing weeds.

"Ah, God! were I away, away,
Among wild woods and birds,
There were more soul within Thy day
Than one might bless with words."

We will not dwell upon the fidelity with which all this sumptuousness and subtlety renders the thought and the thing in the poet's mind and eye. Here, whatever his future in other ways, is already a master of diction. By an affinition which we will let the reader trace, the poem last quoted brings us to one of the loveliest in Mr. Robert Burns Wilson's volume of *Life and Love*. Without representing his whole range, it intimates the tender pensiveness of most of his work.

"IN SEPTEMBER.

"The slanting sun shines softly on the hills
Where lift the glittering domes of green and gold;
The hush of forest cities, tranced and still,
Creeps out upon the gray and tangled wold.

"Half-heard, uncertain rustlings fill the air
Among the trees and on the crisp, warm ground,

Which to the soul recall some joy or care,
Made quick by feeling rather than by sound.

"The wild blackberry bushes' mottled green
Glows with the touch of wine upon its leaves;
Her silken threads, that stretch their glossy sheen
From stem to stem, the careful spider weaves.

"The mullein stalks, disconsolate and lean,
Look idly on their shadows all the day—
Poor lingering ghosts that haunt the changing scene
Where summer's silent feet have passed away.

"The loosened leaves fall circling far and near,
Down to the silence of the woodland road,
And on the pool by which the unyoked steer
Stands now, forgetful of the stinging goad.

"Along their homeward path the cattle graze
Amid the cadence of their answering bells,
Soft silhouettes against the evening haze
Which rises now from out the dreamy dells.

"The scarlet berries on the dogwood's stem
Grow bright and deepen with a ruddier glow,
The shadows lengthen from the forest's hem,
And soft the cooling airs begin to blow.

"Oh, wistful days of melancholy joy,
That breathe in music tones of sweet despair,
Rich with the beauty that must yet destroy,
Bright with the darkness, languishing but fair—

"Days when the spirit with the vision turns
From cloud to cloud, from changing tree to tree,
From field to forest, and the full heart yearns
For something—God knows what—that cannot be!

"Mayhap the rose is lovelier that it fades,
The daisy fairer for the mower's scythe;
Perhaps it is the gloom of nightly shades
That makes the songs of morning seem so blithe.

"Shall then the soul that knows not but to glean
Its few short joys from thorns of biting pain
Be happier finding fields forever green
And flowers that cannot die to bloom again?

"Perhaps—perhaps—and life is nothing more;
Perhaps it is a dream that dies away,
Like echoes lost on some forgetful shore
In endless silence of a twilight day."

This tranquil noting of natural aspects and question of their relation to human life recalls the softer and gentler English poetry that began to look about it and to rediscover this beautiful world after the long reign of convention in the last century; and in the little pang at the close, as well as the melancholy serenity of the whole picture, there is a touch of Leopardi, a poet with whom Mr. Wilson has no other affinity.

Both of the young poets whom we have quoted are Kentuckians, and in them the South makes again a very valid claim to recognition for the literary impulse which has already strikingly fulfilled itself in fiction. The claim is not weakened in the thin, prim, drab-colored little book which brings from Maryland the poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese. In these, as in those of Mr. Cawein and Mr. Wilson, we fancy properties distinctly Southern; and in all there is certainly the same tendency to close, loving, and vivid picture of nature. It might almost be called a landscape school of poetry, in the pieces of which the attitude of the poet mainly supplies the human interest. The charm of a delicate little painting like this below will be, for the sympathetic witness, largely in the suggestion of the environment that invited to the study for it:

"SUNSET.

"In the clear dusk, upon the fields below,
The blossoming thorn-bush, white and spare and tall,
Seems carved of ivory 'gainst the dark wall;
Shut from the sunset, sharp the farm roofs show;
But here, upon this height, the straggling hedge
Burns in the wind, and is astir with bees;
The little pool beneath the willow-trees,
Yellow as topaz, flames from edge to edge;
A line of light the desert highway glows.
Odors like sounds down the rich air do pass,
Spice from each bough, musk from the brier-rose
Dropping its fine sweet petals on the grass;
Swallows are whirring black against the blaze;
I hear the creek laugh out from pebbly ways."

In the poems of all three of these writers, so keenly alive to every look and tone of nature, we imagine not only the spacious receptivity of youth, but the effect of a less dense and hurried life than ours at the North. They are unconsciously true to the more sparsely peopled Southern world in their converse with woods and fields and skies; and they record a social period in terms of value both to the lover of beauty and the student of literary history.

III.

It is interesting to pass from their work, so young and so sensuous, so meridional and in a good sense local, to that of Dr. Holmes in his latest group of verses, which he calls *Before the Curfew, and Other Poems.* The precision of form indicative of a close-wrought, highly polished intellectual life; the touch as firm as it is fine; the philosophic poise of mind; the inward and backward look; the question consoling itself with hope where faith would seem too arrogant; the gentle yet penetrating suggestiveness; the air of ripe learning, and all the discipline of social and literary cul-

ture, with that tenderness for the past, that half-compassionate interest in the present, which the years bring: how different it all is from the poetry of those young Southerners! What the books are alike in is the genuineness of their poetry; the same stream bubbles in the grass-grown spring and shines in the marble fount, sculptured and inscriptioned on every surface. But one is again struck with the deeply municipalized, personalized character of Dr. Holmes's verse. No poet ever more strictly identified himself with his native city than he. It is Boston throughout his book, in its public character; and then that inner Boston of classmates and friends which every Bostonian bears in his bosom. It is eminently a city of cherished friendships, and these speak constantly in the poems of occasion which half fill the volume; but it is friendship on its human or universal side that the Boston laureate celebrates.

There is no need to speak of his qualities, but it would be difficult to read these latest poems and not be sensible of the perfection of what we may call his instrumentation. Like the art of Longfellow, it seems only to have grown lovelier and finer with time, and more intimately responsive to the spirit whose music it transmits.

Dr. Holmes's poetry expresses New England on one side as Whittier's does on another, and Emerson's on yet another; and if we were to look for an embodiment in verse of New England womanhood, we do not know where we should find it so fully as in the *Poems of Rose Terry Cooke*. It is not complete; that could never be; but so far as it goes it is perfectly New England, and perfectly womanly. Mrs. Cooke's name is not new in our literature, and needs no special validation here; but of late years she has made herself known by her honest and strenuous dealing with New England in fiction to a generation too recent to remember when the ballad of "Rosalind" and the poem of "The Two Villages" imparted their pathos and solemnity to the young hearts of magazine readers. It is for this reason, as well as our regard for it otherwise, that we welcome a collection of her poetry; and we should be very sorry if it failed of wider welcome. It is, as we said, the expression of the *ewig Weibliche* as the New England civilization has influenced it: the passion deepened and silenced; the conscience piercing and relentless; the wide interest in the events of thought and of life; the high love of beauty and the higher love of truth; the tendency to self-question; and the revolt, within decorous bounds, from convention and tradition, which make that avatar of the *ewig Weibliche* a thing of perpetual fascination and occasional fear. There is little or nothing here of the Yankee humor which plays so richly through Mrs. Cooke's stories and sketches, and we are well enough content to have the humorist hushed in the poet. But there is great sweetness and tenderness and sympathy in response to widely varying appeals of life and letters. Something—we should not like to be asked what exactly—makes us think of Adelaide Anne Procter in Mrs. Cooke's poetry. Probably it is the fact that as contemporaries they both felt the wave of German influence which has now quite spent itself. The New England poet seems to have felt it more remotely than the kindred English talent, and her work, in choice of subject and in its versions, shows greater friendship with other literatures. Compared with that of our young Southern poets, her poetry addresses itself to the senses through the mind, while theirs seems to reach the senses first, like color.

IV.

The thing is not easy to say without seeming to slight the more intellectualized work; but if criticism has grown at all of late years, it has been in the direction of inclusion and of the appreciation of kinds. We no longer contend that if Pope was a poet, then Keats was none; we know they were both poets, and are a good deal richer for the knowledge. It would be easy to overrate the value of such poetry as that of those young Southerners, but it is not necessary to do this in order to prize it. In fact we shall like it all the better if we remember that its charm is from what they have in common, their youth, rather than from their separate qualities and intentions. They all have the stir of the impulse to appropriate the outside world by recognizing and naming its facts; they cannot rest till they have found a tint of phrase, a music of words, for each of its appealing sights and sounds, and thus made it, or seemed to make it, their own. It is winning, and

touches the heart; but it is not the only poetry, though one likes to have them write as if it were.

On the other hand, we must not undervalue their work, as one might quite as easily do. If you look at it even casually you will find that it is nature, different in many things from that hitherto known to literature, which they are observing in such keenly felt detail. Traits of the outer world which are yet subtly to influence life appear in the verse which scarcely hints of the expression of social conditions; as in Mrs. Cooke's poems, and Dr. Holmes's, the external world is lost in the interest of associations, of experiences.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of July.—The following bills were passed by Congress during the month: Naval Appropriation and Sundry Civil Appropriation, House, June 22d; Public Land, House, June 27th; River and Harbor Appropriation (amended), Senate, July 2d; Census, House, July 11th.

The President approved the Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill July 12th.

The decrease in the public debt during June amounted to $14,429,502 44.

The Republican National Convention assembled in Chicago June 19th, and June 25th, on the eighth ballot, nominated Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, for President, and on the first ballot Levi P. Morton, of New York, for Vice-President of the United States. The final ballot for President resulted as follows: Benjamin Harrison, 544; John Sherman, 118; Russell A. Alger, 100; Walter Q. Gresham, 59; William McKinley, Jun., 4; James G. Blaine, 5.

The official figures of the election in Oregon, June 4th, give a Republican plurality of 7408 in a total vote of 60,206.

George V. N. Lothrop has resigned his post as United States Minister to Russia.

The late Emperor Frederick III. of Germany was buried in the Friedenskirche at Potsdam June 18th.

The appointment of Herr Herrfurth as Vice-President of the Prussian Ministerial Council and Prussian Minister of the Interior, to succeed Herr Von Puttkamer, was officially published July 3d.

After a stormy debate a motion by General Boulanger for the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies was rejected by that body July 12. A vote of censure was passed upon General Boulanger after he had resigned his seat and left the Chamber.—A duel with swords between General Boulanger and Premier Floquet followed, July 13th, at Neuilly-sur-Seine, near Paris.

A Papal Encyclical, under date of June 24th, reiterates the former decree against boycotting and the plan of campaign in Ireland.

The electors chosen, June 25th, formally elected, July 9th, General Porfirio Diaz, to succeed himself as President of Mexico.

Dr. Juan Pablo Rojas Paul has taken possession of the Presidency of Venezuela.

DISASTERS.

June 18th.—Several thousand persons were killed by the overflowing of the Leon River, Mexico. The greatest loss of life and property occurred in the towns of Leon and Silao.

June 20th.—Detailed accounts of the gales on the coast of Iceland in May show that four hundred French fishermen were drowned.

July 11th.—Two hundred and twenty-four persons were killed in a fire in the Debeers mine at Kimberley, Griqualand West, South Africa.

July 12th.—A south-bound express train on the Virginia Midland Railroad fell through a trestle near Orange Court House, Virginia. Ten persons were killed.

OBITUARY.

June 14th.—At Deer Island, in the Merrimac, near Newburyport, Massachusetts, Miss Mary N. Prescott, aged forty-eight years.

June 19th.—In Paris, M. Charlemagne Émile de Maupas, the French statesman, in the seventieth year of his age.

June 20th.—The Rev. George Trevor, canon of York, England, aged seventy-nine years.—In London, Dr. J. H. Zukertort, the chess-player, aged forty-five years.

June 24th.—In Peacedale, Rhode Island, Rowland Gibson Hazard, in the eighty-seventh year of his age.

June 25th.—At Staten Island, New York, Sydney Howard Gay, aged seventy-four years.

June 28th.—In Tarasp, Switzerland, James Jackson Jarves, the art critic and collector, in the sixty-eighth year of his age.

June 29th.—In San Francisco, General Washington L. Elliott, aged sixty-seven years.—At Long Island, New York, Francis Henry Temple Bellew, the artist, aged sixty-one years.

July 11th.—In London, Rev. George Robert Gleig, formerly Chaplain-General to the British forces, aged ninety-two years.—In Brooklyn, General Jesse C. Smith, in the eightieth year of his age.

July 12th.—At Contentment Island, Darien, Connecticut, Vincent Colyer, the artist, aged sixty-three years.—In Rochester, New York, Hiram Sibley, aged eighty-one years.

July 15th.—News received of the death of Sir Johannes Henricus Brand, President of the Orange Free State, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.



IT is fortunate that a passion for display is implanted in human nature; and if we owe a debt of gratitude to anybody, it is to those who make the display for us. It would be such a dull, colorless world without it! We try in vain to imagine a city without brass bands, and military marchings, and processions of societies in regalia, and banners, and resplendent uniforms, and gayly caparisoned horses, and men clad in red and yellow and blue and gray and gold and silver and feathers, moving in beautiful lines, proudly wheeling with step elate upon some responsive human being as axis, deploying, opening and closing ranks in exquisite precision to the strains of martial music, to the thump of the drum and the scream of the fife, going away down the street with nodding plumes, heads erect, the very port of heroism. There is scarcely anything in the world so inspiring as that. And the self-sacrifice of it! What will not men do and endure to gratify their fellows! And in the heat of summer, too, when most we need something to cheer us! The Drawer saw, with feelings that cannot be explained, a noble company of men, the pride of their city, all large men, all fat men, all dressed alike, but each one as beautiful as anything that can be seen on the stage, perspiring through the gala streets of another distant city, the admiration of crowds of huzzaing men and women and boys, following another company as resplendent as itself, every man bearing himself like a hero, despising the heat and the dust, conscious only of doing his duty. We make a great mistake if we suppose it is a feeling of ferocity that sets these men tramping about in gorgeous uniform, in mud or dust, in rain or under a broiling sun. They have no desire to kill anybody. Out of these resplendent clothes they are much like other people; only they have a nobler spirit, that which leads them to endure hardships for the sake of pleasing others. They differ in degree, though not in kind, from those orders, for keeping secrets, or for encouraging a distaste for strong drink, which also wear bright and attractive regalia, and go about in processions, with banners and music, and a pomp that cannot be distinguished at a distance from real war. It is very fortunate that men do like to march about in ranks and lines, even without any distinguishing apparel. The Drawer has seen hundreds of citizens in a body, going about the country on an excursion, parading through town after town, with no other distinction of dress than a uniform high white hat, who carried joy and delight wherever they went. The good of this display cannot be reckoned in figures. Even a funeral is comparatively dull without the military band and the four-and-four processions, and the cities where these resplendent cortéges of woe are of daily occurrence are cheerful cities. The brass band itself, when we consider it philosophically, is one of the most striking things in our civilization. We admire its commonly splendid clothes, its drums and cymbals and braying brass, but it is the impartial spirit with which it lends itself to our varying wants that distinguishes it. It will not do to say that it has no principles, for nobody has so many, or is so impartial in exercising them. It is equally ready to play at a festival or a funeral, a picnic or an encampment, for the sons of war or the sons of temperance, and it is equally willing to express the feeling of a Democratic meeting or a Republican gathering, and impartially blows out "Dixie" or "Marching through Georgia," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or "My Country, 'tis of Thee." It is equally piercing and exciting for St. Patrick or the Fourth of July.

There are cynics who think it strange that men are willing to dress up in fantastic uniform and regalia and march about in sun and rain to make a holiday for their countrymen, but the cynics are ungrateful, and fail to credit human nature with its trait of self-sacrifice, and they do not at all comprehend our civilization. It was doubted at one time whether the freedman and the colored man generally in the republic was capable of the higher civilization. This doubt has all been removed. No other race takes more kindly to martial and civic display than it. No one has a greater passion for societies and uniforms and regalias and banners, and the pomp of marchings and processions, and peaceful war. The negro naturally inclines to the picturesque, to the flamboyant, to vivid colors and the trappings of office that give a man distinction. He delights in the drum and the trumpet, and so willing is he to add to what is spectacular and pleasing in life that he would spend half his time in parading. His capacity for a holiday is practically unlimited. He has not yet the means to indulge his taste, and perhaps his taste is not yet equal to his means, but

there is no question of his adaptability to the sort of display which is so pleasing to the greater part of the human race, and which contributes so much to the brightness and cheerfulness of this world. We cannot all have decorations, and cannot all wear uniforms, or even regalia, and some of us have little time for going about in military or civic processions, but we all like to have our streets put on a holiday appearance; and we cannot express in words our gratitude to those who so cheerfully spend their time and money in glittering apparel and in parades for our entertainment.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CAP AND BELLS.

Too oft in merry moments I had written mocking rhymes,
And, strange to say, the editors had printed them at times.
The rhymes, whose worst ambition was a moment to beguile,
The kindly reader greeted with a calm, indulgent smile.

Then, wearied with such jesting, I aspired to higher things;
I started up Parnassus' steep, but found the journey hard,
And dining at the Half-way House must suit full many a bard.
I searched my inmost being's depths, its sacred hidden springs,
And with my heart's blood in the words I spake with prophet voice,
Swept back the Future's misty veil, and cried, "O World, rejoice!"
I touched on Darwin's mighty truths—the glorious race to be—
And wrapped the whole in mazy waves of echoing melody.

My song appeared. Up, up I soared on white, aspiring wings.
Alackaday! the cap, the bell, about the jester clings;
The haunting halo round the brow a doubtful glory flings.
Deep in my writhing heart was plunged a sudden, venomed fang:
Ah me! a shout of laughter from the guileless reader rang!

CHARLOTTE W. THURSTON.

A RIDICULOUS TEACHING.

A SOMEWHAT unpolished mother of a very charming daughter was recently heard to say: "I don't intend lettin' Emily go back to Madam Waring's school. They don't teach 'em right. Now I don't know so very much myself, but I never would tell my child that IX spells nine. It's absolutely ridiculous."

ON learning of the engagement of a Miss Bliss to a Mr. Harris, a friend of the young lady sent her the following lines:

'Tis strange in such a world as this,
But so-so at the fairest,
That one should leave a state of bliss
To be forever harassed.

FROM QUAINT NANTUCKET.

APROPOS of Nantucket, one hears some rather odd sayings and of some quaint happenings there.

"You see, we are somewhat out of the way," said one of the islanders; "so tramps seldom trouble us, and it is only when our summer visitors come that we think of locking our doors at night."

Last fall a man was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat, and said, "Good-morning, judge."

The judge looked at him a moment, passed on a short distance, then turned to glance backward, with the question, "Why, sheriff, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, hesitatingly—"yes, that's the man; but you—you see, judge, we—we haven't any one in jail now, and we thought it a useless expense to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man; so I gave him the jail key, and told him that if he'd sleep there nights it would be all right."

R. A. MARR.

WHAT an ardent prayer was that of the colored brother who besought the Lord to *an'int* his congregation with the "ile" of Patmos!

THE RETORT CONSIDERATE.

QUITE a prominent member of the Society of Friends had by various matrimonial ventures accumulated a number of names originally belonging to her deceased husbands. As it was difficult for many of the members of the society to repeat her name in proper chronological order without the omission of one or more of its factors, she was known in a cumulative way as Alphabet Smith, Directory Smith, and Cemetery Smith.

Not long after she had lost her third husband and placed him beside his predecessors, the much-widowed woman determined to marry again, and nominated the candidate for the fourth place in her affections. Invitations to the wedding were sent to her numerous children. In due course of time one of them was returned to her with this endorsement upon it:

DEAR MOTHER,—I regret that I cannot be with thee on the occasion of thy approaching wedding, but I will endeavor to be present at the next. Affectionately thy son,

GOODBOY SMITH.

UNDENIABLY TRUE.

"MY objection to babies," said an old bachelor, "is that they are so insufferably childish."



WHERE IGNORANCE IS NOT BLISS.

EMILY. "Oh, Arthur, how cruel! See that poor worm wriggle!"
ARTHUR. "That's all right. I cut him in two first, so he's perfectly dead, only he hasn't discovered it."

ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE.

In ancient Mexico
There dwelt, some time ago,
A person whom I know,
Called in this way:
"Señor Don Rodrigo
José del Armijo
Hermanos Tobago,"
Likewise "el Rey."
When we got through with it,
If fools or wise of wit,
Not one in ten could hit
What it all meant.
Not one in twenty could
Pronounce it as he should.
If one had time, he would
Think it misspent.
So when we spoke this man,
This titled Mexican,
We all pursued this plan,
Thinking it meet:
Dropped every el and del,
José and Don as well,
All names we couldn't spell,
Just called him "Pete."
He, with his wealth of name,
Took this one, just the same,
And thus his card became
After that date:
"Señor Don Rodrigo
José del Armijo
Hermanos Tobago
El Rey y Pete."

W. C. EDGAR.

THE EXACT TIME.

On the occasion of a wedding in Virginia, not long ago, the hospitality of the family mansion was taxed to the utmost, and one of the guests had to be accommodated with a hastily erected bed in his host's room. Early in the morning, Jim, an irrepressible retainer of the family, came in to light the fire, and his master asked him the time. He didn't know.

"Well, you idiot, can't you look at the clock?"

Jim studied it anxiously for a few minutes, and then ventured: "I can't jes zackly make out whut time 'tis, Mis' Smiff; but one hand's p'intin' todes you, en one hand's p'intin' todes Marse Sammy. I reckon *you know* what time dat is."

REVISED ANECDOTES.

LAMB AND THE RUDE AMERICAN.

CHARLES LAMB was once introduced to a rude American, who greeted him with the remark, "I should have known you were Charles Lamb by your stutter."

"N-n-n-no, s-s-sir," said Lamb; "y-y-y-you a-are m-m-mist-t-t-taken. I-it i-is m-m-my b-b-rother G-g-g-g-George wh-wh-who s-s-s-siss-st-tut-tut-tutters, n-n-n-ot I."

NERO'S KEEN SORROW.

Rome was burning. The destroying element was gradually eating up the business portion of the Eternal City, and the Emperor consoled himself by playing his violin. On the evening of the third day of the fire, the imperial *musicale* was interrupted by the freedman Milichus, who rushed into the Emperor's presence with the news that the Tigelline Block had been attacked, and that all the stores therein were going up in smoke.

"What!" cried the Emperor, stopping in the middle of a bar—a thing he had never been known to do before—"the Tigelline Block gone up? Oh dear! oh dear! This will never do. Why, they kept the best E strings in the Roman Empire at No. 6 Tigelline Block. Hie thee, dear Milichus, to the Tigelline, and seek through the ruins, and if by morn thou bringest me word that the E string stock is saved, I will make thee Commissioner of Lictors e'er the sun doth set."

And the strong man sat down upon his Savonarola chair* and wept bitter tears.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND LIBERAL EDUCATION.

Some friend of Cæsar's—Brutus perhaps—once asked the great Roman whether he deemed a liberal education necessary to success in life.

"I do," said Cæsar. "I attribute my success to the thorough grounding I received in the dead languages at school. Indeed I could not have attained my present eminence in Roman affairs without Latin."

GEORGE WASHINGTON AND THE MENDACIOUS MENDICANT.

General Washington, while visiting New York in the fall of 1796, was accosted one day on Broadway by a fifteen-year-old beggar, who asked the General for aid, saying that he was an orphan, with a paralytic father and a dying mother to support.

"Sir," said Washington, fixing his eye sternly upon the beggar, "you may have judged from your reading in the newspapers that I cannot tell a lie. Sometimes the papers mistake. I can tell a lie when I hear it, especially one so transparent as this. Had you claimed to be so blind that you could not see where your supper was to come from, I might have been persuaded to give you a nickel. As it is, the boy who would deceive the Father of his Country is unworthy of my alms. I wish you good-evening."

The beggar was so affected by Washington's noble words that he immediately joined the army, and soon became one of the best spies in the service.

MODEST NOLL AND DR. JOHNSON.

AFTER Goldsmith had written the *Vicar of Wakefield* he rose considerably in the estimation of blunt old Dr. Johnson, who extolled the book to the skies. Goldsmith's natural modesty made the enthusiastic praise of his work exceedingly painful to him, and he invariably did his best in self-depreciation when his friend began sounding his praises.

Upon one occasion Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith were lunching together in a Fleet Street chop-house, when an acquaintance of Johnson's entered, and approaching the group, grasped the Doctor's hand, and asked him how he did.

"Sir," said the Doctor, with his accustomed courtesy, "I don't." Then turning toward Goldsmith, who was trying to hide behind a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, he roared out: "Mr. Robinson, permit me to introduce my friend Goldsmith. Goldsmith is the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, you know."

"Indeed!" cried Robinson, with a pleased smile. "Are you the author of that delightful work?"

"N-no, sir, p-please, sir," replied Goldsmith, overcome with shame.

The effect of this reply upon Dr. Johnson may be better imagined than described.

CALIGULA'S GRATITUDE AND MERCY.

QUINTUS CURTIUS FLACCUS having had the misfortune in the heat of a political campaign to offend the Emperor, Caligula ordered him to be thrown into a caldron of boiling lead. A few days before the execution was to take place, Flaccus sent a lictor to the Emperor with a note, in which he asked the Emperor if he remembered the fact that as a boy Flaccus had saved his life at the imminent risk of his own, by eating a poisoned tart intended for the imperial lunch, and beseeching the Emperor, if he did remember the episode, to mitigate the severity of his punishment. Caligula was deeply moved as the remembrance of Flaccus's heroic self-sacrifice flashed across his mind, and he immediately issued a decree providing that "in view of services rendered, the sentence of Quintus Curtius Flaccus, to wit, that he be boiled in lead, be and is hereby commuted, and that in lieu of said boiling in lead the said Quintus Curtius Flaccus shall be flayed alive and thrown into the sea." Rome was so astonished at the unexpected clemency of the Emperor that her historians forgot to record this one bright page in the annals of the Caligulan sway.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

* Among other luxuries, Nero developed a great fondness for anachronisms, which accounts for the presence of the Savonarola chair in the imperial apartments.

THE PRINCE'S VISITING CARDS.

"Now, Meesha" (Mike), "here's a list of the houses at which you are to call, and you must be sure to leave one of my cards at each of them. You'll find the cards on my study table. Do you hear?" So spoke Prince G——, one of the leaders of society in Moscow, to the liveried servant who bowed before him as he stepped into his carriage.

It was New-Year's Day, a time when, in Russia, as in France, every one visits his friends, and the salutation of "S' novym godom s' novym stchastiem" (With the new year, new happiness) is heard on every side; so the Prince was setting out to call in person upon a few of his chosen friends, while sending his footman to leave cards upon the fifty or sixty less intimate acquaintances whom he possessed in the fashionable quarter of the town.

"I hear, your Brightness," said the lackey, bowing again, and his master drove away.

Two hours later a dashing young officer of the Imperial Guard reined up his horse beside Prince G——'s carriage as it passed him, and said, in a voice tremulous with laughter: "Oh, Yakov Andreievitch" (James, son of Andrew), "that was a splendid idea of yours! It 'll be all over the town to-morrow, I'm sure. I haven't had such a laugh since I don't know when." And off he went, laughing unrestrainedly.

G—— looked after him in blank bewilderment; but he was still more perplexed about half an hour later, when a stout, bald, red-faced man, in the rich uniform of a government official, came and said, sternly:

"Yakov Andreievitch, I don't know what I have done that you should insult me in this unwarrantable way. You shall hear from me to-morrow." And he passed on, foaming with rage.

"Are they all mad?" muttered the amazed Prince. "What on earth can I have done?"

But the explanation came only too soon. Just as he reached his own door again, up came the footman whom he had sent round with his visiting cards, and said, with a respectful bow, "I've left all the cards, your Brightness, except the ace of spades and the queen of diamonds."

Then the poor Prince understood it all. This model servant of his had left *playing-cards* upon his friends by mistake. DAVID KER.

PERHAPS there is too much progressive euchre about. At any rate a small boy in a New England household who has learned to read enough to join in the morning exercises, but sometimes bolts a large word, astonished the family one morning when he came to the passage in the Psalms, "Let not my enemies triumph over me," with this rendering, "Let not my enemies trump over me."



A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

VAN DUZEN (*making his first tour of a farm*). "It is simply preposterous! The ideah of calling country milk healthy after working the poor cows all day long in the hot sun!"

THE AWFUL COURT.

THE late Captain James M. Armstrong, of Texas, as honest and patriotic a man as ever lived in any age or country, emigrated from Kentucky to Texas immediately after the Republic had been organized. Soon after his arrival at Nacogdoches, he found out that the refugees from "the States," who were then quite numerous, were in the habit of holding from time to time what they called "The Awful Court." Every new-comer was arrested, was brought before the "court," which sat with an imposing array of officers and spectators in a secluded room, was arraigned, and asked, "What made you come to Texas?" If in his reply he did not admit that he came as a refugee, the judge would order him to be whipped until he confessed, and when he had confessed, he was sentenced to treat the crowd. No new-comer was permitted to claim that he was innocent, or came of his own free-will. If the person arrested, however, answered promptly, stating some crime that he had committed before leaving "the States," and giving time, place, and circumstances, he was at once discharged without costs.

"The Awful Court" was generally presided over by a gentleman who was known to have robbed a gold-mining company, which was the immediate cause of his leaving Georgia. One day in conversation he observed to young Armstrong, "Young man, we will shortly have you up before our Awful Court."

Armstrong, with an air of surprise and diffidence, said he hoped not, and passed on.

On the night of that very day he was arrested, and led through devious ways to where The Awful Court was sitting. Although late, the dimly lighted court-room was thronged. In a few moments the presiding judge ordered him to stand up, and asked him the following question: "Young man, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong replied, hesitatingly, with an air of embarrassment, "It was such a mean little thing that I don't want to tell about it."

The question was calmly put a second time, and received the same answer.

Thereupon the judge sternly remarked, "I now ask you for the third and last time, what made you come to Texas?"

Armstrong responded, with apparent confusion: "If I must tell, I must. I stole a sheep."

"Stole a sheep!" exclaimed the presiding judge, in real astonishment. "Stole a sheep! Men, did you ever hear the like? Young man, what made you steal a sheep?"

Armstrong dryly replied, "Because they who came to Texas ahead of me left nothing else in the criminal line to do."

"The prisoner's discharged, and the court adjourned," said the judge. "Men, it's my treat."

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A FORMER Governor of a large city in Japan, after spending an evening at a friend's table with several companions, was unable to find his carriage, and determined to walk home. Losing his way, however, in the narrow, winding streets, he applied to a policeman to direct his erring footsteps. To his surprise the solemn functionary could not solve his perplexity. He was not acquainted, he said, with the location asked for. A happy expedient suggested itself to the inquirer.

"Be good enough to direct me to the residence of the Governor of the city," said the Governor.

"I don't know where that is either," responded the policeman.

"What! not know where the Governor lives? I shall report you to-morrow. I am the Governor."

"Well," was the caustic rejoinder, "how do you expect me to know where you live if you don't know where you live yourself?"



NOT SO FAVORABLE.

DEACON WILLIAMS. "Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?"

BROTHER JONES. "De jedge done give 'im two munfs in de jayul."

DEACON WILLIAMS. "'Pears ter me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did."

BROTHER JONES. "'Twarn't s' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a-gwinter hang 'im when de two munfs is up."



"EARLY ONE MORNING."
From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.—[See Old English Songs.]

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LIMOGES AND ITS INDUSTRIES.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

LIMOGES is of interest as being the centre of the French porcelain manufacture, as the former seat of the mediæval goldsmith's art, as the place where the art of enamel was carried to the highest degree of perfection after the Renaissance, and finally because, having been only sparingly modified by modern improvements, it has retained in a great measure the physiognomy of a mediæval town. Broad streets, straight boulevards, and handsome modern buildings are not unknown at Limoges, but the greater part of the town is composed of narrow and tortuous alleys, winding in and out around the Cathedral of St.-Étienne and the Church of Saint-Michel des Lions, which crown the two hills on which Limoges is built. These hills form a sort of amphitheatre commanding a view of the immense valley of the river Vienne.

In the old streets, such as the Portail Saint-Imbert, or the Rue des Petits Carmes, we can figure to ourselves how the people lived four or five hundred years ago. The quaint old houses have not changed. They line the narrow streets just as they did of old, with their red crinkled-tiled roofs projecting over the roadway, their gables at all possible angles, their timbers forming net-work over the walls, and their Gothic or Roman doors studded with big nails, like the doors of a prison. Generally the ground-floor alone is built of stone, and a niche is reserved on the outer wall for an image of the Virgin or of some saint. Opening on the street was the shop and the workshop, and at the back the kitchen, which was also the reception and sitting room at Limoges, even in well-to-do houses, up to the beginning of the present century. The furniture of the kitchen was composed of a table, some stools, a dresser with its charge of pewter plates, and a few pieces of faience. The big open fireplace was adorned with andirons, and crossed by spits geared to a primitive mechanism worked by some domestic animal, generally a dog, sometimes a goose or a turkey. One has only to peep into the gloomy and smoky interiors in these old streets to see that the domestic arrangements have undergone but little change. Nor in so doing will you appear indiscreet or prying, for the doors are wide open, and the women and children are sitting in the gutter, in company with chickens and queer brindled dogs, who bask in the sun undisturbed by vehicles, which can scarcely venture into these steep and narrow alleys.

The porcelain industry at Limoges is of comparatively recent origin. The discovery of porcelain clay—kaolin and feldspath—at Saint-Vrieix, near Limoges, dates from 1765, and the first hard porcelain manufactory was established in 1773, by MM. Grellet, Massier, and Fourneyrat. But it was not until about 1830 that the industry became really important, and it is within the last twenty years only that the production of Limoges has achieved perfection in the manufacturing processes and at the same time acquired an artistic stamp in form and decoration. It is interesting to notice that these results are largely due to American enterprise. In 1839 a lady came to the store of Messrs. Daniel and David Haviland, in New York city, and asked them if they could match a porcelain cup which she showed them. The cup was of French manufacture; it was the first that the Havilands had seen, and the paste seemed so far superior to that of the English china and faience which they were in the habit of selling that they conceived the idea of intro-

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ducing similar goods into the American market, believing that the speculation would be profitable. Full of this idea, Mr. David Haviland came to France with the cup, and began to inquire where such ware was made. His researches led him to Vierzon, and thence to Limoges. His desire was to obtain English shapes and English patterns executed in French porcelain. The matter seemed simple enough; the only obstacle Mr. Haviland had to contend against was routine and usage. When he asked the Limoges manufacturers for English shapes, they replied, "We do not make them; we have not the moulds."

"Very good," replied Mr. Haviland; "I will give you the moulds;" and he proceeded to make his moulds. Then, having his articles in white, he wished to have them decorated in the English style, to suit the taste of his buyers.

"We cannot execute that kind of decoration," replied the manufacturers.

"Very good," replied the indomitable American; "I will train some decorators for you." And he proceeded to hire professors and to teach a hundred apprentices to paint natural flowers in the English manner. The end of it was that French routine and want of enterprise forced Mr. Haviland to establish gradually a complete porcelain manufactory, which since its foundation in 1856 has grown to be the largest and most excellently organized of all the manufactories in the Limousin district. At present the Haviland works at Limoges have nine kilns, cubing each from eighty to one hundred and twenty metres; they employ, when in full activity, 1200 hands, and manufacture 6000 plates a day, to mention only one typical article.* Furthermore, the Havilands have revolutionized the porcelain industry by taking prompt advantage of all the discoveries of modern science, by perfecting the baking kilns, by the introduction of lithography and engraving in decoration, and generally by substituting in the making of current articles mechanical processes for hand labor—a fact which has enabled them to diminish the difference in price between porcelain and fine faience so that now eighty porcelain plates cost no more than one hundred faience plates.

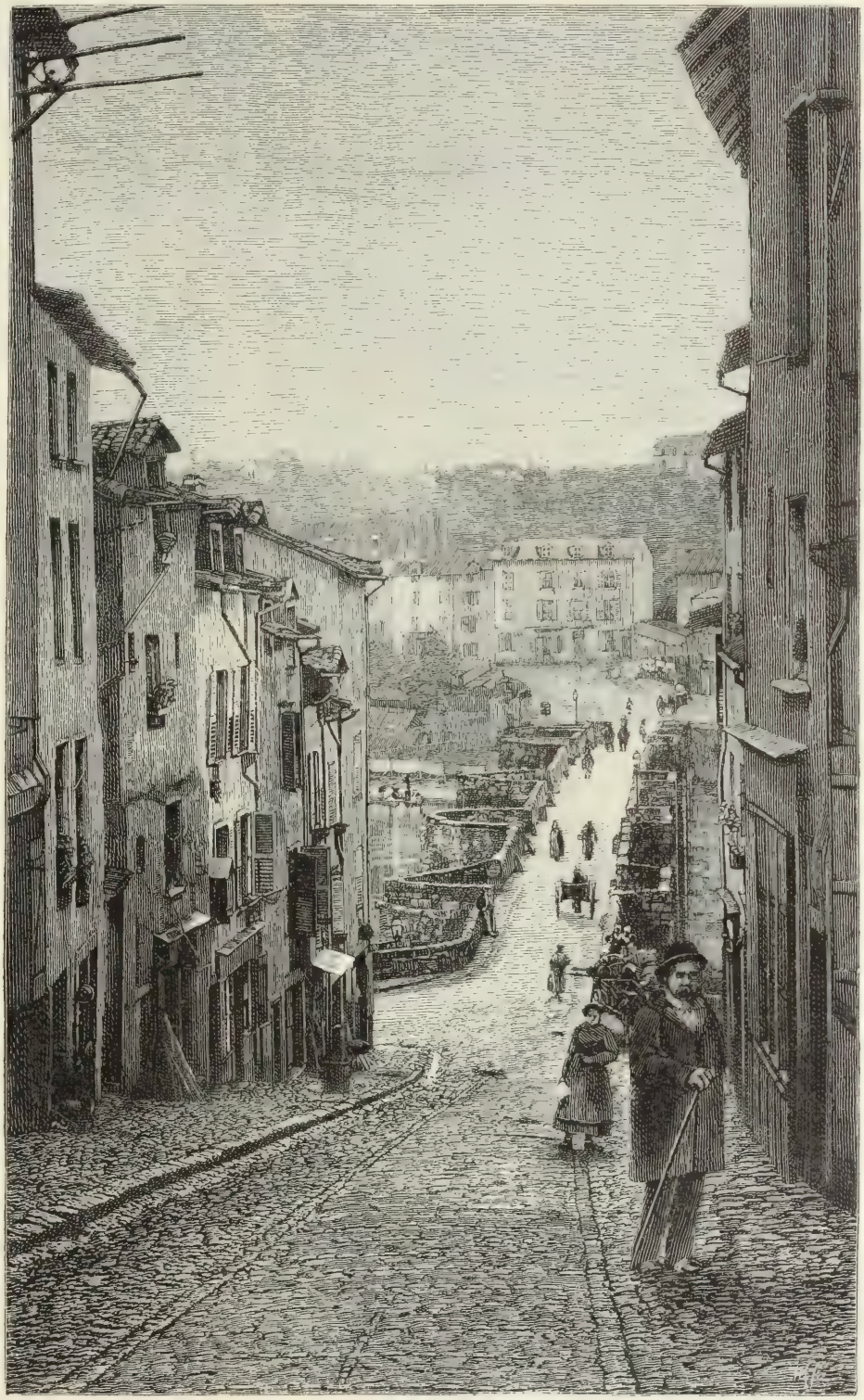
The principal stages of the manufacture of pottery have been so often described that it would be useless to go over the ground again. The general reader may be supposed to be familiar with the outlines of the subject, and it is not in these pages that specialists will seek details and recipes which come within the province of special works.* For some time past the preparation of the clay for pottery has been executed by machinery; the grinding, mixing, kneading, filtering, and desiccation of the paste are executed by a series of apparatus which requires very little attention, and therefore renders the production of the raw material of porcelain very cheap. The problem that has been presented to manufacturers of late has been the extension of steam-power to the fashioning of this raw material. In order to be able to contend against the cheap labor of Germany and against the makers of fine faience, the French manufacturers felt that mechanical production was absolutely necessary. Their aim was to be able to produce porcelain economically, rapidly, and by means which could be readily increased or diminished according to the situation of the market. On the other hand, it seemed impossible to replace by a mechanical operation the skilful fingers of the potter, his constant intelligent attention, and his sure and prompt eye. However, modern engineers are loath to admit anything to be impossible, and, thanks to the enterprise of Messrs. Haviland, M. Faure, of Limoges, has been enabled to carry out a series of experiments which have resulted in the construction of machines for fashioning porcelain clay so simple and so ingenious that we may safely say that henceforward the primitive potter's wheel may be relegated to the museum of antiquities.

Vases, bowls, all open hollow vessels, cups, saucers, plates, and dishes are now made by machines. To describe these machines thoroughly would need many diagrams and an abundant use of technical terms. I will confine myself to a

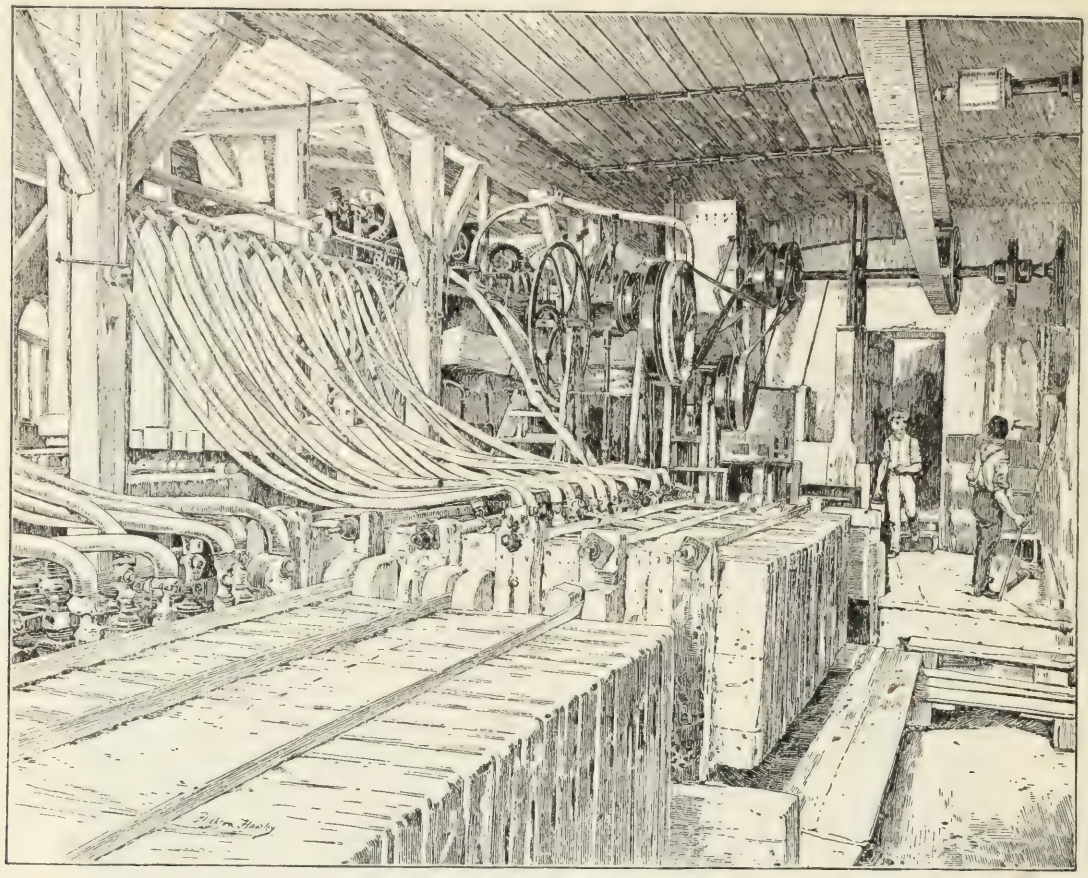
* Haviland and Company produce about ten per cent. of the whole of the porcelain now made at Limoges. In 1886 there were in the town and district 35 porcelain manufactories, possessing 86 kilns, and giving employment to some 5000 persons; 62 decorating establishments, employing 2000 hands; and 30 mills for grinding and preparing the clay.

* I refer those interested in the technology and scientific and practical details of the modern French manufacture to M. Dubreuil's volume on porcelain, forming the fifth volume of Frémy's *Encyclopédie Chimique*. Paris. Dunod. 1885.

brief indication of the mechanical operations by which plates are made on the Faure vertical moulding lathes. The prepared clay is handed to the workman in balls proportionate to the mass of the piece to be made. The operator has before him three machines forming the series. First of all he places the ball of clay on the head or mandrel of a vertical lathe, on which a cam descends gradually, while the head revolves until the ball is flattened into a circular *croûte* or cake of the necessary thickness, at which point the cam ascends automatically, and remains stationary until the operator sets it to work on a new ball of clay. This



RUE DES PETITS CARMES.



FILTER PRESS FOR PORCELAIN CLAY.

croûte is transferred to the second machine, and centred on a disk, which descends and deposits it on a mould of the form of the inside of the plate, fixed on a revolving head, the axis of the centring disk and the axis of the mould and lathe head being identical. With a sponge the operator presses the *croûte* over the mould, guiding the sponge from the centre toward the edges. The surplus clay having been removed, the mould, with the adhering *croûte*, is transferred to a third lathe head, over which is fixed a *calibre*, or cutting tool of special shape. This *calibre* descends into contact with the revolving *croûte*, and in a few turns forms the under side of the plate, the rim, and the beadings, if there are any, of the thickness desired. The thinning and fettling of the edge of the rim are done on a fourth lathe, which has no special interest. The three operations of making the *croûte*, centring, and *calibrage* are performed by one workman, the movement of the machines being automatic, and in a working-day of ten hours one man can mould six hundred plates, all perfectly regular, identical in form and size, and cheaper and better than the old-fashioned hand-made pieces. The suppression of water in the fashioning assures less shrinkage, and consequently less wear of the moulds, and a great economy for the manufacturer. In the baking of machine-made plates the results are excellent, and the waste and inferior pieces almost a negligible quantity.

M. Faure has also invented a machine for making regular and irregular oval dishes, that is to say, dishes of which the rim has or has not the same inclination and an identical profile all round. The *croûte* is produced, centred, and deposited on the mould in the same way as in the making of round plates, and the oval form is then determined by an eccentric movement of the table on which the mould is placed, the movements of translation and of rotation combining into a closed elliptical curve. In making regular oval dishes the *calibre* or fashioning tool descends regularly upon the clay *croûte*. In the machine for making irregular oval rims, the *croûte*, centred on the disk, whose axis corresponds exactly with the axis of the mould, is let down vertically on to the mould, and fashioned with the sponge. The *calibres*, in two parts, are then brought into position, and while one *calibre*, moving independently

and evenly, fashions the bottom of the dish, the other *calibre* is articulated with and follows the movements of the elliptical table on which the mould rests, and of which the profile corresponds with the inclinations and undulations of the rim of the dish.

For the reason already stated we shall not need to visit in detail the various departments of the Haviland manufactory, or to describe the delicate operations of moulding, casting egg-shell cups, printing, lithographing, gilding, firing in the big kilns, firing in the muffle furnaces. Our illustrations will give an idea of a few of the characteristic scenes. Here is the huge filter press, with its forest of serpentine pipes, through which the liquid paste, or *barbotine*, is forced by steam-pumps into narrow compartments braced together by screws. In these compartments it is filtered through calico cloths, and the water pressed out. When the filtering is finished the press is unscrewed, and the clay is taken out in oblong cakes, which have to be still further compacted and kneaded before they pass into the potter's hands. Here we see a moulder in the act of cutting up the layer of paste, with which he will make a very complicate piece—a basket from which an angry duck protrudes his head, and frightens away a too venturesome little boy. To make this piece the moulder must be somewhat of a sculptor too, in order to fit together the many fragments of which the object is made. On the table and on the shelves stand the model and the different parts of the mould, which keys together into a heavy and curiously shaped mass of plaster of Paris. Here, in a sunny atelier, women, old and young, wearing the characteristic Limousin head-dress, the *barbichet*, are burnishing gilt ornaments on finished pieces, and gossiping in the strange dialect of the country. The burnishers are, of all the porcelain workers, those who have remained most recalcitrant to progress; they work, dress, and talk just as they did a century ago. Yet another characteristic scene of the Li-



GOLD-BURNISHING.—HAVILAND MANUFACTORY.

moges porcelain industry and of the Limousin country in general is the team of oxen. Harnessed simply by a band across the forehead, these patient animals draw enormous loads of kaolin, and in fact, as we have seen, are almost the only beasts of draught used in the whole district.

The source of the artistic success of the Havilands is to be sought in the thorough comprehension of the nature and qualities of porcelain, and in the rational study of decoration. Instead of remaining, as most of the French makers so long remained, in the routine consecrated by the high example of Sèvres, the Havilands went back to the fountain-head of ceramic art, and studied the products of China, Japan, and Persia, where they found a treasure of typical forms and a theory of perfect decoration. Furthermore, they conceived so high an opinion of the beauty of porcelain that they ventured to call in the aid of artists to decorate their products, and men like Bracquemond, Delaplanche, Dammouse, Aubé, and Dalon were invited to exercise their fancy in all the materials which the ceramist has at his disposal. The idea seems simple and obvious enough, and yet we have only to reflect a moment to see that it is by no means commonplace. Let us visit together a ceramic museum. The Musée Adrien Dubouché at Limoges is the most complete perhaps in the world from the point of view of a historical museum of pottery. The seven thousand pieces which it contains will enable us to form an idea of the history of pottery from the earliest times down to the present day. We will take European pottery first of all, and consider it from two points of view, material and decorative. All these objects that we see are clays baked at a more or less intense heat, and for the most part covered with a surface glaze, enamel or *couverte.* In some the paste has remained porous after the baking; in others the paste has become compact and impervious to liquids, and even to the scratch of a steel point. Terra-cotta, faience, majolica, grès, hard porcelain, soft porcelain, artificial porcelain—the names and classes are manifold and the component matters various; but the phenomenon of which we see the results in these ceramic products is throughout the same, namely, vitrification. The ceramic art is an art of vitrification. All clays and marls acquire by firing a degree of vitrification proportionate to the heat which is applied to them, and this application of heat depends upon the materials which are used and upon the product which it is wished to obtain. The more complete the vitrification, the more precious is the aspect of the object. Take, for instance, a piece of glass, a piece of rock-crystal, and a diamond; place them side by side, and compare the three objects and the sensations which they produce on the eye. The diamond will evidently give the greatest pleasure. Why? Because it reflects more luminous rays than rock-crystal or glass, and the eye being organized to enjoy light, receives from the diamond a greater sensation of pleasure. But why does the diamond reflect more luminous rays than the other two objects? Because the diamond is more compact, more dense, more homogeneous, and it is more homogeneous because it has been transmuted at a higher temperature. Now if we substitute for these translucid objects ceramic objects, we shall find that the sensation of pleasure conveyed by them to the eye varies according as the vitrification of the piece is more or less complete; or, in other words, the higher the temperature at which the piece has been transmuted, the more analogous will its aspect be to that of a precious stone. We may base our material classification of ceramics on this scientific fact, and assign them a grade accordingly, and this classification we shall find justified by the instinctive and traditional preferences of connoisseurs, who can imagine nothing finer than that old Chinese translucid porcelain which may be compared to jade; than that blue porcelain which a Chinese poet has described as "blue like the sky, thin as paper, brilliant as a mirror"; or than that white porcelain of which another Chinese poet celebrates the "plaintive sonority," and the "whiteness surpassing the whiteness of snow."

It is to this Chinese porcelain that all the Eastern and European ceramic arts are due. Invented apparently in the second century before our era, Chinese porcelain found its way westward through Persian and Arabian merchants, whose compatriots tried to imitate it, and so discovered the stanniferous faience of the East. Chinese porcelain appears to have penetrated to Europe certainly as early as the tenth century, and Marco Polo, the first

European who visited China, where he lived twenty-six years, published in his book at the end of the thirteenth century a note on the nature and even on the processes of the manufacture of porcelain. "The Chinese," he says, "extract, as it were, from a sort of mine a peculiar kind of clay, which they collect in heaps and leave exposed to sun, rain, and wind during thirty or forty years without stirring it. By this long keeping the clay becomes refined and fit to be fashioned into all kinds of vessels. Afterward it is painted with divers colors and baked in a furnace. Thus those who collect the clay bequeath it to their children and grandchildren." By some accident Marco Polo's relatively exact statement as to the nature of porcelain fell into oblivion, and until the eighteenth century, when kaolin and feldspath—its two constituent natural elements—were discovered, the wildest theories were current as to its composition. Giving credit to these strange recipes, those who tried to make porcelain in Europe were led to employ elements absolutely foreign to translucid pottery, and so discovered majolica, Italian and French faience, grès, and the different kinds of *pâte tendre*, of which the Sèvres *pâte tendre* is an absolutely unique and exquisite matter, suggesting not so much a precious stone as soft satin, or something rare, delicate, and feminine. This French *pâte tendre*, or artificial porcelain, as it is sometimes called, is composed of alkaline "frittes" and carbonate of lime, covered with a lead glaze analogous in nature to flint-glass; it has nothing in common with true porcelain but its whiteness and translucidness.* It has, however, the merit of communicating to the colors applied on its surface an incomparably fine and velvety appearance, for the paste imbibes the colors, which thus become incorporated with it, and produce the illusion, both to the eye and to the touch, of a homogeneous matter. Certainly the blues and roses of old Sèvres *pâte tendre* are delightful beyond expression.

But what are we to say of the Italian and French and other European faiences? Merely from the material point of view the paste is coarse and imperfectly conglomerated. The decoration is painted on the biscuit under the glaze, and baked at a high temperature, and so they have a certain appearance of homogeneousness, but only an appearance, for in the old faience, just as in the modern fine faience with a plumbiferous glaze, the body of the paste and the glaze do not become intimately incorporated so as to form one whole; they simply adhere more or less solidly together; in short, they are incompletely vitrified. Now compare with any faience or pseudo-porcelain, ancient or modern, a piece of real porcelain, either of the Oriental or of the European family. The paste of both is composed of the same elements, namely, kaolin and petuntse—that is to say, decomposed and undecomposed feldspath—together with accidental quantities of silica, alumine, potash, lime, etc., with which we need not concern ourselves, except so far as to say that the chemical composition of Chinese kaolins and feldspaths is not identically the same as that of the same materials found in Europe. The consequence is that the Chinese paste is more fusible than the European paste, and the Chinese glaze is also more fusible than the European glaze. Chinese porcelain is therefore relatively a tender porcelain, and its fabrication is easier than that of the harder European porcelain, which, contrary to an accepted prejudice, is superior to the Oriental product. The finest hard Limoges or Sèvres porcelain is absolutely the ideal of ceramic production, as far as material superiority is concerned. But enough of comparisons: let us see what is the aim of the Chinese and of the European porcelain-makers. In the beginning the constituent elements are extracted from the ground separate, and having little or no cohesion or plasticity. Then begins a long process of washing, grinding, mixing, filtering, plunging, sieving, rolling, pressing, and compacting, the whole object of which is to impart to the elements plasticity, absolute homogeneity, and perfect cohesion. The last stage of the transformation is the firing, which deprives the clay of all moisture, coagulates the constituent molecules, deprives them forever of all plasticity, and transmutes the paste into a hard, white, translucid matter, smooth, brilliant, homogeneous, and so perfectly

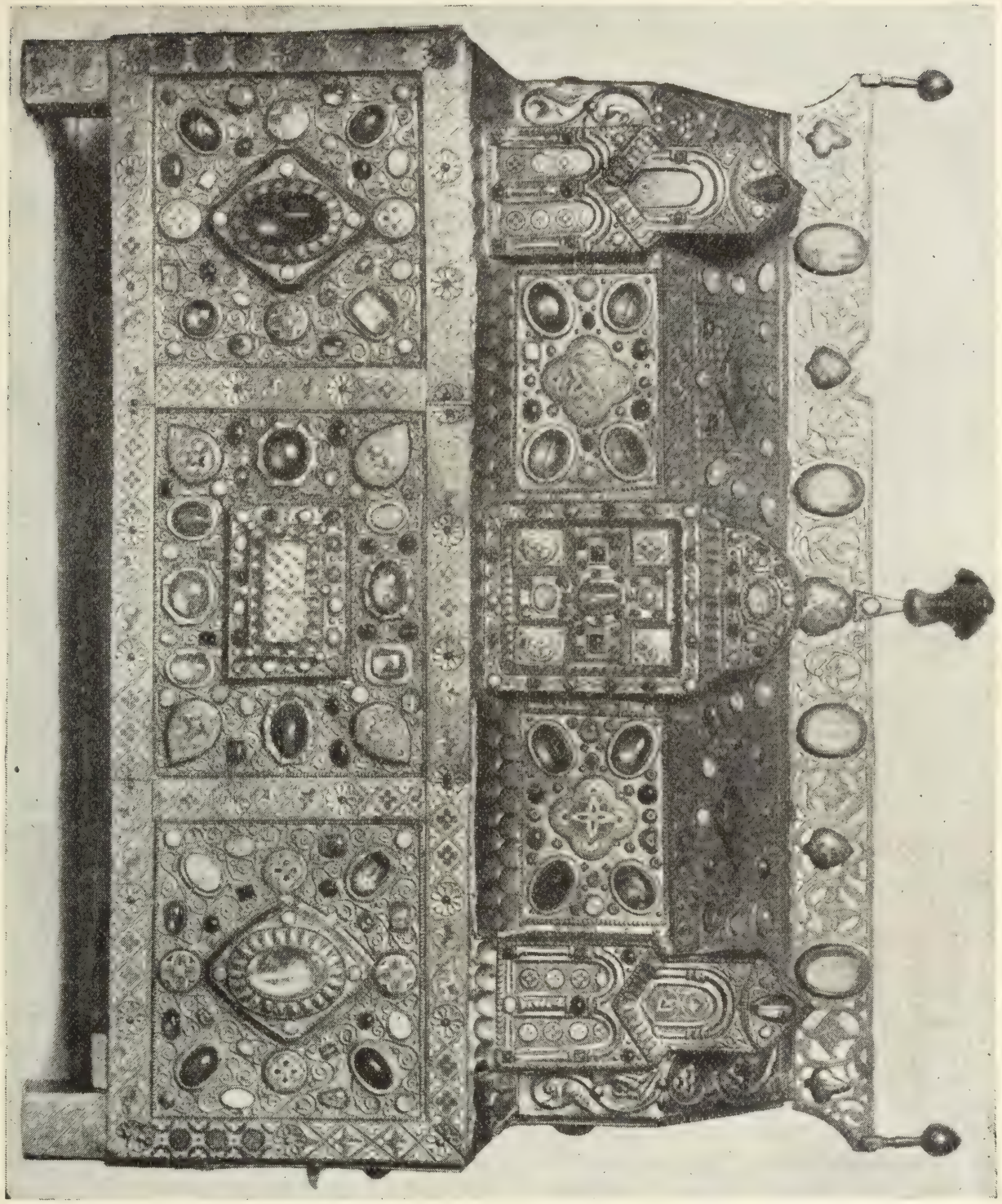
* English current porcelain is not a true porcelain. It contains, it is true, kaolin and feldspath, but also phosphate of lime and other substances. Above all, it has not a feldspathic *couverte*, but a plumbiferous glaze somewhat harder than the glaze of the old French *pâte tendre*.

vitrified that a section of the piece seen under a microscope shows the absolute incorporation of the glaze with the body, which, as they have the same chemical nature and melt at the same temperature, become a perfectly homogeneous vitrified mass. Nature, by decomposing the feldspathic rock into kaolin, has enabled the potter to manipulate a hard stone as easily as the commonest clay. The heat of the porcelain kilns, which may be compared in intensity to the heat of a volcano, restores its rocky quality to the kaolin, and thus the cup or platter of the best French porcelain is identical in material to a cup or platter wrought out of solid feldspath rock, as the Chinese would work jade or rock-crystal.

This analysis of the nature of porcelain and of the theory of the processes by which its elements are transmuted will aid the reader to understand why we chose the diamond as our standard of perfect vitrification. The processes by which nature produces the diamond are imitated by man in the production of porcelain. The pure white porcelain is itself so beautiful that the connoisseur asks for no ornamentation, or admits only those colorations where red and blue alternate, each shade passing imperceptibly into the other—that *porcelaine hasardeuse*, as the old connoisseurs used to call it, those *flambé* vases to which modern science has restored the Chinese name of *yao-pien*—transmutations of porcelain into the semblance of jade, jasper, porphyry, or agate. One must indeed be dull of eye not to admire these *jeux de la flamme et du hasard*, as a delicate critic, M. Philippe Burty, has termed the deep and mysterious streams of ruby red which seem to have been fixed by some magical power into the form of a vase. What is there more caressing to the eye than those paler reds which the flames have burnt to the color of mulberry juice, or those clouds of tin gray that sweep across a vase like a spring shower, or fall in isolated splashes like the last drops of a summer storm? The comparison of these *flambé* vases with onyx or precious stones is all to the advantage of the brilliant porcelain, prepared and modelled by the hand of man, passed into the blind and blinding furnace, and taken out gorgeous in depth and richness of tone, luminous and profound, an intense and rapid delight for the eye. The Orientals attach great price to fine specimens of *yao-pien;* we Occidentals have followed their example, and our great ceramic artists have endeavored to produce in their furnaces similar works. In 1884 the manufactory of Sèvres exhibited some *flambé* vases made of the new semi-hard paste, or *porcelaine nouvelle*, invented by M. Lauth, which would have been as beautiful as Chinese *flambés* had the porcelain been as hard and as completely vitrified. The same criticism holds good of M. Théodore Deck's *flambés*, in which the colored glaze is but imperfectly incorporated with the body. The only really hard European porcelain *flambés* are a few pieces made by the Havilands, who, after many years of experiments, seem to be now masters of the theory of *flambé* porcelain, and as much masters of the practice as the hazard of the flames will permit.

Perfectly vitrified paste of the finest quality, or a coloration of this paste in one or two tones, varied only by the caprice of the flames whipped into furious or caressing tongues by the blasts of oxygen let into the furnace during the burning—such are the ideal productions of the ceramic art from the point of view of the most refined connoisseurs. This, however, we must admit is rather an esoteric point of view, and outside of this pure paradise of porcelain there is much that is delightful, and indeed the whole current production of the art. His eye and his reason confirm the connoisseur in his apparently narrow admiration of pure form and pure color in porcelain; but at the same time he will remain accessible to the lesser but incontestable charm of decorated porcelain executed with due regard to appropriateness of means and of design. Not only have the Orientals achieved perfection in the matter of porcelain, but they have also exhausted the resources of beautiful form, and shown by example what decorated porcelain should be, and what are the most appropriate means to be used. We have only to compare a collection of Oriental decorated porcelain with a collection of European work in order to see at once that, until within a very few years, the decoration of ceramics has been practised rather unintelligently in Europe, with few exceptions, such as the productions of certain periods of Sèvres and Saxe.

The decorations of the old Italian faiences, it may be suggested, are very mag-



AMBAZAC SHRINE.—TWELFTH CENTURY.—[SEE PAGE 662.]

nificent. Are they really so fine as fashion represents them to be? Let us say nothing of the forms, or of the coarse material, or of the rudimentary drawing of the figures, but let us ask seriously if the pictured plates and vases of Gubbio and Urbino are models of appropriate ceramic decoration. Is a hollow bowl or a soup plate appropriately decorated by complicated battle scenes in which the legs of the warriors are broken by the bulging rims? Is the surface of a plate a fitting place in which to depict mythologic scenes? Shall we not rather regard these storied Italian faiences as merely quaint and curious, just as the Palissy dishes are curious? I confess frankly I have not yet seen a Xantho da Rovigo or a Maestro Giorgio which gave my eyes such rapid and profound pleasure as a simple Persian plate or a Chinese vase covered with a gay bloom of peonies or chrysanthemums. This may seem to be dreadful heresy, but let the reader only see with his own eyes, and free his mind from the subtle influence of tradition and fashion. Let him forget

the fabulous prices that are paid by rival collectors for Ferrara plates; let him forget that the celebrated X. has written a learned treatise on faiences with metallic lustre, and that the erudite Z. has published volumes about Oiron ware; and finally let him beware of the fetichism which is inspired by the sight of rows of rare specimens marshalled on the shelves of museums, side by side, like so many mineralogical samples. It is precisely this unreasoning admiration of all that is old, and which was rare until the counterfeiters came to the crazy collectors' rescue —it is precisely this blind love of mere oldness which is closing people's eyes to the many excellent productions of modern art, and discouraging all the efforts of the manufacturers in an artistic direction. We ought deliberately to separate the elements of quaintness, rarity, and historical interest from the elements constituting the intrinsic artistic excellence of objects, that is to say, the matter, the form, the appropriateness of the decoration, the color, and the general aspect. If we examine in this spirit not only Italian faiences, but also the faiences of the old French manufactures of Rouen, Marseilles, Nevers, Strasbourg, Saintonge, Moustiers, and Bordeaux, we shall find that their interest is not so much artistic as historical and curious. Old French faience is the unpretentious product of a clever industry with which no men of superior talent ever deigned to concern themselves; the material is coarse, the forms are poor, but often the decoration is in good taste. In the history of the decoration of French porcelain the same phenomenon is to be observed; it was a charming industry when it worked for Madame de Pompadour, Madame Dubarry, or Marie Antoinette, but beside the exquisite and delicate trifles of eighteenth century Sèvres, how often has the immaculate whiteness of porcelain been marred by petty symmetrical designs, obscured by dull landscapes, genre pictures, or portraits of eminent persons framed in royal blue rims? Go through the museum of Limoges or of Sèvres and remark how unintelligent the production of European ceramics has been within the past two hundred years! how poor have been the forms! how imperfect the comprehension of what ornament ought to be, and also of the conditions of ceramic decoration!

It is only within the past fifteen or twenty years that a critical and scientific study of Eastern and Western ceramics has enabled us to establish the theory of this subject of decoration. Apart from engraving, niello, reliefs, and other manipulations of the paste itself, there are some six means of coloring and decorating ceramic products, namely, metallic oxides, *engobes*—that is to say, natural colored earths or artificially colored pastes applied with more or less relief, as in the vase portrayed on the opposite page, the body of the object being of grès, and the ornamentation in red *engobe* and green and white porcelain paste—enamels, vitrifiable colors, metals, and metallic lustres. Porcelain has the advantage of accepting all these means of decoration, which, according to their degree of fusibility, are applied by the *grand feu* of the kiln, or by the *petit feu* of the muffle.

The *grand feu* decoration is executed on or under the glaze by means of the most refractory oxides mixed with a flux or without a flux. These oxides penetrate into the paste and form part of it; the color and the body become homogeneous; the whole surface is equally brilliant, because it is equally vitrified. Thus, in judging the decoration of porcelain, the principle of complete vitrifaction serves as a sure guide. In decoration applied by *petit feu* the colors are merely fixed on the glaze, they have not penetrated into it, nor do they form part of it. Hence the glaze of the porcelain and of the decoration are unequal; the body and the colors are unequally vitrified; the piece is not homogeneous. The main difference between the decoration of Eastern and Western porcelain is that the Western ceramists paint with the processes of picture painters, spreading the pigments with a brush, and using the surface of the porcelain as if it were a panel or a piece of canvas. The Orientals paint, as it were, with translucid gouache; they lay on their tones with a vitreous fluid mixed with coloring matter, or, in other words, with enamels which become identified with the porcelain or faience, and form part of it. These enamels used by the Orientals are silicates, boro-silicates, and phospho-silicates, colored by oxides maintained in solution by the flux; they are applied over the glaze, and melt at a lower temperature than the glaze. The *nouvelle porcelaine* of Sèvres is decorated in this manner. As we have already seen, this new porcelain is softer

than the real hard porcelain, that is to say, its paste and glaze have been composed in such a manner as to be fusible at a lower temperature than the paste and glaze of real hard porcelain—a fact which extends the palette of colors, for few metallic oxides resist the temperature of *grand feu*. The problem was to make a porcelain whose enamel would melt below the degree of temperature at which certain metallic oxides volatilize. The solution of Sèvres is admirable, but nevertheless the new porcelain, from an artistic point of view, is less beautiful than the old hard porcelain; one has only to put a piece of old *grand feu* porcelain in the midst of a collection of objects of the new porcelain to see how much more brilliant and delightful it is, even although its decoration may be less varied and rich. The new porcelain, simply by being less pure and less completely vitrified than the old porcelain, has lost in quality and preciousness all that it has gained in decorative capacity. To the end, then, our principle of complete vitrification will confirm our instinctive preferences. The less complete the vitrification of the decoration, the more will the porcelain object lose its ceramic aspect; and when, like certain Sèvres plates and vases, the whole surface is covered with opaque muffle colors, the ceramic aspect is lost entirely, and the plate or vase would look just as well if it were made of tin or wood instead of porcelain.



HAVILAND VASE DECORATED WITH ENGOBES OF RED CLAY AND COLORED PORCELAIN PASTES.

I had the good fortune to visit Limoges during the very important exhibition of ancient and modern industrial art held there in the town-hall in 1886, which gave me an excellent opportunity of studying both the modern ceramic arts of Limoges and the arts of the goldsmith and of the enameller for which the town was so famous in the Middle Ages, during the Renaissance, and even until the middle of the seventeenth century. Saint Eloi of Limoges became the most famous goldsmith of the seventh century, and after his death the patron saint of the craft. It was at the request of this saint that King Dagobert founded the monastery of Solignac, near Limoges, which became a great manufactory of goldsmith's work, as also was certainly the case with the immense monastery of Grandmont, whose gold and silver treasures were dispersed over the whole Limousin country at the time of the Revolution. These mediæval artists, while producing some table objects, devoted themselves mainly to the manufacture of liturgic work — reliquaries, shrines, coffers — adorned with filigree-work, precious stones, and enamels, and destined to contain the relics which the pilgrims and crusaders brought back in quantities from the Holy Land. From an artistic point of view this mediæval work is curious and interesting rather than beautiful. The workmen, generally monks, were influenced by Oriental taste, and by the asceticism of the primitive Church. Their figures have rough and emaciated physiognomies, expressive of humility or menace; the gestures are those of cursing or blessing or beatitude; the movements are angular, and cramped by narrow vestments. In simple decorative work their genius is more sympathetic, and thanks to the palette of enamels, they soften the Asiatic accent of the object by incrusted ornaments of lapis and turquoise blue, laurel green, and brilliant yellow, arrayed with superior comprehension of the conditions of deco-



BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN.—ENAMEL OF THE BEGINNING OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

ration. The finest piece of mediæval Limoges goldsmith's work in existence is considered to be the shrine now belonging to the church of Ambazac, and formerly belonging to that famous and rich monastery of Grandmont, which Kings Henry I. and II. of England used to hold in particular affection. This shrine, twenty-five inches high, twenty-nine inches broad, and ten inches deep, dates from the twelfth century. The form is that of a building, and it is made of gilt brass repoussé, ornamented with filigree-work, cabochons, engraving, and enamelled medallions. This art of enamel, which began by being accessory to the goldsmith's craft, and finally became emancipated and developed into an independent art, deserves more lengthy consideration. It is one of the national arts of France and the glory of old Limoges, where it was practised with such perfection that it acquired the name of the town where it was best made, and throughout the Middle Ages enamel is always spoken of as *opus lemovicense* or *opus Limogiæ*.

Enamel is a sort of glass fusible at a low temperature, composed generally of a mixture of different borates and silicates. This mixture is colorless, but it combines with the greatest facility under heat with all or almost all metallic oxides, and then acquires, according to the nature of these oxides, various colorations, which constitute an incomparably rich palette, comprising almost all the tones of precious stones and gems. Enamel may be applied to pottery, glass, or metals, and fixed by firing. The metals available are those which are less fusible than the enamel itself, namely, platinum, which was unknown to the old enamellers, gold, silver, copper, and iron, the latter being the least suitable on account of the readiness with which it oxidates. The processes of enamelling are various. The earliest specimens are *champlevés* or *taille d'épargne*, that is to say, the compartments destined to receive the pulverized enamel are reserved in the plate of metal which is wrought by the chisel or by acids. Enamels *de basse taille* are those in which figures or ornaments are engraved in intaglio on the metal before the translucid enamel is molten over the surface. When these figures are engraved in relief the enamels are called *de relief*. Translucid enamelling of this kind was invented by John of Pisa, and was much used in Italy in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. *Cloisonné* enamels are those in which the compartments are formed of thin bands of metal bent into a design and soldered on to the surface of the plate destined to receive the enamel. The old Limoges goldsmiths used chiefly the *champlevé* process, which sufficed for their simple ornaments. The famous shield and helmet of Charles IX. in the Louvre Museum is decorated with *cloisonné* and *basse taille* enamels. But the true Limoges enamel is the so-called painted enamels, invented in the second half of the fifteenth century.

In reality these early enamels, the finest that have ever been produced, are modelled almost in low-relief rather than painted; whereas the truly painted enamels are the inferior products of the artists of the end of the sixteenth and of the seventeenth centuries. Let us examine the enamel representing the "Birth of the Vir-

gin," which is engraved in our illustration, and analyze the process of its manufacture. First of all, the artist took a fine sheet of copper, 9 by 8 inches, less than $\frac{1}{25}$ of an inch thick, and beaten out at the edges so as to present a slightly convex form, which gives it strength to resist the heat, and retain its shape without curling or crinkling. On the underside he applied a coating of colorless enamel, called counter-enamel, and then turning the plate over delicately, he applied a similar coating to the upper surface, and fired the whole, the object of counter-enamelling the plate being to secure equal contraction and expansion on both sides, otherwise the plate might warp and oxidize in the fire. On the transparent layer of enamel thus obtained he next traced in brown the architectural outlines and the drawing of the figures and drapery, accentuating the shadows with the same tone. Then he took his colored enamels, perfectly pulverized and purified, and with a spatula modelled the dresses, some in emerald green, others in red of the color of wine lees, others in blue, and fired the plate again as convenience required. But the dresses of blue, and also the blue sky, he underlaid with opaque white enamel, in order to prevent the yellow of the copper plate from appearing beneath and impairing the purity of the cerulean tone. Then he modelled the faces and head-dresses in white, touched the cheeks with carmine, and finished the plate by laying in a golden sun, and relieving the dresses, the dais, and the curtains of the bed with



THE CRUCIFIXION.—LIMOGES ENAMEL: END OF FIFTEENTH CENTURY.



MEDALLION OF THE VIRGIN.—ENAMEL BY LEONARD I. LIMOSIN, 1554: TEN INCHES IN DIAMETER.

gold ornaments of thin *paillon*, continuing the firing after each application of pulverized enamel. This piece is the perfection of the enameller's art; it is exquisitely drawn and composed; the color is brilliant and harmonious, and the aspect of singular richness. As we have seen, with the exception of the white faces, the blue draperies, and the sky, the enamel is all translucid, and the brilliant sheen of the polished copper appears through it. The strength of effects obtained by means of translucid masses carrying their color perfectly incorporated, and varying in intensity according to the thickness of the vitrified coat, is greater than the effect of the opaque glaze of grisaille and of the Limoges enamels of the seventeenth century, the epoch of the decadence of the art, which differ only in point of hardness from an ordinary oil-painting covered with varnish. In enamel as in porcelain the criterion of excellence is complete vitrification, solidity, homogeneity. The beauty of enamel consists in its precious gem-like aspect. The "Birth of the Virgin," which we have just analyzed, and which is an anonymous masterpiece of the beginning of the sixteenth century, represents the utmost enamel of this kind can give. The "Crucifixion," figured in the engraving on page 663, an enamel of the end of the fifteenth century, executed by the same simple means, is equally rich in aspect and vigorous in color, though more summary and less correct in drawing. The "Entombment," made by Penicaud in the beginning of the sixteenth century, is also an interesting specimen; the whole plate is modelled in white opaque enamel, over which are laid translucid colors. The medallion of the Virgin by Leonard I. Limosin, 1554, shows the beginning of the decadence of the art by the introduction of processes of drawing, hard outlines, modelling, and shading by means of cross or parallel hatchings; it is simple miniature painting on a background of black enamel.

M. Claudius Popelin has practised and perfected all the processes of Limoges painted enamel, working in the spirit of the Renaissance; MM. Gobert, Lepec, F. de Courcy, and Alfred Meyer have also produced good imitations of Limoges work, and miniature portraits worthy of Pelitot; *cloisonné* enamels in the Japanese style have been produced expensively but successfully in the establishments of Barbedienne and Christophe. But the real innovator and master enameller of the present day is M. Fernand Thesmar, whose work figures with equal honor in the museum of Limoges and in the museum of Tokio. M. Thesmar has the merit of having completed the palette of opaque enamels so far as to be able to execute in enamel any colors and shades of color which the palette of the water-color painter possesses.



THE ENTOMBMENT.—ENAMEL BY PENICAUD: BEGINNING OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

I.



Perigot & Cuddy's Roundelay.



BY EDMUND SPENSER.

IT fell upon a holy-eve
(Heigho, holy-day!),
When holy fathers wont to shrive
(Now 'ginneth this roundelay),
Sitting upon a hill so high
(Heigho, the high hill!),
The while my flock did feed thereby,
The while the shepherd's self did spill,

I saw the bouncing Bellibone
(Heigho, bonny-bell!)
Tripping over the dale alone—
She can trip it very well—
Well deckèd in a frock of gray
(Heigho, gray is great!)
And in a kirtle of green say—
The green is for maidens meet.

A chaplet on her head she wore
(Heigho, the chaplet!);
Of sweet violets therein was store—
She's sweeter than the violet.
My sheep did leave their wonted food
(Heigho, silly sheep!),
And gazed on her as they were wood—
Wood as he that did them keep.

As the bonny lass passed by
(Heigho, bonny lass!)
She roll'd at me with glancing eye
As clear as the crystal glass.
All as the sunny beam so bright
(Heigho, the sunbeam!)
Glanceth from Phœbus' face forthright,
So love into my heart did stream.



Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds
(Heigho, the thunder!)
Wherein the lightsome leaven shrouds,
So cleaves my soul asunder.
Or as dame Cynthia's silver ray
(Heigho, the moonlight!)
Upon the glistening wave doth play—
Such play is a piteous plight—

The glance into my heart did glide
(Heigho, the glide!).
Therewith my soul was sharply gride.
Such wounds some waxen wide.
Hasting to wrench the arrow out
(Heigho, Perigot!),
I left the head in my heart-root—
It was a desperate shot.

There it rankleth aye more and more
(Heigho, the arrow!),
Nor can I find salve for my sore—
Love is a cureless sorrow.

And though my bale with death I bought
(Heigho, heavy cheer!),
Yet should this lass not from my thought,
So you may buy gold too dear.

But whether in painful love I pine
(Heigho, pinching pain!),
Or thrive in wealth, she shall be mine.
But if thou can her obtain,
And if for graceless grief I die
(Heigho, graceless grief!),
Witness, she slew me with her eye,
Let thy folly be the preef.

And you that saw it, simple sheep
(Heigho, the fair flock!),
For prief thereof my death shall weep
And moan with many a mock.
So learn'd I love on a holy-eve
(Heigho, holy-day!)
That ever since my heart did grieve.
Now endeth our roundelay.



II.



"EARLY ONE MORNING"

EARLY one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

"Oh, gay is the garland and fresh are the roses
I've culled from the garden to bind on my brow.
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

"Remember the vows you made to your Mary;
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, do not leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing;
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me! Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"



III.

OLD KING COLE.

OLD King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he call'd for his pipe,
And he call'd for his bowl,
And he call'd for his fiddlers three.
Then twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle went the fiddlers;
Twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle, twedle twee.
There's none so rare as can compare
To King Cole and his fiddlers three.

DOWN IN CVPID'S GARDEN



'TWAS down in Cupid's garden
For pleasure I did go,
To see the fairest flowers
That in that garden grow.
The first it was the jessamine,
The lily, pink, and rose,
And surely they're the fairest flow'rs
That in that garden grows!

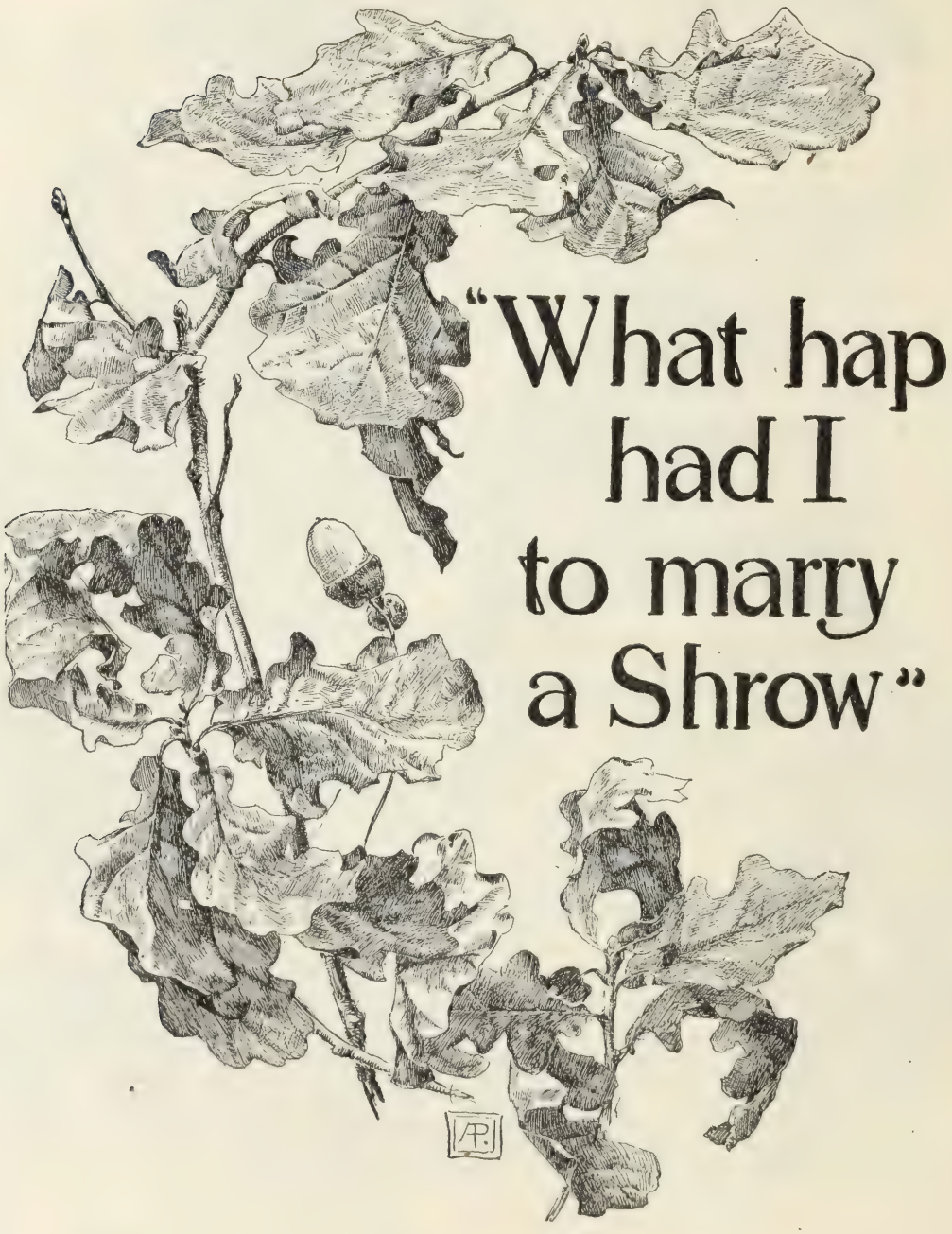
I'd not walked in that garden
The part of half an hour
When there I saw two pretty maids
Sitting under a shady bower.
The first was lovely Nancy,
So beautiful and fair;
The other was a virgin
Who did the laurel wear.

5

I boldly stepped up to her,
And unto her did say:
"Are you engaged to any young man?
Do tell to me, I pray!"
"I'm not engaged to any young man,
I solemnly do swear.
I mean to live a virgin,
And still the laurel wear."

Then hand in hand together
This lovely couple went.
Resolvèd was the sailor boy
To know her full intent—
To know if he would slighted be
When to her the truth he told.
"Oh no! oh no! oh no!" she cried;
"I love a sailor bold."

V.



WHAT hap had I to marry a shrow!
For she hath given me many a blow,
And how to please her, alack! I do not know.



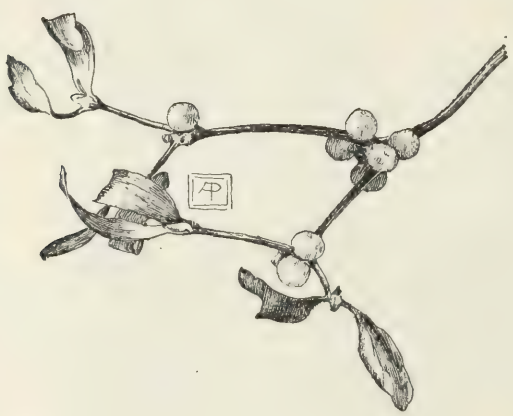
From morn to even her tongue ne'er lies;
Sometimes she brawls, sometimes she cries;
Yet I can scarce keep her talents from mine eyes.

If I go abroad and late come in,
"Sir Knave," saith she, "where have you been?"
And do I well or ill, she claps me on the skin.

VI.



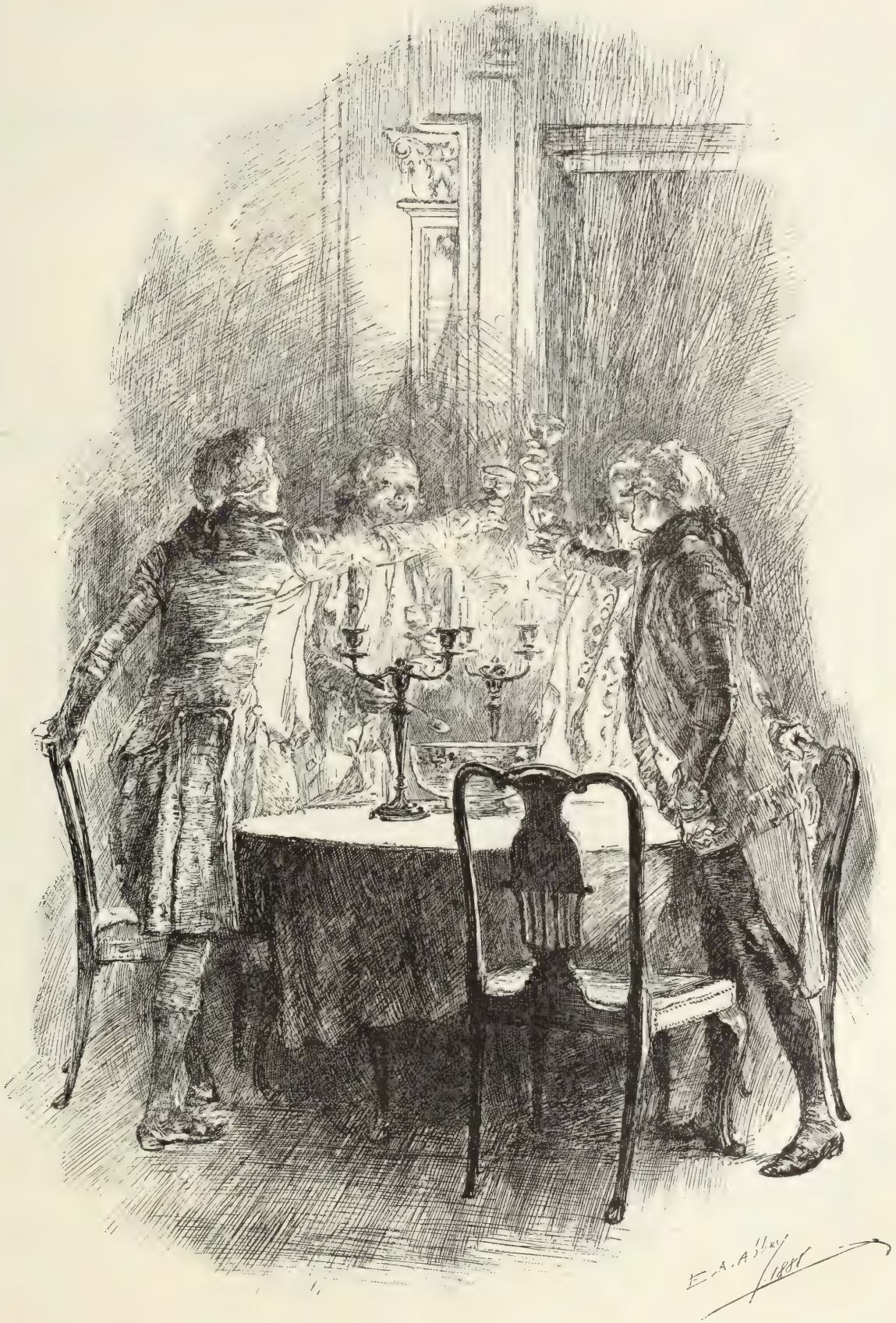
"Here's to the Maiden of Bashful Fifteen"



HERE'S to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
Now to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean;
And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass;
Drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove
An excuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize;
Now to the damsel with none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes;
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast, etc.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe;
And now to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast, etc.

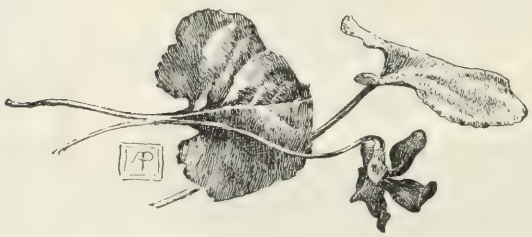


For let her be clumsy or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay, fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast, etc.

VII.



NEVER LOVE THEE MORE



MY dear and only love, take heed
How thou thyself expose,
By letting longing lovers feed
Upon such looks as those.
I'll marble-wall thee round about,
And build without a door;
But if thy heart do once break out,
I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, by volleys shot,
Make any breach at all,
Nor smoothness of their language plot
A way to scale the wall;
No balls of wild-fire love consume
The shrine which I adore;
For if such smoke about it fume,
I'll never love thee more.

Then if by fraud or by consent
To ruin thou shouldst come,
I'll sound no trumpet as of wont,
Nor march by beat of drum,



But fold my arms, like ensigns, up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And after such a bitter cup
I'll never love thee more.

WESTERN JOURNALISM.

BY Z. L. WHITE.

"THE West that," as Murat Halstead says, "never was in the wilderness, and never will be in this world," has long ago outgrown the primitive, but wholly original, daringly enterprising, and intensely characteristic journalism that it once had. In the early times, that is, half a century ago and more (for the magnificent empire beyond the Alleghany Mountains is the child of but two generations), the West, especially the frontier, was the Mecca of two classes of men from the older sections of the country—the great army of hardy pioneers, who sought permanent homes for their families, and the few who, being "off color" in the East, found residence more convenient in newly settled towns, where the people were too busy to care as much for the antecedents as for the present acts of their neighbors. Among the latter were many of the so-called "characters" who, rather than the average, every-day citizen, made for the West its popular reputation, but not its real character.

Many of these restless, erratic geniuses drifted into journalism, and the frontier newspapers they made, often written and printed under great difficulties, possessed the merit of having at least a positive and unmistakable individuality. They were crude in style and in moral tone as well as in mechanical construction, it is true, for the picket line of civilization is not generally in its surroundings and associations favorable to the attainment of literary excellence or nice ethical distinctions, although some of the editors were men of good education; but the papers were made for a constituency that was as peculiar in its tastes as it was independent in its habits of thought, and cared less for the form than for the substance of what it had to read.

The frontier journal no longer exists, except at a few remote points in some of the Territories to which the railroads have not as yet penetrated, but it has left its impress upon the character of its more mature and polished successors.

The successful Western newspaper is, above all things, enterprising, and this quality, now so wonderfully developed, is a legacy from the pioneer press. The special telegraph wires of to-day from Cincinnati and Chicago to New York, Washington, and important near-by cities had their prototypes in the pony expresses and special messengers of the pre-railroad and ante-telegraph times. And it required more courage and pluck to send out the latter than to put in the former.

This enterprise displayed itself in many startling ways, as it does to-day. It adapted itself to surrounding circumstances. When Denver, in 1859, was but a collection of tents, rude shanties, and corrals on Cherry Creek, and the nearest United States post-office was at Fort Laramie, 220 miles away, when the mails arrived but once or twice a month, and were uncertain at that, and news from "the States" came only at long and irregular intervals, the editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* was the one who sent a messenger to Fort Laramie to bring back, in spite of the suffering and hardships the journey entailed, a mule-load of letters and Eastern newspapers. And his readers, with that generosity that has always distinguished Western newspaper constituencies, showed their appreciation of his enterprise in a substantial manner.

An implicit faith in the future greatness of the country is as characteristic of the Western journal of 1888 as it was when the Omaha and Wisconsin editors were printing their initial numbers on the bare prairie and in the woods, before the first settlers had broken the sod or cleared sites for their cabins.

The founders of a state or community generally have more to do with the determination of its character than any succeeding generation—sometimes than all of them; so too the founder of a newspaper and the character of the people for whom it is first made generally make a more lasting impression upon it than any of its succeeding editors or readers. Nowhere has this truth been more forcibly illustrated than in Ohio, where Western journalism may be said to have been born. The founders of that State were not adventurers, restless, uneasy, chafing under the restraints of growing civilization, and seeking the freedom and excitement of pioneer life. They were New England and Virginia gentlemen in the best sense of the term, friends and comrades of Washington

in the Revolutionary struggle, men of education and culture, whose purpose it was to found a State in which religion, patriotism, intelligence, and industry should be the corner-stones.

The Cincinnati *Commercial*, although it had been established eleven years when Mr. Halstead first joined its staff as a reporter in 1853, may be said to have been born again as a newspaper when, a few months later, during the sickness of Mr. Potter, the chief proprietor and editorial manager, the conduct of the paper fell temporarily into Mr. Halstead's hands. He conceived the idea that the readers of the *Commercial* desired the news not only of Cincinnati, but of the surrounding country. Telegraphing thirty-five years ago was very expensive, and the news that the wires brought to a Western newspaper office was always meagre; frequently it consisted only of the briefest market reports; but Cincinnati was a central point, and there came into the *Commercial* office from all directions the weekly newspapers, bringing the local news of the growing towns of Ohio and of the adjoining portions of Indiana and Kentucky. The newspapers from the East also often contained interesting and important intelligence no reference to which, or only the briefest mention, had been made by the telegraph. Mr. Halstead began the systematic compilation of the news from the exchanges and its publication in the *Commercial*, and this became so popular that it not only caused the circulation of that paper to increase rapidly, but made a great change in Western journalism.

The same appreciation of the value of news distinguished the management of the *Commercial* during its entire subsequent history, and is one of the characteristic features of the *Commercial-Gazette* to-day. Mr. Halstead not only knows what is news, but he knows how to get it. He increases his telegraphic service faster than tolls are reduced or the net-work of wires extended over the country. To-day the same leased wire connects the news-room of the *Commercial-Gazette* with its New York and Washington offices. By an arrangement with the *Courier-Journal* the special service is extended from Cincinnati to Louisville whenever there is occasion to use it, and by another with the *Inter-Ocean*, from New York to Chicago and St. Paul. Thus Mr. Halstead,



MURAT HALSTEAD.

sitting at his desk at night, is always in instant communication with his New York and Washington offices, and may "call up" in a minute or two his Louisville, Chicago, or St. Paul correspondent, and order a "special" upon any subject that he thinks that his readers will be interested in the next morning. The New York and Washington wire is kept "hot" for eight hours every night. It supplements the very full market reports sent West by the Associated Press with more details collected in New York by the paper's own representatives. It gathers the cream of the "exclusive" news to be found in the offices of the great New York morning newspapers. The gossip of the hotel lobbies, the clubs, the theatres, the talk of Wall Street and the Produce Exchange, political rumors and chat about distinguished visitors to, or residents of, New York, go over this wire every night, and are given almost as much prominence in the paper as though its editorial rooms looked out on Printing-House Square. The long cable despatches received by the New York *Herald* are also put upon this wire and sent to the *Commercial-Gazette*. Nor is the Washington office any less prolific. Not only is the political and governmental news telegraphed without a thought about condensation because of the method of transmission, but Eastern newspapers that arrive in Washington late at night are closely scanned for in-



JOHN R. McLEAN.

teresting stories either in their news or editorial columns, and the important matters are put upon the wire and are reprinted the next morning.

All this vast machinery for the collection and transmission of news, the development of which other Western newspapers have also carried as far as the *Commercial-Gazette*, and one or two even farther, began with Mr. Halstead's clippings from the Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky exchanges.

As the name indicates, the *Commercial-Gazette* is the result of a union of what were formerly the two leading Republican newspapers of Ohio. The *Gazette*, the first daily newspaper of the State, and always conducted with an ability that made it one of the foremost journals in the country, had, under the editorship and management of Mr. Richard Smith, made great journalistic strides. More conservative and steady than the *Commercial*, the Republicans of the State had greater confidence in it. Both were prosperous, but the managers conceived the idea that one paper, combining the best features of each, would be more influential and more profitable than the two separately. The consolidation, which took place in 1883, was a most harmonious one. The capital stock of the new company was made one million of dollars, of which Mr. Halstead, who is president, owns a controlling interest, and Mr. Richard Smith, the vice-president, the next largest share.

The Cincinnati *Commercial-Gazette* may be said to be the leading Republican newspaper published west of the Alleghany Mountains.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* has been published under its present name for about fifty years, and during most of that time has been under the control of the McLeans. It is the old-time Democratic newspaper of Cincinnati and Ohio, and still perseveres in that political faith, though of late years it has eliminated all qualities of organship, and made itself essentially a newspaper, with strong editorial convictions when they seem to be important or necessary, but with very little perfunctory editorial matter.

Since about 1870 the *Enquirer* has been under the sole control of John R. McLean, who for nearly ten years has been its sole proprietor. This has been the period of its eminent success. The absolute power in every department has been in one man. Mr. McLean began his management of the paper by making himself thoroughly familiar with every branch of the business in his establishment. His first experience was with the publication department, of which he took the charge, and while conducting that made himself acquainted with the composing, press, mailing, and other departments. He inaugurated liberal expenditures of money for news, and saw that the business department was conducted so that the necessary money would be forthcoming.

After putting the business end of the paper on a basis that pleased him, he assumed direct charge of the editorial department, though he had, of course, all along had general supervision of that as well as of the other branches of the office. He now, however, assumed the duties of managing editor in detail, and still further carried out his ideas of a popular newspaper that would make it unnecessary for its readers to go to any other journal for news of the day in any phase of life. While he has since relaxed from labor of the managing editorship, he still remains in active control of the paper in all respects, and when he is not at the office, his agents are in direct and frequent communication with him.

The *Enquirer*, while preserving its Democratic bias and fulfilling the mission of the leading Democratic paper of

Ohio, commends itself to the people more by a general dissemination of news than by its party fealty. It aims to give the news uncrippled by party prejudice. It is read by politicians of both parties for its political news. It is a recognized authority in sporting matters; and the special attention it has ever given to theatrical matters has made it a dramatic index that the profession seems to recognize as fully as it does the dramatic papers of the East.

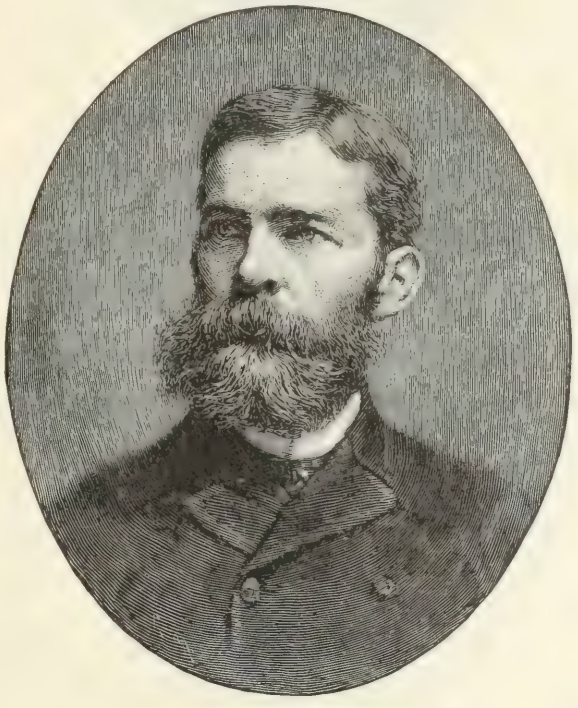
Some years ago it started a department of social news in its Sunday edition, which has been the model for similar enterprises in many other papers. Its social department is largely a people's department, and it does not take a sledge-hammer to break into it. In fact, the aim of the owner is to make it a people's paper, and his success has fully justified his most ardent hopes. The *Enquirer* has large circulation in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Tennessee, Western Pennsylvania, and Southern Michigan, and is largely represented in nearly all of the States of the Union.

The *Enquirer* is probably conducted with less "red tape" than any other journal of its size and importance. It long since overthrew the conventionality of printing Governors' and Presidents' messages in full. It carves these and all other perfunctory public documents down to their exact news' worth to the people. It leaves the few who want these things in full to avail of the benevolence of the government printing-office, and devotes the space in the paper to something the people will read. The daily circulation of the *Enquirer* is estimated at between 25,000 and 50,000, and that of its weekly edition at from 50,000 to 75,000.

The Cincinnati *Times-Star* is one of the oldest daily newspapers in the West. Its history begins with the *Spirit of the Times*, established in April, 1840, by Calvin W. Starbuck and others. In January, 1841, Mr. Starbuck became sole proprietor. He reduced the title of the paper to the *Daily Times*, by which it was known for nearly forty years.

In June, 1880, the *Star*, a rival evening paper, united with the *Times*. The *Times-Star* is Republican in politics. It advocates a protective tariff as the essential economic system for America, and believes, moreover, that the solution of the "Southern problem" will be reached by division of the white voters of the South upon economic questions. It favors immigration, but draws the line at Socialists and Anarchists. It believes that the American nation has ample capacity to assimilate the good and exclude the bad in foreign civilization.

Mr. Charles P. Taft, the controlling owner, is responsible for the political tendency and business management of the paper. He was graduated from Yale College in 1864, and from Columbia College Law School in 1866; in 1868 he took the degree of Doctor Juris Utriusque at Heidelberg, Germany. He served in the Ohio General Assembly in the years 1872–3

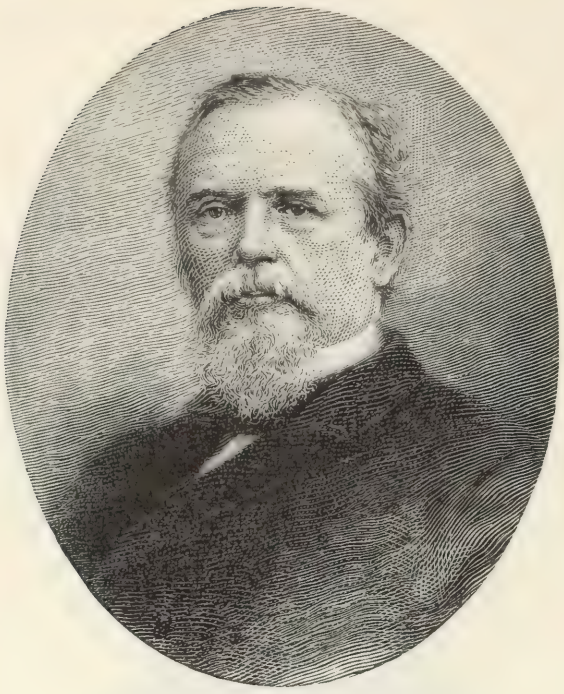


CHARLES P. TAFT.

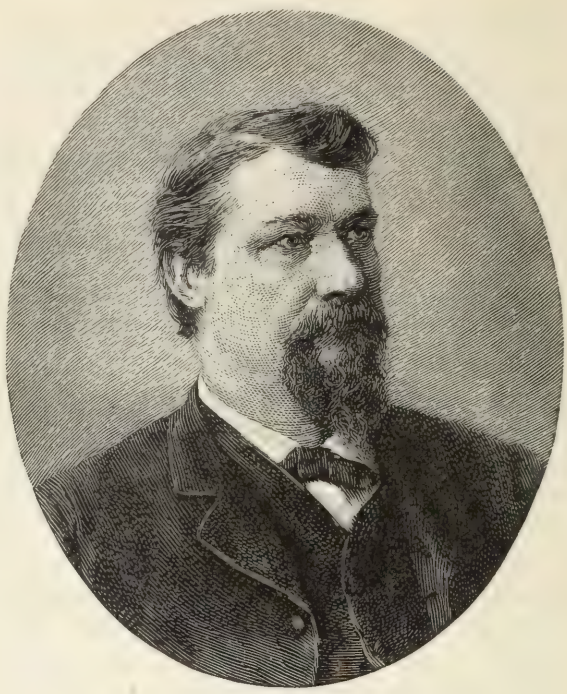
as a member of the House, and during his term succeeded in securing a complete codification of the common-school laws of the State. Since his term in the Ohio Legislature he has avoided politics. He purchased a controlling interest in the *Times* in 1879, and assumed active management of the affairs in 1886.

The evening newspapers of Cincinnati are the *Post*, mentioned in another part of this paper, and the *Evening Telegram*, a wide-awake Republican newspaper only three years old, and with a circulation already of about 15,000 copies.

The second-class cities of Ohio—that is, second-class in population and commercial importance only—all have newspa-



EDWIN COWLES.



D. R. LOCKE ("PETROLEUM V. NASBY").

pers of wide circulation and great local influence, some of them edited by gentlemen who have given the journals over which they preside even a national reputation. The Cleveland *Herald* and *Leader*, the latter of which absorbed the former a few years ago, and the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, have been very important factors in the moulding of public opinion in the Western Reserve of Ohio, and they have had constituencies that were as critical and exacting as any in the United States.

The Cleveland *Leader* stands at the head of the Republican press of northern Ohio. Mr. Edwin Cowles, who is still its editor, was one of the members of the original firm of Medill, Cowles, and Co., the leading partner being Joseph Medill, now editor of the Chicago *Tribune*. In 1855 Mr. Cowles's partners sold out their interests to him and went to Chicago, and he joined in the great movement of that day that resulted in the calling of the first Republican Convention, which was held at Pittsburgh, and which Mr. Cowles, through the *Leader*, was largely instrumental in bringing about. From that day to this the *Leader* has been one of the stanchest and ablest advocates of Republican principles in Ohio.

The Cleveland *Leader* is something more than a political journal: it is an enterprising, judiciously edited newspaper. Its news from all parts of the Western Reserve is very full, and it has an exceptionally strong corps of special correspondents. Its Sunday editions are especially interesting; very few Sunday journals published anywhere in the country are more so. Its circulation is given as about 40,000 copies daily.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* is the Democratic rival of the *Leader*, and under the editorship of Mr. Armstrong is a worthy political as well as journalistic antagonist. Mr. Armstrong has been as prominent in State and national politics on the Democratic side as Mr. Cowles has been on the Republican, and when he speaks through his newspaper on party questions his readers feel that he knows what he is talking about.

Toledo, although seemingly fortunate of situation, has until very recently had less vitality in its growth than any other Western city. It has nevertheless not been behind its sister cities of Ohio in the character of its journalism. The late D. R. Locke ("Petroleum V. Nasby"), by the letters he wrote for the *Blade* during reconstruction times, supplementing those he had contributed to the Findlay (Ohio) *Jeffersonian* during the war, not only made the fortune of his newspaper and his own, but made the city of Toledo itself famous. The Toledo *Weekly Blade*, with its circulation of 130,000 or 140,000, and its annual net income of at least $100,000, does not owe its remarkable suc-

cess to Mr. Locke's fame, but to its popular features as a newspaper, for the introduction and maintenance of which Mr. Locke is entitled to almost all the credit.

One of the most widely known newspaper men of Ohio is General James M. Comley, editor and owner of the Toledo *Commercial Telegram*. For many years he was the editor and one of the publishers of the *Ohio State Journal*, printed at Columbus, and was consul to Hawaii under the Hayes administration. In 1883 he purchased a share of the paper he now owns, and two years after acquired his partner's interest. General Comley is a most virile and forceful writer, and is most at home when engaged in a controversy in which he has an opportunity to use the bitter invective of which he is master.

The *Evening Bee* has a larger circulation than either of the other daily newspapers in Toledo. It is a wide-awake, independent sheet, founded by Henry S. Chapin in 1884, and filling a niche in the journalistic field of Toledo that before was vacant.

The best-known newspaper in Columbus is the *Ohio State Journal*, which, though exceeded in circulation and outstripped in enterprise by the independent *Evening Dispatch*, still holds an important place in the journalism of the State, as being the organ of the State government when it is, as now, in Republican hands. Its present editor is F. J. Flickinger.

In any grouping of the leading journalists of Ohio, W. D. Bickham, of the Dayton *Journal*, ought not to be omitted. His experience as a newspaper man has been varied. He bought the Dayton *Journal* in 1863, and has made that paper one of the best of interior Ohio. It has great weight in the Republican party.

A history of the *Courier-Journal*, including its relations with other Kentucky newspapers, would be almost a history of the press of the State, and biographical sketches of George D. Prentice, Walter W. Haldeman, and Henry Watterson would be a history of that newspaper. But the life of Prentice has often been written. The *Courier-Journal* is his most fitting monument, for by his wonderful genius and tireless industry he made the *Journal*, which really absorbed its rival when the consolidation was made by Mr. Watterson.

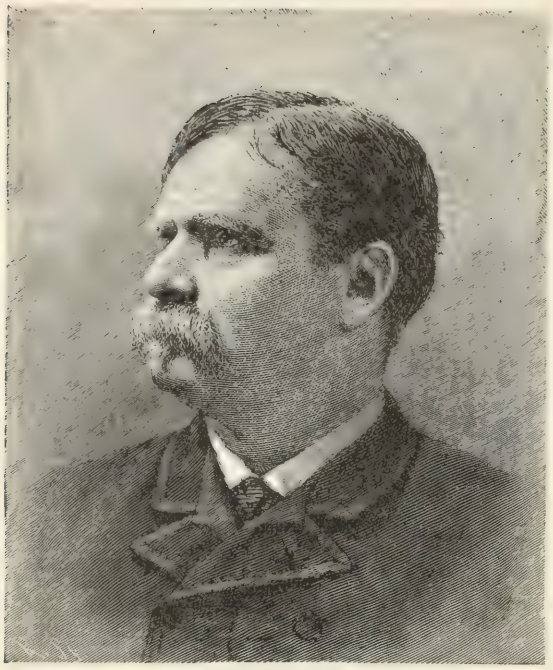
Mr. Watterson seemed in many respects to have been born and educated to succeed Mr. Prentice. A large proportion of the *Journal's* readers had either openly espoused the cause of the Confederacy or secretly sympathized with it, although Mr. Prentice had remained loyal to the Union; therefore it was natural that they should from the first repose a certain amount of confidence in the young editor who had chosen to throw in his lot with the South, and had gone over Long Bridge alone when he could no longer remain at the national capital and be a disunionist. Then his style of writing was rather ornate and flowery—a style that was held in higher esteem than now in the South a quarter of a century ago,



W. D. BICKHAM.

before the influence of later Northern and European literature had been felt as much as it has been of late years. He had the habit, too, of saying startling things in a startling way that arrested attention and aroused interest even though they did not convince his readers. This habit he has not altogether outgrown, as a perusal of recent files of the *Courier-Journal* will prove.

The *Journal* and the *Courier* were both Democratic newspapers published in Louisville, and Mr. Watterson very soon found out, if he did not know before he assumed the editorship of the *Journal*, that the field was big enough for only one



HENRY WATTERSON.

of them. Each had to struggle for existence. Probably the shrewdest thing he ever did in his life, the one thing that made the fortune of his newspaper and his own, was the consolidation of the *Journal* and *Courier*, which he effected with Mr. Haldeman, the owner of the latter, a few months after he went to Louisville. He subsequently bought the old Louisville *Democrat*, and thus still further enlarged his field.

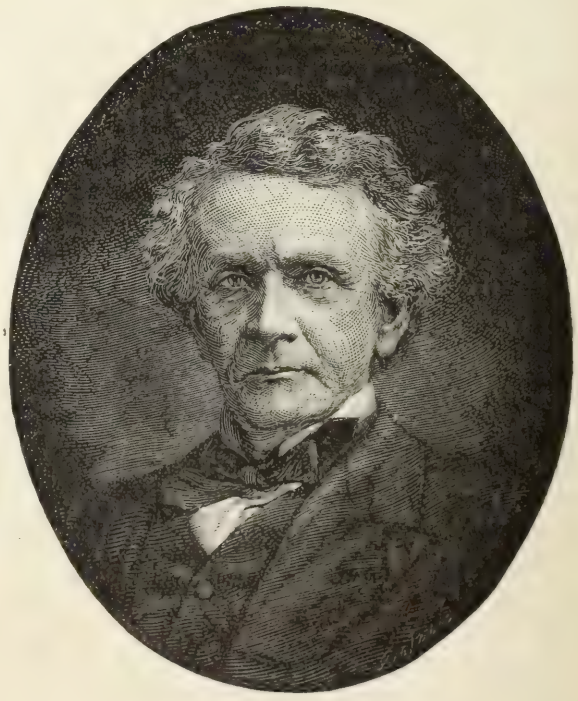
Mr. Watterson began immediately the introduction of metropolitan methods and modern machinery, and as improvements have been invented and introduced he has adopted them, until the appointments of the *Courier-Journal* office are to-day equal, for the work to be done, to those of a New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, or Chicago newspaper.

The *Courier-Journal* is very fortunately located for the building up of a large weekly circulation, and Mr. Watterson has improved his opportunity. In a large section of country to the south and southwest of Louisville, with which that city has direct railway communication, it has no real rival. This territory embraces the larger part of Kentucky and Tennessee, a portion of Alabama and Mississippi, Arkansas, southwestern Missouri, and northern Texas. Although the greater part of these States is sparsely settled, and a considerable portion of the population does not buy and read newspapers, it is still a large field, into which the *Courier-Journal* sends more than 100,000 copies.

There are also published daily in Louisville, in English, the *Commercial*, a morning independent newspaper, and the *Post* and *Times*, evening journals. A few of the larger towns of Kentucky have daily newspapers of limited local circulation, the whole number in the State being nine. The number of newspapers of all kinds in Kentucky is 195.

The best-known journalist of Tennessee is Mr. A. S. Colyar, the editor since 1881 of the Nashville *American*, except during two years when he conducted the *Union*. The *American* is a high tariff Democratic newspaper. This seems like contradiction in terms, but it simply means that it is accustomed to support the candidates of the Democratic party, but advocates protective tariffs for the encouragement of American industry and the benefit of American labor.

Mr. Colyar is both editor and managing editor of his paper, and is accustomed to work until eleven o'clock every night, though he is now sixty-eight years old. He has twice, mainly by his own exertions, taken the city government of Nashville out of the hands of vicious management, at one time securing the appointment of a receiver for the city, a thing which it is believed was never before done in the United States or England.



A. S. COLYAR.

Although Mr. Colyar is a Democrat and his paper Democratic, he always refuses to support notoriously bad nominations, even when made by his own party. By this policy he has frequently brought down upon himself the wrath of the extreme partisans; but he has also caused the leaders of his party to be very cautious about the selection of candidates. Mr. Colyar is greatly interested in the public schools of Tennessee, and through his paper, and in public lectures on educational questions, has done much to establish and improve them.

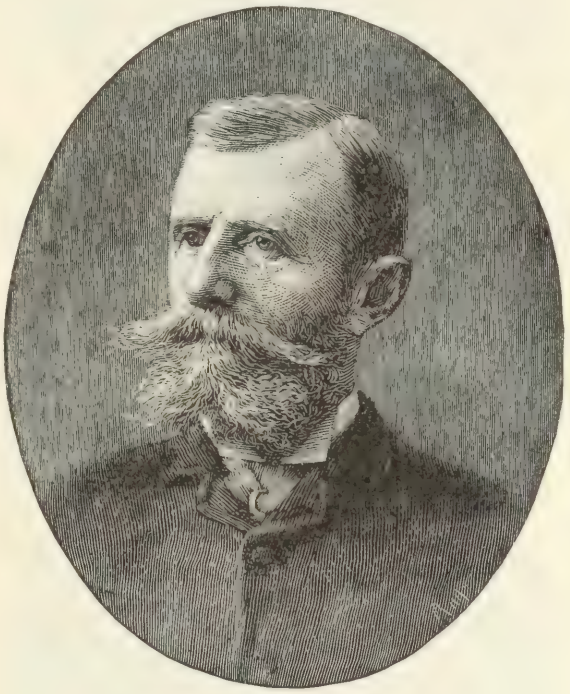
The Nashville *Banner* is an independent morning newspaper with Democratic proclivities, started about a dozen years ago, and is fairly prosperous. It is a good newspaper.

Knoxville is a conservative and very wealthy city, settled chiefly by Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. It had a newspaper, the *Gazette*, as early as 1793, and one established in 1816, the *Tribune*, is still published, its daily editions having been started at the close of the war. The Knoxville *Whig* was a very famous and influential journal in its day, but long ago disappeared from the ranks of journalism, and its place has never been filled. Knoxville has also two other daily newspapers, the *Sentinel* (independent) and the *Journal* (Republican). The former is a bright, newsy little sheet.

Chattanooga has been experiencing a tremendous "boom" during the last two or three years, and is growing very rapidly, but its newspaper men have not shown themselves equal to the occasion, and their journals are hardly worthy of the city. Three daily papers are issued there—the *Commercial*, the *Sun*, and the *Times*. Neither of them has more than 3000 daily circulation, although the city itself has a population of 32,000.

Memphis is destined to become one of the greatest cotton markets of the country, and is already a city of extensive trade. Its newspapers are not particularly bright. The *Appeal* is the oldest and most dignified, but the *Avalanche* is more progressive and the better known. Both of these papers, and the *Public Ledger* and the *Scimitar*, evening journals, are Democratic in politics. The *Appeal*, edited by J. M. Keating, has a circulation of about 5000 copies; that of the others is considerably smaller.

The present editor and principal owner of the Galveston (Texas) *News* is Colonel A. H. Belo. A soldier of the Confederacy, after the surrender at Appomattox he started for Texas, and made the journey from Virginia to Galveston on horseback, arriving there in June, 1865. Colonel Belo had never done any newspaper work, but he was ready to enter upon any employment that promised to be remunerative; and so, in August, 1865, he became connected with the *News*, of which Mr. W. Richardson was then owner, and not long after bought an interest in the paper. In 1875, after the death of Mr. Richardson, Colonel Belo bought of Mr. Richardson's executors the interest he had owned, and has ever since controlled the *News*. His principal lieutenants have been Messrs. Jenkins and Hand, experienced and accomplished journalists, who have been connected with the paper many years.



A. H. BELO.

Under Colonel Belo's management the Galveston *News* was greatly improved. Its large and growing income made possible a wide extension of its already well-developed system of collecting news. The old presses and other machinery that had gotten out of date were replaced by those of the most improved patterns, and the office was thoroughly equipped for the production of a first-class newspaper. A small steam vehicle was obtained, and sent over the railroad to Houston every

morning, carrying copies of the *News* to be distributed in different directions by means of the trains leaving that city early in the morning.

In 1881 Colonel Belo formed a company, placing in its charter a clause authorizing it to publish newspapers not only in Galveston, but at such other points in the State of Texas as it might select. Colonel Belo had conceived a new and bold idea. Other journalists had probably thought of and discussed the possibility of publishing simultaneously, at widely separated cities, duplicates of the same newspaper, thus securing two points of distribution instead of one, but no one had ventured to try the experiment. Colonel Belo had the courage to do so.

Dallas is the commercial centre of northern Texas, its largest city, and a centre from which many railways radiate. It is 315 miles from Galveston, and therefore beyond the territory in which a daily newspaper printed in the latter city could hope to gain large circulation. But the interests of the people in both portions of the State are the same, the population being singularly homogeneous. The kind of discussion of national and State affairs and the general comments on the news of the world that would please the people of Galveston would be equally acceptable to the people of Dallas and the vast country that can be reached from it early in the morning over its radiating railways.



JOHN C. NEW.

Colonel Belo did not make the mistake of simply setting up a printing-press in Dallas, sending a telegraph editor and a few reporters there to pick up local news, and then of transmitting the entire contents of the Galveston *News* by wire, simply to be reprinted in Dallas. Something of that kind had been done before on a small scale, and the people of Dallas would never have been convinced that the interests of their city were properly protected in a newspaper that was entirely written 315 miles away. Colonel Belo not only duplicated his mechanical plant and sent local reporters to Dallas, but he sent one of his best editors from Galveston to manage the Dallas newspaper, and he placed upon the staff there others of his ablest editors and writers. In short, the Dallas office is a fully equipped one to publish a newspaper without aid from Galveston in case the telegraph wires should be broken, or any other accident interrupt the communication between the two cities, and the Dallas *News* is just as much identified with Dallas local interests as the Galveston *News* is with those of that city. The number of editors is not as great as it would be if the entire paper was produced in Dallas, and, on the other hand, the staff of the Galveston office has been considerably reduced since it has been relieved by Dallas of a portion of the work it formerly did. The experiment has been successful even beyond Colonel Belo's most sanguine expectations.

When the story of the Galveston *News* and Dallas *News* has been told, the story of Texan journalism, so far as it is known beyond the borders of the State (except the religious press and the comic *Texas Siftings*), has been related. Of the 37 daily newspapers in the State, only one, except those already referred to, the Fort Worth *Gazette*, has a circulation of more than one or two thousand, and the most of them fall below the former figure. Some of the 306 weekly newspapers have large circulations, but a majority print editions of from 300 to 800.

Indiana has never produced any great newspapers. Cincinnati, Chicago, and Louisville have extended the circulation of their great journals into the State, and thoroughly covered it as a news field, leaving to the local press the local news

and State politics only as its own peculiar, exclusive province. And this field was early and well occupied. The Indianapolis *Journal* and *Sentinel*, the former the leading Republican and the latter the Democratic organ, have been published either as weekly or daily newspapers for nearly seventy years, and have actively participated in every important political campaign from the day of their establishment to this. The *Journal*, in early times, was a Whig newspaper, and afterward advocated the abolition of slavery at a time when it was only necessary to mention this subject to set the public mind into a perfect ferment of excitement.

The present editor of the *Journal* is the Hon. John C. New, formerly United States Treasurer, and one of the most influential Republican leaders in the country. But although the *Journal* may be called an "organ," it is not solely nor chiefly for its politics that it commends itself to public support. It is a good newspaper, alert, progressive, enterprising, and since it absorbed the *Times*, about two years ago, has been greatly improved, and has gained largely in circulation and advertising business.

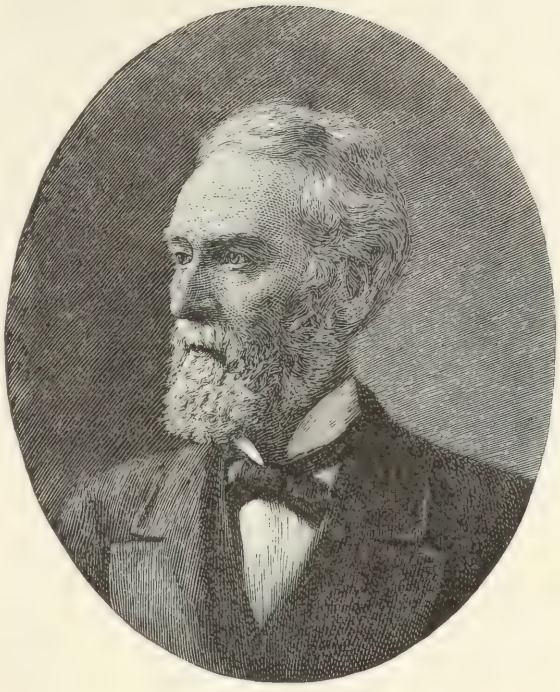
The *Sentinel* sustains similar relations to the Democratic party in Indiana that the *Journal* does to the Republican. It is an "organ," but an able and effective one. The present editor and publisher is W. J. Craig.

The evening newspapers of Indianapolis are the *News* and *Call*, neither of which has any politics. Their sole aim is to give the news, and that they do well, especially the *News*, which has a circulation of more than 20,000 copies a day.

Many of the smaller cities of Indiana have local daily newspapers, and the country weekly press will compare favorably with that of other Western States.

Chicago journalism, like the city itself, is one of the wonders of the times. The New York newspaper editors and publishers claim for themselves the first place among the press of the United States, but it is not a claim that is acceded to by Chicago journalists. There is a certain dignity which may perhaps carry influence that only belongs to age, a stability that only the lapse of years can bring.

Chicago newspapers can have little of this. But they have everything else that



JOSEPH MEDILL.

the great newspapers of New York have —capital, editorial talent, reportorial enterprise, and competent business management, and an unequalled field both for the collection of news and the extension of their circulation, and some of these qualities in an intensified and greatly developed degree. As newspapers, that is, as gatherers of the details of the world's daily history, and its presentation with fulness and skill, they have no equals on the continent.

The enterprise of the Chicago newspapers stops at no expense, staggers at no difficulties. Its special telegraph wires are like the spokes of a wheel, reaching especially all important points of the Northwest. The citizen of Chicago, as he opens his morning paper, has the satisfaction of knowing that no important event that has happened anywhere in the known world the day before has been missed from its news columns.

Editorially, the Chicago newspapers are in no respect inferior to the best published elsewhere in the United States. There is, it is true, running through a majority of the articles, an indescribable quality due to the influence of a community where, according to the local slang, "everything goes and goes like thunder," a disposition to carry a point by the use of the bludgeon instead of the more artistic flourish of the rapier; but, like most Western writers, Chicago editors go to the point aimed at

by very direct lines, and when it is reached no reader has any difficulty in finding out what it is.

Facile princeps among Chicago newspapers in the estimation of the country, though not, perhaps, in that of rival Chicago editors and publishers, is the *Tribune*. Its history may be said to have begun when Joseph Medill went to Chicago and, with John C. Vaughan and Dr. C. H. Ray, purchased the *Tribune*. This was in May, 1855. He secured a controlling interest in the *Tribune* in 1874, and for the last fourteen years has been editor-in-chief.

The *Tribune* is the leading journal of Chicago. Editorially it is strongest, as a purveyor of news it is never behind, and it is the favorite with business men who seek an advertising medium. Its profits are probably a quarter of a million of dollars a year. But the *Tribune* is not the only great newspaper in Chicago. There are several others which are its worthy rivals. The *Times* for a great many years was a sharp competitor of the *Tribune* in the collection and publication of the news, although not as careful as to the quality of it. For a while, before the recent change of ownership, it had settled down into something of a rut, handling well enough what came to it, but not reaching out and constantly turning up something startling as it used to do when Mr. Wilbur F. Storey was in his prime as a journalist.

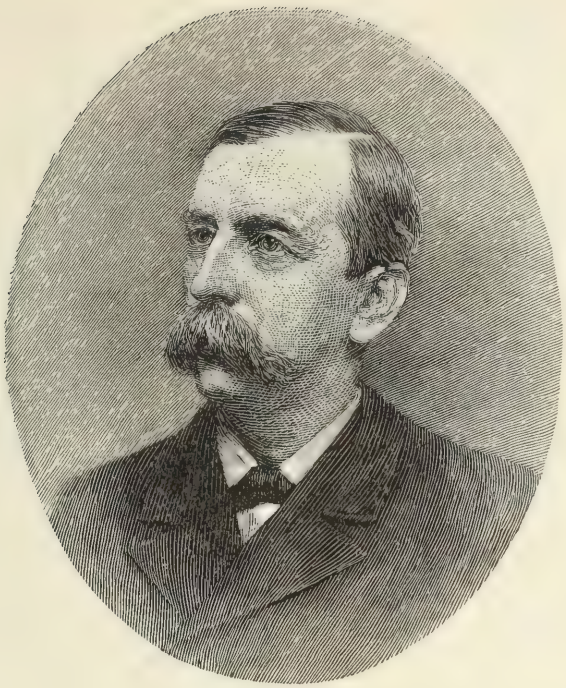
After various vicissitudes since the retirement and death of Mr. Storey, the Chicago *Times* was recently purchased by Mr. James J. West, a man barely thirty years of age, but whose success as a journalist during the seven years since he entered the profession has been phenomenal, even for the West. Mr. West's Chicago *Times* is not Mr. Storey's Chicago *Times*. The latter was unique and can never be produced again. Morality-loving people hope that it never will be. But the paper under its new management displays all the enterprise that Mr. Storey ever showed, better directed and adapted to the demands of the present day.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* was started in 1872 as the political organ of the "Stalwart" wing of the Republican party of the West, the field for it seeming to have been opened by the course of the *Tribune* in supporting Horace Greeley, the Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for the Presidency that year. It was built up upon the ruins of the Chicago *Republican*, which Charles A. Dana had made too high-toned and able for the popular taste of the West of that day. It has always been a clean, high-toned, interesting newspaper, and it has built up a weekly circulation that once stood second, and perhaps still does, in magnitude among the weekly editions of political dailies in the United States. Its Sunday edition is remarkably well edited, the correspondence, special articles by distinguished writers, fiction, and selected miscellany, as well as the other distinctive features it maintains, being chosen and prepared with exceptional care and judgment. It is enterprising, too, in its news departments, and well written on its editorial page.

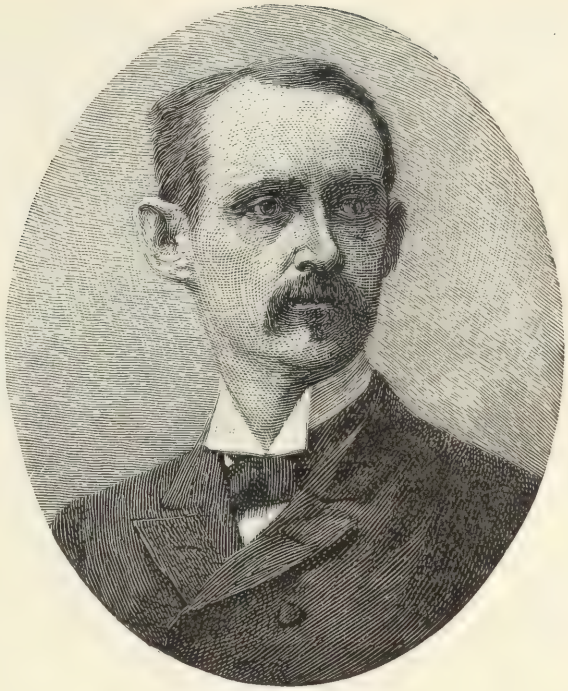
There is one man who has been identified with the *Inter-Ocean* from the beginning, whose faith and courage through sixteen years of a struggle such as very few American journalists have made kept the newspaper alive, and at last, as it is now reported, have placed it on a paying basis, and his career must command for him the admiration of the profession and that part of the public who know of the obstacles which he has had to overcome. That man is William Penn Nixon, the present editor and, from the beginning, business manager of the *Inter-Ocean*.

A new idea in journalism—one that is really original, and has in it something that impresses the public favorably—is often worth a fortune. To the incorporation of such an idea in a newspaper may be traced the success of almost every very profitable journal in the United States. The idea which the founders of the Chicago *Herald* thought opened a broad field for such a newspaper as they proposed to make was that there were hundreds of thousands of people whose breakfast-tables they could reach every morning who would prefer to have the news of the day, particularly that from a distance, unless it was of great importance, condensed into the space that a four-paged newspaper would have to give to it without interfering with the publication of the news of the city and State in such fulness of detail as its importance and the interest in it should demand.

As has frequently happened, the founders of the *Herald* lacked capital, but there was one man among them who possessed what has often proved to be of



W. P. NIXON.



MELVILLE E. STONE.

more importance than capital—courage, vim, pertinacity, and grim determination to make the venture a go—coupled with great administrative ability, and that was Mr. James W. Scott, the business manager. In conducting the publication department of the *Herald* he determined that there should be nothing cheap about it except its price. He bought a better grade of white paper than was generally used by morning newspapers, and thought that the fraction of a cent per pound extra that he paid for it money well invested. The best machinery was purchased; great care was exercised to secure clean, first-class typography, and as nearly perfect press-work as lightning machinery would produce. "The best is none too good" was the motto. And the people of Chicago appreciated all this, as Mr. Scott expected them to do.

In no other department was anything omitted that would make the paper attractive. Not being a member of the Associated Press, the young publisher leased a telegraphic wire to New York, and immediately set about developing the United Press Association, then a new and struggling rival of the older organization.

After some discouraging delays, the business of the *Herald* began to grow—slowly at first, but subsequently much more rapidly than any one pecuniarily interested in it had ever hoped for. In 1887 it placed at the head of its editorial columns the declaration that it had the "largest morning circulation in Chicago," and nobody has arisen to deny it. It prints a sixteen-page Sunday edition, which is one of the very best of that class of journals in the country. It is independent in politics, with positive convictions on every important public question.

Nowhere, probably, can there be found a more remarkable example of the rapid building up of a great newspaper property chiefly through the labors of one man, supplemented by those of competent assistants working under his personal direction, than in the history of the Chicago *Daily News*, founded by Mr. Melville E. Stone. After a varied experience in journalism, Mr. Stone returned to Chicago from Washington, where he had been writing for the New York *Herald*, in the fall of 1875, for the purpose of founding a cheap evening paper. On the 20th of December, 1875, he issued the first copy of the Chicago *Daily News*—a one-cent evening newspaper. The capital stock consisted of something like $500, and the entire plant was purchased "upon time." Two or three previous attempts to establish a one-cent paper in the Garden City had failed, and when Mr. Stone issued his first number there were already three other evening papers in the city. One of these was the Chicago *Telegram*, and the evening edition of the Chicago *Times* at that time was conducted by Mr. W. F.

Storey, with an unlimited capital and with great enterprise. The *Daily News* started without pretence. The first number contained no high-sounding promises. Within eighteen months the Chicago *Post* and *Mail* were purchased and absorbed, and thus the Associated Press franchise was secured.

In 1877 the State Savings Institution failed, and its president, Mr. D. E. Spencer, absconded, having taken from the vaults of the bank something like half a million dollars. There was intense excitement, and Mr. Spencer was indicted, but no effort was made by the city authorities to secure his return. The *Daily News* took the matter up, and its reporters tracked Spencer by his baggage, step by step, through Canada to Quebec, whence he sailed, in the name of John Williams, for Europe. A reporter was immediately sent to Europe to find him, and after a search of some months, discovered him in a suburb of Stuttgart. This unusual bit of enterprise attracted the attention of the country, and gave a great impetus to the circulation and general business of the paper.

Shortly after this the great railroad riots occurred. During the excitement in Chicago the *Daily News* spared no expense; it employed a large corps of men and sent them among the rioters, often clothed in the garb of working-men, and succeeded in distancing all its rivals in the publication of the news. Hourly extras were issued, and the circulation, which six months before had been less than 5000, reached upon one day of the riot more than 70,000 copies. The evening edition of the Chicago *Times* was discontinued, and a few other rivals passed out of the field, leaving the *Daily News* but one substantial competitor.

Mr. Victor F. Lawson, a son of one of the pioneers of Chicago, soon after purchased an interest in the *Daily News*, and became publisher, giving Mr. Stone an opportunity to devote himself exclusively to the editorship of the paper. From this time the growth of the *Daily News* was phenomenally rapid. The business and editorial departments were kept independent of each other, so that neither was permitted to influence the other. The editorial platform of the paper was substantially this: "Independence of Parties until the Party Lines are Drawn upon Principles rather than Plunder; Devotion to Civil Service Reform; Favorable to a Tariff for Revenue only; Opposed to Saloon Influence in Politics."

The other evening newspapers in Chicago are the *Evening Journal* and *Evening Mail*, both of which are Republican in politics. The former is the oldest newspaper in Chicago.

No attempt is made in this paper to describe the newspapers of Chicago, or of other Western cities, printed in other than the English language.

The *Free Press* is the oldest newspaper in Detroit, and the best known. In the last forty-seven years it has had three editors, all of them remarkable men, and that is the explanation of the important position that the *Free Press* has always held in the journalism of the country. The first of these was Colonel John H. Harmon, now a resident of Washington, who was a compositor on the paper in 1836, one-third owner and editor in 1841, and sole proprietor in 1853.

In 1854 Colonel Harmon sold out the *Free Press* to Wilbur F. Storey, afterward the editor of the Chicago *Times*, and he edited and published it until 1863, when the present editor, William E. Quinby, and associates bought it. Mr. Quinby is an able man, with a keen appreciation of humor, an excellent manager, and a judicious editor.

The *Free Press* may be said to have a dual character—to be a sort of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in journalism. It is a strong Democratic newspaper, a leader of its party in Michigan—this for its local constituency; it is also a weekly literary and family paper, with a funny department that has given it a reputation and circulation in every part of the United States, and made profitable the publication of a special edition in England to be sold in Europe. The writer of the most popular humorous articles and sketches for the *Free Press* is Charles B. Lewis, whose *nom de plume* is "M. Quad."

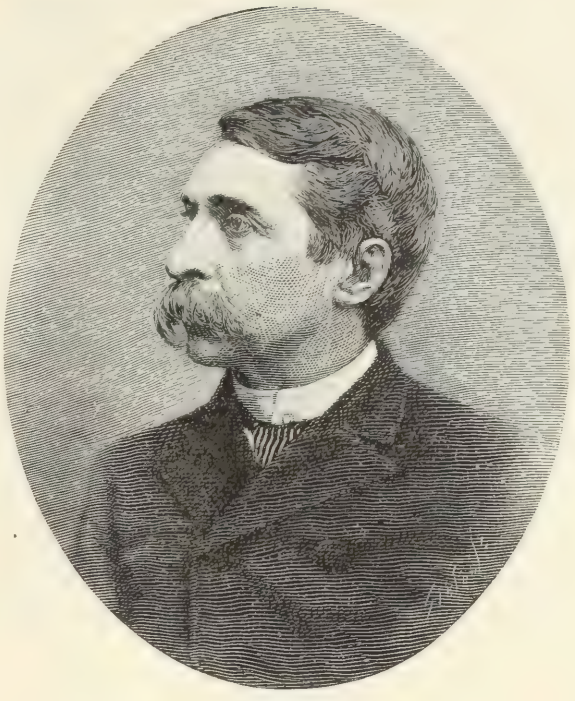
The 100,000 circulation of the weekly *Free Press* was not built up exclusively on the reputation of M. Quad's funny articles, nor is it retained solely or chiefly by them. Mr. Quinby has made of it a popular literary and family newspaper. The expectation of finding something funny in the "Bijah" or "Limekiln Club" papers may cause one who has never seen a copy of the *Free Press* to buy it to read upon the cars or in a leisure hour. The

interesting character of its general contents causes that purchaser to subscribe for it for a year.

The Detroit *Tribune* is the Republican organ of Michigan. It has been owned since about 1884 by a syndicate of politicians, with Colonel John Atkinson, Republican candidate for Congress in 1884, at their head. Ex-Governor Alger is said to have an interest in it. The *Tribune*, during the more than fifty years of its existence, has had many rivals of its own political faith to contend with, but in the end it has absorbed them all. In 1877 the last of its competitors was consolidated with it, under the title of the *Post and Tribune*. The first part of the name has since been dropped. The *Tribune* is a good newspaper, and a strong political advocate.

One of the most notable features of Western journalism during the past few years has been the rise and success of the penny and two-cent newspapers. The first journalist of the West to discover the demand for journals of this class, and to act upon his discovery, was Mr. James E. Scripps, the principal owner of the Detroit *Evening News*. For fourteen years he had been connected with the Detroit *Advertiser*, most of the time as a part owner. At last he came to the conclusion that people were not anxious to buy a given number of pounds of paper in the course of a year, but that they did want the *news*, and that it was an editor's duty, in a purely newspaper issue, so to gather, condense, and epitomize the record of the world's doings that a busy man could learn what was going on without wading through a mass of matter in which he had no possible interest. Having sold out his interest in the *Advertiser and Tribune*, he put this idea into practice in August, 1873, when he began the publication in Detroit of the *Evening News*, a six-column, four-page paper, which was sold at retail for two cents a copy. This was the pioneer of the cheap newspapers in the West.

The *Evening News* gained its way slowly at first, but by its enterprise in getting the news, its skill in condensing it, and the ability as writers of the men who were employed upon its staff, it grew in circulation, enlarged to seven columns to a page, and before many years printed larger editions than any other paper in Detroit. The circulation of the *News* is now about 40,000, and its net earnings for a



W. E. QUINBY.

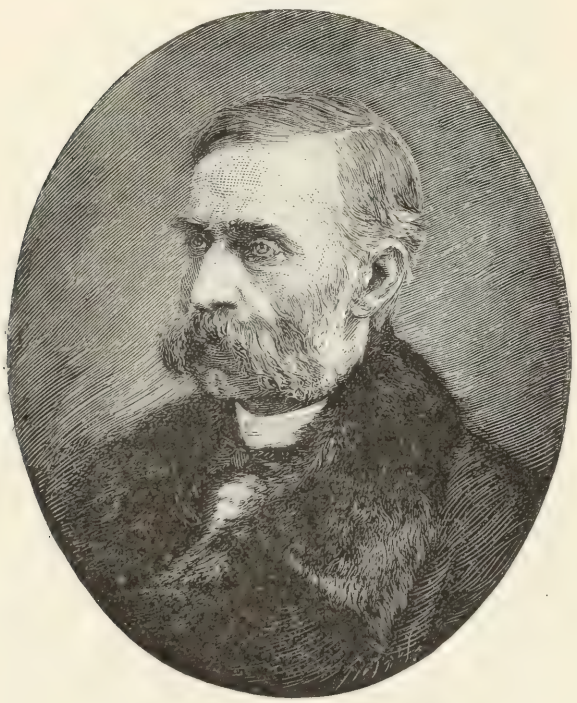
number of years more than $100,000 per annum.

Not only was Mr. Scripps the pioneer in cheap journalism in Detroit—cheap in price, but not in quality—but seeing fields for similar enterprises in other cities that no one seemed to have the courage or ability to occupy, he has taken possession of some of them himself. In 1878 he established the Cleveland *Press*, modelled after the Detroit *News*, and still owns a large interest in that profitable paper, which earns from $40,000 to $50,000 a year. In 1880 he moved upon St. Louis, and started the *Chronicle*. That took root rather slowly, but is now on a profitable and growing basis. The latest addition to the list is the Cincinnati *Post*, which, with a daily circulation of nearly 50,000 copies, is already a very valuable piece of property.

Neither Milwaukee, with its population of more than 115,000, nor Madison, the capital of Wisconsin, is favorably situated for the support of great newspapers, and there is no other city or town in the State large enough to make one possible. Chicago, with its enormous capital invested in newspapers, and the great enterprise that the possession of such capital makes possible, pours into Milwaukee in time for the early breakfast-table its five or six morning papers, with which in size, amount of news of every kind furnished, and general variety of contents no local

paper can hope to compete, and these same great morning dailies are distributed over the railroads to the cities and towns lying to the south and southwest of Milwaukee long before the papers of the latter city can reach them. To the northwest, also, a Milwaukee newspaper can go but a short distance, comparatively, before it gets into the territory supplied by the St. Paul and Minneapolis newspapers, which are now scarcely inferior to those of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati.

Of the newspapers now published in Wisconsin, the Milwaukee *Sentinel* is the oldest, its first number having appeared June 27, 1837. Philo White, afterward United States Minister to one of the South American republics, was its first editor. It was not made a daily newspaper until



HORACE RUBLEE.

1844. General Rufus King was longest in editorial charge of the *Sentinel*—from June, 1845, until 1861, when, being a graduate of West Point, and an ardent Union man, he entered the army. General King was a son of President Charles King, of Columbia College, and grandson of Rufus King, the early American statesman. Ill health led to his resignation from the army in 1862, and he was appointed Minister to Rome, where he remained for several years.

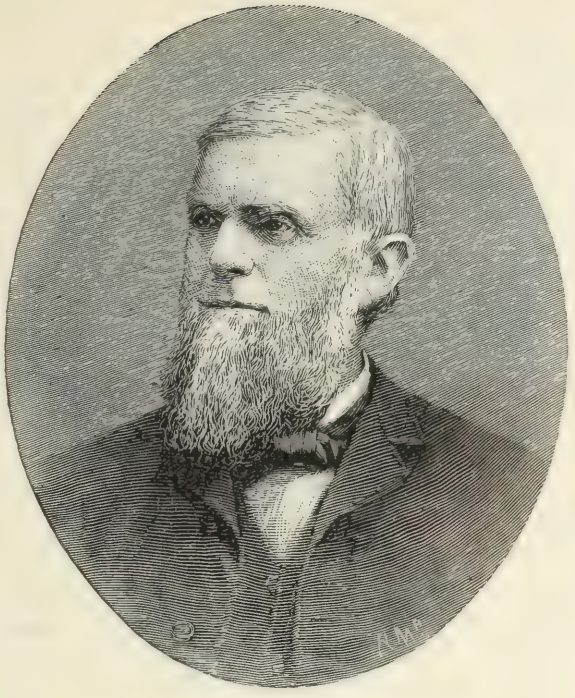
The second oldest daily newspaper of the State is the *Evening Wisconsin*, of Milwaukee. Its first number appeared June 8, 1847. William E. Cramer has been its chief editor, although for many years he has been almost totally blind, and unable to hear except through an ear-trumpet. In spite of these very serious impediments, which would seem insuperable to most men, he has the current news read to him every day, and dictates a large portion of the editorial articles that appear in his newspaper. He is a graduate of Union College, and before going West was a sub-editor on the Albany (New York) *Argus*.

The Hon. Horace Rublee has had charge of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* since 1882. He is one of the best-known men of the West, having taken an active part in Wisconsin State politics on the Republican side, and has several times appeared prominently in national affairs. He has represented the United States very creditably abroad, and has given the *Sentinel* a character and influence in the party which it never before had.

Many of the smaller cities of Wisconsin have good daily newspapers, but none of them has attained national fame.

In no part of the West, where we are accustomed to look for wonderfully rapid growth of cities and institutions, has the press advanced from the modest beginnings of frontier newspapers to the first rank of American journalism by such quick and positive strides as in St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The *Press* was the first daily newspaper published at St. Paul, and it was founded by Mr. Goodrich, who continued his connection with it for a dozen years or more. Mr. J. A. Wheelock was its first editor, and now, although thirty-four years have elapsed, he is still editor-in-chief of the *Pioneer-Press*. This paper is now dated and published simultaneously in St. Paul and Minneapolis. It is thoroughly equipped in every department, and is in all respects a first-class newspaper; it would be considered so in Chicago or Cincinnati, in New York or Philadelphia. It is Republican in politics, having adopted in this respect at the consolidation the principles of the *Press* rather than those of the *Pioneer*, which was a Democratic newspaper of the Bourbon stripe. The steadiness and consistency of the *Pioneer-Press*, and its independence within the Republican lines, have made it a great power in its party.



LEWIS BAKER.



A. J. BLETHEN.

The only rival of the *Pioneer-Press* in St. Paul is the *Globe*—a sensational Democratic sheet with a large circulation, but having little weight in the city. Its prosperity is due to the very qualities that cause it to be considered disreputable by the more self-respecting citizens. Its editor is Lewis Baker.

Although St. Paul and Minneapolis are only eight miles apart, and have many interests in common, the latter city has newspapers of its own of which all that has been said in praise of the press of St. Paul is equally true. Minneapolis is a younger city than the capital of the State further down the Mississippi River, although within the past few years it has outstripped the latter in population. The Minneapolis *Tribune*, the leading Republican journal of the city, founded in 1867, was until recently edited and managed by Alden J. Blethen and Will E. Haskell. Mr. Blethen is a veteran journalist, and had made the *Tribune* a great power in the Northwest, as well as a valuable newspaper property, before Mr. Haskell became associated with him. The latter is a young man whose special preparation for the profession of journalism has not been surpassed, probably, by that of any other editor in the United States. In addition to a university education at Harvard, the study of special branches, such as political economy and political history, a knowledge of which is essential to the editor, and extensive travel, he had the advantage of the advice and guidance of his father, who, as editor of the Boston *Herald*, has made a name and a fortune in journalism, the first of which he may rightfully be proud of, and for the last of which he is envied by less fortunate members of his profession.

The younger Mr. Haskell has yet his reputation as a newspaper man to make, but during the three years that he has been one of the chief powers that be in the office of the *Tribune*, he has shown talents that, when coupled with more experience, promise to make him as successful as his father has been. During the past spring Mr. Blethen sold out his interest in the *Tribune* to a Mr. Palmer, and retired; the firm is now Haskell and Palmer.

The Minneapolis *Tribune* is full of enterprise and "go." It is very liberal in its expenditures for news, and in procuring specially attractive features not only for its Sunday but also for its daily editions. It is enough to say that both it and the *Pioneer-Press* hold their own where they come into direct competition with the great Chicago journals at many points in Wisconsin.

The Minneapolis *Journal*, an independent Republican evening newspaper, started in 1878, is a very bright, newsy, and prosperous sheet. Though not as widely known as the *Pioneer-Press* and *Tribune*,



CHARLES W. KNAPP.

its circulation probably exceeds that of either of them. Its editor is J. S. McLain.

St. Louis is a great, overgrown, provincial city. It has discarded some of its more distinctive Southern peculiarities during the past few years, and taken on a more metropolitan air, but it still lacks that indescribable something that makes Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Kansas City wonders of the age, and which seems to act like a glass of champagne upon every new-comer, arousing him and stimulating him as he never was aroused and stimulated in his Eastern home. And the press of St. Louis is as characteristic of the city as the city is *sui generis* in itself.

It is, above all other things, a conservative press, and its conservatism is aptly illustrated in the names of several of the leading journals. The most important Democratic newspaper of St. Louis was called the *Missouri Republican* from 1822 until May, 1888, although it never was a Republican journal. And the explanation given for the recent change of name is rather an amusing one. The present editor, Charles H. Jones, had been conducting the Jacksonville (Florida) *Times-Union*, a Democratic sheet, and had been very active in Florida politics on the Democratic side. But when his friends heard that he was to go to St. Louis to edit the *Republican*, they were disgusted and angry that he should have proved himself such a political renegade. No amount of explanation could convince them. How could the *Missouri Republican* be a Democratic newspaper? The idea was absurd. To save his reputation, therefore, and maintain his standing among the Democrats of Florida, Mr. Jones changed the name of the paper to *St. Louis Republic*, and under that unfamiliar title the oldest newspaper published west of the Mississippi River, and which has been read by Democrats for sixty-six years under the old familiar name of *Missouri Republican*, now makes its daily appearance.

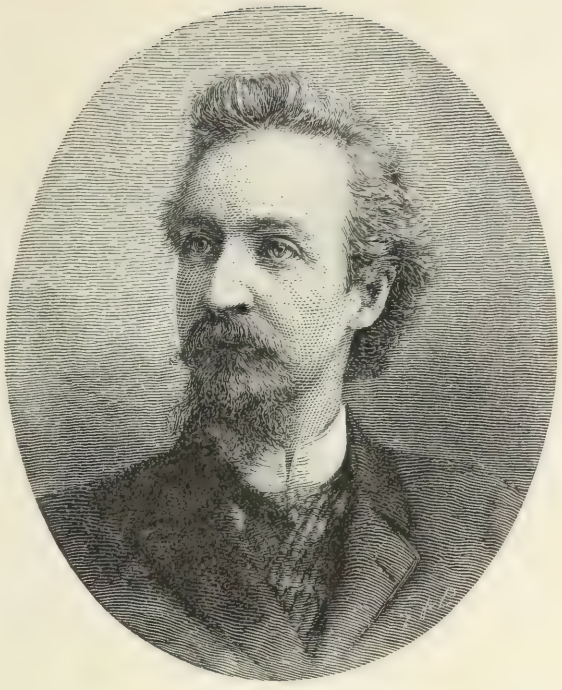
The *Globe-Democrat*, too, is not a Democratic but a Republican journal of the most radical stripe. Some day a new editor, placed in a similar predicament to that in which Mr. Jones lately found himself, may have to change the name of that too, or leave off the last part of the hyphened title.

Although the press of St. Louis has been conservative, it has kept abreast of the times in other respects. The editor of the *Missouri Republican*, until within the past year, was William Hyde, the present postmaster of St. Louis. He had held the position for many years—twenty, probably—while the paper was principally owned and published by several members of the Knapp family.

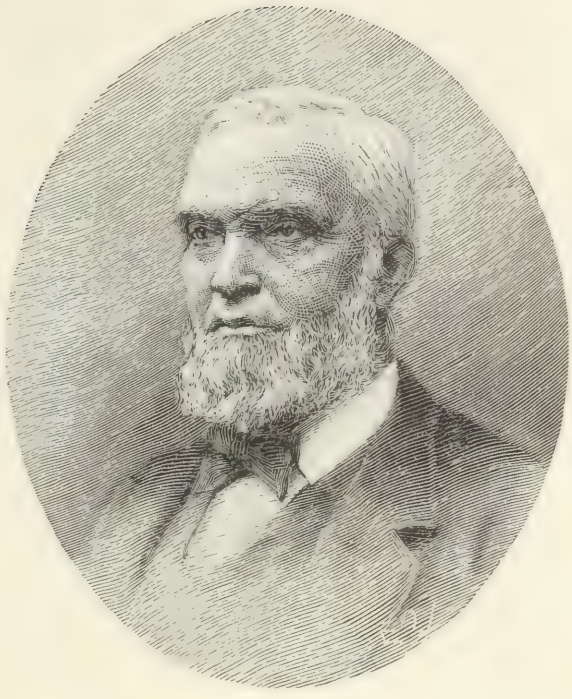
The managing editor of the *Missouri Republican* was for many years Mr. Charles W. Knapp, a younger member of



J. B. McCULLAGH.



MORRISON MUMFORD.



R. T. VAN HORN.

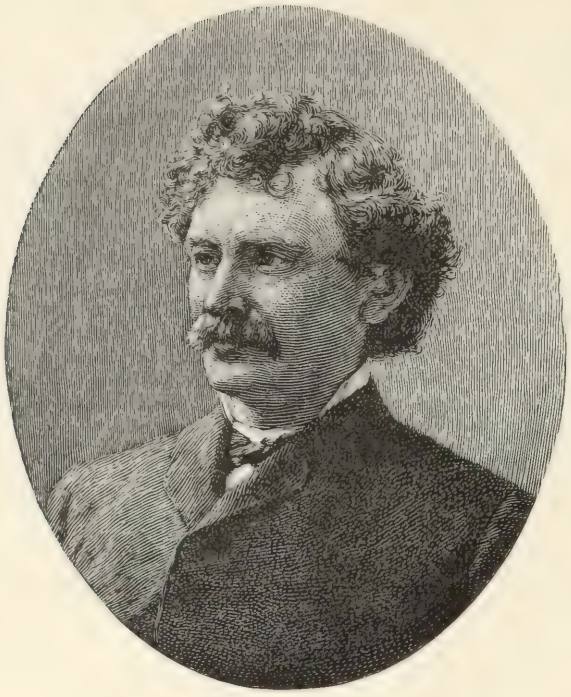
the family that has owned the paper, and who preceded Mr. Jones as editor-in-chief, and to him is principally due whatever credit is to be given for the excellence of the news departments of the *Republican*.

In striking contrast with the air that pervades the old *Republican* office is that that surrounds the *Globe-Democrat*. The editor of this paper, Mr. Joseph B. McCullagh, is what the Western people call "a rustler." A war correspondent who was tireless in his industry, and daring even to reckless, a Washington correspondent in exciting years immediately following the war, his letters and despatches were not of the perfunctory sort that simply run in the same groove from day to day. He saw the coloring of the events he recorded, and he transferred that coloring to what he wrote. He was said to be sensational, but if he was, it was a sensationalism that was popular, and everybody read what appeared with his initials attached, and liked to read it too.

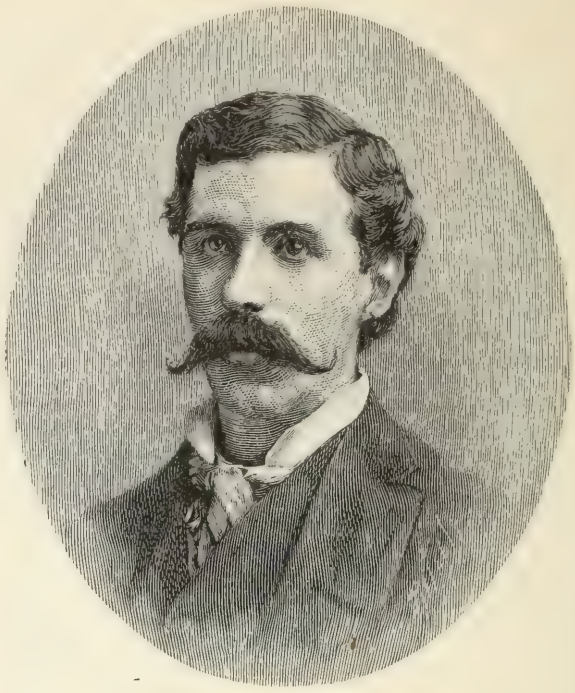
When Mr. McCullagh went to St. Louis, early in the seventies, to take the editorship of the *Globe*, there were two rival Republican newspapers in that city, where there was room for only one. The old St. Louis *Democrat*, founded in 1852, had been the organ of the Republican party, but there had been a quarrel both in the party and among the owners of the paper, and in consequence the *Globe* had been started. Its lot was not a prosperous one, although it took away enough of the business of the *Democrat* to injure that very materially.

The *Democrat* was a member of the Associated Press, and the *Globe* was not, and in those days and in that city this was a far greater obstacle to success than it would be now. While Mr. McCullagh was unable to make the balance come upon the right side of the ledger of the *Globe*, he was able to make a newspaper which people talked about. There was a snap in its editorial comments that St. Louis had not been accustomed to; there was an air of sensationalism about its news departments that was new in that field.

Finally a series of political and personal events which it is unnecessary to dwell upon here brought about a consolidation of the two papers, with Mr. McCullagh at the head of the new journal, and from that day the *Globe-Democrat* became one of the leading newspapers of the country and a very valuable property. It retained all the sprightliness of the *Globe*, and, with the extended facilities for news-getting and a largely increased income, it was greatly improved in every department. Editorially it is strong and aggressive, though partisan; it prints the news literally in full—that is, the art of condensation does not seem to have been acquired in its office—and to make space for its long stories it uses small type,



JOHN ARKINS.



O. H. ROTHAKER.

which, in the slang of the newspaper offices, "eats up copy" at a fearful rate. The *Globe-Democrat* has long had the habit of expanding in a most astonishing way to make room for advertisements and the voluminous news it prints. It is no uncommon thing for a daily issue to comprise sixteen pages, or for a Sunday edition to overwhelm the purchaser with twenty-eight or thirty pages.

The *Post-Dispatch* is a prosperous evening newspaper, an epitome of the New York *World* without its enormous resources and circulation. It was chiefly owned and edited by Joseph Pulitzer before he transferred his field of operations to New York, and it was understood to be his purpose, when he entered metropolitan journalism, to develop on that larger stage the ideas which in a small way he had put to practical experiment in his St. Louis newspaper. The *Post-Dispatch* has missed the spirit and enterprise that Mr. Pulitzer and the members of its staff whom he took with him to New York put into it, but it is still a popular, successful journal.

Kansas City, besides being the metropolis of western Missouri and eastern Kansas, is the newspaper centre of a broad region of country beyond. The rapid increase of Kansas City in population, business, and wealth is one of the marvels of the great West, but it is as natural as the rank growth of wheat and corn in the deep rich soil of the surrounding prairies. And in a city that accomplishes in a decade what older Eastern cities have only done in half a century, newspapers well edited and managed necessarily attain in a very short time circulation, pecuniary prosperity, and influence which the journals of other cities are many years in securing.

Three newspapers may be said to constitute the daily press of Kansas City printed in the English language—the *Times* and the *Journal*, morning newspapers, and the *Star*, an evening paper. The *Times* and *Journal* are almost as old as Kansas City itself, and each is edited by a man who is, and long has been, very prominent and influential, not only as an editor, but as a leading and public-spirited citizen of western Missouri. Both have been active in promoting every plan for the development of the city and the surrounding country, in urging and assisting in securing for the city all those conveniences and improvements that make the modern town so comfortable, so luxurious to live in, and in bringing to its markets, by the building of railroads, the people of a great area of country, whose grain and beef and pork it buys, and whom it supplies with dry-goods and groceries, farming implements and newspapers. Dr. Morrison Mumford and Colonel R. T. Van Horn and their newspapers are almost as much essential parts of Kansas City as its streets and public buildings.

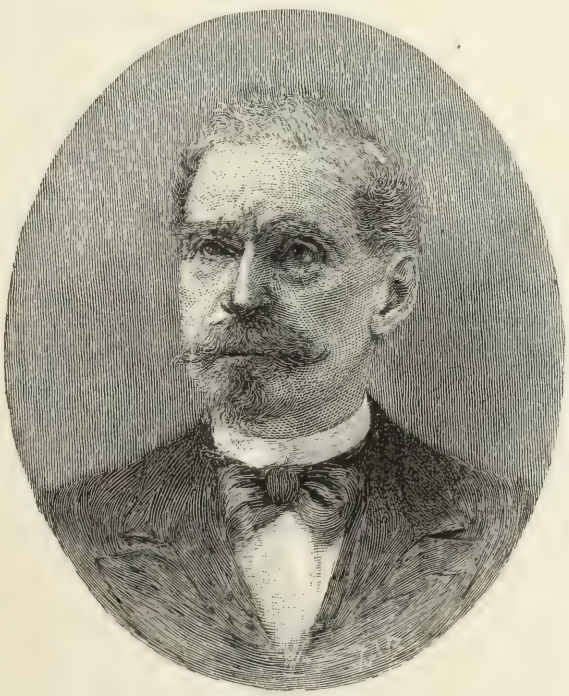
The first is the editor of the *Times*, the Democratic newspaper. Kansas City had already got a good start when he went there, in 1871, from Tennessee, and although it was still in a semi-chrysalis state, it required no great exercise of faith to believe that it had a great future before it. It was a very different thing when Colonel Van Horn settled in the straggling little village on the banks of the Missouri River in the early days, when all beyond was an almost unbroken wilderness, traversed only by wagon trains, and little suggesting the immense agricultural possibilities that lay hidden beneath the roots of its dried-up prairie-grass, and which even now have been only partially developed. He began to "boom the town" when almost everything about it was *in posse* and very little *in esse*. But the *Journal* had, and still has, a large influence and a numerous constituency beyond the boundaries of Kansas City and of the State of Missouri. The same may be said of the *Times*, but for different reasons.

The *Times* and *Journal* are both of metropolitan size and shape, and are managed by metropolitan methods. Both have first-class mechanical facilities, both print large daily editions and still larger weekly ones; the circulation of the *Weekly Times* is rapidly approaching 100,000 copies. Sunday journalism is popular in Kansas City, and the Sunday issues, like those of other Western cities, may be compared with those of the great Eastern commercial centres without much disadvantage to the former.

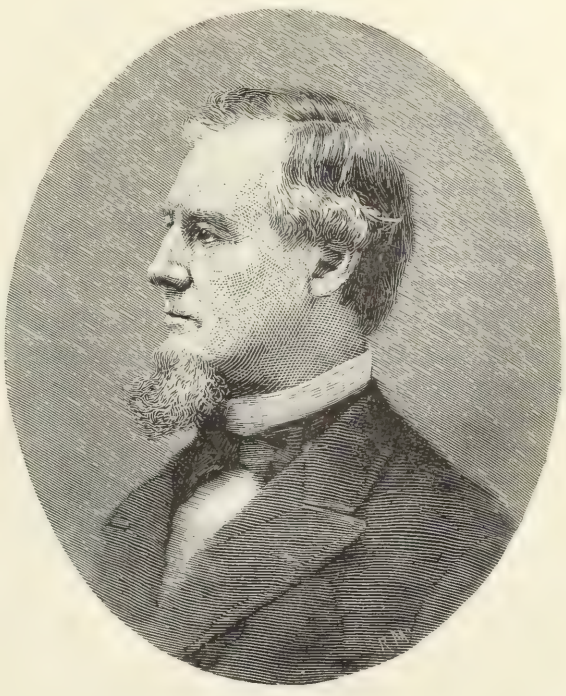
Iowa has no great newspapers, although it has some good ones. At Des Moines, the State capital, there are the *State Register* and *State Leader*, respectively the Republican and Democratic organs of the State. The former is edited by J. S. Clarkson, who, by his activity in national politics, has become better known than his newspaper. The *Register* is strong in its editorial columns and full and well edited in its news departments. Its daily circulation is between 5000 and 10,000, and its weekly edition more than 25,000.

The *Leader* is an older newspaper than the *Register*, but the latter has outstripped it in circulation as it has in quality and influence. There isn't much of a field in the interior of Iowa for a Democratic journal. It is creditable, therefore, to Mr. John Watts that he makes as good a paper as he does, and he makes a very good one.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* was made famous by the funny articles of Robert J. Burdette. Since he has published his stories and sketches in Eastern newspapers the *Hawkeye* has passed into obscurity compared with its former fame. It still has a fair weekly circulation, however, and is a good newspaper, which does good service for the Republican party.



L. PICKERING.



G. K. FITCH.



M. H. DE YOUNG.



F. M. PIXLEY.

Nebraska has one great newspaper, the Omaha *Bee*, started as a little four-column folio, in the early days, by the present owner and editor, Edward Rosewater. He has seen his paper advance to the front rank of Northwestern journalism, its daily circulation grow to about 15,000 and its weekly edition to 40,000, while it is universally recognized as the ablest exponent of the principles of the Republican party in a city that, with its 80,000 inhabitants, has apparently such a future that it may now be considered barely out of its swaddling-clothes, and in a State whose resources have hardly begun to be developed.

The Omaha *Republican* is one of those political journals which, like the New York *Evening Post*, do not depend upon the size of their circulation for their influence or support. It is the organ of the Republican party of Nebraska, and is edited by Mr. O. H. Rothaker. The *Republican* is the oldest daily newspaper now published in Omaha.

The *Rocky Mountain News* was born in 1859, amidst the excitement of the rush to the Pike's Peak mines, and its first office was in a log hut, which was until quite recently still in existence. With its expanding field and augmenting resources, especially since 1880, it has only extended that enterprise so early shown in every direction until the *News* has become one of the very best newspapers of the West, thoroughly metropolitan in its management, style of journalism and make-up. The *News* is Democratic in politics, and was until quite lately the only journal representing that party in the city. It is now owned by a syndicate, at the head of which is John Arkins, its veteran editor.

The Denver *Tribune* is a very newsy paper, full of "go," and habitually using strong language in expressing its opinions of its rival, the *News*, which, however, never fails to return all compliments with interest. It is almost impossible to imagine what the future of Denver may be, but if its newspapers continue to be conducted with the same enterprise and push that now distinguish them, when its population is as great as that of Chicago or St. Louis now is, there will appear at the base of the Rocky Mountains a journalism such as this country has never before seen.

The *Alta* was the first daily newspaper issued in California, and it still occupies a prominent place in the ranks of the daily journals of the Sunset City. It is now conducted by John P. Irish, formerly of Iowa, is Democratic in politics, and has a large circulation up and down the Pacific coast.

The publication of the *Daily Bulletin* began in October, 1855, and it has been steadily prosperous ever since. It is an evening newspaper. The first number of

the *Morning Call* appeared in December, 1856. The *Bulletin* is edited by George K. Fitch, familiarly known as Deacon Fitch, and the *Call* by Loring Pickering. The two journals are really evening and morning editions of the same journal, but they are managed as distinct papers, with separate editorial staffs. They have very large circulations, their weekly editions being distributed from Alaska to the Mexican line.

The *Daily Chronicle* is the most important newspaper on the Pacific coast, one of the few in the United States that may be said to stand in the front rank of American journalism. Its circulation is reported to be about 60,000 copies a day, and its advertising business is more valuable than shares in the bonanza mine that is working in pay rock.

It is aggressively Republican, Mr. M. H. De Young, now the sole owner of it, having taken a very active and influential part in the late Republican National Convention in Chicago.

The San Francisco *Daily Examiner* is the leading Democratic newspaper of the Pacific coast. Although more than a quarter of a century old, until two or three years ago, when it was bought by United States Senator George Hearst, its circulation was small. Owing to Senator Hearst's efforts the circulation has advanced to 50,000.

William R. Hearst, son of the Senator, is now at the head of the paper, with A. B. Henderson as managing editor.

The *Evening Post* is the last of the leading San Francisco daily newspapers. It was established in 1871, and has been fairly successful.

Of the weekly newspapers of San Francisco it is only necessary to mention *The Argonaut*, founded in 1877 by Frank Pixley. Mr. Pixley is a terse and vigorous writer, and contributes brilliant editorial articles on current local and political topics to his paper.

The interior cities of California have some influential and ably edited journals.

FLAX FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET DELAND.

BLUE as heaven, light as air,
All their slender stems can bear;

Nodding, swaying, as they float,
Each one like a restless boat;

One would think they'd anchored there
Just to wait till winds were fair.

On their stems they tug and strain,
Longing to be off again.

If the wind that murmurs sweet
Would but start the tiny fleet,

Surely their light keels could pass
Over seas of meadow-grass;

Safely they could sail and steer
Round the islands of the air,

Trees and bushes, growing low,
Where the rippling wind does blow,

Over waves of bold sunshine,
Down the moonbeams, pale and fine;

Sail and sail and find the port
Where I've left my willing heart;

Bid the holder set it free,
Or return her own to me;

Then, by breath of flowers blown,
Haste to tell me she's mine own!

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XIX.

ANNIE made up a bed for Idella on a wide, old-fashioned lounge in her room, and put her away in it, swathed in a night-gown which she found among the survivals of her own childish clothing in that old chest of drawers. When she woke in the morning she looked across at the little creature, with a tender sense of possession and protection suffusing her troubled recollections of the night before. Idella stirred, stretched herself with a long sigh, and then sat up and stared round the strange place as if she were still in a dream.

"Would you like to come in here with me?" Annie suggested from her bed.

The child pushed back her hair with her little hands, and after waiting to realize the situation to the limit of her small experience, she said, with a smile that showed her pretty teeth, "Yes."

"Then come."

Idella tumbled out of bed, pulling up the night-gown, which was too long for her, and softly thumped across the carpet. Annie leaned over and lifted her up, and pressed the little face to her own, and felt the play of the quick, light breath over her cheek.

"Would you like to stay with me—live with me—Idella?" she asked.

The child turned her face away, and hid a roguish smile in the pillow. "I don't know."

"Would you like to be my little girl?"

"No."

"No? Why not?"

"Because — because" — she seemed to search her mind—"because your night-gowns are too long."

"Oh, is that all? That's no reason. Think of something else."

Idella rubbed her face hard on the pillow. "You dress up cats."

She lifted her face, and looked with eyes of laughing malice into Annie's, and Annie pushed her face against Idella's neck and cried, "You're a rogue!"

The little one screamed with laughter and gurgled: "Oh, you tickle! You tickle!"

They had a childish romp, prolonged through the details of Idella's washing and dressing, and Annie tried to lose, in her frolic with the child, the anxieties that had beset her waking; she succeeded in confusing them with one another in one dull, indefinite pain.

She wondered when Mr. Peck would come for Idella, but they were still at their belated breakfast when Mrs. Bolton came in to say that Bolton had met the minister on his way up, and had asked him if Idella might not stay the week out with them.

"I don' know but he done more'n he'd ought. But she can be with us the rest part, when you've got done with her."

"I haven't begun to get done with her," said Annie. "I'm glad Mr. Bolton asked."

After breakfast Bolton himself appeared, to ask if Idella might go up to the orchard with him. Idella ran out of the room and came back with her hat on, and tugging to get into her shabby little sack. Annie helped her with it, and Idella tucked her hand into Bolton's loose, hard fist, and gave it a pull toward the door.

"Well, I don't see but what she's goin'," he said.

"Yes; you'd better ask her the next time if *I* can go," said Annie.

"Well, why don't you?" asked Bolton, humoring the joke. "I guess you'd enjoy it about as well as any. We're just goin' for a basket of windfalls for pies. I guess we ain't a-goin' to be gone a great while."

Annie watched them up the lane from the library window with a queer grudge at heart, Bolton stiffly lumbering forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, the child whirling and dancing at his side, and now before and now after him.

At the sound of wheels on the gravel before the front door, Annie turned away with such an imperative need of its being Dr. Morrell's buggy that it was almost an intolerable disappointment to find it Mrs. Munger's phaeton.

Mrs. Munger burst in upon her in an excitement which somehow had an effect of premeditation.

"Miss Kilburn, I wish to know what you think of Mr. and Mrs. Putney's behavior to me, and Mr. Peck's, in my own

* Begun in June number, 1888.

house, last night. They are friends of yours, and I wish to know if you approve of it. I come to you *as* their friend, and I am sure you will feel as I do that my hospitality has been abused. It was an outrage for Mr. Putney to get intoxicated in my house; and for Mr. Peck to attack me as he did before everybody, because Mr. Putney had taken advantage of his privileges, was abominable. I am not a member of his church; and even if I were, he would have had no right to speak so to me."

Annie felt the blood fly to her head, and she waited a moment to regain her coolness. "I wonder you came to ask me, Mrs. Munger, if you were so sure that I agreed with you. I'm certainly Mr. and Mrs. Putney's friend, and so far as admiring Mr. Peck's sincerity and goodness is concerned, I'm *his* friend. But I'm obliged to say that you're mistaken about the rest."

She folded her hands at her waist, and stood up very straight, looking firmly at Mrs. Munger, who made a show of taking a new grip of her senses as she sank unbidden into a chair.

"Why, what do you mean, Miss Kilburn?"

"It seems to me that I needn't say."

"Why, but you must! You *must*, you know. I can't be *left* so! I must know where I *stand!* I must be sure of my *ground!* I can't go on without understanding just how much you mean by my being mistaken."

She looked Annie in the face with eyes superficially expressive of indignant surprise, and Annie perceived that she wished to restore herself in her own esteem by browbeating some one else into the affirmation of her innocence.

"Well, if you must know, Mrs. Munger, I mean that you ought to have remembered Mr. Putney's infirmity, and that it was cruel to put temptation in his way. Everybody knows that he can't resist it, and that he is making such a hard fight to keep out of it. And then, if you press me for an opinion, I must say that you were not justifiable in asking Mr. Peck to take part in a social entertainment when we had explicitly dropped that part of the affair."

Mrs. Munger had not pressed Annie for an opinion on this point at all; but in their interest in it they both ignored the fact. Mrs. Munger tacitly admitted her position in retorting, "He needn't have staid."

"You made him stay—you remember how—and he couldn't have got away without being rude."

"And you think he wasn't rude to scold me before my guests?"

"He told you the truth. He didn't wish to say anything, but you forced him to speak, just as you have forced me."

"Forced *you?* Miss Kilburn!"

"Yes. I don't at all agree with Mr. Peck in many things, but he is a good man, and last night he spoke the truth. I shouldn't be speaking it if I didn't tell you I thought so."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Munger, rising. "After this you can't expect me to have anything to do with the Social Union; you couldn't *wish* me to, if that's your opinion of my character."

"I haven't expressed any opinion of your character, Mrs. Munger, if you'll remember, please; and as for the Social Union, I shall have nothing further to do with it myself."

Annie drew herself up a little higher, and silently waited for her visitor to go.

But Mrs. Munger remained.

"I don't believe Mrs. Putney herself would say what you have said," she remarked, after an embarrassing moment. "If it were really so I should be willing to make any reparation—to acknowledge it. Will you go with me to Mrs. Putney's? I have my phaeton here, and—"

"I shouldn't dream of going to Mrs. Putney's with you."

Mrs. Munger urged, with the effect of invincible argument: "I've been down in the village, and I've talked to a good many about it—some of them hadn't heard of it before—and I must say, Miss Kilburn, that people generally take a very different view of it from what you do. They think that my hospitality has been shamefully abused. Mr. Gates said he should think I would have Mr. Putney arrested. But I don't care for all that. What I wish is to prove to you that I am right; and if I can go with you to call on Mrs. Putney, I shall not care what any one else says. Will you come?"

"Certainly not," cried Annie.

They both stood a moment, and in this moment Dr. Morrell drove up, and dropped his hitching weight beyond Mrs. Munger's phaeton.

As he entered she said: "We will let

Dr. Morrell decide. I've been asking Miss Kilburn to go with me to Mrs. Putney's. I think it would be a graceful and proper thing for me to do, to express my sympathy and interest, and to hear what Mrs. Putney really has to say. Don't *you* think I ought to go to see her, doctor?"

The doctor laughed. "I can't prescribe in matters of social duty. But what do you want to see Mrs. Putney for?"

"What for? Why, doctor, on account of Mr. Putney—what took place last night."

"Yes? What was that?"

"What was *that?* Why, his strange behavior—his—his intoxication."

"Was he intoxicated? Did you think so?"

"Why, you were there, doctor. Didn't you think so?"

Annie looked at him with as much astonishment as Mrs. Munger.

The doctor laughed again. "You can't always tell when Putney's joking; he's a great joker. Perhaps he was hoaxing."

"Oh, doctor, do you think he *could* have been?" said Mrs. Munger, with clasped hands. "It would make me the happiest woman in the world! I'd forgive him all he's made me suffer. But *you're* joking *now*, doctor?"

"You can't tell when people are joking. If I'm not, does it follow that I'm really intoxicated?"

"Oh, but that's nonsense, Dr. Morrell. That's mere—what do you call it?—chop logic. But I don't mind it. I grasp at a straw." Mrs. Munger grasped at a straw of the mind, to show how. "But what *do* you mean?"

"Well, Mrs. Putney wasn't intoxicated last night, but she's not well this morning. I'm afraid she couldn't see you."

"Just as you *say*, doctor," cried Mrs. Munger, with mounting cheerfulness. "I *wish* I knew just how much you meant, and how little." She moved closer to the doctor, and bent a look of candid fondness upon him. "But I know you're trying to mystify me."

She pursued him with questions which he easily parried, smiling and laughing. At the end she left him to Annie, with adieux that were almost radiant. "Anyhow, I shall take the benefit of the doubt, and if Mr. Putney was hoaxing, I shall not give myself away. *Do* find out what he means, Miss Kilburn, won't you?" She took hold of Annie's unoffered hand, and pressed it in a double leathern grasp, and ran out of the room with a lightness of spirit which her physical bulk imperfectly expressed.

XX.

"Well?" said Annie, to the change which came over Morrell's face when Mrs. Munger was gone.

"Oh, it's a miserable business! He must go on now to the end of his debauch. He's got past doing any mischief, I'm thankful to say. But I had hoped to tide him over awhile longer, and now that fool has spoiled everything. Well!"

Annie's heart warmed to his vexation, and she postponed another emotion. "Yes, she *is* a fool. I wish you had qualified the term, doctor."

They looked at each other solemnly, and then laughed. "It won't do for a physician to swear," said Morrell. "I wish you'd give me a cup of coffee. I've been up all night."

"With Ralph?"

"With Putney."

"You shall have it instantly; that is, as instantly as Mrs. Bolton can kindle up a fire and make it." She went out to the kitchen, and gave the order with an imperiousness which she softened in Dr. Morrell's interest by explaining rather fully to Mrs. Bolton.

When she came back she wanted to talk seriously, tragically, about Putney. But the doctor would not. He said that it paid to sit up with Putney, drunk or sober, and hear him go on. He repeated some things Putney said about Mr. Peck, about Gerrish, about Mrs. Munger.

"But why did you try to put her off in that way—to make her believe he wasn't intoxicated?" asked Annie, venting her postponed emotion, which was of disapproval.

"I don't know. It came into my head. But she knows better."

"It was rather cruel; not that she deserves any mercy. She caught so at the idea."

"Oh yes, I saw that. She'll humbug herself with it, and you'll see that before night there'll be two theories of Putney's escapade. I think the last will be the popular one. It will jump with the general opinion of Putney's ability to carry anything out. And Mrs. Munger will do all she can to support it."

Mrs. Bolton brought in the coffee-pot,

and Annie hesitated a moment, with her hand on it, before pouring out a cup.

"I don't like it," she said.

"I know you don't. But you can say that it wasn't Putney who hoaxed Mrs. Munger, but Dr. Morrell."

"Oh, you didn't either of you hoax her."

"Well, then, there's no harm done."

"I'm not so sure."

"And you won't give me any coffee?"

"Oh yes, I'll give you some *coffee*," said Annie, with a sigh of baffled scrupulosity that made them both laugh.

He broke out again after he had begun to drink his coffee.

"Well?" she demanded, from her own lapse into silence.

"Oh, nothing! Only Putney. He wants Brother Peck, as he calls him, to unite all the religious elements of Hatboro' in a church of his own, and send out missionaries to the heathen of South Hatboro' to preach a practical Christianity. He makes South Hatboro' stand for all that's worldly and depraved."

"Poor Ralph! Is that the way he talks?"

"Oh, not all the time. He talks a great many other ways."

"I wonder you can laugh."

"He's been very severe on Brother Peck for neglecting the discipline of his child. He says he ought to remember his duty to others, and save the community from having the child grow up into a capricious, wilful woman. Putney was very hard upon your sex, Miss Kilburn. He attributed nearly all the trouble in the world to women's wilfulness and caprice."

He looked across the table at her with his merry eyes, whose sweetness she felt even in her sudden preoccupation with the notion which she now launched upon him, leaning forward and pushing some books and magazines aside, as if she wished to have nothing between her need and his response.

"Dr. Morrell, what should you think of my asking Mr. Peck to give me his little girl?"

"To give you his—"

"Yes. Let me take Idella—keep her—adopt her! I've nothing to do, as you know very well, and she'd be an occupation; and it would be far better for her. What Ralph says is true. She's growing up without any sort of training; and I think if she keeps on she will be mischievous to herself and every one else."

"Really?" asked the doctor. "Is it so bad as that?"

"Of course not. And of course I don't want Mr. Peck to renounce all claim to his child; but to let me have her for the present, or indefinitely, and get her some decent clothes, and trim her hair properly, and give her some sort of instruction—"

"May I come in?" drawled Mrs. Wilmington's mellow voice, and Annie turned and saw Lyra peering round the edge of the half-opened library door. "I've been discreetly hemming and scraping and hammering on the wood-work so as not to overhear, and I'd have gone away if I hadn't been afraid of being overheard."

"Oh, come in, Lyra," said Annie; and she hoped that she had kept the spirit of resignation with which she spoke out of her voice.

Dr. Morrell jumped up with an apparent desire to escape that wounded and exasperated her. She put out her hand quite haughtily to him and asked, "Oh, must you go?"

"Yes. How do you do, Mrs. Wilmington? You'd better get Miss Kilburn to give you a cup of her coffee."

"Oh, I will," said Lyra. She forbore any reference, even by a look, to the intimate little situation she had disturbed.

Morrell added to Annie: "I like your plan. It's the best thing you could do."

She found she had been keeping his hand, and in the revulsion from wrath to joy she violently wrung it.

"I'm *so* glad!" She could not help following him to the door, in the hope that he would say something more, but he did not, and she could only repeat her rapturous gratitude in several forms of incoherency.

She ran back to Mrs. Wilmington. "Lyra, what do you think of my taking Mr. Peck's little girl?"

Mrs. Wilmington never allowed herself to seem surprised at anything; she was, in fact, surprised at very few things. She had got into the easiest chair in the room, and she answered from it, with a luxurious interest in the affair, "Well, you know what people will say, Annie."

"No, I don't. *What* will they say?"

"That you're after Mr. Peck pretty openly."

Annie turned scarlet. "And when

they find I'm *not*?" she demanded, with severity that had no effect upon Lyra.

"Then they'll say you couldn't get him."

"They may say what they please. What do you think of the plan?"

"I think it would be the greatest blessing for the poor little thing," said Lyra, with a nearer approach to seriousness than she usually made. "And the greatest care for you," she added, after a moment.

"I shall not care for the care. I shall be glad of it—thankful for it," cried Annie, fervidly.

"If you can get it," Lyra suggested.

"I believe I can get it. I believe I can make Mr. Peck see that it's a duty. I shall ask him to regard it as a charity to me—as a mercy."

"Well, that's a good way to work upon Mr. Peck's feelings," said Lyra, demurely. "Was that the plan that Dr. Morrell approved of so highly?"

"Yes."

"I didn't know but it was some course of treatment. You pressed his hand so affectionately. I said to myself, well, Annie's either an enthusiastic patient, or else—"

"What?" demanded Annie, at the little stop Lyra made.

"Well, you know what people do *say*, Annie."

"What?"

"Why, that you're very much out of health, or—" Lyra made another of her tantalizing stops.

"Or what?"

"Or Dr. Morrell is very much in love."

"Lyra, I can't allow you to say such things to me."

"No; that's what I've kept saying to myself all the time. But you would have it *out* of me. *I* didn't want to say it."

It was impossible to resist Lyra's pretended deprecation. Annie laughed. "I suppose I can't help people's talking, and I ought to be too old to care."

"You ought, but you're not," said Lyra, flatteringly. "Well, Annie, what do you think of our little evening at Mrs. Munger's in the dim retrospect? Poor Ralph! What did the doctor say about him?" She listened with so keen a relish for the report of Putney's sayings that Annie felt as if she had been turning the affair into comedy for Lyra's amusement. "Oh dear, I wish I could hear him! I thought I should have died last night when he came back, and began to scare everybody blue with his highly personal remarks. I wish he'd had time to get round to the Northwicks."

"Lyra," said Annie, nerving herself to the office; "don't you think it was wicked to treat that poor girl as you did?"

"Well, I suppose that's the way some people might look at it," said Lyra, dispassionately.

"Then, how—*how* could you do it?"

"Oh, it's easy enough to behave wickedly, Annie, when you feel like it," said Lyra, much amused by Annie's fervor, apparently. "Besides, I don't know that it was so *very* wicked. What makes you think it was?"

"Oh, it wasn't that merely. Lyra, may I—*may* I speak to you plainly, frankly—like a sister?" Annie's heart filled with tenderness for Lyra, with the wish to help her, to save a person who charmed her so much.

"Well, like a *step*-sister, you may," said Lyra, demurely.

"It wasn't for her sake alone that I hated to see it. It was for your sake—for *his* sake."

"Well, that's very kind of you, Annie," said Lyra, without the least resentment. "And I know what you mean. But it really doesn't hurt either Jack or me. I'm not very goody-goody, Annie; I don't pretend to be; but I'm not very baddy-baddy either. I assure you"—Lyra laughed mischievously—"I'm one of the very few persons in Hatboro' who are better than they should be."

"I know it, Lyra—I know it. But you have no right to keep him from taking a fancy to some young girl—and marrying her; to keep him to yourself; to make people talk."

"There's something in that," Lyra assented, with impartiality. "But I don't think it would be well for Jack to marry yet; and if I see him taking a fancy to any real nice girl, I sha'n't interfere with him. But I shall be very *particular*, Annie."

She looked at Annie with such a droll mock-earnest, and shook her head with such a burlesque of grandmotherly solicitude, that Annie laughed in spite of herself. "Oh, Lyra, Lyra!"

"And as for me," Lyra went on, "I assure you I don't care for the little bit of harm it does me."

"But you ought—you ought!" cried

Annie. "You ought to respect yourself enough to care. You ought to respect other women enough."

"Oh, I guess I'd let the balance of the sex slide, Annie," said Lyra.

"No, you mustn't; you can't. We are all bound together; we owe everything to each other."

"Isn't that rather Peckish?" Lyra suggested.

"I don't know. But it's true, Lyra. And I shouldn't be ashamed of getting it from Mr. Peck."

"Oh, I didn't say you would be." She jumped up and laughed at the look in Annie's face. "Will you go round with me to the Putneys? I thought Ellen might like to see us."

"No, no. I can't go," said Annie, finding it impossible to recover at once from her failure to reclaim Lyra.

"Well, you'll be glad to have *me* go, anyway," said Lyra. She saw Annie shrinking from her, and she took hold of her, and pulled her up and kissed her. "You dear old thing! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world. And whichever it is, Annie, the parson or the doctor, I wish him joy."

That afternoon, as Annie was walking to the village, the doctor drove up to the sidewalk and stopped near her. "Miss Kilburn, I've got a letter from home. They write me about my mother in a way that makes me rather anxious, and I shall run down to Chelsea this evening."

"Oh, I'm sorry for your bad news. I hope it's nothing serious."

"She's old; that's the only cause for anxiety. But of course I must go."

"Oh yes, indeed. I do hope you'll find all right with her."

"Thank you very much. I'm sorry that I must leave Putney at such a time. But I leave him with Mr. Peck, who's promised to be with him. I thought you'd like to know."

"Yes, I do; it's very kind of you—very kind indeed."

"Thank you," said the doctor. It was not the phrase exactly, but it served the purpose of the cordial interest in which they parted as well as another.

XXI.

During the days that Mr. Peck had consented to leave Idella with her, Annie took the whole charge of the child, and grew into an intimacy with her that was very sweet. It was not necessary to this that Idella should be always tractable and docile, which she was not, but only that she should be affectionate and dependent; Annie found that she even liked her to be a little baddish; it gave her something to forgive; and she experienced a perverse pleasure in discovering that the child of a man so self-forgetful as Mr. Peck was rather more covetous than most children. It also amused her that when some of Idella's shabby playmates from Over the Track casually found their way to the woods past Annie's house, and tried to tempt Idella to go with them, the child disowned them, and ran into the house from them; so soon was she alienated from her former life by her present social advantages. She apparently distinguished between Annie and the Boltons, or if not quite this, she showed a distinct preference for her company, and for her part of the house. She hung about Annie with a flattering curiosity and interest in all she did. She lost every trace of shyness with her, but developed an intense admiration for her in every way—for her dresses, her rings, her laces, for the elegancies that marked her a gentlewoman. She pronounced them prettier than Mrs. Warner's things, and the house prettier and larger.

"Should you like to live with me?" Annie asked.

The child seemed to reflect. Then she said, with the indirection of her age and sex, pushing against Annie's knee, "I don't know what your name is."

"Have you never heard my name? It's Annie. How do you like it?"

"It's—it's too short," said the child, from her readiness always to answer something that charmed Annie.

"Well, then you can make it longer. You can call me Aunt Annie. I think that will be better for a little girl; don't you?"

"Mothers can whip, but aunts can't," said Idella, bringing a practical knowledge, acquired from her observation of life Over the Track, to a consideration of the proposed relation.

"I know *one* aunt who won't," said Annie, touched by the reply.

Saturday evening Idella's father came for her; and with a preamble which seemed to have been unnecessary when he understood it, Annie asked him to let her keep the child, at least till he had settled

himself in a house of his own, or, she hinted, in some way more comfortable for Idella than he was now living. In her anxiety to make him believe that she was not taking too great a burden on her hands, she became slowly aware that no fear of this had apparently troubled him, and that he was looking at the whole matter from a point outside of questions of polite ceremonial, even of personal feeling.

She was vexed a little with his insensibility to the favor she meant the child, and she could not help trying to make him realize it. "I don't promise always to be the best guide, philosopher, and friend that Idella could have"—she took this light tone because she found herself afraid of him—"but I think I shall be a little improvement on some of her friends Over the Track. At least, if she wants my cat, she shall have it without fighting for it."

Mr. Peck looked up with question, and she went on to tell him of a struggle which she had seen one day between Idella and a small Irish boy for a kitten; it really belonged to the boy, but Idella carried it off.

The minister listened attentively. At the end: "Yes," he said, "that lust of possession is something all but impossible, even with constant care, to root out of children. I have tried to teach Idella that nothing is rightfully hers except while she can use it; but it is hard to make her understand, and when she is with other children she forgets."

Annie could not believe at first that he was serious, and then she was disposed to laugh. "Really, Mr. Peck," she began, "I can't think it's so important that a little thing like Idella should be kept from coveting a kitten as that she should be kept from using naughty words and from scratching and biting."

"I know," Mr. Peck consented. "That is the usual way of looking at such things."

"It seems to me," said Annie, "that it's the common-sense way."

"Perhaps. But upon the whole, I don't agree with you. It is bad for the child to use naughty words and to scratch and bite; that's part of the warfare in which we all live; but it's worse for her to covet, and to wish to keep others from having."

"I don't wonder you find it hard to make her understand that."

"Yes, it's hard with all of us. But if it is ever to be easier we must begin with the children."

He was silent, and Annie did not say anything. She was afraid that she had not helped her cause. "At least," she finally ventured, "you can't object to giving Idella a little rest from the fray. Perhaps, if she finds that she can get things without fighting for them, she'll not covet them so much."

"Yes," he said, with a dim smile that left him sad again, "there is some truth in that. But I'm not sure that I have the right to give her advantages of any kind, to lift her above the lot, the chance, of the least fortunate—"

"Surely we are bound to provide for those of our own household," said Annie.

"Who are those of our own household?" asked the minister. "All mankind are those of our own household. These are my mother and my brother and my sister."

"Yes, I know," said Annie, somewhat eagerly quitting this difficult ground. "But you can leave her with me at least till you get settled," she faltered, "if you don't wish it to be for longer."

"Perhaps it may not be for long," he answered, "if you mean my settlement in Hatboro'. I doubt," he continued, lifting his eyes to the question in hers, "whether I shall remain here."

"Oh, I hope you will," cried Annie. She thought she must make a pretence of misunderstanding him. "I supposed you were very much satisfied with your work here."

"I am not satisfied with myself in my work," replied the minister; "and I know that I am far from acceptable to many others in it."

"You are acceptable to those who are best able to appreciate you, Mr. Peck," she protested, "and to people of every kind. I'm sure it's only a question of time when you will be thoroughly acceptable to all. I want you to understand, Mr. Peck," she added, "that I was shocked and ashamed the other night at your being tricked into countenancing a part of the entertainment you were promised should be dropped. I had nothing to do with it."

"It was very unimportant, after all," the minister said, "as far as I was concerned. In fact, I was interested to see the experiment of bringing the different grades of society together."

"It seems to me it was an utter failure," suggested Annie.

"Quite. But it was what I expected."

There appeared an uncandor in this which Annie could not let pass even if it imperilled her present object to bring up the matter of past contention. "But when we first talked of the Social Union you opposed it because it wouldn't bring the different classes together."

"Did you understand that? Then I failed to make myself clear. I wished merely to argue that the well-meaning ladies who suggested it were not intending a social union at all. In fact, such a union in our present condition of things, with its division of classes, is impossible—as Mrs. Munger's experiment showed—with the best will on both sides. But, as I said, the experiment was interesting, though unimportant, except as it resulted in heart-burning and offence."

They were on the same ground, but they had reached it from starting-points so opposite that Annie felt it very unsafe. In her fear of getting into some controversy with Mr. Peck that might interfere with her designs regarding Idella, she had a little insincerity in saying: "Mrs. Munger's bad faith in that was certainly unimportant compared with her part in poor Mr. Putney's misfortune. That was the worst thing; that's what I *can't* forgive."

Mr. Peck offered no comment, and Annie, somewhat daunted by his silence, proceeded: "I've had the satisfaction of telling her what I thought on both points. But Ralph—Mr. Putney—I hear, has escaped this time with less than his usual—"

She did not know what lady-like word to use for spree, and so she stopped.

Mr. Peck merely said, "He has shown great self-control;" and she perceived that he was not going to say more. He listened patiently to the reasons she gave for not having offered Mrs. Putney anything more than passive sympathy at a time when help could only have cumbered and kindness wounded her, but he made no sign of thinking them either necessary or sufficient. In the mean time he had not formally consented to Idella's remaining with her, and Annie prepared to lead back to that affair as artfully as she could.

"I really want you to believe, Mr. Peck, that I think very differently on *some* points from what I did when we first talked about the Social Union, and I have you to thank for seeing things in a new light. And you needn't," she added, lightly, "be afraid of my contaminating Idella's mind with any wicked ideas. I'll do my best to keep her from coveting kittens or property of any kind; though I've always heard my father say that civilization was founded upon the instinct of ownership, and that it was the only thing that had advanced the world. And if you dread the danger of giving her advantages, as you say, or bettering her worldly lot," she continued, with a smile for his quixotic scruples, "why, I'll do my best to reduce her blessings to a minimum; though I don't see why the poor little thing shouldn't get some good from the inequalities that there always must be in the world."

"I am not sure there always must be inequalities in the world," answered the minister.

"There always have been," cried Annie.

"There always had been slavery, up to a certain time," he replied.

"Oh, but surely you don't compare the two!" Annie pleaded with what she really regarded as a kind of lunacy in the good man. "In the freest society, I've heard my father say, there is naturally an upward and downward tendency; a perfect level is impossible. Some must rise, and some must sink."

"But what do you mean by rising? If you mean in material things, in wealth, and the power over others that it gives—"

"I don't mean that altogether. But there are other ways—in cultivation, refinement, higher tastes and aims than the great mass of people can have. You have risen yourself, Mr. Peck."

"I have risen, as you call it," he said, with a meek sufferance of the application of the point to himself. "Those who rise above the necessity of work for daily bread are in great danger of losing their right relation to other men, as I said when we talked of this before."

A point had remained in Annie's mind from her first talk with Dr. Morrell. "Yes; and you said once that there could be no sympathy between the rich and the poor—no real love—because they had not had the same experience of life. But how is it about the poor who become rich? They have had the same experience."

"Too often they make haste to forget that they were poor; they become hard

masters to those they have left behind them. They are eager to identify themselves with those who have been rich longer than they. Some working-men who now see this clearly have the courage to refuse to rise. Miss Kilburn, why should I let you take my child out of the conditions of self-denial and self-help to which she was born?"

"I don't know," said Annie, rather blankly. Then she added, impetuously: "Because I love her and want her. I don't—I *won't*—pretend that it's for her sake. It's for *my* sake, though I can take better care of her than you can. But I'm all alone in the world; I've neither kith nor kin; nothing but my miserable money. I've set my heart on the child; I must have her. At least let me keep her awhile. I will be honest with you, Mr. Peck. If I find I'm doing her harm and not good, I'll give her up. I should wish you to feel that she is yours as much as ever, and if you *will* feel so, and come often to see her—I—I shall—be very glad, and—" she stopped, and Mr. Peck rose.

"Where is the child?" he asked, with a troubled air; and she silently led the way to the kitchen, and left him at the door to Idella and the Boltons. When she ventured back later he was gone, but the child remained.

Half exultant and half ashamed, she promised herself that she really would be true as far as possible to the odd notions of the minister in her treatment of his child. When she undressed Idella for bed she noticed again the shabbiness of her poor little clothes. She went through the bureau that held her own childish things once more, but found them all too large for Idella, and too hopelessly antiquated. She said to herself that on this point at least she must be a law to herself.

She went down to see Mrs. Bolton. "Isn't there some place in the village where they have children's ready-made clothes for sale?" she asked.

"Mr. Gerrish's," said Mrs. Bolton, briefly.

Annie shook her head, drawing in her breath. "I shouldn't want to go there. Is there nowhere else?"

"There's a Jew place. They say he cheats."

"I dare say he doesn't cheat more than most Christians," said Annie, jumping from her chair. "I'll try the Jew place. I want you to come with me, Mrs. Bolton."

They went together, and found a dress that they both decided would fit Idella, and a hat that matched it.

"I don't know as he'd like to have anything quite so nice," said Mrs. Bolton, coldly.

"I don't know as he has anything to say about it," said Annie, mimicking Mrs. Bolton's accent and syntax.

They both meant Mr. Peck. Mrs. Bolton turned away to hide her pleasure in Annie's audacity and extravagance.

"Want I should carry 'em?" she asked, when they were out of the store.

"No; I can carry them," said Annie.

She put them where Idella must see them as soon as she woke.

It was late before she slept, and Idella's voice broke upon her dreams. The child was sitting up in her bed, gloating upon the dress and hat hung and perched upon the chair-back in the middle of the room. "Oh, whose is it? Whose is it? Whose is it?" she screamed; and as Annie lifted herself on her elbow, and looked over at her: "Is it mine? Is it mine?"

Annie had thought of playing some joke; of pretending not to understand; of delaying the child's pleasure; playing with it; teasing. But in the face of this rapturous longing, she could only answer, "Yes."

"Mine? My very own? To have? To keep always?"

"Yes."

Idella sprang from her bed, and flew upon the things with a primitive, greedy transport in their possession. She could scarcely be held long enough to be washed before the dress could be put on.

"Be careful—be careful not to get it soiled, now," said Annie.

"No; I won't spoil it." She went quietly down-stairs, and when Annie followed, she found her posing before the long pier-glass in the parlor, and twisting and turning for this effect and that. All the morning she moved about prim and anxious; the wild-wood flower was like a hot-house blossom wired for a bouquet.

At the church door Annie asked her, "Would you rather sit with Mrs. Bolton?"

"No, no," gasped the child, intensely; "with *you!*" and she pushed her hand into Annie's, and held fast to it.

Annie's question had been suggested

by a belated reluctance to appear before so much of Hatboro' in charge of the minister's child. But now she could not retreat, and with Idella's hand in hers she advanced blushing up the aisle to her pew.

XXII.

The farmers' carry-alls filled the long shed beside the church, and their leathern faces looked up, with their wives' and children's, at Mr. Peck where he sat, high behind the pulpit; a patient expectance suggested itself in the men's bald or grizzled crowns, and in the fantastic hats and bonnets of their women-folks. The village ladies were all in the perfection of their street costumes, and they compared well with three or four of the ladies from South Hatboro', but the men with them spoiled all by the inadequacy of their fashion. Mrs. Gates, the second of her name, was very stylish, but the provision-man had honestly the effect of having got for the day only into the black coat which he had bought ready-made for his first wife's funeral. Mr. Wilmington, who appeared much shorter than his wife as he sat beside her, was as much inferior to her in dress; he wore, with the carelessness of a rich man who could afford simplicity, a loose alpaca coat and a cambric neckcloth, over which he twisted his shrivelled neck to catch sight of Annie as she rustled up the aisle. Mrs. Gerrish—so much as could be seen of her—was a mound of bugled velvet, topped by a small bonnet, which seemed to have gone much to a fat black pompon; she sat far within her pew, and their children stretched in a row from her side to that of Mr. Gerrish, next the door. He did not look round at Annie, but kept an attitude of fixed self-concentration, in harmony with the severe old-school respectability of his dress; his wife leaned well forward to see, and let all her censure appear in her face.

Colonel Marvin, of the largest shoe-shop, showed the side of his large florid face, with the kindly smile that seemed to hang loosely upon it; and there was a good number of the hat shop and shoe shop hands of different ages and sexes scattered about. The gallery, commonly empty or almost so, showed groups and single figures dropped about here and there on its seats.

The Putneys were in their pew, the little lame boy between the father and mother, as their custom was. They each looked up at her as she passed, and smiled in the slight measure of recognition which people permit themselves in church. Putney was sitting with his head hanging forward in pathetic dejection; his face, when he first lifted it to look at Annie in passing, was haggard, but otherwise there was no consciousness in it of what had passed since they had sat there the Sunday before. When his glance took in Idella too, in her sudden finery, a light of friendly mocking came into it, and seemed to comment the relation Annie had assumed to the child.

Annie's pew was just in front of Lyra's, and Lyra pursed her mouth in burlesque surprise as Annie got into it with Idella and turned round to lift the child to the seat. While Mr. Peck was giving out the hymn, Lyra leaned forward and whispered:

"Don't imagine that this turnout is *all* on your account, Annie, He's going to preach against the Social Union and the social glass."

The banter echoed a mechanical expectation in Annie's heart, which was probably present in many others there. It was some time before she could cast it out, even after he had taken his text, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and she followed him with a mechanical disappointment at his failure to meet it.

He began by saying that he wished to dissociate his text in his hearers' minds from the scent of the upturned earth, and the fall of clods upon the coffin lid, and he asked them to join him in attempting to find in it another meaning beside that which it usually carried. He believed that those words of Christ ought to speak to us of this world as well as the next, and enjoin upon us the example which we might all find in him, as well as promise us immortality with him. As the minister went on, Annie followed him with the interest which her belief that she heard between the words inspired, and occasionally in a discontent with what seemed a mystical, almost a fantastical, quality of his thought.

"There is an evolution," he continued, "in the moral as well as in the material world, and good unfolds in greater good; that which was once best ceases to be in that which is better. In the political world we have striven forward to liberty as to the final good, but with this achieved we find that liberty is only a means and not an end, and that we shall

abuse it as a means if we do not use it, even sacrifice it, to promote equality; or in other words, equality is the perfect work, the evolution of liberty. Patriotism has been the virtue which has secured an image of brotherhood, rude and imperfect, to large numbers of men within certain limits, but nationality must perish before the universal ideal of fraternity is realized. Charity is the holiest of the agencies which have hitherto wrought to redeem the race from savagery and despair; but there is something holier yet than charity, something higher, something purer and farther from selfishness, something into which charity shall willingly grow and cease, and that is *justice*. Not the justice of our Christless codes, with their penalties, but the instinct of righteous shame which, however dumbly, however obscurely, stirs in every honest man's heart when his superfluity is confronted with another's destitution, and which is destined to increase in power till it becomes the social as well as the individual conscience. Then, in the truly Christian state, there shall be no more asking and no more giving, no more gratitude and no more merit, no more charity, but only and evermore justice; all shall share alike, and want and luxury and killing toil and heartless indolence shall all cease together.

"It is in the spirit of this justice that I believe Christ shall come to judge the world; not to condemn and punish so much as to reconcile and to right. We live in an age of seeming preparation for indefinite war. The lines are drawn harder and faster between the rich and the poor, and on either side the forces are embattled. The working-men are combined in vast organizations to withstand the strength of the capitalists, and these are taking the lesson and uniting in trusts. The smaller industries are gone, and the smaller commerce is being devoured by the larger. Where many little shops existed, one huge factory assembles manufacture; one large store, in which many different branches of trade are united, swallows up the small dealers. Yet in the labor organizations, which have their bad side, their weak side, through which the forces of hell enter, I see evidence of the fact that the poor have at last had pity on the poor, and will no more betray and underbid and desert one another, but will stand and fall together as brothers; and the monopolies, though they are founded upon ruin, though they know no pity and no relenting, have a final significance which we must not lose sight of. They prophesy the end of competition; they eliminate one element of strife, of rivalry, of warfare. But woe to them through whose evil this good comes, to any man who prospers on to ease and fortune, forgetful or ignorant of the ruin on which his success is built! For that death the resurrection and the life seem not to be. Whatever his creed or his religious profession, his state is more pitiable than that of the sceptic, whose words perhaps deny Christ, but whose works affirm him. There has been much anxiety in the Church for the future of the world abandoned to the godlessness of science, but I cannot share it. If God is, nothing exists but from Him. He directs the very reason that questions Him, and Christ rises anew in the doubt of him that the sins of Christendom inspire. So far from dreading such misgiving as comes from contemplating the disparity between the Church's profession and her performance, I welcome it as another resurrection and a new life."

The minister paused and seemed about to resume, when a scuffling and knocking noise drew all eyes toward the pew of the Gerrish family. Mr. Gerrish had risen and flung open the door so sharply that it struck against the frame-work of the pew, and he stood pulling his children, whom Mrs. Gerrish urged from behind, one after another, into the aisle beside him. One of them had been asleep, and he now gave way to the alarm which seizes a small boy suddenly awakened. His mother tried to still him, stooping over him and twitching him by the hand, with repeated "'Sh! 'sh's!" as mothers do, till her husband got her before him, and marched his family down the aisle and out of the door. The noise of their feet over the floor of the vestibule died away upon the stone steps outside. The minister allowed the pause he had made to prolong itself painfully. He wavered, after clearing his throat, as if to go on with his sermon, and then he said, sadly, "Let us pray!"

XXIII.

Putney stopped with his wife and boy, and waited for Annie at the corner of the street where their ways parted. She had eluded Lyra Wilmington in coming down the aisle, and she had hurried to escape

the sensation which broke into eager talk among the people before they got out of church, and which began with question whether one of the Gerrish children was sick, and ended in the more satisfactory conviction that Mr. Gerrish was offended at something in the sermon.

"Well, Annie," said Putney, with a satirical smile.

"Oh, Ralph — Ellen — what does it mean?"

"It means that Brother Gerrish thought Mr. Peck was hitting at him in that talk about the large commerce, and it means business," said Putney. "Brother Gerrish has made a beginning, and I guess it's the beginning of the end, unless we're all ready to take hold against him. What are you going to do?"

"Do? Anything! Everything! It was abominable! It was atrocious!" she shuddered out with disgust. "How could he imagine that Mr. Peck would do such a thing?"

"Well, he's imagined it. But he doesn't mean to stay out of church; he means to put Brother Peck out."

"We mustn't let him. That would be outrageous."

"That's the way Ellen and I feel about it," said Putney; "but we don't know how much of a party there is with us."

"But everybody—everybody must feel the same way about Mr. Gerrish's behavior? I don't see how you can be so quiet about it—you and Ellen!"

Annie looked from one to another indignantly, and Putney laughed.

"We're not *feeling* quietly about it," said Mrs. Putney.

Putney took out a piece of tobacco, and bit off a large corner, and began to chew vehemently upon it. "Hello, Idella!" he said to the little girl, holding by Annie's hand and looking up intently at him, with childish interest in what he was eating. "What a pretty dress you've got on!"

"It's mine," said the child. "To keep."

"Is that so? Well, it's a beauty."

"I'm going to wear it all the time."

"Is that so? Well, now, you and Winthrop step on ahead a little; I want to see how you look in it. Splendid!" he said, as she took the boy's hand and looked back over her shoulder for Putney's applause. "Lyra tells us you've adopted her for the time being, Annie. I guess you'll have your hands full. But, as I was going to say, about feeling differently, my experience is that there's always a good-sized party for the perverse, simply because it seems to answer a need in human nature. There's a fascination in it; a man feels as if there must be something in it besides the perversity, and because it's so obviously wrong it must be right. Don't you believe but what a good half of the people in church to-day are pretty sure that Gerrish had a good reason for behaving indecently. The very fact that he did so carries conviction to some minds, and those are the minds we have got to deal with. When he gets up in the next Society meeting there's a mighty great danger that he'll have a strong party to back him."

"I can't believe it," Annie broke out, but she was greatly troubled. "What do you think, Ellen; that there's any danger of his carrying the day against Mr. Peck?"

"There's a great deal of dissatisfaction with Mr. Peck already, you know, and I guess Ralph's right about the rest of it."

"Well, I'm glad I've taken a pew. I'm with you for Mr. Peck, Ralph, heart and soul."

"As Brother Brandreth says about the Social Union. Well, that's right. I shall count upon you. And speaking of the Social Union, I haven't seen you, Annie, since that night at Mrs. Munger's. I suppose you don't expect me to say anything in self-defence?"

"No, Ralph, and you needn't; *I've* defended you sufficiently—justified you."

"That won't do," said Putney. "Ellen and I have thought that all out, and we find that I—or something that stood for me—was to blame, whoever else was to blame too; we won't mention the hospitable Mrs. Munger. When Dr. Morrell had to go away, Brother Peck took hold with me, and he suggested good resolutions. I told him I'd tried 'em, and they never did me the least good; but his sort really seemed to work. I don't know whether they would work again; Ellen thinks they would. *I* think we sha'n't ever need anything again; but that's what I always think when I come out of it—like a man with chills and fever."

"It was Dr. Morrell who asked Mr. Peck to come," said Mrs. Putney; "and it turned out for the best. Ralph got well quicker than he ever did before. Of course, Annie," she explained, "it must seem strange to you hearing us talk of it

as if it were a disease; but that's just like what it is—a raging disease; and I can't feel differently about anything that happens in it, though I do blame people for it." Annie followed with tender interest the loving pride that exonerated and idealized Putney in the words of the woman who had suffered so much with him, and must suffer. "I couldn't help speaking as I did to Mrs. Munger."

"She deserved it every word," said Annie. "I wonder you didn't say more."

"Oh, hold on!" Putney interposed. "We'll allow that the local influences were malarial, but I guess we can't excuse the invalid altogether. That's Brother Peck's view; and I must say I found it decidedly tonic; it helped to brace me up."

"I think he was too severe with you altogether," said his wife.

Putney laughed. "It was all I could do to keep Ellen from getting up and going out of church too, when Brother Gerrish set the example. She's a Gerrishite at heart."

"Well, remember, Ralph," said Annie, "that I'm with you in whatever you do to defeat that man. It's a good cause—a righteous cause—the cause of justice; and we must do everything for it," she said, fervently.

"Yes, any enormity is justifiable against injustice," he suggested, "or the unjust; it's the same thing."

"You know I don't mean that. I can trust you."

"I shall keep within the law, at any rate," said Putney.

"Well, Mrs. Bolton!" Annie called out, when she entered her house, and she pushed on into the kitchen; she had not the patience to wait for her to bring in the dinner before speaking about the exciting event at church. But Mrs. Bolton would not be led up to the subject by a tacit invitation, and after a suspense in which her zeal for Mr. Peck began to take a color of resentment toward Mrs. Bolton, Annie demanded, "What do you think of Mr. Gerrish's scandalous behavior?"

Mrs. Bolton gave herself time to put a stick of wood into the stove and to punch it with the stove-lid handle before answering. "I don't know as it's anything more than I expected."

Annie went on: "It was shameful! Do you suppose he really thought Mr. Peck was referring to him in his sermon?"

"I presume he felt the cap fit. But if it hadn't b'en one thing, 'twould b'en another. Mr. Peck was bound to roil the brook for Mr. Gerrish's drinkin', wherever he stood, up stream or down."

"Yes. He *is* a wolf! A wolf in sheep's clothing," said Annie, excitedly.

"I d' know as you can call him a *wolf*, exactly," returned Mrs. Bolton, dryly. "He's got his good points, I presume."

Annie was astounded. "Why, Mrs. Bolton, you're surely not going to justify him?"

Mrs. Bolton erected herself from cutting a loaf of her best bread into slices, and stood with the knife in her hand, like a figure of Justice. "Well, I *guess* you no need to ask me a question like that, Miss Kilburn. I hain't obliged to make up to Mr. Peck, though, for what I done in the beginnin' by condemnin' everybuddy else without mercy now." Mrs. Bolton's eyes did not flash fire, but they sent out an icy gleam that went as sharply to Annie's heart.

Bolton came in from feeding the horse and cow in the barn, with a mealy tin pan in his hand, from which came a mild, subdued radiance like that of his countenance. He was not sensible of arriving upon a dramatic moment, and he said, without noticing the attitude of either lady: "I see you walkin' home with Mr. Putney, Miss Kilburn. What 'd *he* say?"

"You mean about Mr. Gerrish? He thinks as we all do; that it was a challenge to Mr. Peck's friends, and that we must take it up."

A light of melancholy satisfaction shone from Bolton's deeply shaded eyes. "Well, he ain't one to lose time, not a great deal. I presume he's goin' to work?"

"At once," said Annie. "He says Mr. Gerrish will be sure to bring his grievance up at the next Society meeting, and we must be ready to meet him, and out-talk him and out-vote him." She reported these phrases from Putney's lips.

"Well, I guess if it was out-talkin', Mr. Putney wouldn't have much trouble about it. And as far forth as votin' goes, I don't believe but what we can carry the day."

"We couldn't," said Mrs. Bolton from the pantry, where she had gone to put the bread away in its stone jar, "if it was left to the church." She accented the last word with the click of the jar lid, and came out.

"Well, it ain't a church question. It's a Society question."

Mrs. Bolton replied, on her passage to the dining-room with the plate of sliced bread: "I can't make it seem right to have the minister a Society question. Seems to me that the church members 'd ought have the say."

"Well, you can't make the discipline over to suit everybody," said Bolton. "I presume it was ordered for a wise purpose."

"Why, land alive, Oliver Bolton," his wife shouted back from the remoteness to which his words had followed her, "the statute provisions and rules of the Society wa'n't ordered by Providence."

"Well, not directly, as you may say," said Bolton, beginning high, and lowering his voice as she rejoined them, "but I presume the hearts of them that made them was moved."

Mrs. Bolton could not combat a position of such unimpugnable piety in words, but she permitted herself a contemptuous sniff, and went on getting the things into the dining-room.

"And I guess it's all goin' to work together for good. I ain't afraid any but what it's goin' to come out all right. But we got to be up and doin', as they say about 'lection times. The Lord helps them that helps themselves," said Bolton; and then, as if he felt the weakness of this position as compared with that of entire trust in Providence, he winked his mild eyes, and added, "if they're on the right side, and put their faith in His promises."

"Well, your dinner's ready now," Mrs. Bolton said to Annie.

Idella had clung fast to Annie's hand; as Annie started toward the dining-room she got before her, and whispered vehemently.

"What?" asked Annie, bending down; she laughed, in lifting her head, "I promised Idella you'd let us have some preserves to-day, Mrs. Bolton."

Mrs. Bolton smiled with grim pleasure. "I see all the while her mind was set on something. She ain't one to let you forget *your* promises. Well, I guess if Mr. Peck had a little more of *her* disposition there wouldn't be much doubt about the way it would all come out."

"Well, you don't often see pairents take after their children," said Bolton, venturing a small joke.

"No, nor husbands after their wives, either," said Mrs. Bolton, sharply. "The more's the pity."

XXIV.

Dr. Morrell came to see Annie late the next Wednesday evening.

"I didn't know you'd come back," she said. She returned to the rocking-chair, from which she came forward to greet him, and he dropped into an easy seat near the table piled with books and sewing.

"I didn't know it myself half an hour ago."

"Really? And is this your first visit? I must be a very interesting case."

"You are—always. How have you been?"

"I? I hardly know whether I've been at all," she answered, in mechanical parody of his own reply. "So many other things have been of so much more importance."

She let her eyes rest full upon his, with a sense of returning comfort and safety in his presence, and after a deep breath of satisfaction she asked, "How did you leave your mother?"

"Very much better—entirely out of danger."

"It's so odd to think of any one's having a family. To me it seems the normal condition not to have any relatives."

"Well, we can't very well dispense with mothers," said the doctor. "We have to begin with them, at any rate."

"Oh, I don't object to them. I only wonder at them."

They fell into a cozy and mutually interesting talk about their separate past, and he gave her glimpses of the life, simple and studious, he had led before he went abroad. She confessed to two mistakes in which she had mechanically persisted concerning him; one that he came from Charlestown instead of Chelsea, and the other that his first name was Joseph instead of James. She did not own that she had always thought it odd he should be willing to remain in a place like Hatboro', and that it must argue a strangely unambitious temperament in a man of his ability. She diverted the impulse to a general satire of village life, and ended by saying that she was getting to be a perfect villager herself.

He laughed, and then, "How has Hatboro' been getting along?" he asked.

"Simply seething with excitement," she answered. "But I should hardly

know where to begin if I tried to tell you," she added. "It seems such an age since I saw you."

"Thank you," said the doctor.

"I didn't mean to be *quite* so flattering; but you have certainly marked an epoch. Really, I *don't* know where to begin. I wish you'd seen somebody else first—Ralph and Ellen, or Mrs. Wilmington."

"I might go and see them now."

"No; stay, now you're here, though I know I shall not do justice to the situation." But she was able to possess him of it with impartiality, even with a little humor, all the more because she was at heart intensely partisan and serious. "No one knows what Mr. Gerrish intends to do next. He has kept quietly about his business; and he told some of the ladies who tried to interview him that he was not prepared to talk about the course he had taken. He doesn't seem to be ashamed of his behavior; and Ralph thinks that he's either satisfied with it, and intends to let it stand as a protest, or else he's going to strike another blow on the next business meeting. But he's even kept Mrs. Gerrish quiet, and all we can do is to unite Mr. Peck's friends provisionally. Ralph's devoted himself to that, and he says he has talked forty-eight hours to the day ever since."

"Is he—"

"Yes; perfectly! I could hardly believe it when I saw him at church on Sunday. It was like seeing one risen from the dead. What he must have gone through, and Ellen! She told me how Mr. Peck had helped him in the struggle. She attributes everything to him. But of course you think he had nothing to do with it."

"What makes you think that?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know. Wouldn't that naturally be the attitude of Science?"

"Toward religion? Perhaps. But I'm not Science—with a large S. Maybe that's the reason why I left the case with Mr. Peck," said the doctor, smiling. "Putney didn't leave off my medicine, did he?"

"He never got well so soon before. They both say that. I didn't think you could be so narrow-minded, Dr. Morrell. But of course your scientific bigotry couldn't admit the effect of the moral influence. It would be too much like a miracle; you would have to allow for a mystery."

"I have to allow for a good many," said the doctor. "The world is full of mysteries for me, if you mean things that science hasn't explored yet. But I hope that they'll all yield to the light, and that somewhere there'll be light enough to clear up even the spiritual mysteries."

"Do you really?" she demanded, eagerly. "Then you believe in a life hereafter? You believe in a moral government of the—"

He retreated, laughing, from her ardent pursuit. "Oh, I'm not going to commit myself. But I'll go so far as to say that I like to hear Mr. Peck preach, and that I want him to stay. I don't say he had nothing to do with Putney's straightening up. Putney had a great deal to do with it himself. What does he think Mr. Peck's chances are?"

"If Mr. Gerrish tries to get him dismissed? He doesn't know; he's quite in the dark. He says the party of the perverse—the people who think Mr. Gerrish must have had some good reason for his behavior, simply because they can't see any—is unexpectedly large; and it doesn't help matters with the more respectable people that the most respectable, like Mr. Wilmington and Colonel Marvin, are Mr. Peck's friends. They think there must be something wrong if such good men are opposed to Mr. Gerrish."

"And I suspect," said Dr. Morrell, soberly, "that Putney's championship isn't altogether an advantage. The people all concede his brilliancy, and they are prouder of him on account of his infirmity; but I guess they like to feel their superiority to him in practical matters. They admire him, but they don't want to follow him."

"Oh, I suppose so," said Annie, disconsolately. "And I imagine that Mr. Wilmington's course is attributed to Lyra, and that doesn't help Mr. Peck much with the husbands of the ladies who don't approve of her."

The doctor tacitly declined to touch this delicate point. He asked, after a pause, "You'll be at the meeting?"

"I couldn't keep away. But I've no vote; that's the worst. I can only suffer in the cause." The doctor smiled. "You must go too," she added, eagerly.

"Oh, I shall go; I couldn't keep away either. Besides, I can vote. How are

you getting on with your little protégée?"

"Idella? Well, it isn't such a simple matter as I supposed, quite. Did you ever hear anything about her mother?"

"Nothing more than what every one has. Why?" asked the doctor, with scientific curiosity. "Do you find traits that the father doesn't account for?"

"Yes. She is very vain and greedy and quick-tempered."

"Are those traits uncommon in children?"

"In such a degree I should think they were. But she's very affectionate too, and you can do anything with her through her love of praise. She puzzles me a good deal. I wish I knew something about her mother. But Mr. Peck himself is a puzzle. With all my respect for him and regard and admiration, I can't help seeing that he's a very imperfect character."

Doctor Morrell laughed. "There's a great deal of human nature in man."

"There isn't enough in Mr. Peck," Annie retorted. "From the very first he has said things that have stirred me up and put me in a fever; but he always seems to be cold and passive himself."

"Perhaps he *is* cold," said the doctor.

"But has he any *right* to be so?" retorted Annie, with certainly no coldness of her own.

"Well, I don't know. I never thought of the right or wrong of a man's being what he was born. Perhaps we might justly blame his ancestors."

Annie broke into a laugh at herself. "Of course. But don't you think that a man who is able to put things as he does—who can make you see, for example, the stupidity and cruelty of things that always seemed right and proper before—don't you think that he's guilty of a kind of hypocrisy if he doesn't *feel* as well as see?"

"No, I can't say that I do," said the doctor, with pleasure in the feminine excess of her demand. "And there are so many ways of feeling. We're apt to think that our own way is the only way, of course; but I suppose that most philanthropists—men who have done the most to better conditions—have been people of cold temperaments; and yet you can't say they are unfeeling."

"No, certainly. Do you think Mr. Peck is a real philanthropist?"

"How you do get back to the personal always!" said Dr. Morrell. "What makes you ask?"

"Because I can't understand his indifference to his child. It seems to me that real philanthropy would begin at home. But twice he has distinctly forgotten her existence, and he always seems bored with it. Or not that quite; but she seems no more to him than any other child."

"There's something very curious about all that," said the doctor. "In most things the greater includes the less, but in philanthropy it seems to exclude it. If a man's heart is open to the whole world, to all men, it's shut sometimes against the individual, even the nearest and dearest. You see I'm willing to admit all you can say against a rival practitioner."

"Oh, I understand," said Annie. "But I'm not going to gratify your spite." At the same time she tacitly consented to the slight for Mr. Peck which their joking about him involved. In such cases we excuse our disloyalty as merely temporary, and intend to turn serious again and make full amends for it. "He made very short work," she continued, "of that notion of yours that there could be any good feeling between the poor and the rich who had once been poor themselves."

"Did I have any such notion as that?"

She recalled the time and place of its expression to him, and he said, "Oh, yes! Well?"

"He says that rich people like that are apt to be the hardest masters, and are eager to forget they ever were poor, and are only anxious to identify themselves with the rich."

Dr. Morrell seemed to enjoy this immensely. "That does rather settle it," he said, recreantly.

She tried to be severe with him, but he only kept on laughing and joking; she was aware that he was luring her away from her seriousness.

Mrs. Bolton brought in the lamp, and set it on the library table, showing her gaunt outline a moment against it before she left it to throw its softened light into the parlor where they sat. The autumn moonshine, almost as mellow, fell in through the open windows, which let in the shrilling of the crickets and grasshoppers, and wafts of the warm night wind.

"Does life," Annie was asking, at the end of half an hour, "seem more simple or more complicated as you live on?

That sounds awfully abstruse, doesn't it? And I don't know why I'm always asking you abstruse things, but I am."

"Oh, I don't mind it," said the doctor. "Perhaps I haven't lived on long enough to answer this particular question; I'm only thirty-six, you know."

"*Only?* I'm thirty-one, and I feel a hundred!" she broke in.

"You don't look it. But I believe I rather like abstruse questions. You know Putney and I have discussed a great many. But just what do you mean by this particular abstraction?"

He took from the table a large ivory paper-knife which he was in the habit of playing with in his visits, and laid first one side and then the other side of its smooth cool blade in the palm of his left hand as he leaned forward, with his elbows on his knees, and bent his smiling eyes keenly upon her.

She stopped rocking herself, and said, imperatively, "Will you please put that back, Dr. Morrell?"

"This paper-knife?"

"Yes. And not look at me just in that way? When you get that knife and that look, I feel a little too much as if you were diagnosing me."

"Diagnosticating," suggested the doctor.

"Is it? I always supposed it was diagnosing. But it doesn't matter. It wasn't the name I was objecting to."

He put the knife back and changed his posture, with a smile that left nothing of professional scrutiny in his look. "Very well, then; you shall diagnose yourself."

"Diagnosticate, please."

"Oh, I thought you preferred the other."

"No; it sounds undignified, now that I know there's a larger word. Where was I?"

"The personal bearing of the question whether life isn't more and more complicated."

"How did you know it had a personal bearing?"

"I suspected as much."

"Yes, it has. I mean that within the last four or five months—since I've been in Hatboro'—I seem to have lost my old point of view; or, rather, I don't find it satisfactory any more. I'm ashamed to think of the simple plans, or dreams, that I came home with. I hardly remember what they were; but I must have expected to be a sort of Lady Bountiful here; and now I think a Lady Bountiful one of the most mischievous persons that could infest any community."

"You don't mean that charity is played out?" asked the doctor.

"In the old-fashioned way, yes."

"But they say poverty is on the increase. What is to be done?"

"Justice," said Annie. "Those who do most of the work in the world ought to share in its comforts as a right, and not be put off with what we idlers have a mind to give them from our superfluity as a grace."

"Yes, that's all very true. But what till justice *is* done?"

"Oh, we must continue to do charity," cried Annie, with self-contempt that amused him. "But don't you see how much more complicated it is? That's what I meant by life not being simple any more. It was easy enough to do charity when it used to seem the right and proper remedy for suffering; but now, when I can't make it appear a finality, but only something provisional, temporary— Don't you see?"

"Yes, I see. But I don't see how you're going to help it. At the same time, I'll allow that it makes life more difficult."

For a moment they were both serious and silent. Then she said: "Sometimes I think the fault is all in myself, and that if I were not so sophisticated and—and—selfish, I should find the old way of doing good just as effective and natural as ever. Then, again, I think the conditions are all wrong, and that we ought to be fairer to people, and then we needn't be so good to them. I should prefer that. I hate being good to people I don't like, and I can't like people who don't interest me. I think I must be very hard-hearted."

The doctor laughed at this.

"Oh, I know," said Annie, "I know the fraudulent reputation I've got for good works."

"Your charity to tramps is the opprobrium of Hatboro'," the doctor consented.

"Oh, I don't mind that. It's easy when people ask you for food or money, but the horrible thing is when they ask you for work. Think of me, who never did anything to earn a cent in my life, being humbly asked by a fellow-creature to let him work for something to eat and drink! It's hideous! It's abominable! At first I used to be flattered by it, and try to con-

jure up something for them to do, and to believe that I was helping the deserving poor. Now I give all of them money, and tell them that they needn't even pretend to work for it. *I* don't work for my money, and I don't see why they should."

"They'd find that an unanswerable argument if you put it to them," said the doctor. He reached out his hand for the paper-cutter, and then withdrew it in a way that made her laugh.

"But the worst of it is," she resumed, "that I don't love any of the people that I help, or hurt, whichever it is. I did feel remorseful toward Mrs. Savor for a while, but I didn't love her, and I knew that I only pitied myself through her. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't," said the doctor.

"You don't, because you're too polite. The only kind of creature that I can have any sympathy with is some little wretch like Idella, who is perfectly selfish and naughty every way, but seems to want me to like her, and a reprobate like Lyra, or some broken creature like poor Ralph. I think there's something in the air, the atmosphere, that won't allow you to live in the old way if you've got a grain of conscience or humanity. I don't mean that *I* have. But it seems to me as if the world couldn't go on as it has been doing. Even here in America, where I used to think we had the millennium because slavery was abolished, people have more liberty, but they seem just as far off as ever from justice. That is what paralyzes me and mocks me and laughs in my face when I remember how I used to dream of doing good after I came home. I had better staid at Rome."

The doctor said, vaguely, "I'm glad you didn't," and he let his eyes dwell on her with a return of the professional interest which she was too lost in her self-reproach to be able to resent.

"I blame myself for trying to excuse my own failure on the plea that things generally have gone wrong. At times it seems to me that I'm responsible for having lost my faith in what I used to think was the right thing to do; and then again it seems as if the world were all so bad that no real good could be done in the old way, and that my faith is gone because there's nothing for it to rest on any longer. I feel that something must be done; but I don't know what."

"It would be hard to say," said the doctor.

She perceived that her exaltation amused him, but she was too much in earnest to care. "Then we are guilty—all guilty—till we find out and begin to do it. If the world has come to such a pass that you can't do anything but harm in it—"

"Oh, is it so bad as that?" he protested.

"It's *quite* as bad," she insisted. "Just see what mischief I've done since I came back to Hatboro'. I took hold of that miserable Social Union because I was outside of all the life about me, and it seemed my only chance of getting into it; and I've done more harm by it in one summer than I could undo in a lifetime. Just think of poor Mr. Brandreth's love affair with Miss Chapley broken off, and Lyra's lamentable triumph over Miss Northwick, and Mrs. Munger's duplicity, and Ralph's escapade—all because I wanted to do good!"

A note of exaggeration had begun to prevail in her self-upbraiding, which was real enough, and the time came for him to suggest, "I think you're a little morbid, Miss Kilburn."

"Morbid? Of course I am! But that doesn't alter the fact that everything is wrong, does it?"

"Everything?"

"Why, you don't pretend yourself, do you, that everything is right?"

"A true American ought to do so, oughtn't he?" teased the doctor. "One mustn't be a bad citizen."

"But if you *were* a bad citizen?" she persisted.

"Oh, then I might agree with you on some points. But I shouldn't say such things to my patients, Miss Kilburn."

"It would be a great comfort to them if you did," she sighed.

The doctor broke out in a laugh of delight at her perfervid concentration. "Oh, no, no! They're mostly nervous women, and it would be the death of them—if they understood me. In fact, what's the use of brooding upon such ideas? We can't hurry any change, but we can make ourselves uncomfortable."

"Why should I be comfortable?" she asked, with a solemnity that made him laugh again.

"Why shouldn't you be?"

"Yes, that's what I often ask myself. But I can't be," she said, sadly.

They had risen, and he looked at her with his professional interest now openly dominant as he stood holding her hand. "I'm going to send you a little more of that tonic, Miss Kilburn."

She pulled her hand away. "No, I shall not take any more medicine. You think everything is physical. Why don't you ask at once to see my tongue?"

He went out laughing, and she stood looking wistfully at the door he had passed through.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

A WINTER DAY-DREAM.

BY ROBERT BURNS WILSON.

"What cheer—what cheer?"
It was the hardy red-bird's ringing cry,
Sweet, and so clear;
"What cheer—what cheer?"
Again that questioning sounded in my ear,
"What cheer—what cheer?"
My heart could not reply;
For to my mind the chilly world was drear,
And all about me fell
The light-winged snow-flakes, and that bird and I
Were all that lived within the wintry dell
Where I had wandered, why, I cannot tell.
The once-green banks were sere;
The well-remembered brook was frozen dry;
And all the summer's leaves were crisp and dead.
I stood, and leaned my head
Against a lichened beech that grew hard by,
And in my heart a tear
Rose with a sigh,
While still the red-bird called, *"What cheer—what cheer?"*

"What cheer—what cheer?"
A vision seemed to spread before my eyes;
A sudden spring-time waked the sleeping year.
The sun shone clear;
The balmy air came softly from the skies.
The spice-wood, bending near,
Began to bud—to bloom. The silent stream
Awaked, low-murmuring, from its winter dream.
Along the banks green grass began to grow;
The violets sprang
Among the dead leaves, and the falling snow
Was turned to clusters of anemones.
A rapturous glow
Warmed all the ground, and loud the glad birds sang.
A vernal fragrance stole among the trees,
While to and fro,
From flower to flower, swift flew the journeying bees.
Amidst the mossy rocks
The saxifrage peeped forth, and near, below,
The purple phlox
Stirred with the breeze; and high up, on the brink,
Gleamed, like a scarlet star, the mountain pink.

"What cheer—what cheer?"
There was not need to ask, nor for reply;
Its echo now made answer to the cry.
With bud-enfolding spear
The young May-apple pierced the sod, and spread
Her silken canopy. The dog-wood's bough
Grew heavy with white blooms; and bravely now
May wove her wonders; and, all overhead,
A million tints of green
Burst from the interlacing twigs. Soft fringe
Hung on the sugar-trees. A rosy tinge
Crept on the rugged oaks; and many a cup
Of newest, golden sheen
The giant tulip-tree's high hands held up;
And, all between,
Were labyrinthine lacings of the vine,
With buds translucent in the sun. The scene
Was all too fair;
The snowy hawthorn and the eglantine
Tricked out the blithe enchantments clustered there
With joys too keen;
For beauty brings some strange, unnamed despair
In-mingling with fierce rapture, all divine,
Which gods alone may bear.

"What cheer—what cheer?"
A thousand voices now made mock at care;
So dear, so dear,
Those oft-repeated notes! They filled the air
With overflowing mirth,
Those lavish songsters—generous as the earth:
So rich, so bountiful, they need not spare.
The lark called from the flowering slope.
The thrush
Held all the dell entranced. From bush to bush
The warbling bluebird flew. The oriole,
Like some enchanted soul,
Amidst the emerald leafage went and came,
A voiceful fire, a song clad in bright flame.
And on the hill
The chat, the nuthatch, and the jay are still,
The robin too refrains,
While from some towering branch
The mock-bird pours his rippling avalanche
Of intermingling strains,
And floods the fields of sunshine with his clear,
Inimitable song;
And yet the red-bird was not silent long,
But cried, *"What cheer—what cheer?"*

"What cheer—what cheer?"
Like some past grief recalled, that cry I hear.
With splendid strides swift Summer makes advance,
And spreads her blazing glories far and near.
Magnificent, luxuriant arrogance
That knows no peer!

Unmatched, unrivalled Summer! Whose mere mirth
And laughter makes quick conquest of the earth.
Joy's dream fulfilled, Rose of the rounded year,
Triumphant Summer, Life's bud blooms in thee!
The later days may wane,
And blight may fall upon the Autumn grain;
The timid Spring may see
Her hopes made vain
By lingering frosts, or by the chilling rain;
But thou art perfect; sorrow finds not thee!
The blooming iris nodded on the brae;
The languid air was heavy with the scent
Of teeming fields; the sleepy birds grew still;
The white clouds went,
Slow-drifting, past the tree-tops on the hill;
The slumbering sunlight lay
Along the woodland's breast; and in a dream
The listening branches bent
Above the stream,
Which sang, low-voiced, in drowsy, sweet content.
The dappled shadows crept
With noiseless feet that marked the passing day,
When, so it fell,
The vision wavered, and a chill wind swept
The changing picture of the Summer dell,
And in a moment all had passed away.
The snow-flakes wandered through the branches gray;
Ice hushed the stream once more; the banks were sere;
The faded, drifting leaves were dead and dry;
The winter weeds were grouped in clusters drear;
But, shrill and clear,
The red-bird whistled from the copse near by,
"*What cheer—what cheer?*"

"*What cheer—what cheer?*"
A pleasing fancy nestles in my heart,
Where now I hear,
Among the cheerless trees, that questioning cry.
From earth the Summer never doth depart:
Within the silent dell she bides,
Unseen; amidst the lacing twigs she hides,
And waits the waking of the sleeping year.
So with that fancy do I please my mind,
To think—albeit snow lieth on the hill,
And though the wind
Be cold, though joyless are the fields, and chill
The wintry woodland ways—
Yet somewhere, unseen, haply hiding near,
Sweet Summer stays.
O loved one dear,
Not comfortless would seem these feeble rays,
Not thus would fade these dreams of happy days,
Could I but find thee here;
Not silent then were I!
How easily my heart could make reply,
When I should hear
From yon gray slope, as now, that ringing cry,
"*What cheer—what cheer?*"

HOME USES OF MINERAL WATERS.

BY TITUS MUNSON COAN, M.D.

MINERAL waters, as to their sources, are of two classes, the imported and the domestic. As to their nature, they are artificial or natural. Not all of the best waters will bear exportation, or even long keeping in stock. Many of them throw down their mineral constituents and decompose when exported in wood; and even in glass not a few of them become inert by keeping. The waters that are the most strongly mineralized, especially those that are the most fully charged with carbonic acid gas, bear exportation the best. Those of weaker constitution, like some delicate individuals and some delicate wines, do not stand a sea-voyage. "Old books to read, old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to talk to:" but no old mineral waters for a cure. Some physicians hold, indeed, that all mineral waters begin to lose their virtues as soon as they leave the spring. This is an extreme view; it is quite unproven of some of the best waters, yet most of them are effective in proportion to their freshness. The best importing houses aim, very properly, to keep little stock on hand, in order that it may be fresh.

We have a full list of excellent mineral waters to choose from, whether native or imported, whether natural or manufactured, whether medicinal waters or table waters. I will speak first of these latter, not for their curative virtues. I cannot say too much for a good table water, meaning by this a drinking water that is (1) but slightly mineralized, that is (2) charged more or less freely with carbonic acid gas, and (3) that is absolutely pure, hygienically speaking. Such waters are the Apollinaris, the Clysmic, the Giesshübel, the Poland Silica, the Underwood Spring Water, and many others. The Vichy, Seltzer, and Saratoga waters, though more strongly medicinal, are used as table waters by many. The appetizing and digestive qualities of all the waters

just named are well known, and their pleasant flavor and sparkle; in many cases of impaired digestion I have found nothing more useful than they, and I regard them as useful in chronic diseases where impaired nutrition is a main feature.

Pure soda-water (more properly called carbonated water), whether natural or manufactured, is a powerful aid to digestion by stimulating the stomach, and also, probably, by aiding to dissolve the mineral ingredients of the food. It is very appetizing; it corrects acidity in the stomach, checks the disposition to nausea, and cools the system in febrile complaints; it lessens the desire for spirituous liquors, and is indeed the ideal beverage for the water-drinker, provided always that pure water is used in its preparation.

The consumption of table waters in this country increases probably about ten per cent. per year; that of medicinal water has nearly doubled since 1880. Table waters prepared from distilled waters, as they should be, have the great advantage that they cannot carry the germs of disease.

Let us turn now to the medicinal uses of some of the waters which are brought to our reach at home. What do we drink when we drink these waters? What is the nature of their composition?

Let me reassure my readers by saying that I will enter into no elaborate chemistry of mineral waters here. It will be sufficient to note the classes into which they are best divided for practical purposes. There are then six main classes of mineral waters, of which we have to do briefly with five. They are as follows:

A.—Alkaline waters. In these the leading constituents are the carbonates of soda, potassa, lithia, lime, magnesia. Types of these waters are Bladon Springs, Buffalo Lithia, Carlsbad, Capon Springs, Royat, and Vichy.

B.—Saline waters, limiting the term to those in which the chloride of sodium or common salt is the leading ingredient. Types of these are Baden-Baden, Ballston, Bourbon-Lancy, Bourbonne, Caledonia Springs, Kissingen, Michigan Congress, Salins, Saratoga Springs, Selters, Wiesbaden.

C.—Sulphur waters, as Aix-les-Bains, Avon Springs, Ax, Bagnères-de-Luchon, Clifton, and Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs.

D.—Iron waters, such as Bath Alum Springs, Bussang, Franzensbad, Pyrmont, Schwalbach, Spa.

E.—Calcic waters, of which the main constituents are either the sulphate of lime (gypsum) or the carbonate of lime (limestone) in solution. Types of these waters are found in the Alleghany Springs, Bethesda Springs, Contrexéville, Clysmic. Gettysburg Springs, and the Sweet Springs of West Virginia.

F.—The indifferent thermal springs, which are used mostly for bathing.

The greater part of these waters in their natural state, and all of the manufactured waters, are more or less highly charged with carbonic acid gas; while some of the imported waters receive an extra charge of it before they are packed, with a view to increasing their permanency and their brilliancy. And here I must apprise my readers that we are in the border territory between two warring clans, the *bianchi* and the *neri* of balneology. "Natural mineral waters," is the war cry of the one; "artificial mineral waters" is wrought upon the oriflamme of the other. The contest rages, and will continue as long as rival interests clash.

The merits of the case on either hand may be briefly stated. The opponents of artificial mineral waters claim that the delicacy of the chemical combinations in a natural water cannot be reproduced either with accuracy or with any degree of certainty in the laboratory. Analysis, they say, very truly, can discover all the chemical elements that are present; but how, in any given water, are those acids and bases combined, and how can we recombine them? The chemist cannot always dissolve in water the mineral deposits of a spring or river water; there are silicates and alumina that will resist even the acids he employs. It is not possible, in many cases, to reproduce nature's combinations in the artificial waters, and for other reasons than those that I have given. We cannot know the order in which the ingredients were drawn from the channels of the living rock, nor the degrees of pressure and of heat that were required for their delicate commingling. In a word, art is not nature; and you can no more reproduce the subtle potency of a fine mineral water than you can manufacture a fine wine.

What is the rejoinder to this on the part of the advocates of artificial mineral waters?

They say that while the argument I have just given is good chemistry, it does not hold good of imported mineral waters; it is true only of mineral waters taken at their natural source; while for the home consumer it is not a question of waters as they are at their source. The mineral waters of the market are more or less changed by exportation and handling, and in many cases they are purposely medicated, as by the addition of salts, or of carbonic acid gas. "All waters begin to depreciate as soon as they are moved from the spring," writes an importer, not a manufacturer, of mineral waters. Now which is the better? say the chemists: a water that has been freighted perhaps three thousand miles, and kept in stock for months, undergoing unknown changes all the time, or a fresh artificial water of definitely known constitution? The chemist does not claim to reproduce all of the foreign or domestic mineral waters, but such only as can be uniformly and certainly reproduced. Carbonic acid gas, the salts of lime, the chloride of sodium, alkalies, and other leading ingredients of the most valuable waters are easily and accurately combinable in the laboratory. Such products, it is claimed, are better than the imported waters, because they are fresher, and because we know precisely what they are.

That they are good there is no doubt. Pure carbonic acid water, as I have said, is the same thing, and equally good however produced. The artificial Vichy and Seltzer are good. Though the native waters at the spring are better, none the less the artificial waters are valuable resources for the physician, and also, as I have said, as ordinary beverages. Each has an excellent function. There is so much truth on both sides of the question that one need not quarrel over it. Both the importers and the manufacturers of mineral waters have room enough, and are supplying good and useful commodities; and in what I shall say about their curative values I shall not stop to distinguish between the two classes of them when both are to be had. The list of the imported waters, however, though it by no means includes all of even the principal spas, is yet a much longer list than that of the manufactured waters. Our main question is now fairly before us. What are the curative uses of mineral waters, the virtues and values of the domestic spring? These waters are used with much more intelligent selection than formerly, with fitter adaptation to the complaints that are to be treated, and the public are not so confidently assured as formerly that a given water is a cure-all, while our physicians are taking yearly more and more interest in this branch of their art.

For what complaints, and how, are they mainly useful? Two simple rules must be borne in mind for general guidance: (*a*) they are useful, as a rule, in chronic complaints only; (*b*) they should be given, preferably, during the intervals or remissions of the disease. Let me sketch some of the many cases in which mineral waters may prove curative or palliative, whether as tonics, sedatives, alteratives, or resolutives, in the treatment of some of the leading chronic ailments which make life a burden to many, beginning with the most numerous class of all who employ mineral waters, namely, with those who suffer from derangement of the digestive organs.

What constitutes dyspepsia, the complaint which in its more advanced stages we call catarrh of the stomach? It is derangement of gastric function, mainly of two kinds. The stomach may be inactive, with too little secretion of the gastric juice, or overactive, with an excessive secretion. In the former case the food will be sluggishly and imperfectly digested, and the peristaltic movements will be sluggish and painful; and in the latter the food will leave the stomach before the solvent processes of gastric digestion are accomplished. The former is called atonic, the latter acid, dyspepsia. Either class of invalids have before them, according to their need, a large range of choice in remedies.

For the commencing dyspeptic, then, the sufferer who is subject to indigestions more or less severe and frequent, but not as yet chronic, the predestinate victim of catarrh of the stomach, three rules must first of all be laid down. One of them is easy to follow, but two are hard, and they are these:

Eat less; exercise more; and lastly—the easy rule—take a carbonated alkaline water in moderation, chosen according to the symptoms that are presented. When atonic dyspepsia exists, with anæmia, the saline-chalybeate waters should be used, as those of Franzensbad or Hom-

burg. That form of it which is known as nervous dyspepsia is often relieved by the Buffalo Lithia waters—an excellent alkaline-calcic spring.

Acid dyspepsia is treated by the alkaline waters, Carlsbad, Capon Springs, Highland Springs, Royat, Vichy, and others. The Alleghany Springs of Virginia (calcic waters) have proved very efficacious in many cases of dyspepsia, and so have the Blue Ridge Springs, which are almost identical in general composition.

Flatulent dyspepsia calls for the use of saline waters, such as the excellent Hathorn water, Kissingen, La Bourboule, Saratoga, and Michigan Congress. The latter is especially useful when considerable plethora accompanies the organic trouble.

But what may be done for the victim of that relentless ailment, chronic catarrh of the stomach? The sufferer has an arduous path to travel before he can arrive at health. He must practise temperance, exercise, regular habits; but he will never get well if he does not add to these a thorough local medication of the diseased organ. Some local diseases can be cured by general remedies; this is one that cannot be so cured.

Now there are many remedial agents that are brought to bear for the relief or the cure of chronic catarrh of the stomach. The best combination of them all is undoubtedly to be procured by going to Carlsbad or Vichy, and submitting one's self to the skilled hands of Kraus, or Grünberger, or England. But we cannot all do this; and I am seeking now to be of use to those who must employ mineral waters, if at all, at home.

After proper adjustment of one's habits of diet, sleep, exercise, amusement, let the invalid choose according to competent advice among the following remedies: If there are neuralgic pains and irritation, the alkaline water of Carlsbad should be used. Drink a glass of Sprudel or Mühlbrunn immediately on rising, and again during the day, as may be advised by the physician. I have known good effects to be procured in the complaint by the use of what is known as the "double Carlsbad," or the water charged with an additional quantity of the salts procured from it by distillation. These salts, of which the sulphate of soda, or glauber's-salt, is the leading constituent, are exported in large quantity, either in the form of a powder, or of the so-called Sprudel lozenges. The waters of Vichy are also efficacious in this complaint.

Chronic diarrhœa, another very difficult and persistent complaint, is sometimes relieved or cured by the use of an iron water after other remedies have failed; and one of the strong calcic waters, that of the Pennsylvania Irondale Spring, has been found very serviceable in this complaint. The Bedford Alum and Bath Alum waters of Virginia, in which iron is a leading constituent, will not infrequently bring about a cure. The waters of the Oak Orchard Acid Springs are useful when the system is much run down; they contain ten grains of sulphuric acid to the pint, and must be drunk diluted with an equal quantity of pure water.

Constipation is a symptom of sluggish intestinal activity, whether of secretion or muscular function. In many cases it is cured by the alkaline or saline waters, as Carlsbad, Marienbad, Tarasp, Kissingen, and the Saratoga waters, among which the excellent Hathorn water may be especially mentioned. The annual consumption of this water in bottles is larger than that of any other said to be domestic water.

Sufferers from chronic nervous diseases form a large contingent among the invalids who may derive benefit from the home use of mineral waters. Hysteria in many cases, at least when chronic, is the symptom of nervous weakness or disease; and this disease is quite as proper a subject for medical treatment, though unhappily it is seldom as readily cured, as a nettle-rash or a rose-catarrh. Hysteria is indeed a disease in which the will of the patient plays an important *rôle* in the cure; but none the less is a good iron water needed if the patient be anæmic and chlorotic. If she be of full habit, the sedative and alterative properties of a sulphur water are required. Of the former waters I will mention Pyrmont, Schwalbach, Spa, Schooley's Mountain, Rawley Springs, Cooper's Well: the last is a strong and valuable water, and produces diuretic and aperient effects by virtue of the salts which it contains. The Cooper's Well water is especially available where local disease or irritation produces the hysteria; it is a pure iron water.

Hysteria is for the most part dependent—a spinal irritation; and it is a disease

of which the deeper pathological causes remain imperfectly understood, while its protean and multiform manifestations are but too familiar to every practising physician. In these cases, when not too far advanced, there is a great deal in the "will cure." When the patient's good sense and good will may be called upon, there is hope, and she should bear in mind Trousseau's striking maxim, "*Traitez les nerfs en canaille*" (Domineer over your nerves).

The sufferer from hypochondria sees all his troubles through the magnifying end of the glass, and all his good fortune through the minifying or belittling end. For this false way of looking at things, and for the misery that results from it, there is often a definite physical cause in some derangement of the abdominal organs, or sluggishness of the bowels; and when this is the case the cure is not hard to find. But we are now speaking of chronic cases, and in these the use of the alkaline-saline waters, Royat, Marienbad, and Tarasp (which is stronger than either of the preceding springs), or in our country the Bedford Springs and the Saratoga and Ballston waters, among other saline springs, is indicated. After the organic derangement which has caused the trouble has been cured, a tonic water should be used to improve the strength.

Neuralgia and headaches are amenable to home treatment by mineral waters when they depend either upon digestive derangements, upon specific diseases of any kind, or upon general debility; but the more stubborn forms of neuralgia will require all the resources of the physician, including often a complete change in the sufferer's way of living; and for such cases a trip to a mineral spring will sometimes bring about a cure when all other remedies have failed.

Mineral waters have no specific value in phthisis, and yet their use as an aid to digestion and as a tonic is not infrequently of great value. The patient should use for this purpose a carbonated water containing iron, such as the Bath Alum or Rockbridge Alum springs in moderate quantities, or the Pyrmont, Schwalbach, and Rawley spring water in larger. These will often prove an extremely valuable aid to assimilation; they will agree with those persons of delicate organization who cannot well bear the alcoholic stimulants, and who yet imperatively require aid to the digestive functions. If the mineralized waters are not well borne, then the invalid should use plain carbonic acid water. Experience has convinced me that these waters have been undervalued in the treatment of the consumptive diathesis. But while I assign to them a real value, let me be clearly understood to say that they serve only as an adjunct treatment to a cure in which climate, sunlight, exercise, and regulated diet and stimulants must always hold the first place.

To allay the irritation of the lungs, and to exercise a calming influence upon the heart, the sedative waters of the Red Sulphur Springs in Virginia are of great value. They give relief in the earlier stages of phthisis, while in chronic bronchitis or bronchial catarrh—sometimes mistaken for consumption—they will often effect a cure, especially if the disease occurs in patients of a sanguine or irritable temperament. In patients of the lymphatic type it is best treated by one of the sulphur waters, as those of Aix-la-Chapelle. Those of Aix, in Savoy, are among the best, but they are not exported; those of Sharon Springs are of much value in this disease, and in clergyman's sore throat.

Dry catarrh with asthma is benefited by the alkaline-saline waters. When accompanied by chronic catarrh, it is sometimes cured by a sedative water, as that of the Red Sulphur Springs.

Chronic post-nasal catarrh is probably the commonest of chronic diseases in this country. It is one of the most stubborn and troublesome ailments that flesh is heir to, requiring both skilful local and constitutional treatment. Catarrh is our national complaint, and it is a national calamity. Due to our bad climate, fully one-half of our adult population suffer more or less from it, and it has injured us in the eyes and the ears of the world more than any lost battles or repudiated debts have injured us.

Far be it from me to say that the use of mineral waters can ever prevail against enemies so formidable and maleficent as our extreme and fitful winters' cold, our extreme and fitful summers' heat, our dry air, and our dusty summers. For our invalid the ideal climate is that of the Hawaiian Islands—Honolulu for drier, Hilo for moister, air; in other parts of the

group almost every conceivable variety of climates, according to exposure and elevation, may be found. But for those of us who must stay at home a good sulphur water, like that of Sharon Springs, and the mild stimulus of a carbonated water will be serviceable in the respiratory diseases that I have described.

Inflammation of the bladder and kidneys is best treated by the milder calcic and alkaline waters—Contrexéville, Bethesda, Buffalo Lithia. Patience in the use of waters of this type will often effect a cure, except in cases where there are serious organic lesions. These waters, too, are of much value in relieving the oxalic acid and uric acid gravel. For the last-named complaint the excellent waters of Capon Springs, in West Virginia, are useful, as also for catarrh of the bladder, and for intestinal parasites in children. In certain forms of kidney and bladder diseases I have found the Clysmic water of much use.

Many of the complaints peculiar to women are treated with success by the use of mineral waters. Chronic uterine catarrh, under its three forms, is one of the most frequent of these. When it is associated with the scrofulous constitution it often yields to the use of the saline waters (Wiesbaden, Michigan Congress, Kissingen), to which brine baths should be added. In these cases, if plethora exists, the glauber's-salt waters should be used, as Carlsbad. The rheumatic constitution requires, on the other hand, the alkaline waters, Royat, Bethesda, Vichy, Capon Springs. When the disease is accompanied, as it frequently is, by anæmia, the milder iron waters (Franzensbad, Elster, St. Moritz) may be used in their place, or after a moderate course of the alkaline waters. In some few of these cases the ascending douche is of much value, but this is a very powerful remedy, and should be used only under medical advice.

Derangement of the periodic uterine functions, unless caused by displacements or other local affections, for which surgical aid is the only cure, will often be relieved by the use of the saline and the sulphur waters, conjoined with swimming baths, warm baths, and the appropriate tonics.

Let us now turn to some of the complaints which may be distinguished conveniently rather than very precisely as constitutional, whether more or less chronic in their form.

Scrofula is such a disease; the mineral springs are thronged by its victims. It consists in an abnormal state of the blood, which weakens the sufferer and renders him liable to chronic diseases of many different kinds, and particularly to pulmonary consumption. It occurs under two main forms—irritable scrofula and torpid or sluggish scrofula. In each form the internal use of mineral waters forms a potent adjunct treatment in connection with the hygienic remedies that are required. The irritable scrofulous temperament is characterized by a delicate skin, transparent veins, a rapid pulse, muscular debility, and nervous irritability. For such a case the milder iron waters should be conjoined with every means that tends to improve the strength of the muscles and to enrich the impoverished blood. Torpid scrofula presents glandular swellings. The sufferers are usually of a thick-set build, with a large upper lip and nose, a slow pulse, a slowly acting nervous system, and a generally sluggish constitution. For them the use of tonic mineral waters affords in many cases relief or cure, especially when the waters are employed externally also as baths. The saline waters are of special use in this form of the disease, as of Saratoga, or of Salins, in small doses long continued. When there are *scrofulides*, or lesions of the skin, sulphur baths should be employed in addition, and both remedies should be patiently employed until relief is manifest. Of course a few weeks are not enough to cure a deep-seated constitutional disease or *dyscrasia* like this. The Rockbridge Alum Springs are very useful in these cases, and also the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs and the Sharon Springs.

Very many different mineral waters are useful for chronic rheumatism, while none are specific for the various forms of this frequent and distressing complaint. Its chief manifestations are threefold: chronic articular rheumatism, affecting primarily the joints, muscular rheumatism, and deforming rheumatism, in which the joints of the hand and foot are wholly or partially crippled by an osseous deposit, which may cause great deformity. In all these forms of disease mineral-water baths are the mainstay, and form a more efficacious feature of the treatment than the internal use of the waters; but this too has a real value, especially when the pa-

tient is of the lymphatic temperament. The saline waters, as those of Kissingen and Saratoga, are here of especial use, and they should be accompanied by warm baths of the sulphur waters, of which Richfield and Sharon springs form an excellent type, and the alkaline sulphur waters of Sharon Springs are also very useful. When, on the other hand, the sufferer is of the nervous temperament, he will find the most benefit from tepid baths, with but slight mineralization. It is not easy to give a definite pathological reason for this distinction, and yet I have found that in practice the distinction exists. At many of our home establishments in the larger cities these baths can be taken with advantage, or at such an establishment as that of Dansville, in New York, where the arrangements for bathing are very complete. Douches of hot sand, as recommended by Trousseau, are also of use in the cure of the more stubborn cases of rheumatism.

Gout, on the other hand, is especially benefited by the internal use of mineral waters. It depends upon the uric acid diathesis, or an excess of the salts of urea in the blood—a condition which is caused by high living and over-assimilation. It is also distinguished from rheumatism by its usually more intolerable pain, its more frequent occurrence in the foot than elsewhere, and its preference for men rather than women for its victims, the reason being that women commit fewer excesses in diet than men. A remedy is found in saline or alkaline waters.

Anæmia is of two very different kinds. It may be the result of exhausting hemorrhages, or it may be the wasting and impoverishment of the blood through the action of pathological causes of long standing. It is important to distinguish between these forms of anæmia; I have known serious harm to result from confounding them in practice. The anæmia of exhaustion is usually cured without difficulty, as a general thing, by the use of iron waters and a generous diet. These waters hold but a secondary place, on the other hand, in the treatment of the cachectic anæmia. Our question must be: What is the cause of the anæmia? What has impoverished the blood and weakened the constitution? Is it organic trouble of some kind, or accidental injury, or mental disturbances? This question answered, the mineral water will be chosen which is adapted to the cure of the exciting cause, whether it be albuminuria, phthisis, dyspepsia, mental suffering, or any other. The waters of Bussang, which are tonic, alterative, and gently aperient, are among the very best as a general tonic in anæmia. Over a million bottles of the water are annually exported. The Columbian Spring, Saratoga, is also an excellent tonic in anæmia.

Chlorosis frequently takes the symptoms of the disease just described; but it is essentially a complaint of early womanhood, and characterized by deficiency in the red globules of the blood. The remedy is to feed the blood with a suitable ferruginous water, as that of Franzensbad, Bussang, Elster, St. Moritz, or Cooper's Well.

Diabetes, while requiring the strictest care of diet, and while it is not always curable, is yet often amenable to the influences of the alkaline waters, as those of Vichy, Carlsbad, Bethesda Springs. One authority of high reputation (Niemeyer) goes so far as to say that "in our present state of knowledge a course of waters at Carlsbad is the measure which should deserve the chief reliance as a remedy for diabetes mellitus." This is borne out by my own observation. The disease has been studied especially by Carlsbad physicians, but it was Hufeland who first designated the Carlsbad waters as especially available in its treatment. The essential nature and even the seat of the disease are not well understood; but its symptoms and its course are only too familiar from their frequency. The dryness of the skin, the unquenchable thirst, unrelieved sometimes even by drinking three or four gallons of water in a day, the immense drain upon the secretory organs and the gradual wasting away of the patient, its prevalence during middle life—all these make up the picture of a disease which occurs with growing frequency, and especially among people of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits, and which attacks the victim during the best years of middle life rather than during youth or age. Its relief, and sometimes undoubtedly its cure, are brought about by the use of the Carlsbad waters, in connection with a strict dietary regimen, in which gluten bread should be used, and starch and sugar otherwise excluded from the bill of fare. These waters and their extracted salts are exported in great quantity. As

a valuable means of treatment in diabetic cases they are likely to be more and more employed by patients who cannot undertake the trip to Carlsbad.

The waters of Vichy are also of much use in this complaint, and are equally available for home use; so, too, are the still stronger alkaline-saline springs of Tarasp, and some of the domestic calcic waters, as the Bethesda water, which is closely allied in its composition to the alkaline group. This excellent water is very effective in the treatment of diabetes. It is carbonated artificially, and makes an agreeable as well as a medicinal beverage. "Buy a barrel of Bethesda," said the late Dr. Willard Parker to a diabetic patient, "and drink all you want of it." The patient was much improved by its use. It is also valuable in checking the progress of albuminuria.

When used for disease, mineral waters must be taken regularly and under competent medical advice. If hygienic restrictions are necessary at the watering-places themselves, in addition to their local advantages, they are still more necessary when used at home.

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XIX.

A SUMMONS.

ONE afternoon Flora was in the garden, busily engaged in snipping dead roses off the rose-bushes, when her brother Hugh came up from the shore. He had his yellow oil-skins over his arm, for it had been wet in the morning, though now the sun was hot on the flower beds and the little gravelled paths.

"Look here," said he, gloomily, "we must get rid of that fellow Johnny. He's growing worse and worse. He has been so encouraged and so often forgiven that he is now perfectly reckless, and the end of it will be his finding himself in Inverness jail. It's no use. He doesn't believe you when you threaten him."

"Why, what has he been doing now?" asked Flora, looking up.

"There it is!" her brother exclaimed, in disgust. "At once you are ready to laugh! That is the way you encourage him; and do you think he doesn't understand? Well, I don't see the fun of it myself. I don't want to be had up on a charge of manslaughter."

"What is it now?" she repeated.

"Oh, nothing," he said, "only a little playful trick. When I went out in the lug-sail boat I put him up at the bow to keep a lookout—I thought it would just suit his laziness. Well, nothing happened till we were near to Corpach, when all of a sudden I heard a frightful yell right in front of me, and when I jammed down the helm I found myself just shaving the edge of a canoe—some tourist, I suppose. out from Banavie. It was a most extraordinary thing that I did not cut the boat clean in two; and I think the man in it was so frightened he hadn't a single curse to fling after me. Then, as for your friend John—oh, it was a splendid thing for him!—he was grinning from ear to ear like a dead sunfish. When I asked the young devil why he had not called out, though I was more like hitting him over the head with the boat-hook, he only said: 'Cosh, you would have smashed him fine! I would have liked to see a big fat man like that flottin' in the watter.'"

Flora fairly shrieked and shrieked again with laughter, which only made her brother the more angry.

"Oh, you think that a joke, do you?" he said. "Do you know what manslaughter is? Well, the sooner he goes back to his father's croft the better; and a pretty handful the old man will have of him! I know the way he goes on at home. He'll go in of an evening and say to his father, 'Get up out of that chair, now; I'm the only one that has been at work all day, and I'm tired.' And it's mostly owing to you, Flora, that he thinks himself such a funny creature, and prides himself on every piece of devilment he can think of. Alison tried to keep some kind of control over him, though it wasn't much. He's afraid of Ludovick, certainly, but Ludovick can't be here always."

"Talk of the—ahem!" said Flora, who was facing the road. "Here he is."

Hugh turned, and there, sure enough, was Ludovick Macdonell, just entering

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by the gate. But he did not send them a loud and hearty greeting, as was his wont. When he came up the pathway they could see that his face was unusually grave, and his very first words, addressed to Flora, were of an astounding character.

"Have you heard anything of Alison?" said he.

"Of Alison?" she repeated, quite taken aback. "No, we have not heard, and I was wondering she did not send us a line; but you—of course you—"

"I declare to you I haven't heard a single word from her since she left!" he exclaimed. "Day after day, day after day, I have waited, making certain that the next morning would bring me a letter, and I have written four or five times to her; not a single word of reply. And you have heard nothing either?"

"Not anything," said Flora, who was quite bewildered. "Ludovick, you—you don't mean to say she has never written to you since she went back to Kirk o' Shields?"

"I have not heard from her in any way whatsoever," he answered. "She might be dead for anything I know. What can be the meaning of it? I confess that I did not write for a day or two after she left; I did not want to be too pressing; but even if she were offended with me, I made sure you would have heard from her."

"Don't think such things of Alison," Flora said at once. "She is not offended. It is more serious than that."

He started slightly, and a curious look came suddenly over his face.

"Perhaps," said he, slowly, "it is against her will; she may not be allowed."

Hugh noticed that look.

"I say, Ludovick," he interposed, "it may be so; but you won't mend matters by doing anything in anger."

"Oh, anger or no anger," the young man retorted, impatiently—with his face grown quite pale and set hard, for he appeared to be contemplating many and distant things.

"Come into the house, Ludovick," Flora said, "and let's talk it over."

"No," he answered. "No. This will do very well. You are quite right, Flora; Alison can't be offended. It's something else—undoubtedly." He seemed hardly to know what he was saying, so intently was his mind fixed upon those distant possibilities; and a slight inflation of the nostril was the only outward sign of the war of self-control going on within. "Of course there is but the one thing: I must go and see her at once—I must go and see how she is being treated."

Flora put her hand on his arm.

"Don't do anything rash, Ludovick; you might make matters worse—"

"Then I suppose I have not the right to see her; is that it?" he said, wrathfully (but indeed he did not mean to quarrel with this kind-hearted friend: the young man was out of his senses with this quick strife of pity and indignation and anger: he was guessing at all manner of things as happening to Alison in that hateful place far away).

"Look here, Ludovick," Hugh interposed, in a gentle fashion, "consider how difficult Alison's position must be. She is between father and husband—most likely she doesn't know which to obey—"

"Obey!" he exclaimed. "I don't want her to obey anything or anybody. I want her to have the freedom that every one else in this kingdom has. Is it obeying that she may not write a line to say she is alive? Well, I'll have an end of that kind of obeying—and soon!"

"Ludovick, you don't know in the least what has happened," Hugh said; "and if you went to find out, you would be like a bull in a china shop, and make endless mischief. But there are two simple ways of getting to know, and you may take which you please. Flora can write to Agnes. If there's any objection to Alison writing to you, there can be none to Agnes writing to her cousin, surely. On the other hand, if you like, I will go and see what it all means. Mind, I never liked this affair from the first; but now it's done, I'll stand by you and Alison; and I'll do anything you want me to do. I can go down by to-morrow morning's steamer, and by the afternoon you'll have a telegram."

"Well, there's some reason in that," Macdonell said, after some hesitation, and holding his breath a little. "But—but why should I ask for help? Why should I keep away like a coward? And—and why should I put the responsibility on to anybody else's shoulders?"

"Ludovick, what are you talking about?" Flora cried. "I thought we were friends! But if you'll take my advice you won't let Hugh go. His other

way is the better way. Let me write to Agnes. I think I can be more diplomatic than either of you. I think I can make it easy for Agnes to tell us everything we want to know, without stirring up strife; and surely I may say that mother has been surprised to have heard nothing about Alison? Come into the house, Ludovick, and I'll scribble out something like what I mean to say, and you can tell me what you think of it."

It was Flora's suggestion that was adopted, after all; and they went into the house, where she set about the composition of an exceedingly skilful letter—simple and ordinary in outward appearance, and merely as from one cousin to another; and then, somewhat more pacified, but with his hot suspicions in no wise banished, Ludovick Macdonell went away back to Oyre, and so the matter rested for the moment.

But they had not to wait for any response to these discreet inquiries: all the information—and much more than they could have dreamed of—came the very next afternoon, and to Aunt Gilchrist. Aunt Gilchrist, as it chanced, had gone out for a little walk—a very little walk, for Periphery was not wholly dislodged, and had to be treated with some consideration; and the postman coming along, and knowing her well enough, stopped and gave her the letter he had for her. She was not far from the garden gate, yet she paused for a second when she recognized the handwriting on the envelop. She too had been wondering why no news had come from Alison. And here, perhaps, was the explanation.

She opened the letter, which appeared to consist of an unusual number of sheets, and was proceeding to glance over these as she walked along, when suddenly she halted in the middle of the roadway, and stood stock-still there while she deliberately went back to the first page and began reading every line; for this was what Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw, writing from Kirk o' Shields, had to say:

"Dear Madam,—I hope you will pardon my addressing you, but I am sure you have still an affectionate spot in your heart toward your misguided niece, that has got herself into such sore trouble, from the which I hope with the Lord's blessing and mercy she may be soon released, to become again a source of *thankfulness* and *cherishing* to her many friends, including yourself, dear madam. The deceitful and *wicked* young man that induced her to forget the faith of her fathers and the way of her bringing up, and to go through a *mock* marriage with a Roman Catholic, has no doubt concealed his on-goings from you, dear Mrs. Gilchrist; but his cruel designs have been frustrated, thanks to an all-wise and ever-watchful Providence; and his own conscience will do the rest, so far as he is concerned. And as for our poor dear Alison, though how she could be led into such a thing, having yourself to go to, and being in such a position with her expectations from her aunt's kindness of thought and *generosity* toward her, I cannot imagine; but now I am thankful to say she is penitent and biddable, and will, I heartily hope and believe, do what she can to make reparation, and stand well again in her aunt's good favor. For well she knows now that the marriage she was entrapped into, by such *wiles* as can be imagined, is not a marriage—it is a godless ceremony that the young man's Church, if that is to be called a Church that would destroy us soul and body, even that Church would scorn to acknowledge it, which is the more to be desired that now Alison can hold herself free from any bond, as I have to tell her again and again, and bound only by the natural obedience to her father, as far as this world below is concerned, to do all things as he commands and ordains, under guidance of our heavenly Father, who has put this trust in his hands. And now I am glad to inform you, dear and honored madam, that her heart, that at first was *hard* as the *nether millstone*, has softened at last, and no wonder, for when her father, in his own pulpit, before the whole congregation, had to lift up his voice and wrestle with the Lord in prayer and supplicate that his own daughter should be brought to know how she had wandered into the paths of transgression, and forsaken the home and the teaching of her youth, and become a stumbling-block to the righteous, and a shame to those of her own age that had received the Sacrament with her, it was no wonder, and I rejoiced to see it, that the tears were running down her half-hidden face in token of her penitence and contrition for the sin she had done."

And the tears were running down Aunt Gilchrist's face too; but they were not tears of pity and sympathy at all; they were tears of maddened and impotent rage.

"If I was a man!—if I was a man!" she muttered to herself, with clinched teeth; and she could not read any more of the letter because of her streaming eyes; she walked quietly on to the gate, and up the pathway, and into the house, dashing Flora unceremoniously aside when the wondering girl asked her what was the matter. And even in her own room she did not return to the letter. She kept marching up and down, wringing her hands in a kind of frenzy, and uttering brief exclamations from time to time.

"My lamb! my lamb! My bairn—to be treated like that!—and not one near her to comfort her!"

And then, in the very uselessness and helplessness of her indignation, she sank into a seat and burst into a fit of passionate weeping, sobbing like a school-girl, with her handkerchief over her eyes. When she came out of that fit she was a good deal calmer, but there was a look about her face, especially about her lips, that Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw would not have greeted with any degree of welcome.

"And now, dear madam," the letter continued, "I would like to tell you what we have done as best beseeming your niece's interests, temporal and eternal, and as she is now convinced that the marriage she was so shamefully intrigued into would not be recognized by the Romans themselves, and that she is therefore not a wife, as the young man confesses himself, or why does he address his letters to *Miss Alison Blair*? though it is of little consequence, as she has been forbidden to answer them; but, as I was saying, she is now, according to both the laws of God and man, under the government and direction of her father, who has thought fit to put some of his authority on to my shoulders, in *all kindness*, I would say, and I will take charge of her until this unhappy affair has been forgotten. It will comfort you, dear madam, to know that the wicked contract she was entrapped into will in time cease to have any power over her, for the law, as I have it on the *best authority*, leaves a merciful way of escape for them that have been so beguiled; and in the mean time we have but to see that she is kept away from the designs and machinations of that godless young man. She has placed herself in our hands, being sincerely penitent for the shame she has brought on a Christian household; and though there will be no harshness—"

"Harshness!" said Aunt Gilchrist, with burning eyes. "My woman, if I was within reach of your ill-faured face!"

"—she has consented to do whatever she is bid, and our first step will be to remove her from any risk of further *contamination*. He will soon stop writing when he finds his letters not answered; and if he seeks her in her own home or elsewhere, he will seek in vain. So, dear Mrs. Gilchrist, we have reason to rejoice in all proper humility and humble uplifting of a thankful heart that the sheep has returned to the fold, and that the Good Shepherd has not been robbed of one of His lambs.

"Just one word more, dear madam, if I may make so bold, for I am greatly concerned about the welfare of this poor misguided young lady, and I would presume to hope that your *generous intentions* with regard to her *worldly* interests will not be interfered with by what has happened. The *kindness* of her *aunt* would be an additional inducement for her to persevere in the laudable course she has now entered upon; and I am sure, dear madam, that at no time could you have reconciled it with your *conscience* and your *duty* to allow any portion of your earthly possessions to come under the control of a Roman Catholic, to pay tribute to Antichrist, and help to fatten the *priests* and the *Pope*, that are the enemies of the Word and of them that dwell in Zion—"

"Oh, this woman—this woman sickens me!" Aunt Gilchrist cried, furiously, and she went to the bell-rope and pulled it again and again.

A Highland maid-servant appeared, with eyes large, staring, and amazed.

"Bella, there's a good lass, ye'll go directly and get that lad John, and send him along to Carmichael's, and he's to get a powny there and gallop as hard's he can out to Oyre House, and tell Captain Macdonell that he's to come and see me just at once. Do ye understand, now? —and John is not to lose a moment—not a moment!"

"Oh yes, mem," said the maid, smiling. "Johnny will go fast enough when it uss a powny he hass to ride."

But she had not got down the stair when this impetuous small creature called her back.

"No, Bella, that 'll no do: I'm going myself to Oyre. Send to Carmichael and say I want the wagonette at once—just at once. And, Bella, there's a good lassie, couldna ye run along yourself?—I'm no sure o' that idling fellow John."

"Oh yes, mem," the good-natured Highland girl said. "I will run along jist this moment."

Hugh, who was deep in his books at the drawing-room window, and Flora, who was busy with her shears in the garden, were considerably astonished to find the wagonette coming along at this unusual hour, and still further perplexed when they saw Aunt Gilchrist drive off alone. But Aunt Gilchrist had many things to think of, and she did not wish to be interrupted by either of these young people. As she drove away on this pleasant afternoon she took out Mrs. Cowan's letter again, and read it carefully over, in what she fondly fancied was cold blood. She even persuaded herself that she could admire the woman's cleverness in assuming that of course Aunt Gilchrist must be opposed to her niece's committing such a crime as marriage with a Roman Catholic. Then her references to Aunt Gilchrist's generous intentions, and certain concluding words about the possibility of brighter prospects being in store for Alison, were no doubt introduced in the interests of the probationer, the doting mother still in hopes of seeing her offspring suitably provided with a wife and a moderate fortune.

When Aunt Gilchrist drove up to Oyre House, she perceived that Ludovick was at home, for he was standing at the door of a small conservatory, talking to the gardener, who was within. Apparently he had been amusing himself by mowing the tennis lawn, for there was the lawn-mower standing idle, while his jacket lay on the grass a little distance off. The moment he saw who this was who had arrived he came quickly along, picked up his jacket and put it on, and presently was at the steps of the wagonette.

"How do you do, Aunt Gilchrist?"—for so he presumed to call her now. "I suppose you have some news?"

"Oh yes, I have some news. Ye need not open the door, thenk ye; I'm not coming down. Yes, I've got some news, Captain Ludovick. I've got a letter; and I'm afraid it will put ye into a very violent passion; and that 'll not do—that 'll not do at all. Ye'll just have to keep yourself quite calm and collected," continued this eminently cool-headed, discreet, and diplomatic person, "and we'll devise something, you and me, that may serve our turn. But cautious, cautious, ye see. We'll have to watch."

She handed him the letter. The young man began to read it, but presently he appeared quite stupefied and bewildered.

"Why, the woman's out of her senses!" he exclaimed. "Does she think there is no law in the land?"

Aunt Gilchrist knew there was worse to come: she waited that he might finish the reading.

"Well, Captain Ludovick," said she, rather breathlessly, "what—what do you think of doing?"

"Oh, I'm going straight through to Kirk o' Shields!" said he, still regarding the letter.

"Yes?" she said, with her bosom beginning to heave a little. "Yes? I—I thought you would say that. There's—there's a man wanted to interfere. You'll answer a letter like that in person, and—and soon. I'm afraid they have been rather heavy-handed wi'—wi' my bit lady—" She made an effort to smile; but it was rather a tremulous smile; and there was a surging passion at her heart that threatened to upset all her studied self-command. "Yes, I'm afraid they have been rather heavy-handed with Alison, before they could break down her spirit and courage. Captain—Macdonell—ye're not going to see your young wife treated like that?"

"No," said he, slowly, and with darkened brows, "I don't think I am going to stand by and look on, if that is what you mean. It is about time for me to be there, I think."

Aunt Gilchrist made a desperate endeavor to suppress the emotion that was nearly getting the better of her; and then she said, with apparent quietude, though her lips were still pale and trembling,

"Yes, I thought ye would be for going to Kirk o' Shields; and—and I'll just wait for you in the wagonette until ye've got some things put in your bag; and if ye come in to Fort William with me now, then ye'll catch the early steamer in the morning."

"That's very kind of you," he said; and he was going away absently and thoughtfully, with his head bent down, when he recollected that he ought again to ask Aunt Gilchrist to step in-doors for a moment or two.

"No, thank ye—no, thank ye," she made answer; "there's no great hurry, but I feel as if there was; and I'm better in the outside air. The truth is, Captain Ludovick, I've been just a little thing upset by this woman's letter, and—and I'm well content now to leave it all in your hands. Ay, ay, I'm thinking there'll be a different story to tell when you get to Kirk o' Shields!"

"I sha'n't keep you waiting three minutes, Aunt Gilchrist," said he, as he went off to put the few things together he might want.

And hardly had he gone when out there came the old laird of Oyre himself, followed by a maid-servant carrying a tray, on which was a small basket filled with fancy biscuits, and also a couple of decanters and a wineglass.

"Indeed this is a flying feesit," said the white-haired old gentleman, whose shaggy eyebrows did not in any way interfere with the grave gentleness of his expression, and whose curiously suave and modulated speech had sounded so pleasant in Alison's ears; "and if you will not come into the house, perhaps you will take a little refreshment?" He himself handed up the biscuits to her. "And may I gif you a little claret, or a little wheeskey?"

"Well, sir," said Aunt Gilchrist (who put aside for the moment her hot indignation, and who was quite touched by the extreme courtesy of the old laird's demeanor), "in the Highlands I'm sure there's nothing wholesomer than a little drop o' whiskey."

"Indeed, now, that is ferry true, and my own opinion," Mr. Macdonell said, as he filled the glass and put it on the splashboard of the wagonette; "and I hef been all over the world in my younger days. I do not think there is anything better than a little wheeskey, when it is good wheeskey. And you hef heard now of the prank that this scapegrace son of mine has played?"

"Y--yes," said Aunt Gilchrist, rather nervously.

But the old laird did not seem vexed.

"I could weesh it had been different," said he, with much good-nature; "but these foolish young people hef their own ways of looking at theengs; and I dare say it will be all right when the young bride comes to live at Oyre. And if you are seeing her you will tell her that she will not find me in the way—oh no, if I am in the way I will just take a small cottage, where there is a little feeshing, which is an old man's amusement, and the young people will hef the whole house to themselves."

"Indeed, sir," said Aunt Gilchrist, valiantly, "ye're just making the very proposal that would prevent Alison ever coming near the place: depend on that, sir—depend on that."

Old Mr. Macdonell seemed highly pleased.

"Well, now," said he, with a smile, "perhaps we might live in the one house after all; for I do not think I hef a ferry bad temper—for a Highlander, that is to say; and if one were to judge of the young lady's disposition by her face, then I would not call her a quarrelsome persson."

"She's just too gentle!" Aunt Gilchrist exclaimed, with a bit of a sob (for she had been very near to crying when she was making her appeal to Captain Ludovick). "And she's fallen into ill hands—ill hands. The sooner your son takes away his young wife from among they folk the better. And I'm real glad, sir, to hear ye speak so kindly about Alison; and if she were here this moment she would show her gratitude to ye, I'm sure o' that, for she's a warm-hearted, affectionate bit crayture, despite the prim ways o' her bringing up, and her pride and dignity, that would make ye think she was the Queen o' Sheba sometimes."

"When she does come here," the old laird said, in his grave and gentle way, "there's not any one will gif her a more hearty welcome than myself; and I hope you will take that as a message to your niece—that is to be my daughter as well—I hope you will take that message to her if you should be seeing her."

Here Ludovick made his appearance, pitched his travelling bag up beside the driver, and stepped into the wagonette; the horses sprang forward; the white-haired old Highlander raised his glengarry, and went off into the house again; and Aunt Gilchrist and her companion found themselves with this long drive be-

fore them, during which they could discuss what forthwith was to be done.

But on one point Aunt Gilchrist was very nearly becoming angry with the young man. She could not understand the curious leniency, or perhaps it was rather the contemptuous indifference, with which he seemed to regard Mrs. Cowan of Corbieslaw.

"She is merely a stupid and ignorant person," said he.

"She's a cunning she-devil," Aunt Gilchrist exclaimed, vindictively; "a bold, impudent, brazen-faced woman!"

"I dare say she thinks she is acting quite properly, and for the best interests of everybody concerned, and especially with regard to the interests of her son, for very good people sometimes give way to a little natural bias. But I wonder," he continued, "what she means by saying that the law offers some way of escape to any one in Alison's position? I suppose she has got hold of some vulgar superstition—there are plenty such, and particularly with regard to marriage. However, I don't think there will be much trouble about that. If it comes to be a question of claiming authority—well, I have in my pocket at this moment a little document that I think will settle that point. Would you like to see it, Aunt Gilchrist?"

"Yes, I should," said Aunt Gilchrist, getting out her gold-rimmed glasses.

But this was hardly a small document that he drew from his pocket—this oblong sheet of lilac-hued paper, with its printed matter resplendent in green ink, and with a number of hand-written entries in its parallel columns. Aunt Gilchrist, having fixed her eye-glasses, got hold of this formidable document; and by the aid of the after-glow that was shining all around them, and that made those green-printed lines look strange, she easily mastered its contents. It was entitled, "*Extract of an Entry in a Register of Marriages kept in the undermentioned Parish, or District, in terms of* 17° *and* 18° *Victoriæ*, Cap. 80, §§ 56 and 58," and then in its successive columns were all the details of the marriage between Ludovick Macdonell, bachelor, of Oyre House, Lochaber, and Alison Blair, spinster, of 5 East Street, Kirk o' Shields. Their respective ages were given, the names of father and mother on each side, the date of the sheriff-substitute's warrant, and finally the signature of the registrar. Aunt Gilchrist found herself figuring there, along with Hugh Munro, as a witness of the marriage: in short, this paper contained a complete history of the ceremony, and an exhibition of the forms that had been gone through, as by law ordained.

Aunt Gilchrist laughed, and said,

"I'm thinking they'll discover it's rather difficult to get over that." But then her eyes grew anxious again. "And oh, Captain Ludovick, ye'll lose no time in finding out poor Alison, and protecting her, and comforting her! It just breaks my heart to think what she must have been suffering—and alone too—quite alone, ye may say, with nobody to take her part—"

"As soon as I can get hold of Alison herself it will be all right, Aunt Gilchrist," said he. "I can guess pretty clearly what they've been about. They have told her lies about her not being married, and they have brought the reproach of the congregation to bear on her, and all kinds of fanatical terrorisms; then she had no one to appeal to: no doubt they threatened her with pains and penalties if she even wrote a letter. I don't suppose they have locked her up; this is the nineteenth century—though in some things it hardly seems to be the nineteenth century in Kirk o' Shields; but, anyhow, if they have locked her up, you may trust me to find the key. And there's another thing, Aunt Gilchrist: when we reach Fort William I don't think I'll go along to the Munros'; I will stay at the hotel, and be off by the first steamer in the morning. The fact is, it would be no use having this matter discussed by the whole family. You know both Doctor and Mrs. Munro were against the marriage; and although they are too good-natured to say 'I told you so,' still I suppose they would naturally exaggerate this trouble that has come along. I shall have to find out about it first for myself; but you may tell Hugh that if I want him to come and help me I will telegraph to him."

So the little old dame—in a measure satisfied with what she had done—went back by herself to the Munros' villa, and found the household assembling for supper. She was very reticent over what had occurred; but subsequently she told Flora that Captain Ludovick was setting out next morning for Kirk o' Shields, and that quite possibly Hugh might be sent for.

CHAPTER XX.

MAN TO MAN.

THE only hotel that calls itself a hotel in Kirk o' Shields is chiefly a public-house on the ground-floor, with the upper rooms devoted to the entertainment of an occasional commercial traveller. It was at this hostelry that Ludovick Macdonell arrived, deposited his travelling bag, and told the good landlady that he should want some dinner in the evening; then he immediately sallied forth, making straight for the Minister's house. And very little did he notice of the squalor of these thoroughfares, or of the thick pall of smoke that did duty for a sky; nor had he any objection to this dull thunderous roar of hammer and engine and forge that seemed to fill the air for leagues around. To him Kirk o' Shields was an engrossingly interesting, even a fascinating, place: why, Alison had walked along these streets; when she was in Lochaber she had spoken of them and thought of them; now, at this very moment, there was the possibility that at any corner he might suddenly find himself face to face with—Alison!

He knocked at the Minister's door; it was opened by the red-headed, freckled servant-lass Jean. And it was clear that she instantly recognized him, for she retreated half a step, her black eyes looking frightened.

"Is Miss Alison at home?" he asked.

"N—no, sir," she stammered, in reply.

"When will she be at home?"

"She's no staying here, sir," the girl answered, rather breathlessly.

"What?" he said—for indeed he had paid but little attention to Mrs. Cowan's threats.

"I dinna ken; and—and if I did ken, I daurna tell ye, sir."

He seemed rather bewildered.

"What nonsense is this?" he said, impatiently. "Is the Minister at home?"

"No, sir; this is ane o' his veesitin' days."

"Well, Miss Agnes, then?"

"No; Miss Agnes is oot the noo."

He was disconcerted only for a moment.

"Well, I'm coming in to wait until I see somebody," he said, in a sufficiently decisive fashion; and as he forthwith entered the house, she had, of course, to make way for him, and she shut the outer door when he had gone by.

But as soon as she had followed him into the little parlor an odd change came over Jean's manner: she was now quite eager and communicative—in this safe privacy.

"Indeed, sir, there's been an awfu' to-do, and ye'll jist say ye insisted on coming into the hoose; for although I dinna think much o' my place—they unco guid folk are ower guid for the like o' me—I dinna want to be turned oot neck and crop at anither body's biddin'; and I wasna to tell ye onything, or let ye into the hoose, or say a word to ye—"

"And whose orders were these?" he asked.

"Mrs. Cowan's," Jean said, looking a little frightened again.

"Is Mrs. Cowan your mistress?"

"No, Guid be thankit!" the girl said, fervently. "But ye see, sir, she's ta'en the upper hand in a' this; and mind, ye maun say ye cam' into the hoose withoot ony will o' mine; but I'll tell ye what I can—I wull, I wull—if I'm sent back to Lernock-end the morn's morning. And I tell ye, sir, it's a downright crying shame the way they've been treatin' Miss Alison—preachin' at her frae the pulpit—frae the pulpit before a' the folk!—and that auld wife Cowan whinin' and whinin' aboot penitence and remission o' sins—it's just—it's just— But I'll no say a bad word, though they've been near drivin' me to't mair than ance; and there's Miss Agnes maistly oot o' her senses, and clean oot o' them she'll be ere lang—I've to sleep beside her at nichts, that was Miss Alison's last word, and it's greetin' for hours she is; and then terrible talkin' about angels and thrones; and her mother, that's dead and gone, puir body, ye would think her mother and hersel' were greetin' thegither about what has happened to Miss Alison. I declare I'm jist fair scunnered wi' they unco releegious folk, and I dinna care a docken how sune I'm back on Lernock-side again, and herdin' my faither's kye, if I only get a sup o' milk for't!"

But the red-headed Jean's eager volubility contained no information.

"Look here, my good girl," said he, gently, "if you consider that Miss Alison has been so ill used, don't you think you could give a little help? I've come to take her part—probably she will go away with me altogether. And I dare say you have been told not to say where she is:

well, I won't ask you to tell me, plump and plain; still, couldn't you give me some small hint—just some kind of indication, you know, without actually saying anything that would get you into trouble?"

He put his hand in his waistcoat pocket and pulled out a sovereign; but the moment she saw the money she shrank back.

"Na, na; I'll hae nane o' that!" said she, with considerable emphasis. "I dinna ken what's to be the upshot o' a' this, and I'm no going to be cross-questioned before the Fiscal."

He hesitated for a moment. He was not quite sure of her; nor was he quite sure what he himself should do. It seemed too absurd that anybody should suppose that Alison could be carried off in this way and hidden from him. And might not this be merely a story that the servant-lass had been authorized to tell? Was it not quite probable that Alison was at this very moment upstairs, confined to her room under strict injunctions from her father? He looked at Jean again. Then he quietly went to the door, and opened it a few inches.

"Don't you think now," he said, fixing his eyes hard on the girl—"don't you think now that, if I were to call loud enough, Miss Alison would hear?"

But she was not startled.

"Ye think I'm leein; I'm *not* leein!" she said, somewhat indignantly. "If I kenned where Miss Alison was, I do believe I'd tell ye, and snap my fingers at the whole crew o' them—Corbieslaw as weel, though it was him got me my place."

"I do believe you would," he said, for he could no longer doubt the girl's sincerity; "and you'll just take this little present from me to buy yourself some ribbons when the fair-time comes round. It isn't a bribe; you haven't told me any secret; and the Fiscal may cross-examine you until his head drops off, when you have nothing to confess—don't you see that?"

He made her take the money; and they had some further conversation together, during which he learned that the Minister would not be home until the "hinner-end" of the day, and also that Jean was perfectly certain that Miss Agnes was as ignorant as herself concerning Alison's whereabouts. In these circumstances he considered that it was hardly worth his while to spend the intervening hours in this dull little parlor; and so, saying that he would return about the time the Minister was expected back, he left the house and wandered out into the streets.

But the more he thought over all this matter, the more intolerable the insolence of this woman Cowan seemed to become. A cunning she-devil Aunt Gilchrist had called her; and no doubt she had got the Minister well under her thumb before he had allowed her to assume such authority over his own daughter. As for the farce of carrying Alison away into hiding, Captain Ludovick at first paid little heed to that. It was a preposterous piece of impudence, and nothing more. We were living in the nineteenth century. The Minister was a reasonable human being: as soon as he was appealed to he would recognize the futility of this attempted seclusion. It was merely the act of an intermeddling and ignorant woman, who did not know that there was such a thing as an order of the Court of Session—a remarkably imperative kind of thing, moreover. No doubt the Minister was a sort of recluse, and little conversant with the world's affairs; he had allowed this officious busybody to take charge of Alison; and it was her idiotic notion that she could keep the young wife away from her husband by the simple expedient of removing her to some other dwelling. Which of these houses, then, held Alison? Might she not see him from one of these windows? Or was it not possible he might meet her coming along this very thoroughfare, or coming round the corner of the next street? For they could not have locked her up. He reminded himself again that we were living in the nineteenth century, and indeed was not much concerned about this foolish travesty of concealment.

But matters assumed a very different aspect in the evening. When he returned to the house Mr. Blair was at home; and Captain Macdonell was shown into the parlor. A moment thereafter the Minister made his appearance, the deeply lined, sallow, sad face showing neither surprise nor anger, but only a calm self-possession; and when he came into the room the two men remained standing, facing each other.

"Mr. Blair, I want you to tell me where Alison is," Macdonell said at once, and without further ceremony.

"By what right do you ask?" the Minister made answer, slowly.

The younger man was rather taken aback.

"By what right? By a very good right, I imagine. I presume you know—indeed you must know—that Alison and I are married."

The Minister regarded him for a moment in silence; and then said, in his measured and deliberate fashion:

"You show some confidence, young man, in coming to me—to me, her father—with any such demand. I will not ask you what has been your conduct toward a young girl deprived for a brief time of parental guidance and advice, unprotected, alone, and ignorant of the consequences of her acts. I leave that to your own conscience. I am aware that in the heyday of youth there may be an impetuosity that spurns all considerations, and would sacrifice all interests and duties to its own selfish ends; but in time the still small voice makes itself heard—if God is merciful to the transgressor. I do not seek now to bring home to you a sense of what you have done; I leave that in higher hands than mine; but when you come to me and ask me to give my daughter into your charge—knowing, as I do, that the consequence must be her spiritual ruin, the forfeiture of her soul's birthright—you cannot wonder if I distinctly say no."

"You call yourself a clergyman, a minister," Macdonell said, hotly, "and you want to come between man and wife!"

But this stern-faced, sad-eyed old man was not to be moved into any angry retort.

"Well, you know," he said, in those measured, impressive tones, "that your own Church—false and perverted, as we deem it to be, and a fountain of iniquity—even your Church refuses to recognize a civil marriage. And you, are you not governed by its doctrines and practices? Who is your lord and king? The Pope of Rome. In his eyes you are not married. In his eyes my daughter is not bounden to you by any tie whatever. If you have a master, why not obey him? If you set him up as your king, why not serve him? If you have raised your idol on high, give him the worship and obedience due to him, and leave my daughter to live and die among her own kindred and those of her own faith."

It was the very simplicity and dignity of this man—his inviolable and serene conviction—that seemed to drive Macdonell to desperation. He felt as if he were dashing himself against impalpable barriers that he was powerless to remove.

"I do know this," he said, somewhat excitedly, "that civil marriages are established by the law of this kingdom, and that whoever comes between husband and wife does so at his or her own peril. Do you think you can shut Alison up forever? Do you think there is no means of discovering her? Why, I thought it was merely some foolish trick of that woman Cowan! But now you come forward; you interpose; you accept the responsibility of what this ignorant woman appears to have done. Well, what do you expect will come of it? What do you hope to gain by it?"

"With God's blessing," the Minister said, calmly enough, "we hope to undo much, if not all, of the evil you have wrought. We hope to bring the child to a perception of her error in having strayed away from the fold of her own people. Her seclusion may be temporary: when she comes forth from it, she will come forth as one purified and restored to her right mind; and she will return to dwell within the tents of Israel, among her own."

"But this is mere madness!" the younger man exclaimed, for he was rapidly losing his self-control. "She is married! She is my wife! I don't know what your particular congregation may think; but I know that even in Catholic countries, let alone Protestant countries, civil marriages are recognized as freely as any other; and I know, in this country, that the law, which institutes civil marriage, is bound to hold it valid. Valid?—I should think it was! There is no marriage more absolute and irrevocable. And do you imagine I am going to stand by and allow Alison to be shut up like that, and preached at, and lectured into submission, and whined over? I want to learn something about this instruction that is going on: I'm not quite satisfied about the gentle ways of the saints. And am I to understand that you definitely and finally refuse to tell me where Alison is?"

"I do refuse," the Minister said, with tranquil self-possession.

"You don't know that I can compel you, then?" he demanded, with eyes afire.

"I know you cannot," was the calm answer.

"You think there is no law in this country?"

"You may appeal to the law if you choose to do so," Mr. Blair said, slowly. "But there is no law in this country that can force me to open my mouth when my conscience bids me be silent; and there is no law in this country that can compel me to hand my child over to the emissaries of Satan. You may appeal to the law, young man: I owe obedience to a higher law: every moment of my life I stand before a tribunal compared with which all other tribunals are but as grains of sand on the sea-shore. We who regard all temporal things as of small moment stand in the presence of a greater Judge. 'The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our king.'"

The moral grandeur of this old man, his unflinching courage, the lofty position he had assumed, were all lost upon his younger and fiercer antagonist, who exclaimed, passionately:

"Very well, then, take the consequences! You have treated that harmless girl—who is my wife, and whom I mean to protect in spite of you—I say you have treated her with the most monstrous cruelty; and since you have determined to bear the brunt of it, you shall. You will discover that the laws of this country are not to be defied with impunity, whatever sophistical arguments you apply to your conscience. I tell you that I have the right to claim my wife; you accept the responsibility of concealing her; and if you persist in your refusal to produce her, then you will have leisure to think over your own folly, when you find yourself within the four walls of a jail!"

The Minister responded, with perfect serenity:

"I fear no earthly judge, nor any penalty he may inflict. In all things I would willingly obey those that are set in authority over us; but my chief allegiance lies elsewhere. If I have to go to prison, I hope to be as Peter and the other apostles when they were called before the Council and commanded to be beaten — they rejoiced that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for His name."

"Then to prison you shall go," the young man said, his face grown bloodless and horrible to see; and without another word he burst from the room, and made his way along the passage, opening the door for himself, and issuing into the street.

It was getting to dusk now; and mechanically and blindly he walked back to the humble hostelry, where dinner was awaiting him; but he could not eat anything; rage and fury filled his heart. He sat for a time there, thinking or trying to think: then he got up and went out, and made straight away for the open country —if that could be called country where there were forges and furnaces more frequently than farms, where there were stone dikes instead of hedges, and where the road-side he walked on was composed of cinders and broken slag. Into this mysterious dusk, lighted up by the wild flames of the iron-works, he walked recklessly and aimlessly, conjuring up all kinds of imaginary fears and evils, chiefly consisting of cruelties being practised on Alison. For the situation was far more serious now. This was no longer a mere ignorant device on the part of a stupid, ambitious, and scheming woman. This was a deliberate attempt to break the spirit of the girl; a conspiracy; and a conspiracy not over-scrupulous about invoking religious terrorism as a means of accomplishing its aim. And the law was on his side, he knew.

"Stone walls do not a prison make?" he said to himself, with savage irony. "Well, perhaps not; but they form a remarkably good imitation of it!"

For he was determined to hold the Minister responsible for this thing that had been done—done with his sanction, if not even at his suggestion. Where Mrs. Cowan might be he knew not. Perhaps she had taken Alison out of the country altogether, in the hope that absence, and pious counsel, and misrepresentation, and calumny, might bring the girl to a final renunciation of her lover and husband. Where Alison might be—where her cunning she-devil of a guardian might be—he could not tell; but the Minister knew—he was here; he could be got at; he would be made to speak, if there was any law in this land. And if he would not speak?—then to jail with him! The Court of Session had a short way of dealing with fanatics. Bravado was all very fine; but bravado sometimes collapsed in presence of prison fare and inside four square walls.

The young man's heart was hot within him. He began to recall, with a painful acuteness, certain terms of Mrs. Cowan's letter; and the fancy that this young wife might be suffering all kinds of mental and moral torture, in some unknown place, and thinking of him, and wondering why he did not come to her rescue—all this drove him to the verge of frenzy. He did not notice that it was now raining fast; and he had neither overcoat nor umbrella. The black night was all around him; and above him the heavy, red-pulsating skies: sometimes one of the iron-works sent up a sudden flame that threw his shadow across the half-seen highway. But while this wild war of piteous commiseration, and indignant wrath, and thirst for vengeance seemed driving him to distraction, plans were forming too. The very next morning he would go to Edinburgh and see his old friend Balwhinnan, an advocate there. Mr. Balwhinnan would advise him how to put the courts in motion: the conspirators would speedily learn whether they could with impunity steal away a young wife from her husband. Going to jail for conscience' sake sounded very noble and heroic: perhaps, when the moment arrived, that fanatical resolution would falter. But if not—if the Minister still remained obdurate—then let the law take its course! If there were any question about the validity of the marriage, if there were any doubt as to the young husband's legal claim, this would be his answer. Perhaps the doubts would be removed when the doubter found himself within the compass of a prison cell.

And sometimes a haunting voice would try to say to him: "What is this you are about to do? On whom are you going to wreak your vengeance? In your inmost heart you know that this old man is no fanatic, no maniac, no charlatan, but one who believes in the Divine government of the world, who knows that for every action of his life he is accountable to his Maker, who is ready to suffer all things rather than offend against his conscience. Are you so blind that you cannot perceive the moral elevation, the invulnerable and austere integrity, of such a man? What does he care for your threats? What are your prison walls to him?"

But he would not hear. Before his burning eyes there was a vision of Alison in her father's pew, her head bent forward, and tears streaming down her face, while that congregation of sanctimonious Pharisees looked on and rejoiced that the Minister's daughter was stricken low and repentant and ashamed of her transgression. And there was another vision as well—of Aunt Gilchrist's "cunning she-devil"—the cat-like guardian of her pale prisoner, the whining preacher, the wheedling and coaxing match-maker; and he swore with his teeth set hard that the lawyers should pay a little attention to her also.

By-and-by he turned and set out again for Kirk o' Shields, through the thick rain. There was no chance of his missing his way: the sombre red glow was ever present there, in the midst of the black night. When he reached the inn he was drenched through; but with the carelessness of a Highlander he sat down and ate some food; and then he told the people that when he went to bed they must get his clothes dried, for he was leaving early in the morning. It was to Edinburgh he was going.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LA VERETTE AND THE CARNIVAL IN ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE.

BY LAFCADIO HEARN.

I.

ONE returning from the country to the city in the carnival season is lucky to find any comfortable rooms for rent. I have been lucky to secure one even in a rather retired street—so steep that it is really dangerous to sneeze while descending it, lest one lose one's balance and tumble right across the town. It is not a fashionable street, the Rue de Montmirail; but, after all, there is no fashionable street in this extraordinary city, and the poorer the neighborhood, the better one's chance to see something of its human nature. One consolation is that I have Maum-Robert for a next-door neighbor, who keeps the best *bouts* in town—those long thin Martinique cigars of which a stranger soon becomes fond. Maum-Robert is a dealer in such cheap articles of food as the poor live upon: fruits and tropical vegetables, maguioc-flour, "macadam" (a

singular dish of rice stewed with salt fish, akras, etc.; but her *bouts* probably bring her the largest profit. Maum-Robert is also a sort of doctor; whenever any one in the neighborhood falls sick, she is sent for, and always comes, and very often cures, as she is very skilful in the knowledge and use of medicinal herbs, which she gathers herself upon the mornes. But for these services she never accepts any remuneration; she is a sort of Mother of the poor in her immediate vicinity. She helps everybody, listens to everybody's troubles, gives everybody some sort of consolation, trusts everybody, and sees a great deal of the thankless side of human nature without seeming to feel any the worse for it. Poor as she must really be, she appears to have everything that everybody wants; and will lend anything to her neighbors except a scissors or a broom, which it is thought bad luck to lend. And finally, if anybody is afraid of being bewitched (*quinboisé*), Maum-Robert can furnish him or her with something that will keep the bewitchment away.

II.

Ash-Wednesday. The last masquerade will appear this afternoon, notwithstanding; for the carnival lasts in Martinique a day longer than elsewhere.

All through the country districts, since the first week of January, there have been wild festivities every Sunday—dancing on the public highways to the battering of tamtams; African dancing too, such as is never seen in St. Pierre. In the city, however, there has been less merriment than in previous years; the natural gayety of the population has been visibly affected by the advent of a terrible and unfamiliar visitor to the island—*La Verette:* she came by steamer from Colon.

It was in September. Only two cases had been reported when every neighboring British colony quarantined against Martinique. Then other West Indian colonies did likewise. Only two cases of small-pox. "But there may be two thousand in another month," answered the governors and the consuls to many indignant protests. Among West Indian populations the malady has a signification unknown in Europe or the United States: it means an exterminating plague.

Two months later the little capital of Fort-de-France was swept by the pestilence as by a wind of death. Then the evil began to spread. It entered St. Pierre in December, about Christmas-time. Last week 173 cases were reported; and a serious epidemic is almost certain. There were only 8500 inhabitants in Fort-de-France; there are 28,000 in the three quarters of St. Pierre proper, not including her suburbs; and there is no saying what ravages the disease may make here.

III.

Three o'clock, hot and clear. In the distance there is a heavy sound of drums, always drawing nearer: *tam! tam! tam-tam-tam!* The Grande Rue is lined with expectant multitudes; and its tiny square, the Batterie d'Esnot, thronged with whites. *Tam! tam! tam-tam-tam!* In our own street the people are beginning to gather at doorways, and peer out of windows, prepared to descend to the main street at the first glimpse of the procession.

"*Oti masque-à?*" (Where are the maskers?)

It is little Mimi's voice; she is speaking for two besides herself, both quite as anxious as she to know where the maskers are: Maurice, her little fair-haired and blue-eyed brother, three years old; and Gabrielle, her child sister, aged four, two years her junior.

Every day I have been observing the three playing in the doorway of the house across the street. Mimi, with her brilliant white skin, black hair, and laughing black eyes, is the prettiest, though all are unusually pretty children. Were it not for the fact that their mother's beautiful brown hair is usually covered with a violet *foulard*, you would certainly believe them white as any children in the world.

The father of these children loved them very much: he had provided a home for them—a house in the Quarter of the Fort, with an allowance of two hundred francs monthly; and he died in the belief that their future was secured. But relatives fought the will with large means and shrewd lawyers, and won! Yzore, the mother, found herself homeless and penniless, with three children to care for. But she was brave; she abandoned the costume of the upper class forever, put on the *douillette* and the *madras*—the attire that is a confession of race—and went to work. She is still so comely and so white that she seems only to be masquerading in that violet head-dress and long loose robe.

"*Vini ouè! vini ouè!*" cry the children to one another—"come and see!" The drums are drawing near; everybody is running to the Grande Rue.

IV.

Tam! tam! tam-tam-tam! The spectacle is interesting from the Batterie d'Esnot. High up the Rue Peysette—up all the precipitous streets that ascend the mornes—a far gathering of showy color appears: the massing of maskers in rose and blue and sulphur-yellow attire. Then what a *degringolade* begins!—what a tumbling, leaping, cascading of color as the troops descend! Simultaneously from north and south, from the landing and the Fort, two immense bands enter the Grande Rue—the great dancing societies these—the *Sans-souci* and the *Intrépides*. They are rivals; they are the composers and singers of those carnival songs—cruel satires most often—of which the local meaning is unintelligible to those unacquainted with the incident inspiring the improvisation, of which the words are too often coarse or obscene, whose burdens will be caught up and re-echoed through all the bourgs of the island. Vile as may be the motive, the satire, the malice, these chants are preserved for generations by the singular beauty of the airs; and the victim of a carnival song need never hope that his failing or his wrong will be forgotten: it will be sung of long after he is in his grave.

Ten minutes more, and the entire length of the street is thronged with a shouting, shrieking, laughing, gesticulating host of maskers. Thicker and thicker the press becomes; the drums are silent; all are waiting for the signal of the general dance. Jests and practical jokes are being everywhere perpetrated; there is a vast hubbub, made up of screams, cries, chattering, laughing. Here and there snatches of carnival song are being sung: "*Cambronne, cambronne, cambronne;*" or, "*Ti feumla doux, li doux, li doux!*" (Sweeter than syrup the little woman is); this burden will be remembered when the rest of the song passes out of fashion. Brown hands reach out from the crowd of masks, pulling the beards and patting the faces of white spectators. "*Moin connaitt ou, chè! moin connait ou doudoux! ba moin ti d'mi-franc!*" It is best not to refuse the half-franc; you don't know what these maskers might take a notion to do to-day. Then all the great drums suddenly boom together; all the bands strike up; the mad medley crystallizes into some sort of order, and the immense processional dance begins. From the landing to the Fort there is but one continuous torrent of sound and color; you are dazed by the tossing of peaked caps, the waving of hands, and twinkling of feet, and all this passes with a huge swing, a regular swaying to right and left. It will take at least an hour for all to pass, and it is an hour well worth passing. Band after band whirls by, the musicians all garbed as women or as monks in canary-colored habits; before them the dancers are dancing backward, with a motion as of skaters; behind them all leap and wave hands as in pursuit. Most of the bands are playing creole airs, but that of the *Sans-souci* strikes up the melody of the latest French song in vogue, "*Petits amoureux aux plumes*" (Little feathered lovers). Everybody now seems to know this song by heart; you hear children only five or six years old singing it. There are pretty lines in it, although two out of its four stanzas are commonplace enough, and it is certainly the air rather than the words which accounts for its sudden popularity.

"Petits amoureux aux plumes,
Enfants d'un brillant séjour,
Vous ignorez l'amertume,
Vous parlez souvent d'amour;
Vous méprisez la dorure,
Les salons, et les bijoux;
Vous chérissez la Nature,
Petits oiseaux, becquetez-vous!

"Voyez làbas, dans cette église,
Auprès d'un confessional,
Le prêtre, qui veut faire croire à Lise,
Qu'un baiser est un grand mal;
Pour prouver à la mignonne
Qu'un baiser bien fait, bien doux,
N'a jamais damné personne,
Petits oiseaux, becquetez-vous!"*

* "Little feathered lovers, cooing,
Children of the radiant air,
Sweet your speech—the speech of wooing—
Ye have ne'er a grief to bear!
Gilded ease and jewelled fashion
Never own a charm for you;
Ye love Nature's truth with passion,
Pretty birdlings, bill and coo!

"See that priest who, Lise confessing,
Wants to make the girl believe
That a kiss without a blessing
Is a fault for which to grieve!
Now to prove, to his vexation,
That a tender kiss and true
Never caused a soul's damnation,
Pretty birdlings, bill and coo!"

V.

Extraordinary things are happening in the streets through which the procession passes. Pest-smitten women rise from their beds to costume themselves — to mask faces already made unrecognizable by the hideous malady—and stagger out to join the dancers. They do this in the Rue Longchamps, in the Rue St.-Jean-de-Dieu, in the Rue Peysette, in the Rue de Petit Versailles. And in the Rue Ste.-Marthe there are three young girls sick with the disease, who hear the blowing of the horns and the pattering of feet and clapping of hands in chorus; they get up to look through the slats of their windows on the masquerade, and the creole passion of the dance comes upon them. "*Ah!*" cries one, "*nou ké ben ameusé nou! c'est zaffai si nou mò!*" (We will have our fill of fun: what matter if we die after!) And all mask and join the rout, and dance down to the Savane, and over the river bridge into the high streets of the Fort, carrying contagion with them. No extraordinary example this; the ranks of the dancers held many and many a *verettier.*

VI.

I take notes as they pass. The costumes are rather disappointing, though the mummery has some general characteristics that are not unpicturesque—for example, the predominance of crimson and canary-yellow in choice of color, and a marked predilection for pointed hoods and high-peaked head-dresses. Mock-religious costumes also form a striking element in the general tone of the display—Franciscan, Dominican, or Penitent habits — usually crimson or yellow, rarely sky-blue. There are no historical costumes; few eccentricities or monsters; only a few "vampire-bat" head-dresses abruptly break the effect of the peaked caps and the hoods. Still there are some decidedly local ideas in dress which deserve notice—the *Congo*, the *Bébé* (or *ti maumaille*), the *Ti Nègue gouos-sirop* (Little molasses-negro), and the *Diablesse.*

The *Congo* is merely the exact reproduction of the dress worn by workers on the plantations. For the woman, a gray calico skirt and coarse petticoat of percaline, with two coarse handkerchiefs (*mouchoirs fatas*), one for her neck, and one for the head, over which is worn a monstrous straw hat; she walks either barefoot or shod with rude native sandals, and she carries a hoe. For the man the costume consists of a gray shirt of rough material, blue canvas pantaloons, a large *mouchoir fatas* to tie around his waist, and a *chapeau Bacoué*—an enormous hat of Martinique palm-straw; he walks barefooted and carries a cutlass.

The sight of a troop of young girls *en bébé* (in baby dress) is really pretty. This costume comprises only a loose embroidered chemise, lace-edged pantalets, and a child's cap, the whole being decorated with bright ribbons of various colors. As the dress is short, and leaves much of the lower limbs exposed, there is ample opportunity for display of tinted stockings and elegant slippers.

The "Molasses-negro" wears nothing but a cloth around his loins, his whole body and face being smeared with an atrocious mixture of soot and molasses. He is supposed to represent the original African ancestor.

The Devilesses (*diablesses*) are few in number, for it requires a very tall woman to play deviless. These are robed all in black, with a white turban and white *foulard;* they wear black masks. They also carry *boms*, which they allow to fall and drag clattering over the pavement from time to time, and they walk barefoot. The Deviless (in true Bitaco idiom "*guiablesse*") represents a singular Martinique superstition. It is said that sometimes at noonday a beautiful negress passes silently through some isolated plantation, smiling at the workers in the cane fields, tempting men to follow her. But he who follows her never comes back again, and when a field hand mysteriously disappears his fellows say, "*Y té ka ouè la guiablesse!*" The tallest among the Devilesses always walks first, chanting the question, "*Jou ouvè?*" (Is it yet daybreak?) And all the others reply in chorus, "*Jou pa'nco ouvè?*" (It is not yet day.)

The masks worn by the multitude include very few grotesques; as a rule they are simply white wire masks, having the form of an oval and regular human face; and they disguise the wearer absolutely, although they can be seen through perfectly well from within. It struck me at once that this peculiar type of wire mask gave an indescribable tone of ghostliness to the whole exhibition. It is not in the least comical; it is neither comely nor ugly; it is void of all character—expressionless, void, dead; it lies on the face

like a vapor, like a cloud, creating the idea of a spectral vacuity behind it.

VII.

Every year, on the last day of the carnival, a droll ceremony used to take place called the "Burial of the Bois-bois"—the Bois-bois being a dummy, a guy, caricaturing the most unpopular thing in city life or in politics. This bois-bois, after having been paraded with mock solemnity through all the ways of St. Pierre, was either interred or "drowned"—flung into the sea. And yesterday the dancing societies had announced their intention to bury a *bois-bois laverette*—a manikin that was to represent the plague. But this bois-bois does not make its appearance. *La Verette* is too terrible a visitor to be made fun of, my friends: you will not laugh at her, because you dare not.

No: there is one who has the courage—a yellow goblin crying from behind his wire mask, in imitation of the *màchannes*: "*Ça qui'lè quatôze graines laverette pou yon sou?*" (Who wants to buy fourteen verette spots for a sou?)

Not a single laugh follows that jest. And just one week from to-day, poor mocking goblin, you will have a great many more than *quatorze graines*, which will not cost you even a sou, and which will disguise you infinitely better than the mask you now wear; and they will pour quicklime over you ere ever they let you pass through this street again—in a seven-franc coffin!

VIII.

And the multicolored, multisonant stream rushes by, swerves off at last through the Rue des Ursulines to the Savannah, rolls over the new bridge of the Roxelane to the ancient quarter of the Fort.

All of a sudden there is a hush, a halt; the drums stop beating, the songs cease. Then I see a sudden scattering of goblins and demons and devilesses in all directions: they run into houses, up alleys, hide behind doorways. And the crowd parts; and straight through it, walking very quickly, comes a priest in his vestments, preceded by an acolyte who rings a little bell. *Ç'est Bon-Dié ka passé*—(It is the good God who goes by!) The father is bearing the *viaticum* to some victim of the pestilence: one must not appear masked as a devil or a deviless in the presence of the Bon-Dié.

He goes by. The flood of maskers recloses behind the ominous passage; the drums boom again; the dance recommences; and all the fantastic mummery ebbs swiftly out of sight.

IX.

Night falls; the maskers crowd to the ballrooms to dance strange tropical measures, that will become wilder and wilder as the hours pass. And through the black streets the Devil makes his last carnival round.

By the gleam of the old-fashioned oil lamps hung across the thoroughfares I can make out a few details of his costume. He is clad in red, wears a hideous blood-colored mask, and a cap of which the four sides are formed by four looking-glasses, the whole head-dress being surmounted by a red lantern. He has a white wig made of horse-hair, to make him look weird and old, since the Devil is older than the world. Down the street he comes, leaping nearly his own height, chanting words without human signification, and followed by some three hundred boys, who form the chorus to his chant, all clapping hands together, and giving tongue with a simultaneity that testifies how strongly the sense of rhythm enters into the natural musical feeling of the African, a feeling powerful enough to impose itself upon all Spanish America, and there create the unmistakable characteristics of all that is called "creole music."

"Bimbolo!"
"Zimabolo!"
"Bimbolo!"
"Zimabolo!"
"Et Zimbolo!"
"Et bolo-po!"

sing the Devil and his chorus. His chant is cavernous, abysmal, booms from his chest like the sound of a drum beaten in the bottom of a well. "*Ti maumaille-là, baill moin lavoix!*" (Give me voice, little folk, give me voice!) And all chant after him, in a chanting like the rushing of many waters, and with triple clapping of hands, "*Ti maumaille-là, baill moin lavoix!*" Then he halts before a dwelling in the Rue Peysette, and thunders:

"Eh! Marie-sans-dent!
Mi! diabe-à derhò!"

That is evidently a piece of spite-work: there is somebody living there against whom he has a grudge. "*Hey! Marie-*

without-teeth!—look! the Devil is outside!" And the chorus catch the clew.

Devil: "Eh! Marie-sans-dent!"
Chorus: "Marie-sans-dent! mi!—diabe-là der-hò!"
Devil: "Eh! Marie-sans-dent!"
Chorus: "Marie-sans-dent! mi!—diabe-là der-hò!"
Devil: "Eh! Marie-sans-dent!" etc.

The Devil at last descends to the main street, always singing the same song. I follow the chorus to the Savannah, where the rout makes for the new bridge over the Roxelane to mount the high streets of the old Quarter of the Fort, and the chant changes as they cross over.

Devil: "Oti ouè diabe-là passé lariviè?" (Where did you see the Devil going over the river?)

And all the boys repeat the words, falling into another rhythm with perfect regularity and ease,

"Oti ouè diabe-là passé lariviè?"
Devil: "Oti ouè diabe?"
Chorus: "Oti ouè diabe-là passé lariviè?"
Devil: "Oti ouè diabe?"
Chorus: "Oti ouè diabe-là passé lariviè?"
Devil: "Oti ouè diabe?" etc.

About midnight the return of the Devil and his following arouses me from sleep. All are chanting a new refrain. "The Devil and the Zombis sleep anywhere and everywhere." (*Diabe épi Zombi ka dômi tout-pâtout.*) The voices of the boys are still clear, shrill, fresh—clear as a chant of frogs. They still clap hands with a precision of rhythm that is simply wonderful, making each time a sound almost exactly like the bursting of a heavy wave.

Devil: "Diabe épi Zombi."
Chorus: "Diabe épi Zombi ka dômi tout-pâtout!"
Devil: "Diabe épi Zombi."
Chorus: "Diabe épi Zombi ka dômi tout-pâtout."
Devil: "Diabe épi Zombi," etc.

What is this after all but the old African method of chanting at labor? The practice of carrying the burden upon the head left the hands free for the rhythmic accompaniment of clapping. And you may still hear the women who load the transatlantic steamers with coal at Fort-de-France thus chanting and clapping.

Evidently the Devil is moving very fast, for all the boys are running; the pattering of bare feet upon the pavement sounds like a heavy shower. Then the chanting grows fainter in the distance; the Devil's immense basso becomes inaudible; one only distinguishes at regular intervals the *crescendo* of the burden, a wild swelling of many hundred boy voices all rising together, a retreating storm of rhythmic song, wafted to the ear in gusts, in *rafales* of contralto.

X.

February 17, 1888.

Yzore is a *calendeuse.*

The *calendeuses* are the women who make up the beautiful *madras* turbans, and color them, for the amazingly brilliant yellow of these head-dresses is not the result of any dyeing process; they are painted by hand. When purchased the *madras* is simply a great oblong handkerchief, having a pale green or pale pink ground, and checkered or plaided by intersecting bands of dark blue, purple, crimson, or maroon. The *calendeuse* lays the *madras* upon a broad board placed across her knees; then, taking a camel's-hair brush, she begins to fill in the spaces between the bands with a sulphur-yellow paint, which is always mixed with gum-arabic. It requires a sure eye, very steady fingers, and long experience to do this well. After the *madras* has been "calendered" (*calendé*), and has become quite stiff and dry, it is folded about the head of the purchaser after the comely Martinique fashion, which varies considerably from the modes popular in Guadeloupe or Cayenne, is fixed into the form thus obtained, and can thereafter be taken off or put on without arrangement or disarrangement, like a cap. The price for calendering a *madras* is now two francs and fifteen sous, and for making up the turban six sous additional, except in carnival time or upon holiday occasions, when the price rises to twenty-five sous. The making up of the *madras* into a turban is called "tying a head" (*marré yon tête*), and a prettily folded turban is spoken of as "a head well tied" (*yon tête bien amarré*). However, the profession of *calendeuse* is far from being a lucrative one; it is two or three days' work to calender a single *madras* well.

But Yzore does not depend upon calendering alone for a living; she earns much more by the manufacture of *moresques* and of *chinoises* than by painting *madras* turbans. Everybody in Martinique who can afford it wears *moresques* and *chinoises.* The *moresques* are large, loose,

comfortable pantaloons of thin printed calico (*indienne*), having colored designs representing birds, frogs, leaves, lizards, flowers, butterflies, or kittens, or representing nothing in particular, being simply covered with arabesques. The *chinoise* is a loose body garment, very much like the real Chinese blouse, but always of brightly colored calico with fantastic designs. These things are worn at home during siestas, after office hours, and at night. To take a nap during the day with one's ordinary clothing on means always a terrible drenching from perspiration and an after-feeling of exhaustion almost indescribable, best expressed, perhaps, by the local term, *corps écrasé*. Therefore, on entering one's room for the siesta, one strips, puts on the light *moresque* and the *chinoise*, and dozes in comfort. A suit of this sort is very neat, often quite pretty, and very cheap (costing only about six francs); the colors do not fade out in washing, and two good suits will last a year. Yzore can make two pairs of *moresques* and two *chinoises* in a single day upon her machine.

I have observed there is a prejudice here against treadle machines; the creole girls are persuaded they injure the health. Most of the sewing-machines I have seen among this people are operated by hand with a sort of little crank.

XI.

February 22d.

Old physicians, indeed, predicted it; but who believed them?

It is as though something sluggish and viewless, dormant and deadly, had been suddenly upstirred to furious life by the wind of robes and tread of myriad dancing feet, by the crash of cymbals and heavy vibration of drums. Within a few days there has been a frightful increase of the visitation, an almost incredible expansion of the invisible poison; the number of new cases and of deaths has successively doubled, tripled, quadrupled.

Great caldrons of tar are kindled now at night in the more thickly peopled streets, about one hundred paces apart, each being tended by an Indian laborer in the pay of the city; this is done with the idea of purifying the air. These sinister fires are never lighted but in times of pestilence and of tempest; on hurricane nights, when enormous waves roll in from the fathomless sea upon one of the most fearful coasts in the world, and great vessels are being driven ashore, such is the illumination by which the brave men of the coast make desperate efforts to save the lives of shipwrecked men, often at the cost of their own.

XII.

March 5th.

The streets are so narrow in this old-fashioned quarter that even a whisper is audible across them; and after dark I hear a great many things—sometimes sounds of pain, sobbing, despairing cries as Death makes his nightly round; sometimes, again, angry words, and laughter, and even song, always one melancholy chant; the voice has that peculiar metallic timbre that reveals the young negress:

"Pauv' ti Lélé,
Pauv' ti Lélé!
Li gagnin doulè, doulè, doulè,
Li gagnin doulè
Tout-pâtout!"

I wanted to know who little Lélé was, and why she had pains "all over"; for however artless and childish these creole songs seem, they are invariably originated by some real incident. And at last somebody tells me that "poor little Lélé" had the reputation in other years of being the most unlucky girl in St. Pierre. Whatever she tried to do resulted only in misfortune; when it was morning, she wished it were evening, that she might sleep and forget; but when the night came, she could not sleep for thinking of the trouble she had had during the day, so that she wished it were morning.

More pleasant it is to hear the chatting of Yzore's children across the way, after the sun has set and the stars come out. Gabrielle always wants to know what the stars are:

"*Ça qui ka clairé coum ça, mauman?*" (What is it that shines like that?)

And Yzore answers:

"*Ça, mafi, c'est ti limié Bon-Dié.*" (Those are the little lights of the good God.)

"It is so pretty, eh, mamma? I want to count them."

"You cannot count them, child."

"One—two—three—four—five—six—seven." Gabrielle can only count up to seven. "*Moin peide*, I am lost, mamma."

The moon comes up; she cries: "*Mi! mauman! gadé gouos difè qui adans ciel-à!*" (Look at the great fire in the sky!)

"It is the moon, child! Don't you see Saint Joseph in it, carrying a bundle of wood?"

"Yes, mamma, I see him! A great big bundle of wood!"

But Mimi is wiser in moon-lore: she borrows half a franc from her mother "to show to the moon." And holding it up before the silver light, she sings:

"Pretty moon, I show you my little money: now let me always have money so long as you shine!"*

Then the mother takes them up to bed; and in a little while there floats to me, through the open window, the murmur of the children's evening prayer:

"Ange-gardien,
Veillez sur moi;
Ayez pitié de ma faiblesse;
Couchez-vous sur mon petit lit;
Suivez-moi sans cesse...."†

I can only catch a line here and there. They do not sleep immediately; they continue to chat in bed. Gabrielle wants to know what a guardian angel is like. And I hear Mimi's voice replying in creole:

"*Zange-gâdien, c'est yon jeine fi, toutt bel.*" (The guardian angel is a young girl, all beautiful.)

A little while, and there is silence; and I see Yzore come out, barefooted, upon the moonlit balcony of her little room, looking up and down the hushed street, looking at the sea, looking up betimes at the high flickering of stars, moving her lips as in prayer. And standing there white-robed, with her rich dark hair loose-falling, there is a weird grace about her that recalls those long slim figures of guardian angels in French religious prints.

XIII.

March 10th.

Yzore and her little ones are all in Maum-Robert's shop; she is recounting her troubles—fresh troubles: forty-seven francs' worth of work delivered on time, and no money received. So much I hear as I enter the little *boutique* myself to buy a package of *bouts*.

"*Assise!*" says Maum-Robert, handing me her own chair; she is always pleased to see me, pleased to chat with me about creole folk-lore. Then observing a smile exchanged between myself and Mimi, she tells the children to bid me good-day: "*Allé di bonjou, Missié-à!*"

One after another each holds up a velvety cheek to kiss. And Mimi, who has been asking her mother the same question over and over again for at least five minutes, without being able to obtain an answer, ventures to demand of me, on the strength of this introduction, "*Missié, oti masque-à?*"

"*Y ben fou, pouloss!*" the mother cries out. "Why, the child must be going out of her senses! *Mimi pa'-mbêté moune coum ça! pa ni piess masque: c'est laverette qui ni.*" (Don't annoy people like that! there are no maskers now; there is nothing but the *verette!*)

[You are not annoying me at all, little Mimi; but I would not like to answer your question truthfully. I know where the maskers are—most of them, child; and I do not think it would be well for you to know. They wear no masks now; but if you were to see them for even one moment, by some extraordinary accident, pretty Mimi, I think you would feel more frightened than you ever felt before.]

"*Toutt lanuite y k'anni rêvé masque-à,*" continues Yzore.

I am curious to know what Mimi's dreams are like; wonder if I can coax her to tell me?

XIV.

I have written Mimi's last dream from the child's dictation:

"I saw a ball," she says. "I was dreaming: I saw everybody dancing with masks on; I was looking at them. And all at once I saw that the folks who were dancing were all made of pasteboard. And I saw a *commandeur:* he asked me what I was doing there. I answered him, 'Why, I saw a ball, and I came to look—what of it?' He answered me: 'Since you are so curious to come and look at other folks' business, you will have to stop here and dance too!' I said to him, 'No! I won't dance with people made of pasteboard; I am afraid of them!' And I

* "*Bel laline, moin ka montré ou ti pièce-moin! ba mom lâgent toutt temps ou ka clairé!*" This little invocation is supposed to have most power when uttered on the first appearance of the new moon.

† "Guardian Angel, watch over me; have pity upon my weakness; lie down on my little bed with me; follow me whithersoever I go." The prayers are always said in French. Metaphysical and theological terms cannot be rendered in the patois; and the authors of creole catechisms have always been obliged to borrow and explain French religious phrases in order to make their teachings comprehensible.

ran and ran and ran, I was so much afraid. And I ran into a big garden where I saw a big cherry-tree that had only leaves upon it; and I saw a man sitting under the cherry-tree. He asked me, 'What are you doing here?' I said to him, 'I am trying to find my way out.' He said, 'You must stay here.' I said, 'No, no!' and I said, in order to be able to get away, 'Go up there! you will see a fine ball: all pasteboard people dancing there, and a pasteboard *commandeur* commanding them!' And then I got so frightened that I awoke."

"And why were you so afraid of them, Mimi?" I ask.

"*Pace yo té toutt vide endedans!*" answers Mimi. (Because they were all hollow inside!)

XV.

March 19th.

The death rate in St. Pierre is now between three hundred and fifty and four hundred a month. Our street is being depopulated. Every day men come with immense stretchers—covered with a sort of canvas awning—to take somebody away to the *lazaretto.* At brief intervals, also, coffins are carried into houses empty, and carried out again, followed by women who cry so loud that their sobbing can be heard a great way off.

Before the visitation few quarters were so densely peopled: there were living often in one small house as many as fifty. The poorer classes had been accustomed from birth to live as simply as animals—wearing scarcely any clothing, sleeping on bare floors, exposing themselves to all changes of weather, eating the cheapest and coarsest food. Yet, though living under such adverse conditions, no healthier people could be found, perhaps, in the world, nor a more cleanly. Every yard having its fountain, almost everybody could bathe daily; and with hundreds it was the custom to enter the river every morning at daybreak, or to take a swim in the bay (the young women here swim as well as the men). But the pestilence, entering among so dense and unprotected a life, made extraordinarily rapid havoc; and bodily cleanliness availed little against the contagion. Now all the bathing resorts are deserted, because the *lazarettos* infect the bay with refuse, and because the linen of the sick is washed in the Roxelane.

Guadeloupe, the sister colony, now sends aid—the sum total is less than a single American merchant might give to a charitable undertaking; but it is a great deal for Guadeloupe to give. And far Cayenne sends money too; and the mother-country will send one hundred thousand francs.

XVI.

March 20th.

The infinite goodness of this colored population to one another is something which impresses with astonishment those accustomed to the selfishness of the world's great cities. No one is suffered to go to the pest-house who has a bed to lie upon, and a single relative or tried friend to administer remedies; the multitude who pass through the *lazarettos* are strangers—persons from the country who have no home of their own, or servants who are not permitted to remain sick in houses of employers. There are, however, many cases where a mistress will not suffer her *bonne* to take the risks of the pest-house, especially in families where there are no children; the domestic is carefully nursed, a physician hired for her, remedies purchased for her.

But among the colored people themselves the heroism displayed is beautiful, is touching—something which makes one doubt all accepted theories about the natural egotism of mankind, and would compel the most hardened pessimist to conceive a higher idea of humanity. There is never a moment's hesitation in visiting a stricken individual; every relative, and even the most intimate friends of every relative, may be seen hurrying to the bedside. They take turns at nursing, sitting up all night, securing medical attendance and medicines, without ever a thought of the danger—nay, of the almost absolute certainty of contagion. If the patient have no means, all contribute; what the sister or brother has not, the uncle or the aunt, the godfather or godmother, the cousin, brother-in-law, or sister-in-law, may be able to give. No one dreams of refusing money or linen or wine, or anything possible to give, lend, or procure on credit. Women seem to forget that they are beautiful, that they are young, that they are loved, to forget everything but the sense of that which they hold to be duty. You see young girls of remarkably elegant

presence, young colored girls well educated and *élévées-en-chapeau** (that is to say, brought up like white creole girls, dressed and accomplished like them), voluntarily leave rich homes to nurse some poor mulattress or capresse in the indigent quarters of the town, because the sick one happens to be a distant relative. They will not trust others to perform this for them; they feel bound to do it in person. I heard such a one say, in reply to some earnest protest about thus exposing herself (she had never been vaccinated): "*Ah! quand il s'agit du devoir, la vie ou la mort c'est pour moi la même chose.*"

But without any sanitary law to check this self-immolation, and with the conviction that in the presence of duty, or what is believed to be duty, "life or death is the same thing," or ought to be so considered, you can readily imagine how soon the city must become one vast hospital.

XVII.

March 30th.

Good-Friday.

The bells have ceased to ring, even the bells for the dead; the hours are marked by cannon-shots. The ships in the harbor form crosses with their spars, turn their flags upside down. And the entire colored population puts on mourning: it is a custom among them centuries old.

You will not perceive a single gaudy robe to-day, a single calendered *madras;* not a speck of showy color is visible through all the ways of St. Pierre. The costumes donned are all similar to those worn for the death of relatives: either full mourning—a black robe with violet *foulard* and dark violet-banded headkerchief—or half mourning—a dark violet robe with black *foulard* and turban—the half mourning being worn only by those who cannot afford the more sombre costume. From my window I can see long processions climbing the mornes about the city to visit the shrines and crucifixes, and to pray for the cessation of the pestilence.

Three o'clock. Three cannon-shots shake the hills: it is the supposed hour of the Saviour's death. All believers, whether in the churches, on the highways, or in their homes, bow down, kiss the cross thrice, or, if there be no cross, press their lips three times to the ground or the pavement, and utter those three wishes, which if expressed precisely at this traditional moment will surely, it is held, be fulfilled. Immense crowds are assembled before the crosses on the heights and about the statue of Notre Dame de la Garde.

There is no hubbub in the streets; there is not even the customary loud weeping to be heard as the coffins go by. One must not complain to-day, nor become angry, nor utter unkind words. Any fault committed on Good-Friday is thought to obtain a special and awful magnitude in the sight of Heaven. There is a curious saying in vogue here. If a son or daughter grow up vicious, become a shame to the family and a curse to the parents, it is observed of them, "*Cà, c'est yon péché Vendredi saint.*" (Must be a Good-Friday sin.)

XVIII.

March 31st.

Holy-Saturday morning—nine o'clock. All the bells suddenly ring out; the humming of the *bourdon* blends with the thunder of a hundred guns: this is the *Gloria!* At the signal it is the old custom for the whole population, young and old, to enter the sea, or to bathe in the rivers, if living too far from the beach. But river and sea are now alike infected; all the linen of the *lazarettos* has been washed therein; and to-day there are fewer bathers than usual.

But there are twenty-seven burials. Now they are burying the dead two together: the cemeteries are overburthened.

XIX.

April 10th.

Maum-Robert is much annoyed and puzzled because the American steamer—the *bom-mangé*, as she calls it—does not come. It used to bring regularly so many barrels of potatoes and beans, so much lard and cheese and garlic and dried pease—everything, almost, of which she keeps a stock. It is now nearly eight weeks since the cannon of a New York steamer aroused the echoes of the harbor. Every morning Maum-Robert has been sending out the little servant Louise to see if there is any sign of the American

* Lit., "brought up in a hat." To wear the *madras* is to acknowledge one's self of color; to follow the European style of dress in the hair and adopt the costume of the white creoles indicate a desire to affiliate with the white class.

packet: "*Allé ouè Batterie d'Esnot si bom-mangé a pas rivé.*"

But Louise always returns with the same rueful answer: "*Maum-Robert, pa ni piess bom-mangé*" (there is not so much as a bit of a *bom-mangé*).

"No more American steamers for Martinique"—that is the news received by telegraph. The disease has broken out among the shipping; the harbors have been declared infected. United States mail-packets drop their Martinique mails at St. Kitt's or Dominica and pass us by. There will be suffering now among the *canotiers*, the *caboteurs*, all those who live by stowing or unloading cargo; great warehouses are being closed up, and strong men discharged because there will be nothing for them to do.

They are burying twenty-five *verettiers* per day in the city.

But never was this tropic sky more unspeakably beautiful; never was this circling sea more marvellously blue; never were the mountains more richly robed in luminous green, under a vaster or more golden day.

Suddenly it occurs to me that I have not seen Yzore nor her children for some days; and I wonder if they have moved away. Toward evening, passing by Maum-Robert's, I ask about them.

The old woman answers me very gravely, "*Atò, mon chè, c'est Yzore qui ni laverette!*"

The mother has been seized by the plague at last. But Maum-Robert will look after her; and Maum-Robert has taken charge of the three little ones, who are not now allowed to leave the house, for fear some one should tell them what it were best they should not know.

XX.

April 13th.

And now some of the higher classes begin to go, especially the young and strong, and the bells are ever sounding for them; and the tolling *bourdon* fills the city with its enormous hum all day and far into the night. For these are rich, and the high solemnities of burial are theirs: the coffin of mahogany, and the triple ringing, and the Cross of Gold to be carried before them as they pass to their long sleep under the palms, saluted for the last time by all the population of St. Pierre, standing bareheaded in the sun.

Is it in times like these, when all the conditions are febrile, that one is most apt to have queer dreams?

Last night it seemed to me that I saw that carnival dance again: the hooded musicians, the fantastic torrent of peaked caps, the spectral masks, the swaying of bodies, and waving of arms—but soundless as a passing of smoke. There were figures I thought I knew; hands I had somewhere seen reached out and touched me in silence; and then, all suddenly, a Viewless Something seemed to scatter the shapes as leaves are blown by a wind. And waking, I thought I heard again, plainly as on that last carnival afternoon, the strange cry of fear: "*C'est Bon-Dié ka passé!*"

XXI.

April 20th.

Very early yesterday morning Yzore was carried away under a covering of quicklime: the children do not know; Maum-Robert took heed they should not see. They have been told their mother has been taken to the country to get well; that the doctor will bring her back soon. All the furniture is to be sold at auction to pay the debts; the landlord was patient, he waited four months; the doctor was kindly; but now these must have their due. Everything will be bidden off, except the *chapelle*, with its Virgin and angels of porcelain. *Yo pa ka pè venne Bon-Dié:* the things of the good God must not be sold. And Maum-Robert will take care of the little ones.

The bed, a relic of former good fortune, a great Martinique bed of carved, heavy, native wood—a *lit-à-bateau* (boat-bed), so called because shaped almost like a state-barge, perhaps—will surely bring three hundred francs; the armoire, with its mirror doors, not less than two hundred and fifty. There is little else of value; the whole will not bring enough to pay all the dead owes.

XXII.

April 28th.

Tam-tam-tam! tam-tam-tam! It is the booming of the auction drum from the Place; Yzore's furniture is about to change hands.

The children start at the sound, so vividly associated in their minds with the sights of carnival days, with the fantastic mirth of the vast processional

dance; they run to the sunny street, calling to each other, "*Vini ouè!*" they look up and down. But there is a great quiet in the Rue Montmirail; the street is empty.

Maum-Robert enters very weary: she has been at the sale, trying to save something for the children; but the prices were too high. In silence she takes her accustomed seat at the worn counter of her little shop; the young ones gather about her, caress her; Mimi looks up laughing into the kind brown face, and wonders why Maum-Robert will not smile. Then Mimi becomes afraid to ask where the maskers are, why they do not come. But little Maurice, bolder and less sensitive, cries out, "*Maum-Robert, oti masque-à?*"

Maum-Robert does not answer: she does not hear. She is gazing directly into the young faces clustered about her knee, yet she does not see them; she sees far, far beyond them, into the hidden years. And suddenly, with a savage tenderness in her voice, she utters all the dark thought of her heart for them:

"*Toua ti blancs sans léson! quitté moin châché papa ou qui adans cimetié pou vini pouend ou 'tou!*"

("Ye three little penniless white ones! let me go call your father from the cemetery to come and take you also away!")

STUDIES OF THE GREAT WEST.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

VIII.—ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY.

ST. LOUIS is eighty years old. It was incorporated as a town in 1808, thirteen years before the admission of Missouri into the Union as a State. In 1764 a company of thirty Frenchmen made a settlement on its site and gave it its distinguished name. For nearly half a century, under French and Spanish jurisdiction alternately, it was little more than a trading post, and at the beginning of this century it contained only about a thousand inhabitants. This period, however, gave it a romantic historic background, and as late as 1853, when its population was a hundred thousand, it preserved French characteristics and a French appearance—small brick houses and narrow streets crowded down by the river. To the stranger it was the Planters' Hotel and a shoal of big steam-boats moored along an extensive levee roaring with river traffic. Crowded, ill-paved, dirty streets, a few country houses on elevated sites, a population forced into a certain activity by trade, but hindered in municipal improvement by French conservatism, and touched with the rust of slavery—that was the St. Louis of thirty-five years ago.

Now everything is changed as by some magic touch. The growth of the city has always been solid, unspeculative, conservative in its business methods, with some persistence of the old French influence, only gradually parting from its ancient traditions, preserving always something of the aristocratic flavor of "old families," accounted "slow" in the impatience of youth. But it has burst its old bounds, and grown with a rapidity that would be marvellous in any other country. The levee is comparatively deserted, although the trade on the lower river is actually very large. The traveller who enters the city from the east passes over the St. Louis Bridge, a magnificent structure and one of the engineering wonders of the modern world, plunges into a tunnel under the business portion of the old city, and emerges into a valley covered with a network of railway tracks, and occupied by apparently interminable lines of passenger coaches and freight-cars, out of the confusion of which he makes his way with difficulty to a carriage, impressed at once by the enormous railway traffic of the city. This is the site of the proposed Union Depot, which waits upon the halting action of the Missouri Pacific system. The eastern outlet for all this growing traffic is over the two tracks of the bridge; these are entirely inadequate, and during a portion of the year there is a serious blockade of freight. A second bridge over the Mississippi is already a necessity to the commerce of the city, and is certain to be built within a few years.

St. Louis, since the war, has spread westward over the gentle ridges which parallel the river, and become a city vast

in territory and most attractive in appearance. While the business portion has expanded into noble avenues with stately business and public edifices, the residence parts have a beauty, in handsome streets and varied architecture, that is a continual surprise to one who has not seen the city for twenty years. Its extent is coincident with the county, whose governmental functions it has absorbed. I had set down the length of the city along the river front as thirteen miles, with a depth of about six miles; but the official statistics are: length of river front, 19.15 miles; length of western limits, 21.27; extent north and south in an air line, 17; and length east and west on an air line, 6.62. This gives an area of 61.37 square miles, or 39,276 acres. This includes the public parks (containing 2095 acres), and is sufficient room for the population of 450,000, which the city doubtless has in 1888. By the United States census of 1870 the population was reported much larger than it was, the figures having no doubt been manipulated for political purposes. Estimating the natural increase from this false report, the city was led to claim a population far beyond the actual number, and unjustly suffered a little ridicule for a mistake for which it was not responsible. The United States census of 1880 gave it 350,522. During the eight years from 1880 there were erected 18,574 new dwelling-houses, at a cost of over fifty millions of dollars.

The great territorial extension of the city in 1876 was for a time a disadvantage, for it threw upon the city the care of enormous street extensions, made a sporadic movement of population beyond Grand Avenue, which left hiatuses in improvement, and created a sort of furor of fashion for getting away from what to me is still the most attractive residence portion of the town, namely, the elevated ridges west of Fourteenth Street, crossed by Lucas Place and adjoining avenues. In this quarter, and east of Grand Avenue, are fine high streets, with detached houses and grounds, many of them both elegant and comfortable, and this is the region of the Washington University, some of the finest club-houses, and handsomest churches. The movements of city populations, however, are not to be accounted for. One of the finest parts of the town, and one of the oldest of the better residence parts, that south of the railways, containing broad, well-planted avenues, and very stately old homes, and the exquisite Lafayette Park, is almost wholly occupied now by Germans, who make up so large a proportion of the population.

One would have predicted at an early day that the sightly bluffs below the city would be the resort of fashion, and be occupied with fine country houses. But the movement has been almost altogether westward and away from the river. And this rolling, wooded region is most inviting, elevated, open, cheerful. No other city in the West has fairer suburbs for expansion and adornment, and its noble avenues, dotted with conspicuously fine residences, give promise of great beauty and elegance. In its late architectural development, St. Louis, like Chicago, is just in time to escape a very mediocre and merely imitative period in American building. Beyond Grand Avenue the stranger will be shown Vandeventer Place, a semi-private oblong park, surrounded by many pretty and some notably fine residences. Two of them are by Richardson, and the city has other specimens of his work. I cannot refrain from again speaking of the effect that this original genius has had upon American architecture, especially in the West, when money and enterprise afforded him free scope. It is not too much to say that he created a new era, and the influence of his ideas is seen everywhere in the work of architects who have caught his spirit.

The city has addressed itself to the occupation and adornment of its great territory and the improvement of its most travelled thoroughfares with admirable public spirit. The rolling nature of the ground has been taken advantage of to give it a nearly perfect system of drainage and sewerage. The old pavements of soft limestone, which were dust in dry weather and liquid mud in wet weather, are being replaced by granite in the business parts and asphalt and wood blocks (laid on a concrete base) in the residence portions. Up to the beginning of 1888 this new pavement had cost nearly three and a half million dollars, and over thirty-three miles of it were granite blocks. Street railways have also been pushed all over the territory. The total of street lines is already over one hundred and fifty-four miles, and over thirty miles of these give rapid transit by cable. These facilities make the whole of the wide

territory available for business and residence, and give the poorest the means of reaching the parks.

The park system is on the most liberal scale, both public and private; the parks are already famous for extent and beauty, but when the projected connecting boulevards are made they will attain world-wide notoriety. The most extensive of the private parks is that of the combined Agricultural Fair Grounds and Zoological Gardens. Here is held annually the St. Louis Fair, which is said to be the largest in the United States. The enclosure is finely laid out and planted, and contains an extensive park, exhibition buildings, cottages, a race-track, an amphitheatre, which suggests in size and construction some of the largest Spanish bull rings, and picturesque houses for wild animals. The zoological exhibition is a very good one. There are eighteen public parks. One of the smaller (thirty acres) of these, and one of the oldest, is Lafayette Park, on the south side. Its beauty surprised me more than almost anything I saw in the city. It is a gem; just that artificial control of nature which most pleases—forest trees, a pretty lake, fountains, flowers, walks planned to give everywhere exquisite vistas. It contains a statue of Thomas H. Benton, which may be a likeness, but utterly fails to give the character of the man. The largest is Forest Park, on the west side, a tract of 1372 acres, mostly forest, improved by excellent drives, and left as much as possible in a natural condition. It has ten miles of good driving roads. This park cost the city about $850,000, and nearly as much more has been expended on it since its purchase. The surface has great variety of slopes, glens, elevations, lakes, and meadows. During the summer music is furnished in a handsome pagoda, and the place is much resorted to. Fronting the boulevard are statues of Governor Edward Bates and Frank P. Blair, the latter very characteristic.

Next in importance is Tower Grove Park, an oblong of 276 acres. This and Shaw's Garden, adjoining, have been given to the city by Mr. Henry Shaw, an Englishman who made his fortune in the city, and they remain under his control as to care and adornment during his life. Those who have never seen foreign parks and pleasure gardens can obtain a very good idea of their formal elegance and impressiveness by visiting Tower Grove Park and the Botanical Gardens. They will see the perfection of lawns, avenues ornamented by statuary, flower beds, and tasteful walks. The entrances, with stone towers and lodges, suggest similar effects in France and in England. About the music stand are white marble busts of six chief musical composers. The drives are adorned with three statues in bronze, thirty feet high, designed and cast in Munich by Frederick Müller. They are figures of Shakespeare, Humboldt, and Columbus, and so nobly conceived and executed that the patriotic American must wish they had been done in this country. Of Shaw's Botanical Garden I need to say little, for its fame as a comprehensive and classified collection of trees, plants, and flowers is world-wide. It has no equal in this country. As a place for botanical study no one appreciated it more highly than the late Professor Asa Gray. Sometimes a peculiar classification is followed; one locality is devoted to economic plants —camphor, quinine, cotton, tea, coffee, etc.; another to "Plants of the Bible." The space of fifty-four acres, enclosed by high stone walls, contains, besides the open garden and *allées* and glass houses, the summer residence and the tomb of Mr. Shaw. This old gentleman, still vigorous in his eighty-eighth year, is planning new adornments in the way of statuary and busts of statesmen, poets, and scientists. His plans are all liberal and cosmopolitan. For over thirty years his botanical knowledge, his taste, and abundant wealth and leisure have been devoted to the creation of this wonderful garden and park, which all bear the stamp of his strong individuality, and of a certain pleasing foreign formality. What a source of unfailing delight it must have been to him! As we sat talking with him I thought how other millionnaires, if they knew how, might envy a matured life, after the struggle for a competency is over, devoted to this most rational enjoyment, in an occupation as elevating to the taste as to the character, and having in mind always the public good. Over the entrance gate is the inscription, "Missouri Botanical Gardens." When the city has full control of the garden the word "Missouri" should be replaced by "Shaw."

The money expended for public parks gives some idea of the liberal and far-sight-

ed provision for the health and pleasure of a great city. The parks originally cost the city $1,309,944, and three millions more have been spent upon their improvement and maintenance. This indicates an enlightened spirit, which we shall see characterizes the city in other things, and is evidence of a high degree of culture.

Of the commerce and manufactures of the town I can give no adequate statement without going into details, which my space forbids. The importance of the Mississippi River is much emphasized, not only as an actual highway of traffic, but as a regulator of railway rates. The town has by the official reports been discriminated against, and even the Inter-State Act has not afforded all the relief expected. In 1887 the city shipped to foreign markets by way of the Mississippi and the jetties 3,973,000 bushels of wheat and 7,365,000 bushels of corn—a larger exportation than ever before except in the years 1880 and 1881. An outlet like this is of course a check on railway charges. The trade of the place employs a banking capital of fifteen millions. The deposits in 1887 were thirty-seven millions; the clearings over $894,527,731—the largest ever reached, and over ten per cent. in excess of the clearings of 1886. To whatever departments I turn in the report of the Merchants' Exchange for 1887 I find a vigorous growth—as in building—and in most articles of commerce a great increase. It appears by the tonnage statements that, taking receipts and shipments together, 12,060,995 tons of freight were handled in and out during 1886, against 14,359,059 tons in 1887—a gain of nineteen and a half per cent. The buildings in 1886 cost $7,030,819; in 1887, $8,162,914. There were $44,740 more stamps sold at the post-office in 1887 than in 1886. The custom-house collections were less than in 1886, but reached the figures of $1,414,747. The assessed value of real and personal property in 1887 was $217,142,320, on which the rate of taxation in the old city limits was $2 50.

It is never my intention in these papers to mention individual enterprises for their own sake, but I do not hesitate to do so when it is necessary in order to illustrate some peculiar development. It is a curious matter of observation that so many Western cities have one or more specialties in which they excel—houses of trade or manufacture larger and more important than can be found elsewhere. St. Louis finds itself in this category in regard to several establishments. One of these is a wooden-ware company, the largest of the sort in the country, a house which gathers its peculiar goods from all over the United States, and distributes them almost as widely—a business of gigantic proportions and bewildering detail. Its annual sales amount to as much as the sales of all the houses in its line in New York, Chicago, and Cincinnati together. Another is a hardware company, wholesale and retail, also the largest of its kind in the country, with sales annually amounting to six millions of dollars, a very large amount when we consider that it is made up of an infinite number of small and cheap articles in iron, from a fish-hook up—indeed, over fifty thousand separate articles. I spent half a day in this establishment, walking through its departments, noting the unequalled system of compact display, classification, and methods of sale and shipment. Merely as a method of system in business I have never seen anything more interesting. Another establishment, important on account of its central position in the continent and its relation to the Louisiana sugar fields, is the St. Louis Sugar Refinery. The refinery proper is the largest building in the Western country used for manufacturing purposes, and, together with its adjuncts of cooper shops and warehouses, covers five entire blocks and employs 500 men. It has a capacity of working up 400 tons of raw sugar a day, but runs only to the extent of about 200 tons a day, making the value of its present product $7,500,000 a year.

During the winter and spring it uses Louisiana sugars; the remainder of the year, sugars of Cuba and the Sandwich Islands. Like all other refineries of which I have inquired, this reckons the advent for the Louisiana crop as an important regulator of prices. This establishment, in common with other industries of the city, has had to complain of business somewhat hampered by discrimination in railway rates. St. Louis also has what I suppose, from the figures accessible, to be the largest lager-beer brewing establishment in the world; its solid, gigantic, and architecturally imposing buildings lift themselves up like a fortress over the thirty acres of ground they cover. Its manufacture and sales in 1887 were 456,511

barrels of beer—an increase of nearly 100,000 since 1885-6. It exports largely to Mexico, South America, the West Indies, and Australia. The establishment is a marvel of system and ingenious devices. It employs 1200 laborers, to whom it pays $500,000 a year. Some of the details are of interest. In the bottling department we saw workmen filling, corking, labelling, and packing at the rate of 100,000 bottles a day. In a year 25,000,000 bottles are used, packed in 400,000 barrels and boxes. The consumption of barley is 1,100,000 bushels yearly, and of hops over 700,000 pounds, and the amount of water used for all purposes is 250,000,000 gallons—nearly enough to float our navy. The charges for freight received and shipped by rail amount to nearly a million dollars a year. There are several other large breweries in the city. The total product manufactured in 1887 was 1,383,361 barrels, equal to 43,575,872 gallons—more than three times the amount of 1877. The barley used in the city and vicinity was 2,932,192 bushels, of which 340,335 bushels came from Canada. The direct export of beer during 1887 to foreign countries was equal to 1,924,108 quart bottles. The greater part of the barley used comes from Iowa, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

It is useless to enumerate the many railways which touch and affect St. Louis. The most considerable is the agglomeration known as the Missouri Pacific, or Southwestern System, which operated 6994 miles of road on January 1, 1888. This great aggregate is likely to be much diminished by the surrender of lines, but the railway facilities of the city are constantly extending.

There are figures enough to show that St. Louis is a prosperous city, constantly developing new enterprises with fresh energy; to walk its handsome streets and drive about its great avenues and parks is to obtain an impression of a cheerful town on the way to be most attractive; but its chief distinction lies in its social and intellectual life, and in the spirit that has made it a pioneer in so many educational movements. It seems to me a very good place to study the influence of speculative thought in economic and practical affairs. The question I am oftenest asked is, whether the little knot of speculative philosophers accidentally gathered there a few years ago, and who gave a sort of fame to the city, have had any permanent influence. For years they discussed abstractions; they sustained for some time a very remarkable periodical of speculative philosophy, and in a limited sphere they maintained an elevated tone of thought and life quite in contrast with our general materialism. The circle is broken, the members are scattered. Probably the town never understood them, perhaps they did not altogether understand each other, and may be the tremendous conflict of Kant and Hegel settled nothing. But if there is anything that can be demonstrated in this world it is the influence of abstract thought upon practical affairs in the long-run. And although one may not be able to point to any definite thing created or established by this metaphysical movement, I think I can see that it was a leaven that had a marked effect in the social, and especially in the educational, life of the town, and liberalized minds, and opened the way for the trial of theories in education. One of the disciples declares that the State Constitution of Missouri and the charter of St. Louis are distinctly Hegelian. However this may be, both these organic laws are uncommonly wise in their provisions. A study of the evolution of the city government is one of the most interesting that the student can make. Many of the provisions of the charter are admirable, such as those securing honest elections, furnishing financial checks, and guarding against public debt. The mayor is elected for four years, and the important offices filled by his appointment are not vacant until the beginning of the third year of his appointment, so that hope of reward for political work is too dim to affect the merits of an election. The composition and election of the school board is also worthy of notice. Of the twenty-one members, seven are elected on a general ticket, and the remaining fourteen by districts, made by consolidating the twenty-eight city wards, members to serve four years, divided into two classes. This arrangement secures immunity from the ward politician.

St. Louis is famous for its public schools, and especially for the enlightened methods, and the willingness to experiment in improving them. The school expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1887, were $1,095,773; the school property in lots, buildings, and furniture in 1885 was estimated at $3,445,254. The total num-

ber of pupils enrolled was 56,936. These required about 1200 teachers, of whom over a thousand were women. The actual average of pupils to each teacher was about 42. There were 106 school buildings, with a seating capacity for about 50,000 scholars. Of the district schools 13 were colored, in which were employed 78 colored teachers. The salaries of teachers are progressive, according to length of service. As for instance, the principal of the High-School has $2400 the first year, $2500 the second, $2600 the third, $2750 the fourth; a head assistant in a district school, $650 the first year, $700 the second, $750 the third, $800 the fourth, $850 the fifth.

The few schools that I saw fully sustained their public reputation as to methods, discipline, and attainments. The Normal School, of something over 100 pupils, nearly all the girls being graduates of the High-School, was admirable in drill, in literary training, in calisthenic exercises. The High-School is also admirable, a school with a thoroughly elevated tone and an able principal. Of the 600 pupils at least two-thirds were girls. From appearances I should judge that it is attended by children of the most intelligent families, for certainly the girls of the junior and senior classes, in manner, looks, dress, and attainments, compared favorably with those of one of the best girls' schools I have seen anywhere, the Mary Institute, which is a department of the Washington University. This fact is most important, for the excellence of our public schools (for the product of good men and women) depends largely upon their popularity with the well-to-do classes. One of the most interesting schools I saw was the Jefferson, presided over by a woman, having fine fire-proof buildings and 1100 pupils, nearly all of whom are of foreign parentage—German, Russian, and Italian, with many Hebrews also—a finely ordered, wide-awake school of eight grades. The kindergarten here was the best I saw; good teachers, bright and happy little children, with natural manners, throwing themselves gracefully into their games with enjoyment and without self-consciousness, and exhibiting exceedingly pretty fancy and kindergarten work. In St. Louis the kindergarten is a part of the public-school system, and the experiment is one of general interest. The question cannot be called settled. In the first place the experiment is hampered in St. Louis by a decision of the Supreme Court that the public money cannot be used for children out of the school age, that is, under six and over twenty. This prevents teaching English to adult foreigners in the evening schools, and, rigidly applied, it shuts out pupils from the kindergarten under six. One advantage from the kindergarten was expected to be an extension of the school period; and there is no doubt that the kindergarten instruction ought to begin before the age of six, especially for the mass of children who miss home training and home care. As a matter of fact many of the children I saw in the kindergartens were only constructively six years old. It cannot be said, also, that the Froebel system is fully understood or accepted. In my observation the success of the kindergarten depends entirely upon the teacher; where she is competent, fully believes in and understands the Froebel system, and is enthusiastic, the pupils are interested and alert; otherwise they are listless, and fail to get the benefit of it. The Froebel system is the developing the concrete idea in education, and in the opinion of his disciples this is as important for children of the intelligent and well-to-do as for those of the poor and ignorant. They resist, therefore, the attempt which is constantly made, to introduce the primary work into the kindergarten. But for the six years' limit the kindergarten in St. Louis would have a better chance in its connection with the public schools. As the majority of children leave school for work at the age of twelve or fourteen, there is little time enough given for book education; many educators think time is wasted in the kindergarten, and they advocate the introduction of what they call kindergarten features in the primary classes. This is called by the disciples of Froebel an entire abandonment of his system. I should like to see the kindergarten in connection with the public school tried long enough to demonstrate all that is claimed for it in its influence on mental development, character, and manners, but it seems unlikely to be done in St. Louis, unless the public-school year begins at least as early as five, or, better still, is specially unlimited for kindergarten pupils.

Except in the primary work in drawing and modelling, there is no manual training feature in the St. Louis public

schools. The teaching of German is recently dropped from all the district schools (though retained in the High), in accordance with the well-founded idea of Americanizing our foreign population as rapidly as possible.

One of the most important institutions in the Mississippi Valley, and one that exercises a decided influence upon the intellectual and social life of St. Louis, and is a fair measure of its culture and the value of the higher education, is the Washington University, which was incorporated in 1853, and was presided over until his death, in 1887, by the late Chancellor William Greenleaf Eliot, of revered memory. It covers the whole range of university studies, except theology, and allows no instruction either sectarian in religion or partisan in politics, nor the application of any sectarian or party test in the election of professors, teachers, or officers. Its real estate and buildings in use for educational purposes cost $625,000; its libraries, scientific apparatus, casts, and machinery cost over $160,000, and it has investments for revenue amounting to over $650,000. The University comprehends an undergraduate department, including the college (a thorough classical, literary, and philosophical course, with about sixty students), open to women, and the polytechnic, an admirably equipped school of science; the St. Louis Law School, of excellent reputation; the Manual Training School, the most celebrated school of this sort, and one that has furnished more manual training teachers than any other; the Henry Shaw School of Botany; the St. Louis School of Fine Arts; the Smith Academy, for boys; and the Mary Institute, one of the roomiest and most cheerful school buildings I know, where 400 girls, whose collective appearance need not fear comparison with any in the country, enjoy the best educational advantages. Mary Institute is justly the pride of the city.

The School of Botany, which is endowed and has its own laboratory, workshop, and working library, was, of course, the outgrowth of the Shaw Botanical Garden; it has usually from twenty to thirty special students.

The School of Fine Arts, which was reorganized under the university in 1879, has enrolled over 200 students, and gives a wide and careful training in all the departments of drawing, painting, and modelling, with instructions in anatomy, perspective, and composition, and has life classes for both sexes, in drawing from draped and nude figures. Its lecture, working rooms, and galleries of paintings and casts are in its Crow Art Museum—a beautiful building, well planned and justly distinguished for architectural excellence. It ranks among the best art buildings in the country.

The Manual Training School has been in operation since 1880. It may be called the most fully developed pioneer institution of the sort. I spent some time in its workshops and schools, thinking of the very interesting question at the bottom of the experiment, namely, the mental development involved in the training of the hand and the eye, and the reflex help to manual skill in the purely intellectual training of study. It is, it may be said again, not the purpose of the modern manual training to teach a trade, but to teach the use of tools as an aid in the symmetrical development of the human being. The students here certainly do beautiful work in wood turning and simple carving, in iron-work and forging. They enjoy the work; they are alert and interested in it. I am certain that they are the more interested in it in seeing how they can work out and apply what they have learned in books, and I doubt not they take hold of literary study more freshly for this manual training in exactness. The school exacts close and thoughtful study with tools as well as in books, and I can believe that it gives dignity in the opinion of the working student to hand labor. The school is large, its graduates have been generally successful in practical pursuits and in teaching, and it has demonstrated in itself the correctness of the theory of its authors, that intellectual drill and manual training are mutually advantageous together. Whether manual training shall be a part of all district-school education is a question involving many considerations that do not enter into the practicability of this school, but I have no doubt that manual training schools of this sort would be immensely useful in every city. There are many boys in every community who cannot in any other way be awakened to any real study. This training school deserves a chapter by itself, and as I have no space for details, I take the liberty of referring those interested to a volume on its aims

and methods by Dr. C. M. Woodward, its director.

Notwithstanding the excellence of the public-school system of St. Louis, there is no other city in the country, except New Orleans, where so large a proportion of the youths are being educated outside the public schools. A very considerable portion of the population is Catholic. There are forty-four parochial schools, attended by nineteen thousand pupils, and over a dozen different Sisterhoods are engaged in teaching in them. Generally each parochial school has two departments —one for boys and one for girls. They are sustained entirely by the parishes. In these schools, as in the two Catholic universities, the prominence of ethical and religious training is to be noted. Seven-eighths of the schools are in charge of thoroughly trained religious teachers. Many of the boys' schools are taught by Christian Brothers. The girls are almost invariably taught by members of religious Sisterhoods. In most of the German schools the girls and smaller boys are taught by Sisters, the larger boys by lay teachers. Some reports of school attendance are given in the Catholic Directory: SS. Peter and Paul's (German), 1300 pupils; St. Joseph's (German), 957; St. Bridget's, 950; St. Malachy's, 756; St. John's, 700; St. Patrick's, 700. There is a school for colored children of 150 pupils, taught by colored Sisters.

In addition to these parochial schools there are a dozen academies and convents of higher education for young ladies, all under charge of Catholic Sisterhoods, commonly with a mixed attendance of boarders and day scholars, and some of them with a reputation for learning that attracts pupils from other States, notably the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Joseph's Academy, and the Academy of the Visitation, in charge of cloistered nuns of that order. Besides these, in connection with various reformatory and charitable institutions, such as the House of the Good Shepherd and St. Mary's Orphan Asylum, there are industrial schools in charge of the Sisterhoods, where girls receive, in addition to their education, training in some industry to maintain themselves respectably when they leave their temporary homes. Statistics are wanting, but it will be readily inferred from these statements that there are in the city a great number of single women devoted for life, and by special religious and intellectual training, to the office of teaching.

For the higher education of Catholic young men the city is distinguished by two remarkable institutions. The one is the old St. Louis University, and the other is the Christian Brothers' College. The latter, which a few years ago outgrew its old buildings in the city, has a fine pile of buildings at Côte Brillante, on a commanding site about five miles out, with ample grounds, and in the neighborhood of the great parks and the Botanical Garden. The character of the school is indicated by the motto on the façade of the building—*Religio*, *Mores*, *Cultura*. The institution is designed to accommodate a thousand boarding students. The present attendance is 450, about half of whom are boarders, and represent twenty States. There is a corps of thirty-five professors, and three courses of study are maintained —the classical, the scientific, and the commercial. As several of the best parochial schools are in charge of Christian Brothers, these schools are feeders of the college, and the pupils have the advantage of an unbroken system with a consistent purpose from the day they enter the primary department till they graduate at the college. The order has, at Glencoe, a large Normal School for the training of teachers. The fame and success of the Christian Brothers as educators in elementary and the higher education, in Europe and the United States, is largely due to the fact that they labor as a unit in a system that never varies in its methods of imparting instruction, in which the exponents of it have all undergone the same pedagogic training, in which there is no room for the personal fancy of the teacher in correction, discipline, or scholarship, for everything is judiciously governed by prescribed modes of procedure, founded on long experience, and exemplified in the co-operative plan of the Brothers. In vindication of the exceptional skill acquired by its teachers in the thorough drill of the order, the Brotherhood points to the success of its graduates in competitive examinations for public employment in this country and in Europe, and to the commendation its educational exhibits received at London and New Orleans.

The St. Louis University, founded in 1829 by members of the Society of Jesus, and chartered in 1834, is officered and controlled by the Jesuit Fathers. It is an

unendowed institution, depending upon fees paid for tuition. Before the war its students were largely the children of Southern planters, and its graduates are found all over the South and Southwest; and up to 1881 the pupils boarded and lodged within the precincts of the old buildings on the corner of Ninth Street and Washington, where for over half a century the school has vigorously flourished. The place, which is now sold and about to be used for business purposes, has a certain flavor of antique scholarship, and the quaint buildings keep in mind the plain but rather pleasing architecture of the French period. The University is in process of removal to the new buildings on Grand Avenue, which are a conspicuous ornament to one of the most attractive parts of the city. Soon nothing will be left of the institution on Ninth Street except the old college church, which is still a favorite place of worship for the Catholics of the city. The new buildings, in the early decorated English Gothic style, are ample and imposing; they have a front of 270 feet, and the northern wing extends 325 feet westward from the avenue. The library, probably the finest room of the kind in the West, is sixty-seven feet high, amply lighted, and provided with three balconies. The library, which was packed for removal, has over 25,000 volumes, is said to contain many rare and interesting books, and to fairly represent science and literature. Besides this, there are special libraries, open to students, of over 6000 volumes. The museum of the new building is a noble hall, one hundred feet by sixty feet, and fifty-two feet high, without columns, and lighted from above and from the side. The University has a valuable collection of ores and minerals, and other objects of nature and art that will be deposited in this hall, which will also serve as a picture-gallery for the many paintings of historical interest. Philosophical apparatus, a chemical laboratory, and an astronomical observatory are the equipments on the scientific side.

The University has now no dormitories and no boarders. There are twenty-five professors and instructors. The entire course, including the preparatory, is seven years. A glance at the catalogue shows that in the curriculum the institution keeps pace with the demands of the age. Besides the preparatory course (89 pupils), it has a classical course (143 pupils), an English course (82 pupils), and 85 post-graduate students, making a total of 399. Its students form societies for various purposes; one, the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary, with distinct organizations in the senior and junior classes, is for the promotion of piety and the practice of devotion toward the Blessed Virgin; another is for training in public speaking and philosophic and literary disputation; there is also a scientific academy, to foster a taste for scientific culture; and there is a student's library of 4000 volumes, independent of the religious books of the Sodality societies.

In a conversation with the president I learned that the prevailing idea in the courses of study is the gradual and healthy development of the mind. The classes are carefully graded. The classics are favorite branches, but mental philosophy, chemistry, physics, astronomy, are taught with a view to practical application. Much stress is laid upon mathematics. During the whole course of seven years, one hour each day is devoted to this branch. In short, I was impressed with the fact that this is an institution for mental training. Still more was I struck with the prominence in the whole course of ethical and religious culture. On assembling every morning, all the Catholic students hear mass. In every class in every year Christian doctrine has as prominent a place as any branch of study; beginning in the elementary class with the small catechism and practical instructions in the manner of reciting the ordinary prayers, it goes on through the whole range of doctrine—creed, evidences, ritual, ceremonial, mysteries—in the minutest details of theory and practice; ingraining, so far as repeated instruction can, the Catholic faith and pure moral conduct in the character, involving instructions as to what occasions and what amusements are dangerous to a good life, on the reading of good books and the avoiding bad books and bad company.

In the post-graduate course, lectures are given and examinations made in ethics, psychology, anthropology, biology, and physics; and in the published abstracts of lectures for the past two years I find that none of the subjects of modern doubt and speculation are ignored —spiritism, psychical research, the cell theory, the idea of God, socialism, ag-

nosticism, the Noachian deluge, theories of government, fundamental notions of physical science, unity of the human species, potency of matter, and so on. During the past fifty years this faculty has contained many men famous as pulpit orators and missionaries, and this course of lectures on philosophic and scientific subjects has brought it prominently before the cultivated inhabitants of the town.

Another educational institution of note in St. Louis is the Concordia Seminar of the Old Lutheran, or the Evangelical Lutheran, Church. This denomination, which originated in Saxony, and has a large membership in our Western States, adheres strictly to the Augsburg Confession, and is distinguished from the general Lutheran Church by greater strictness of doctrine and practice, or, as may be said, by a return to primitive Lutheranism; that is to say, it grounds itself upon the literal inspiration of the Scriptures, upon salvation by faith alone, and upon individual liberty. This Seminar is one of several related institutions in the Synod of Missouri, Ohio, and other States: there is a college at Fort Wayne, Indiana, a Progymnasium at Milwaukee, a Seminar of practical theology at Springfield, Illinois, and this Seminar at St. Louis, which is wholly devoted to theoretical theology. This Church numbers, I believe, about 200,000 members.

The Concordia Seminar is housed in a large, commodious building, effectively set upon high ground in the southern part of the city. It was erected and the institution is sustained by the contributions of the congregations. The interior, roomy, light, and commodious, is plain to barrenness, and has a certain monastic severity, which is matched by the discipline and the fare. In visiting it one takes a step backward into the atmosphere and theology of the sixteenth century. The ministers of the denomination are distinguished for learning and earnest simplicity. The president, a very able man, only thirty-five years of age, is at least two centuries old in his opinions, and wholly undisturbed by any of the doubts which have agitated the Christian world since the Reformation. He holds the faith "once for all" delivered to the saints. The Seminar has a hundred students. It is requisite to admission, said the president, that they be perfect Latin, Greek, and Hebrew scholars. A large proportion of the lectures are given in Latin, the remainder in German and English, and Latin is current in the institution, although German is the familiar speech. The course of study is exacting, the rules are rigid, and the discipline severe. Social intercourse with the other sex is discouraged. The pursuit of love and learning are considered incompatible at the same time; and if a student were inconsiderate enough to become engaged, he would be expelled. Each student from abroad may select or be selected by a family in the communion, at whose house he may visit once a week, which attends to his washing, and supplies to a certain extent the place of a home. The young men are trained in the highest scholarship and the strictest code of morals. I know of no other denomination which holds its members to such primitive theology and such strictness of life. Individual liberty and responsibility are stoutly asserted, without any latitude in belief. It repudiates prohibition as an infringement of personal liberty, would make the use of wine or beer depend upon the individual conscience, but no member of the communion would be permitted to sell intoxicating liquors, or to go to a beer garden or a theatre. In regard to the sacrament of communion, there is no authority for altering the plain directions in the Scripture, and communion without wine, or the substitution of any concoction for wine, would be a sin. No member would be permitted to join any labor union or secret society. The sacrament of communion is a mystery. It is neither transubstantiation nor consubstantiation. The president, whose use of English in subtle distinctions is limited, resorted to Latin and German in explanation of the mystery, but left the question of real and actual presence, of spirit and substance, still a matter of terms; one can only say that neither the ordinary Protestant nor the Catholic interpretation is accepted. Conversion is not by any act or ability of man; salvation is by faith alone. As the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures is insisted on in all cases, the world was actually created in six days of twenty-four hours each. When I asked the president what he did with geology, he smiled and simply waved his hand. This communion has thirteen flourishing churches in the city. In a town so largely German, and with so many freethinkers as well as

free-livers, I cannot but consider this strict sect, of a simple unquestioning faith and high moral demands, of the highest importance in the future of the city. But one encounters with surprise, in our modern life, this revival of the sixteenth century, which plants itself so squarely against so much that we call "progress."

As to the institutions of charity, I must content myself with saying that they are many, and worthy of a great and enlightened city. There are of all denominations 211 churches; of these the Catholics lead with 47; the Presbyterians come next with 24; and the Baptists have 22; the Methodists North, 4; and the Methodists South, 8. The most interesting edifices, both for associations and architecture, are the old Cathedral; the old Christ Church (Episcopalian), excellent Gothic; and an exquisite edifice, the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), in Locust Street.

The city has two excellent libraries. The Public Library, an adjunct of the public-school system, in the Polytechnic Building, has an annual appropriation of about $14,000 from the School Board, and receives about $5000 more from membership and other sources. It contains about 67,000 volumes, and is admirably managed. The Mercantile Library is in process of removal into a magnificent six-story building on Broadway and Locust Street. It is a solid and imposing structure, the first story of red granite, and the others of brick and terra-cotta. The library and reading-rooms are on the fifth story, the rest of the building is rented. This association, which is forty-two years old, has 3500 members, and had an income in 1887 of $120,000, nearly all from membership. In January, 1888, it had 68,732 volumes, and in a circulation of over 168,000 in the year, it had the unparalleled distinction of reducing the fiction given out to 41.95 per cent. Both these libraries have many treasures interesting to a book lover, and though neither is free, the liberal, intelligent management of each has been such as to make it a most beneficent institution for the city.

There are many handsome and stately buildings in the city, the recent erections showing growth in wealth and taste. The Chamber of Commerce, which is conspicuous for solid elegance, cost a million and a half dollars. There are 3295 members of the Merchants' Exchange. The Courthouse, with its noble dome, is as well-proportioned a building as can be found in the country. A good deal may be said for the size and effect of the Exposition Building, which covers what was once a pretty park at the foot of Lucas Place, and cost $750,000. There are clubs many and flourishing. The St. Louis Club (social) has the finest building, an exceedingly tasteful piece of Romanesque architecture on Twenty-ninth Street. The University Club, which is like its namesake in other cities, has a charming old-fashioned house and grounds on Pine Street. The Commercial Club, an organization limited in its membership to sixty, has no clubhouse, but, like its namesake in Chicago, is a controlling influence in the prosperity of the city. Representing all the leading occupations, it is a body of men who, by character, intellect, and wealth, can carry through any project for the public good, and which is animated by the highest public spirit.

Of the social life of the town one is permitted to speak only in general terms. It has many elements to make it delightful—long use in social civilities, interest in letters and in education, the cultivation of travel, traditions, and the refinement of intellectual pursuits. The town has no academy of music, but there is a good deal of musical feeling and cultivation; there is a very good orchestra, one of the very best choruses in the country, and Verdi's *Requiem* was recently given splendidly. I am told by men and women of rare and special cultivation that the city is a most satisfactory one to live in, and certainly to the stranger its society is charming. The city has, however, the Mississippi Valley climate—extreme heat in the summer, and trying winters.

There is no more interesting industrial establishment in the West than the plate-glass works at Crystal City, thirty miles south on the river. It was built up after repeated failures and reverses—for the business, like any other, had to be learned. The plant is very extensive, the buildings are of the best, the machinery is that most approved, and the whole represents a cash investment of $1,500,000. The location of the works at this point was determined by the existence of a mountain of sand, which is quarried out like rock, and is the finest and cleanest silica known in the country. The production is con-

fined entirely to plate-glass, which is cast in great slabs, twelve feet by twelve and a half in size, each of which weighs, before it is reduced half in thickness by grinding, smoothing, and polishing, about 750 pounds. The product for 1887 was 1,200,000 feet. The coal used in the furnaces is converted into gas, which is found to be the most economical and most easily regulated fuel. This industry has drawn together a population of about 1500. I was interested to learn that labor in the production of this glass is paid twice as much as similar labor in England, and from three to four times as much as similar labor in France and Belgium. As the materials used in making plate-glass are inexpensive, the main cost, after the plant, is in labor. Since plate-glass was first made in this country, eighteen years ago, the price of it in the foreign market has been continually forced down, until now it costs the American consumer only half what it cost him before, and the jobber gets it at an average cost of 75 cents a foot, as against the $1 50 a foot which we paid the foreign manufacturer before the establishment of American factories. And in these eighteen years the government has had from this source a revenue of over seventeen millions, at an average duty, on all sizes, of less than 59 per cent.

Missouri is one of the greatest of our States in resources and in promise, and it is conspicuous in the West for its variety and capacity of interesting development. The northern portion rivals Iowa in beautiful rolling prairie, with high divides and park-like forests; its water communication is unsurpassed; its mineral resources are immense; it has noble mountains as well as fine uplands and fertile valleys, and it never impresses the traveller as monotonous. So attractive is it in both scenery and resources that it seems unaccountable that so many settlers have passed it by. But, first slavery, and then a rural population disinclined to change, have stayed its development. This state of things, however, is changing, has changed marvellously within a few years in the northern portion, in the iron regions, and especially in larger cities of the west, St. Joseph and Kansas City. The State deserves a study by itself, for it is on the way to be a great empire of most varied interests. I can only mention here one indication of its moral progress. It has adopted a high license and local option law. Under this the saloons are closed in nearly all the smaller villages and country towns. A shaded map shows more than three-fourths of the area of the State, including three-fifths of the population, free from liquor-selling. The county court may grant a license to sell liquor to a person of good moral character on the signed petition of a majority of the tax-paying citizens of a township or of a city block; it must grant it on the petition of two-thirds of the citizens. Thus positive action is required to establish a saloon. On the map there are 76 white counties free of saloons, 14 counties in which there are from one to three saloons only, and 24 shaded counties which have altogether 2263 saloons, of which 1450 are in St. Louis and 520 in Kansas City. The revenue from the saloons in St. Louis is about $800,000, in Kansas City about $375,000, annually. The heavily shaded portions of the map are on the great rivers.

Of all the wonderful towns in the West none has attracted more attention in the East than Kansas City. I think I am not wrong in saying that it is largely the product of Eastern energy and capital, and that its closest relations have been with Boston. I doubt if ever a new town was from the start built up so solidly or has grown more substantially. The situation, at the point where the Missouri River makes a sharp bend to the east, and the Kansas River enters it, was long ago pointed out as the natural centre of a great trade. Long before it started on its present career it was the great receiving and distributing point of Southwestern commerce, which left the Missouri River at this point for Santa Fé and other trading marts in the Southwest. Aside from this river advantage, if one studies the course of streams and the incline of the land in a wide circle to the westward, he is impressed with the fact that the natural business drainage of a vast area is Kansas City. The city was therefore not fortuitously located, and when the railways centred there, they obeyed an inevitable law. Here nature intended, in the development of the country, a great city. Where the next one will be in the Southwest is not likely to be determined until the Indian Territory is open to settlement. To the north, Omaha, with reference to

Nebraska and the West, possesses many similar advantages, and is likewise growing with great vigor and solidity. Its situation on a slope rising from the river is commanding and beautiful, and its splendid business houses, handsome private residences, and fine public schools give ample evidence of the intelligent enterprise that is directing its rapid growth.

It is difficult to analyze the impression Kansas City first makes upon the Eastern stranger. It is usually that of immense movement, much of it crude, all of it full of purpose. At the Union Station, at the time of the arrival and departure of trains, the whole world seems afloat; one is in the midst of a continental movement of most varied populations. I remember that the first time I saw it in passing, the detail that most impressed me was the racks and rows of baggage-checks; it did not seem to me that the whole travelling world could need so many. At that time a drive through the city revealed a chaos of enterprise—deep cuts for streets, cable roads in process of construction over the sharp ridges, new buildings, hills shaved down, houses perched high up on slashed knolls, streets swarming with traffic and roaring with speculation. A little more than a year later the change toward order was marvellous: the cable roads were running in all directions; gigantic buildings rising upon enormous blocks of stone gave distinction to the principal streets; the great residence avenues had been beautified, and showed all over the hills stately and picturesque houses. And it is worthy of remark that while the "boom" of speculation in lots had subsided, there was no slacking in building, and the reports showed a steady increase in legitimate business. I was confirmed in my theory that a city is likely to be most attractive when it has had to struggle heroically against natural obstacles in the building.

I am not going to describe the city. The reader knows that it lies south of the river Missouri, at the bend, and that the notable portion of it is built upon a series of sharp hills. The hill portion is already a beautiful city; the flat part, which contains the railway depot and yards, a considerable portion of the manufactories and wholesale houses, and much refuse and squatting population (white and black), is unattractive in a high degree. The Kaw or Kansas River would seem to be the natural western boundary, but it is not the boundary; the city and State line runs at some distance east of Kansas River, leaving a considerable portion of low ground in Kansas City, Kansas, which contains the larger number of the great packing houses and the great stock-yards. This identity of names is confusing. Kansas City (Kansas), Wyandotte, Armourdale, Armstrong, and Riverview (all in the State of Kansas) have been recently consolidated under the name of Kansas City, Kansas. It is to be regretted that this thriving town of Kansas, which already claims a population of 40,000, did not take the name of Wyandotte. In its boundaries are the second largest stock-yards in the country, which received last year 670,000 cattle, nearly 2,500,000 hogs, and 210,000 sheep, estimated worth $51,000,000. There also are half a dozen large packing houses, one of them ranking with the biggest in the country, which last year slaughtered 195,933 cattle, and 1,907,164 hogs. The great elevated railway, a wonderful structure, which connects Kansas City, Missouri, with Wyandotte, is owned and managed by men of Kansas City, Kansas. The city in Kansas has a great area of level ground for the accommodation of manufacturing enterprises, and I noticed a good deal of speculative feeling in regard to this territory. The Kansas side has fine elevated situations for residences, but Wyandotte itself does not compare in attractiveness with the Missouri city, and I fancy that the controlling impetus and capital will long remain with the city that has so much the start.

Looking about for the specialty which I have learned to expect in every great Western city, I was struck by the number of warehouses for the sale of agricultural implements on the flats, and I was told that Kansas City excels all others in the amount of sales of farming implements. The sale is put down at $15,000,000 for the year 1887—a fourth of the entire reported product manufactured in the United States. Looking for the explanation of this, one largely accounts for the growth of Kansas City, namely, the vast rich agricultural regions to the west and southwest, the development of Missouri itself, and the facilities of distribution. It is a general belief that settlement is gradually pushing the rainy belt further and further westward over the prairies and plains, that the breaking up of the sod by the

plough and the tilling have increased evaporation and consequently rainfall. I find this questioned by competent observers, who say that the observation of ten years is not enough to settle the fact of a change of climate, and that, as not a tenth part of the area under consideration has been broken by the plough, there is not cause enough for the alleged effect, and that we do not yet know the cycle of years of drought and years of rain. However this may be, there is no doubt of the vast agricultural yield of these new States and Territories, nor of the quantities of improved machinery they use. As to facility of distribution, the railways are in evidence. I need not name them, but I believe I counted fifteen lines and systems centring there. In 1887, 4565 miles of railway were added to the facilities of Kansas City, stretching out in every direction. The development of one is notable as peculiar and far-sighted, the Fort Scott and Gulf, which is grasping the East as well as the Southwest; turning eastward from Fort Scott, it already reaches the iron industries of Birmingham, pushes on to Atlanta, and seeks the seaboard. I do not think I overestimate the importance of this quite direct connection of Kansas City with the Atlantic.

The population of Kansas City, according to the statistics of the Board of Trade, increased from 41,786 in 1877 to 165,924 in 1887, the assessed valuation from $9,370,287 in 1877 to $53,017,290 in 1887, and the rate of taxation was reduced in the same period from about 22 mills to 14. I notice also that the banking capital increased in a year — 1886 to 1887 — from $3,873,000 to $6,950,000, and the Clearing-house transactions in the same year from $251,963,441 to $353,895,458. This, with other figures which might be given, sustains the assertion that while real-estate speculation has decreased in the current year, there was a substantial increase of business. During the year ending June 30, 1886, there were built 4054 new houses, costing $10,393,207; during the year ending June 30, 1887, 5889, costing $12,839,868. An important feature of the business of Kansas City is in the investment and loan and trust companies, which are many, and aggregate a capital of $7,773,000. Loans are made on farms in Kansas, Missouri, Nebraska, and Iowa, and also for city improvements.

Details of business might be multiplied, but enough have been given to illustrate the material prosperity of the city. I might add a note of the enterprise which last year paved (mainly with cedar blocks on concrete) thirteen miles of the city; the very handsome churches in process of erection, and one or two (of the many) already built, admirable in plan and appearance; the really magnificent building of the Board of Trade—a palace, in fact; and other handsome, costly structures on every hand. There are thirty-five miles of cable road. I am not sure but those cable roads are the most interesting—certainly the most exciting—feature of the city to a stranger. They climb such steeps, they plunge down such grades, they penetrate and whiz through such crowded, lively thoroughfares, their trains go so rapidly, that the rider is in a perpetual exhilaration. I know no other locomotion more exciting and agreeable. Life seems a sort of holiday when one whizzes through the crowded city, up and down and around amid the tall buildings, and then launches off in any direction into the suburbs, which are alive with new buildings. Independence Avenue is shown as one of the finest avenues, and very handsome it and that part of the town are, but I fancied I could detect a movement of fashion and preference to the hills southward.

In the midst of such a material expansion one has learned to expect fine houses, but I was surprised to find three very good book-stores (as I remember, St. Louis has not one so good), and a very good start for a public library, consisting of about 16,000 well-arranged and classified books. Members pay $2 a year, and the library receives only about $2500 a year from the city. The citizens could make no better-paying investment than to raise this library to the first rank. There is also the beginning of an art school in some pretty rooms, furnished with casts and autotypes, where pupils practice drawing under direction of local artists. There are two social clubs—the University, which occupies pleasant apartments, and the Kansas City Club, which has just erected a handsome club-house. In these respects, and in a hundred refinements of living, the town, which has so largely drawn its young, enterprising population from the extreme East, has little the appearance of a frontier place; it is the push, the public spirit, the mixture of fashion and slouching negligence in street attire, the mingling of Eastern smartness

with border emancipation in manner, and the general restlessness of movement, that proclaim the newness. It seems to me that the incessant stir, and especially the clatter, whir, and rapidity of the cable cars, must have a decided effect on the nerves of the whole population. The appearance is certainly that of an entire population incessantly in motion.

I have spoken of the public spirit. Besides the Board of Trade there is a Merchants' and Manufacturers' Bureau, which works vigorously to bring to the city and establish mercantile and manufacturing enterprises. The same spirit is shown in the public schools. The expenditures in 1887 were, for school purposes, $226,923; for interest on bonds, $18,408; for grounds and buildings, $110,087; in all, $355,418. The total of children of school age was, white, 31,667; colored, 4204. Of these in attendance at school were, white, 12,933; colored, 1975. There were 25 school-houses and 212 teachers. The schools which I saw—one large grammar-school, a colored school, and the High-School of over 600 pupils—were good all through, full of intelligent emulation, the teachers alert and well equipped, and the attention to literature, to the science of government, to what, in short, goes to make intelligent citizens, highly commendable. I find the annual reports, under Professor J. M. Greenwood, most interesting reading. Topics are taken up and investigations made of great public interest. These topics relate to the even physical and mental development of the young in distinction from the effort merely to stuff them with information. There is a most intelligent attempt to remedy defective eyesight. Twenty per cent. of school children have some anomaly of refraction or accommodation which should be recognized and corrected early; girls have a larger per cent. of anomalies than boys. Irish, Swedish, and German children have the highest percentage of affections of the eyes; English, French, Scotch, and Americans the lowest. Scientific observations of the eyes are made in the Kansas City schools, with a view to remedy defects. Another curious topic is the investigation of the Contents of Children's Minds—that is, what very small children know about common things. Professor Stanley Hall published recently the result of examinations made of very little folks in Boston schools. Professor Greenwood made similar investigations among the lowest grade of pupils in the Kansas City schools, and a table of comparisons is printed. The per cent. of children ignorant of common things is astonishingly less in Kansas City schools than in the Boston; even the colored children of the Western city made a much better showing. Another subject of investigation is the alleged physical deterioration in this country. Examinations were made of hundreds of school children from the age of ten to fifteen, and comparisons taken with the tables in Mulhall's *Dictionary of Statistics*, London, 1884. It turns out that the Kansas City children are taller, taking sex into account, than the average English child at the age of either ten or fifteen, weigh a fraction less at ten, but upward of four pounds more at fifteen, while the average Belgian boy and girl compare favorably with American children two years younger. The tabulated statistics show two facts, that the average Kansas City child stands fully as tall as the tallest, and that in weight he tips the beam against an older child on the other side of the Atlantic. With this showing, we trust that our American experiment will be permitted to go on.

In reaching the necessary limit of a paper too short for its subject, I can only express my admiration of the indomitable energy and spirit of that portion of the West which Kansas City represents, and congratulate it upon so many indications of attention to the higher civilization, without which its material prosperity will be wonderful but not attractive.

NOTE.—In the number for July I quoted the remarks of several commercial travellers, contrasting their ability to sell goods, mainly luxuries, in Illinois and Iowa, attributing the falling off of their trade in the latter State to restrictive legislation. In regard to the general effect upon prosperity of prohibitory legislation, I had personally no opinion to express, and certainly should not attempt to form one without observation. As to the railway companies, there is no question that they should be held to their charter rights and responsibilities; but, on the other hand, there is no doubt that much of the agitation and attempted legislation against them is against the best development of the State, and inspired by a notion of what will be popular with the masses. As to the Iowa farmers, their prosperity, their surplus for luxuries and for advanced education, I have received several letters from intelligent correspondents in the State, denying, and by statistics disproving, the inferences of the commercial travellers. I am more than glad to acknowledge them, because it ought to be true that if less money is spent for liquor, there should be more for general purposes of civilization and comfort.



"YOU KNOW I AM YOUR SLAVE."—[SEE PAGE 766.]

NEPTUNE'S SHORE.

BY C. F. WOOLSON.

I.

OLD Mrs. Preston had not been able to endure the hotel at Salerno. She had therefore taken, for two months, this house on the shore.

"I might as well be here as anywhere, saddled as I am with the Abercrombies," she remarked to her cousin, Isabella Holland. "Arthur may really do something: I have hopes of Arthur. But as to Rose, Hildegarde, and Dorothea, I shall plainly have to drag them about with me, and drag them about with me, year after year, in the hope that the constant seeing of so many straight statues, to say nothing of pictures, may at last teach them to have spines. Here they are now: did you ever see such shoulders, or rather such a lack of them? Hildegarde, child, come here a moment," she added, as the three girls drew near. "I have an idea. Don't you think you could *hold* your shoulders up a little? Try it now; put them up high, as though you were shrugging them; and expand your chest too; you mustn't cramp

that. There!—that is what I mean: don't you think, my dear, that you could keep yourself so?"

Hildegarde, with her shoulders elevated and her long chin run out, began to blush painfully, until her milk-white face was dyed red. "I am afraid I could not keep myself so *long*, aunt," she answered, in a low voice.

"Never mind; let them down, then: it's of no use," commented Mrs. Preston, despairingly. "Go and dance for twenty-five minutes in the upper hall, all of you. And dance as hard as you can."

The three girls, moving lifelessly, went down the echoing vaulted corridor. They were sisters, the eldest not quite sixteen, all three having the same lank figures with sloping shoulders and long thin throats, and the same curiously white, milk-white skin. Orphans, they had been sent with their brother Arthur to their aunt, Mrs. Octavia Preston, five years before, having come to her from one of the West India Islands, their former home.

"Those girls have done nothing but eat raw meat, take sea baths, and practise calisthenics and dancing ever since I first took charge of them," Mrs. Preston was accustomed to remark to intimate friends; "yet look at them now! Of course I could not send them to school—they would only grow lanker. So I take them about with me patiently, governess and all."

But Mrs. Preston was not very patient.

The three girls having disappeared, Isabella thought the occasion favorable for a few words upon another subject. "Do you like to have Paulie riding so often with Mr. Ash, Cousin Octavia? I can't help being distressed about it."

"Don't be Mistering John Ash, I beg; no one in the world but you, Isabella, would dream of doing it—a great swooping creature like that—the horseman in 'Heliodorus.'"

"You mean Raphael's fresco? Oh, Cousin Octavia, how can you think so? Raphael—such a religious painter, and John Ash, who looks so dissipated!"

"Did I say he didn't look dissipated? I said he could ride. John Ash is one of the most dissipated-looking youths I have ever met," pursued Mrs. Preston, comfortably. "The clever sort, not the brutal."

"And you don't mind Paulie's being with him?"

"Pauline Euphemia Graham has been married, Pauline Euphemia Graham is a widow; it ill becomes those who have not had a tithe of her experience (though they may be *much* older) to set themselves up as judges of her conduct."

Mrs. Preston had a deep rich voice, and slow enunciation; her simplest sentences, therefore, often took on the tone of declamation, and when she held forth at any length, it was like a Gregorian chant.

"Oh, I didn't mean to judge, I'm sure," said Isabella; "I only meant that it would be such a pity—such a bad match for dear Paulie in case she should be thinking of marrying again. Even if one were sure of John Ash—and certainly the reverse is the case—look at his mother! I am interested, naturally, as Paulie is my first cousin, you know."

"Do you mean that your first cousin's becoming Mrs. John Ash might endanger your own matrimonial prospects?"

"Oh dear no," said poor little Isabella, shrinking back to her embroidery. She was fifty, small, plain, extremely good. In her heart she wished that people would take the tone that Isabella had "never cared to marry."

"Here is Pauline now, I think," said Mrs. Preston, as a figure appeared at the end of the hall.

Isabella was afraid to add, "And going out to ride again!" But it was evident that Mrs. Graham intended to ride: she wore her habit.

"I wish you were going too," she said to Mrs. Preston, pausing in the doorway with her skirt uplifted. Her graceful figure in the closely fitting habit was a pleasant sight to see.

"Thanks, my dear; I should enjoy going very much if I were a little more slender."

"You are magnificent as you are," responded Pauline, admiringly.

And in truth the old lady was very handsome, with her thick silver hair, fine eyes with heavy black eyebrows, and well-cut aquiline profile. Her straight back, noble shoulders, and beautiful hands took from her massive form the idea of unwieldiness.

"Isabella—you who are always posing for enthusiasm—when will you learn to say anything so genuine as that?" chanted Cousin Octavia's deep voice. "I mention it merely on your account, as a question of styles conversational. Here is Isabella, who thinks John Ash so dissipated, Pauline; she fears that it may injure the

family connection if you marry him. I have told her that no one here was thinking of marrying or of giving in marriage; if she has such ideas, she must have brought them with her from Florence. There are a great many old maids in Florence."

"I can only answer for myself: I certainly am not thinking of marriage," said Pauline, laughing, as she went down the stairs.

"Oh, Cousin Octavia, you have set Paulie against me!" exclaimed Isabella, in distress.

"Don't be an idiot; Pauline isn't against any one: she doesn't care enough about it. She is a good deal for herself, I acknowledge; but she's not against any one. Pauline bears no malice; she is delightfully uncertain; she hasn't a theory in the world to live up to; in addition, to have her in the house is like going to the play all the time—she *is* such a stupendous liar!"

Isabella, who was punching round holes in a linen band with an implement of ivory, stopped punching. "I am sure poor Paulie—"

"Am I to sit through a defence of Pauline Euphemia Graham, born Preston, at your hands, Isabella? Pray spare me that. I am much more Pauline's friend than you ever can be. Did I say that she lied? Nature has given her a face that speaks one language and a mind that speaks another; she, of course, follows the language of her mind; but others follow that of her face, and this makes the play. Eh!—what noise is that?"

"We have come to pay you a visit, Aunt Octavia," called a boyish voice; its owner was evidently mounting the stairs three at a time: now he was in the room. "They're all down at the door—Freemantle and Gates and Beckett. And what do you think—we've got Griff!"

"Griff himself?" said Aunt Octavia, benevolently, as the lad, with a very pretty gallantry, bent to kiss her hand.

"Yes, Griff himself; you may be sure we're drawing like mad. Griff has come down from Paris for only three weeks, and he says he will go with us to Pæstum, and all about here—to Amalfi, Ravello, and everywhere. But of course Pæstum's the stunner."

"Yes, of course Pæstum's the stunner," repeated Aunt Octavia, as if trying it in Shakespearian tones.

"I say, may they come up?" Arthur went on.

They came up—three boys of seventeen and eighteen, and Griffith Carew, who was ten years older. These three youths, with Arthur Abercrombie, were studying architecture at the Beaux-Arts, Paris; this spring they had given to a tour in Italy for the purpose of making architectural drawings. Griffith Carew was also an architect, but a full-fledged one. His indomitable perseverance and painstaking accuracy caused all the younger men to respect him; the American students went further; they were sure that Griff had only to "let himself go," and the United States would bloom from end to end with City Halls of beauty unparalleled. In the mean time Griff, while waiting for the City Halls perhaps, was so kind-hearted and jovial and unselfish that they all adored him for that too. It was a master-treat, therefore, to Arthur and his companions, to have their paragon to themselves for a while on this temple-haunted shore.

Griff sat down placidly, and began to talk to Aunt Octavia. He was of medium height, his figure heavy and strong; he had a dark complexion and thick features, lighted by pleasant brown eyes, and white teeth that gleamed when he smiled.

Aunt Octavia was gracious to Griff; she had always distinguished him from "Arthur's horde." This was not in the least because the horde considered him the architect of the future. Aunt Octavia did not care much about the future; her tests were those of the past. She had known Griff's mother, and the persons whose mothers Aunt Octavia had known—ah, that was a certificate!

II.

In the mean while Pauline Graham had left Salerno behind her, and was flying over the plain with John Ash.

Pauline all her life had had a passion for riding at breakneck speed; one of the explanations of her fancy for Ash lay in the fact that, having the same passion himself, he enabled her to gratify her own. Whenever she had felt in the mood during the past five weeks there had always been a horse and a mounted escort at her door. Upon this occasion, after what they called an inspiring ride (to any one else a series of mad gallops), they had dismounted at a farm-house, and

leaving their horses, had strolled down to the shore. It was a lovely day, toward the last of March; the sea, of the soft misty blue of the southern Mediterranean, stretched out before them without a sail; at their feet the same clear water laved the shore in long smooth wavelets, hardly a foot high, whose gentle roll upon the sands had an indescribably caressing sound. There was no one in sight. It is a lonely coast. Pauline stood, gazing absently over the blue.

"Sit down for a moment," suggested Ash.

"Not now."

"Not now? When do you expect to be here again?"

She came back to the present, laughing. "True; but I did not mean that; I meant that you were not the ideal companion for sea-side musing; you never meditate. I venture to say you have never quoted poetry in your life."

"No; I live my poetry," John Ash responded.

"But for a ride you are perfect; for a rush over the plain, in the teeth of the wind, I have never had any one approaching you. You are a cavalier of the gods."

"Have you had many?"

"Cavaliers?—plenty. Of the gods?—no."

"Plenty! I reckon you have," said Ash, half to himself.

"Would you wish me to have had few? You must remember that I have been in many countries and have seen many peoples. I shouldn't have appreciated *you* otherwise; I should have thought you dangerous—horrible! There is Isabella, who has not been in many countries; Isabella is sure that you are 'so dissipated.'"

"Dissipated!—mild term!"

"Then you acknowledge it?"

"Freely."

Pauline looked about for a rock of the right height, and finding one, seated herself, and began to draw off her gloves. "Some time—in some other existence—will you come and tell me how it has paid you, please? You are so preternaturally intelligent, and you have such a will of your own, that you cannot have fallen into it from stupidity, as so many do." Her gloves off, she began to tighten the braids of her hair, loosened by the gallop.

"It pays as it goes; it makes one forget for a moment the hideous tiresomeness of existence. But you put your question off to some other life; you have no intention, then, of redeeming me in this?"

"I shouldn't succeed. In the first place, I have no influence—"

"You know I am your slave," said Ash; his voice suddenly deepened.

"And how much of a slave shall you be to the next pretty peasant girl you meet?" Mrs. Graham demanded, turning toward him, both hands still occupied with her hair.

"I don't deny that. But it has nothing to do with the subject."

"In one way I know it has not," she answered, after she had fastened the last braid in its place with a long gold pin.

"How right I was to like you! You understand of yourself the thing that so few women can ever be brought to comprehend. Well, if you acknowledge that it makes no difference—I mean about the peasant girls—we're just where we were: I am your slave, yet you have no desire to reclaim me. I believe you like me better as I am," he added, abruptly.

"Do you want me to tell you that you are impertinent?" demanded Pauline, with her lovely smile, that always contradicted in its sweetness any apparent rebuke expressed by her words. "Do I know what you are in reality, or care to know? I know what you seem, and what you seem is admirable, perfect, for these rides of ours, the most enchanting rides I have ever had."

"And the rides are to be the end of it? You wouldn't care for me elsewhere?"

"Ah!" said Pauline, rising and drawing on her gloves, "you wouldn't care for *me*. In Paris I am altogether another person; I am not at all as you see me here. In Paris you would call me a doll. Come, don't dissect the happy present; enjoy it as I do. 'He only is rich who owns the day,' and we own this—for our ride.

> "'I hear the hoofs upon the hill;
> I hear them fainter, fainter still,'"

she sang in her clear voice. "The idea of that old Virginia song coming to me here!"

"This talk about reclaiming and reforming is all bosh," remarked Ash, leaning back against a high fragment of rock, with his hands in his pockets. "I am

what I am because I choose to be, that's all. The usual successes of American life, what are they? I no longer care a rap about them, because I've had them, or at least have seen them within my reach. I came up from nothing; I got an education—no matter now how I got it; I studied law. In ten years I had won such a position in my profession (my branch of it—I was never an office lawyer) that everything lay open before me. It was only a question of a certain number of years. Not only was this generally prophesied, but I knew it myself. But by that time I had found out the unutterable stupidity of people and their pursuits; I couldn't help despising them. I had made enough to make my mother comfortable, and there came over me a horror of a plodding life. I said to myself, 'What is the use of it?' Of pleasure there was no question. But I could go back to that plodding life to-morrow if I chose. Don't you believe it, Pauline?"

"Yes."

"Yet you don't say—try?"

"Try, by all means."

"At a safe distance from you!"

"Yes, at a safe distance from me," Pauline answered. "I should do you no good; I am not enough in earnest. I am never in earnest long about anything. I am changeable too—you have no idea how changeable. There has been no opportunity to show you."

"Is that a threat? You know that I am deeply in love with you." He did not move as he said this, but his eyes were fixed passionately upon her face.

"I neither know it nor believe it; it is with you simply as it is with me—there is no one else here." She stood there watching the wavelets break at her feet. Nothing in her countenance corresponded in the least with the description she had just given of herself.

"How you say that! What am I to think of you? You have a face to worship: does it lie?" said Ash.

"Oh, my face!" She turned, and began to cross the field toward the farm.

"It shouldn't have that expression, then," he said, joining her, and walking by her side. "I don't believe you know what it is yourself, Pauline—that expression. It seems to say as you talk, coming straight from those divine lips, those sweet eyes: 'I could love you. Be good and I will.' Why, you have almost made *me* determine to be 'good' again, almost made *me* begin to dream of going back to that plodding life that I loathe. And you don't know what I am."

Mrs. Graham did not answer; she did not look up, though she knew that his head was bent beseechingly toward her.

John Ash was obliged to bend; he was very tall. His figure was rather thin, and he had a slouching gait; his broad shoulders and well-knit muscles showed that he had plenty of force, and his slouching step seemed to come from laziness, as though he found it too much trouble to plant his feet firmly, to carry his long length erect. He was holding his hat in his hand, and the light from the sea showed his face clearly, its good points and its bad. His head was well shaped, covered with thick brown hair, closely cut; but, in spite of the shortness, many silver threads could be seen on the brown—a premature silver, as he was not yet thirty-five. His face was beardless, thin, with a bold, eagle-like outline, and strong, warm blue eyes, the blue eyes that go with a great deal of color. Ordinarily, Ash had now but little color; that is, there was but little red; his complexion had a dark brown hue; there were many deep lines. The mouth, the worst feature, had a cynical droop; the jaw conveyed suggestions that were not agreeable. The expression of the whole countenance was that of recklessness and cleverness, both of no common order. Of late the recklessness had often changed into a mere happy merriment when he was with Pauline, the careless merriment of a boy; one could see then plainly how handsome he must have been before the lines, and the heaviness, and alas! the evil, had come to darken his youth, and to sadden (for so it must have been) his silent, frightened-looking mother.

They reached the farm; he led out the horses and mounted her. She gathered up the reins; but he still held the bridle. "How tired you look!" he said.

Her face was flushed slightly, high on the cheeks close under the eyes; between the fair eyebrows a perpendicular line was visible; for the moment, she showed to the full her thirty years.

"Yes, I am tired; and it's dangerous to tire me," she answered, smiling. She had recovered her light-hearted carelessness.

Ash still looked at her. A sudden con-

viction seemed to seize him. "Don't throw me over, Pauline," he pleaded. And as he spoke, on his brown, deeply lined face there was an expression which was boyishly young and trusting.

"As I told you, so long as there is no one else," Pauline answered.

The next moment they were flying over the plain.

III.

The *table d'hôte* of the Star of Italy, the Salerno inn from whose mysteries (of eels and chestnuts) Mrs. Preston had fled —this unctuous *table d'hôte* had been unusually brilliant during this month of March; upon several occasions there had been no less than fifteen travellers present, and the operatic young landlord himself, with his affectionate smile, had come in to hand the peas.

The most unnoticed person was always a tall woman of fifty-five, who, entering with noiseless step, slipped into her chair so quickly and furtively that it seemed as if she were afraid of being seen standing upon her feet. Once in her place, she ate sparingly, looking neither to the right nor the left, holding her knife and fork with care, and laying them down cautiously, as though she were trying not to waken some one who was asleep. But the *table d'hôte* of the Star of Italy was never asleep; the travellers, English and American, could not help feeling that they were far from home on this shore where so recently brigands had prowled. It is well known that this feeling promotes conversation.

One evening a pink-cheeked woman, who wore a little round lace cap perched on the top of her smooth gray hair, addressed the silent stranger at her left hand. "You have been to Pæstum, I dare say?" she said, in her pleasant English voice.

"No."

"But you are going, probably? Directly we came, yesterday morning, we engaged horses and started at once."

"I don't know as I care about going."

"Not to see the temples?"

"I didn't know as there were temples," murmured the other, shyly.

"Fancy! But you really ought to go, you know," the pleasant voice resumed, doing a little missionary-work (which can never come amiss). "The temples are well worth seeing; they are Greek."

"I've been ter see a good many buildings already: in Paris there were a good many; my son took me," the tall woman answered, her tone becoming more assured as she mentioned "my son."

"But these temples are—are rather different. I was saying to our neighbor here that she really ought on no account to miss going down to Pæstum," the fresh-faced English woman continued, addressing her husband, who sat next to her on the right, for the moment very busy with his peas (which were good, but a little oily). "The drive is not difficult. And we found it most interesting."

"Interesting? It may well be interesting; finest Greek remains outside of Athens," answered the husband, a portly Warwickshire vicar. He bent forward a little to glance past his wife at this ignorer of temples at her other hand. "American," he said to himself, and returned to his peas.

The friendly vicaress offered a few words more the next day. Coming in from her walk, in her stout shoes, and broad straw hat garnished with white muslin, she was entering the inn by the back door, when she espied her neighbor of the dinner-table sitting near by on a bench. There was nothing to see but a paling fence; she was unoccupied, unless a basket with Souvenir de Lucerne on one side, and a flat bouquet of artificial flowers on the other, represented occupation.

"Do you prefer this to the garden in front?" the English woman asked, in some surprise.

"Yes, I think I do."

"I must differ from you, then, because there we have the sea, you know; 'tis such a pretty view."

"I don't know as I care about the sea; it's all water—nothing to look at."

"Ah! I dare say it makes you ill. *We* had a very nasty day when we crossed from Folkestone."

"No; it ain't that exactly. I sit here because I like ter see the things grow," hazarded the American, timidly, as if she felt that some explanation was expected.

"The things?"

"Yes, in there." (She pointed to the paling fence). "There's peas, and asparagus, and beans, and some sorts I don't know; you wouldn't believe how they do push up, day after day."

"Ah, indeed! I dare say they do," the English woman answered, a little bewildered, looking at the lines of green behind the palings.

"Her name is Ash, Azubah Ash—fancy!" she said to her husband, later. "I saw it written on a Swiss basket in which she keeps her crewel-work. She is extremely odd. She has no maid, yet she wears those very good diamonds; and she always appears in that Paris gown of rich black silk—the very richest quality, I assure you, Augustus: she wears it and the diamonds at breakfast. She has spoken of a son, but apparently he never turns up. And she spends all her time on a bench behind the house watching the beans grow."

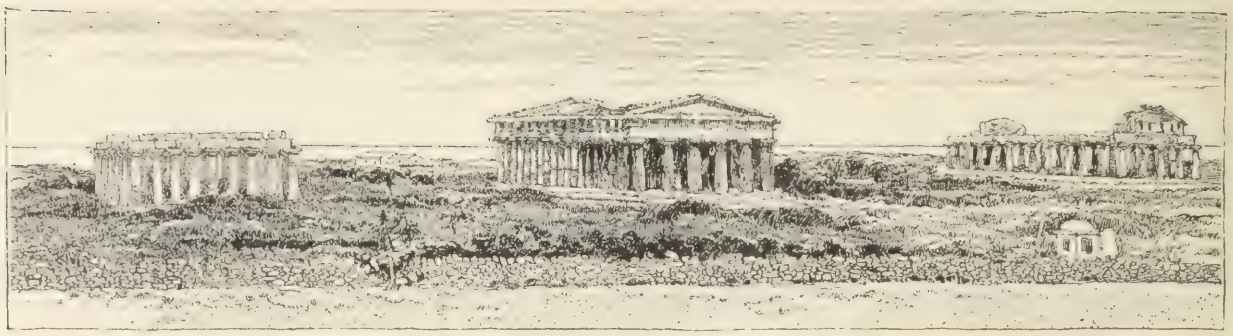
"I should think she would bore herself to extinction," said the easy-going vicar.

"I dare say she *is* having rather a hard time of it, she is so *bornée*. I would offer her a book, but I don't think she ever reads. And when I told her that I should be very pleased to show her some of the pretty walks about here, she said that she never walked. She must be sadly lonely, poor thing!"



AZUBAH ASH.

But Mrs. Ash was not lonely; or, if she was, she did not know the name of her malady. The comings and goings of her son were without doubt very uncertain; but the mother had been born among people who believe that the "men-folks" of a family have an existence apart from that of mothers and sisters, and that it is



"BY-AND-BY THE THREE TEMPLES LOOMED INTO VIEW."—[SEE PAGE 773.]

right that they should have it. Her son, who never went himself to a public table, had taken it for granted that his mother would prefer to have her meals served privately in one of the four large rooms which he had engaged for her at the inn.

"I think I like it better in the big dining-room, John," Mrs. Ash had replied. She did not tell him that she found it less difficult to eat her dinner when the attention of the waiter was distracted by the necessity of attending to the wants of ten persons than when his gaze was concentrated upon her solitary knife and fork alone.

John Ash was fond of his mother. It did not occur to him that this nomad life abroad was causing her any suffering. Her shyness, her dread of being looked at, her dread of foreign servants, he did not fully see, because when he was present she controlled them; when he was present, also, in a great measure, they disappeared. He knew that she would not have had one moment's content had he left her behind him, even if he had left her in the finest house his money could purchase; so he took her with him, and travelled slowly, for her sake, making no journeys that she could not make, sending forward to engage the best rooms for her at the inns where he intended to stop.

That he had not taken her to Pæstum was not an evidence of neglect. During the first months of their wanderings he had been at pains to take her everywhere he had thought that she would enjoy it. But Mrs. Ash had enjoyed nothing—save the going about on her son's arm. If he left her alone amid the most exquisite scenery in the world, she did not even see the scenery; she thought a dusty jaunt in a horse-car "very pleasant" if John was there. So at last John gave her his simple presence often, but troubled her with descriptions and excursions no more.

Dumb, shy, hopelessly out of her element as she was, this mother had, on the whole, enjoyed her two years abroad. The reason was found in the fact that she could say to herself, or rather could hope to herself, that John was more "steady" over here.

The rustic term covered much—the days and the nights when John had not been "steady."

These six weeks at Salerno particularly had been a season of blessed repose to Azubah Ash; the days had gone by so peacefully that life had become almost comfortable to her again, in spite of the ordeal of dinner. She had even been beguiled into thinking a little of the future—of the farm she should like to have some day, with fruit and cream and vegetables—yes, especially vegetables; and she dreamed of an old pleasure of her youth, that of hunting for little round artichokes in the cool brown earth. John had been contented all the time, and his mood had been very tranquil. His mother liked this much better than high spirits. There was an element sometimes in John's high spirits that had made her tremble.

But on the day succeeding that last ride with Mrs. Graham, when they had dismounted and walked down to the shore, John had come back to the inn with a darkened face. The dark mood had lasted now for ten days. His mother began to lead her old sleepless, restless life again. Her awkward crochet-needle had stopped of itself; she went no more to her bench beside the asparagus. Instead, she remained in her room—her four rooms—every now and then peeping anxiously through the blinds. Nothing happened—so any one would have said; the

sea continued blue and misty, the sky blue and clear; every one came and went as usual in the divine weather of the Italian spring. But John Ash's mother had, to use an old expression, her heart in her mouth all the time.

It choked her, and she gave up going to the *table d'hôte;* she let her son suppose that the meal was served in her sitting-room, but in reality she took no dinner at all. When he came in she was always there, always carefully dressed in the black silk whose rich texture the vicar's wife had noticed, with the "very good" diamonds fastening her collar, and on her thin hands. She made a constant effort that her son should notice no change in her.

Azubah Ash had a gaunt frame with large bones; her chest was hollow, and she stooped a little as she walked. Yet, looking at her, one felt sure that she would live to be an old woman. Her large features were roughly moulded, her cheeks thin; her thick dusky hair was put plainly back from her face, and arranged with a high comb after a fashion of her youth. Her eyes, large, dark, and appealing, were sunken; they were beautiful eyes, if one could have removed from them their expression of apprehension, but that seemed now to have grown a part of them, to have become fixed by time. Observers of physiognomy who met Azubah during these two years of her sojourn abroad never forgot her—that tall gaunt woman with the awkward step and bearing, with the rich dress and diamonds, from whose timid face with its rough features those beautiful eyes looked appealingly out.

"Mother, I am going to Pæstum to-morrow," announced Ash on that eleventh day. "Perhaps you had better go with me." He had come in and thrown himself down upon the sofa, where he sat staring at the wall.

"Pæstum—yes, that's where that English lady said I'd oughter go," answered Mrs. Ash. Then, after a moment, "She said there were temples there." She had her hands folded tightly as she looked at her son.

"They're all going—old lady Preston, with her ghosts of Abercrombies, little Miss Holland, Mrs. Graham, and all. Those boys are sketching down there; they've been there some time."

"I shall be very glad ter go, John, if you are going. Would you like ter have me—ter have me ride horseback?"

Ash, coming out of his abstraction, broke into a laugh. "I shall take you in the finest landau in Salerno, marmer," he said, coming across to kiss her; "old lady Preston will have to put up with the second best. You haven't forgotten, then, that you used to ride, marmer, have you?"

The mother's eyes had filled upon hearing the old name, the "marmer" of the days when he had been her devoted, constantly following, tyrannical, but very loving little boy. But she did not let the tears drop: she never made scenes of any kind before John. "Well, you've ben riding horseback every day now for a long while; you haven't seemed to care at all for carriages. And I did use to ride horseback a good deal when I was a girl; I used to ride to the mill."

"I know you did. And carry the grist to be ground." He kissed her again. "Don't be afraid of anything or anybody to-morrow, marmer, I beg. You're the bravest and most sensible woman I know, and I want you to look what you are."

"Shall I wear my India shawl, then?"

"Wear the best you have; I wish it were a hundred times bester. You are handsomer than any of them as it is."

"Oh no, John; I ain't good-looking; I never was," said his mother, blushing. She put her hand up for a moment, nervously, over her mouth—a gesture habitual with her.

"Yes, you are, marmer. Look at your eyes. It's only that you have got into a way of not thinking so. But I think so, and others shall." He went back to the sofa, and sank into abstraction again.

At length his mother broke the silence, which had lasted very long. "I hope they are all well over there to-day?" she asked, hesitatingly. "Over there" was her name for the house on the shore, the house where she knew her son had for many weeks spent all his time.

"Well? They're extraordinarily well," said Ash. He got up and walked restlessly about the room. After a while he stopped, and now he seemed to have forgotten his mother's presence, for his eyes rested upon her without seeing her. "One of them is a little too well," he said, menacingly; "let him look to himself—that's all." And then into his face,

his mother, watching him, saw coming slowly something she knew. The expression changed him so completely that the ladies who had seen so much of him would not have recognized their visitor. His mother recognized him. That expression on her son's face was her life's long terror.

He left the room. She listened as long as she could hear his steps; then, after sitting for some time with her head upon her arms on the table before her, she rose, and went slowly to put on her bonnet and shawl. Coming back, still slowly, she paused, and for five minutes stood there motionless. Then her hands dropped despairingly by her sides, and her worn face quivered. "O God, O our Father, I really don't know what ter do!" she murmured, breaking into helpless sobs, the stifled, difficult sobs of a person unaccustomed to self-expression, even the self-expression of grief.

She did not go out. Instead of that, she went back to the inner room and knelt down.

IV.

The next morning three carriages and two persons on horseback were following the long road that stretches southward from Salerno to Pæstum.

In the first carriage old Mrs. Preston sat enthroned amid cushions and shawls; opposite she had placed her nephew Arthur, first because he was slim, second because he was a man (Mrs. Preston was accustomed to say, "Too much lady talk dries my brain"); the second carriage held Isabella Holland and the Abercrombie girls; in the third, a landau drawn by two spirited horses, were Mrs. Ash and her son. The two persons on horseback were Pauline Graham and Griffith Carew.

In the soft spring air the mountains that rise all the way on the left at no great distance from the road had in perfection the vague, dreamy outlines and violet hues that form so characteristic a feature of the Italian landscape. Up in the sky their peaks shone whitely, powdered with snow. The flat plain that stretches from the base of the mountains to the sea had beauty of another kind; often a fever-swept marsh, it possessed at this season all a marsh's luxuriance of waving reeds and flowers and tasselled jungles, with water birds rising from their feeding-places, and flying along, low down, with a slow motion of their broad wings, their feet stretched out behind. Troops of buffalo could be seen here and there. At rare intervals there was an oasis of cultivated ground, with a solitary farm-house. On the right, all the way, the Mediterranean, meeting the flat land flatly, stretched forward from thence into space, going on bluely, and rising a little on the horizon line, as though it were surmounting a low hill.

Occasionally the carriages passed a little band of the small, quick-stepping Italian soldiers.

"Oh, I say, did you know, aunt, that people were murdered by brigands on this very bridge only ten years ago?" said Arthur, as they rolled across a stone causeway raised in the form of an arch over a sluggish stream.

"I should like very much to see the brigand who did it!" Mrs. Preston answered, smacking her lips contemptuously.

Arthur at least was very sure that no ten brigands could have vanquished his aunt.

"This, girls, is the ancient Tyrrhenian Gulf," began Isabella to her companions, waving one neatly gloved hand toward the sea. Isabella, owing to the singularly incessant death of relatives, was always in mourning; her neat gloves therefore were sable. "The temples we are about to visit are very ancient also, having been built ages ago by Greeks, who came from—from Greece, of course, naturally; and never ceased to regret it. And all this shore, and the temples also, were sacred to Neptune, or Poseidon, as he was called in Greek. And the Greeks lamented—but I will read you that later at the threshold of the temples; you cannot fail to be interested."

"I shall not be interested at all," said Hildegarde.

"Nor I," said Rose.

"*They* had nothing to lament about; *they* had no dancing to do," added Dorothea. And the three white faces glared suddenly and sullenly at their astonished companion.

"I am shocked," began Isabella.

"Shocked yourself," said Rose.

"You are a busybody," said Dorothea.

"And a gormandizer," added Hildegarde.

"And a *Worm!*" said Rose, with decision. "We have decided not to pretend

any more before *you*, Worm! Dance yourself till your legs drop off, and see how you like it."

The three girls had weak soft voices; they possessed no other tones; the strong words they used, therefore, were all the more startling because so gently, almost sighingly, spoken.

In the landau there had been silence. Mrs. Ash, after respecting her son's sombre mood for more than an hour, at last spoke: "I guess you don't care very much about those triflin' temples, after all, do you, John? And it's going to be very long. Supposing we turn back?" She wore her India shawl and a Paris bonnet; she was sitting without touching the cushions of the carriage behind her. She had looked neither at the mountains nor at the sea; most of the time her eyes had rested on the blue cloth of the empty seat opposite. Occasionally, however, they had followed the two figures on horseback, and it was after these figures had passed them a second time, pushing on ahead in order to get a free space of road for a gallop, that she had offered her suggestion.

"Go back? Not for ten thousand dollars—not for ten thousand devils!" said John Ash. "What a lazy girl you are, marmer!" And he became gay and talkative.

His mother responded to his gayety as well as she could: she laughed when he did. Her laugh was eager. It was almost obsequious.

By-and-by the three temples loomed into view, standing in all their beauty on the barren waste, majestic, uninjured, extraordinary. Their rows of fluted columns, their brilliant tawny hues, their perfect Doric architecture, made the loneliness surrounding them even more lonely, made the sound of the sea breaking near by on the lifeless shore a melancholy dirge. When the party reached the great colonnades there were exclamations; there was even declamation, Mrs. Preston having been fitted by nature for that. Freemantle, Gates, and Beckett had come rushing forward to meet their arriving friends. In reality, however, it was Griff whom they had rushed to meet. Griff to their minds was the only important person present, even though the unimportant included Pauline.

"Hallo, Griff, old fellow! how are you?"

"Couldn't you stay, Griff? We've got a tent for you."

They laughed, and made jokes, and hovered about him, longing to drag him off immediately to show him their drawings, and to discuss with him a hundred disputed points. But though they thus paid small attention to Pauline, they were obliged to form part of her train; for as Griff remained with her, and they remained with Griff, naturally, as Isabella would have said, they made the tour of inspection in her company.

In the mean while Isabella, who had it upon her strictly kept conscience not to neglect her own duties in spite of the Abercrombie revolt, had taken her stand before the great temple of Neptune, with her instructive little book in her hand. "'The men of Poseidonia,' she began, "'having been at first true Greeks, had in process of time gradually become barbarized, changing to Romans.' Poseidonia, girls, was the ancient name of Pæstum," she interpolated in explanation, glancing over her glasses at her silent audience.

The Abercrombies could not retort this time, because Aunt Octavia was very near them, sitting at the base of one of the great columns of travertine with the air and manner of Neptune's only lawful wife. But their backs were toward her; she could not see their faces; they were able, therefore, to make grimaces at Isabella, and this they immediately proceeded to do in unison, flattening their thin lips over their teeth in a very ghastly way, and turning up their eyes so unnaturally far that Isabella was afraid the pupils would never come down again.

"'Yet they still observed one Hellenic festival,'" she read stumblingly on—stumblingly because she felt obliged from a sort of fascination to glance every now and then at the distorted countenances before her—"'one Hellenic festival, when they met together here to call to remembrance the old days and the old customs, and to weep upon each other's necks, and to lament drearily. And then, when the time of their mourning was over, they departed, each man in silence to his Roman home.'"

"Very fine," said Mrs. Preston, commendingly, from her column.

But Isabella had closed her book, and was walking away, wiping her forehead: those girls' faces were really too horrible.

"Where are you going, Isabella?" Mrs. Preston called.

"I suppose I may gather some asphodel?" Isabella responded, with some asperity.

But she did not gather much asphodel. Coming upon Mrs. Ash wandering about over the fallen stones, she stayed her steps to speak to her. She was not interested in Mrs. Ash, but she was so "happily relieved" that dear Paulie lately had given up her rides with the son, that she, as Paulie's cousin (first), could afford to be civil to the mother, in spite of that mother's bad judgment as to English and diamonds. Isabella disapproved of Mrs. Ash; she thought that "such persons" did great harm by their display of "mere vulgar affluence." No vulgar affluence oppressed Isabella. She had six hundred dollars a year of her own, and each dollar was well-bred.

"We shall soon be having lunch, I suppose," she began, in a gracious tone. "It seems almost a desecration, doesn't it, to have it in the shrine itself, for I see they are arranging it there."

"Oh, is that a shrine?" said Mrs. Ash, vaguely. "I didn't know. But then I'm not a Catholic. They seem very large buildings. They seem wasted here."

Little Isabella looked up at her—she was obliged to look up, her companion was so tall. The anxious expression in Mrs. Ash's eyes had grown into anguish: she was watching her son, who had now joined Pauline and her train. Pauline had Carew on her right hand and John Ash on her left; the four boys walked stragglingly, now in front, now behind, but never far from Carew.

"You are not well," said Isabella; "the drive was too long for you. Pray take my smelling-salts; they are sometimes refreshing." And she detached from its black chain a minute funereal bottle.

"Thank you," answered Mrs. Ash, gazing down uncomprehendingly at the offering; "I am very well indeed. I was jest looking at your cousin, Mrs. Graham; she's very handsome."

"Yes," responded Isabella, gladly seizing this opportunity to convey to the Ash household a little light, "Pauline is handsome—in her own way. It is not the style that I myself admire. But then I know that my taste is severe. By ordinary people Pauline is considered attractive; it is therefore all the more to be deplored that she should be such a sad, sad flirt."

"A flirt?" said Mrs. Ash.

"Yes—I am sorry to say it. No matter how far she may go, it means nothing, absolutely nothing; she has not the slightest intention of allowing herself either to fall in love or to marry again; she prefers her position as it is. And I don't think she realizes sufficiently that what is but pastime to her may be taken more seriously by others; and naturally, I must say, after the way she sometimes goes on. *I* could never do so, no matter what the temptations were, and I must say I have never been able to understand it in Pauline. At present it is Mr. Carew; she is going to Naples with him to-morrow for the day. As you may imagine, it is against our wish—Cousin Octavia Preston's and mine. But Pauline being a widow, which *she* considers an advantage, and no longer young (she is thirty, though you may not think it; she shows her age very fully in the morning)—Pauline, under these circumstances, has for some time refused a chaperon. I don't think myself that she needs a chaperon exactly, but she might take a lady friend."

"Going to Naples with him to-morrow," murmured Mrs. Ash. She put her gloved hand over her mouth for a moment, the large kid expanse very different from Isabella's little black paw. "I might as well go over there," she said, starting off with a rapid step toward Pauline.

Pauline received her smilingly; Ash frowned a little. He frowned not at his mother—she was always welcome; he frowned at her persistence in standing so near Pauline, in dogging her steps. Mrs. Ash kept this up; she sat near Pauline at lunch; she followed her when she strolled down to the beach; she gathered flowers for her; in her India shawl and Paris bonnet she hovered constantly near.

Only once did John Ash find opportunity to speak to Pauline alone. The boys had at last carried off Griff by force to their camp; Griff was willing enough to go, the "force" applied to the intellectual effort necessary on the boys' part to detach him from a lady who wished to keep him by her side. They had all been strolling up and down in the shade of the so-called Basilica, amid the fern and acanthus. Left alone with her son and Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Ash, after remaining with

them a few moments, turned aside, and entering the temple, sat down there. She was out of hearing, but still near.

"Ride with me to-morrow, Pauline," Ash said, immediately. "I have not had a chance to speak to you before. Don't refuse."

"I am afraid I must. I have an engagement."

"With Carew?"

"Yes."

"What is it?"

"I am very good-natured to tell you. I am going to Naples with him for the day."

"You are going— Damnation!"

"You forget yourself," said Pauline. Then, when she saw the look on his face—the face of this man with whom she had played—she was startled.

"Forget myself! I wish I could. You shall not go to Naples."

"And how can you prevent it?"

"Are you daring me?"

"By no means," answered Pauline; and this time she really tried to speak gently. "I was calling to your remembrance the fact that there is no tie between us, Mr. Ash; you have no shadow of authority over my actions; I am free to do as I please."

"I know you are; that is the worst of it," he said, almost with a groan. "Pauline, don't play with me now. I have given up hoping for anything for myself—if I ever really did hope; I am not worthy of you. Whether you could make me worthy I don't know; but I don't ask you that; I don't ask you to try; it would be too much. I only ask you to be as you have been; as you were, I mean, during all those many weeks, not as you have been lately. Only a few days are left when I can see you freely; be kind to me, then, during those few days, and then I will take myself off."

"I mean to be kind; I am kind."

"Then ride with me to-morrow; just this once more."

"But I told you it was impossible; I told you I was going to Naples."

The pleading vanished from Ash's face and voice. "*I* never asked you to do that—to go off with me for a whole day."

Pauline did not answer; she was arranging the flowers which Mrs. Ash had industriously gathered.

"So much the greater fool I!—is that what you are thinking?" Ash went on, laughing discordantly.

For the moment Pauline forgot to be angry in the vague feeling, something like fear, which took possession of her. All fear is uncomfortable, and she hated discomfort; she gave herself a little inward shake as if to shake it off. "I shall ask Cousin Oc to go back to Paris next week," was her thought. "I have had enough of Italy for the present—Italy and madmen!"

"You won't go?" asked Ash, bending forward eagerly, as though he had gained hope from her silence.

"To Paris?"

"Are we speaking of Paris? To Naples—to-morrow."

"Oh, I must go to Naples," she answered, gayly. In spite of her gayety she turned toward the Basilica; Mrs. Ash was the nearest person.

"You are going to my mother? She, at least, is a good woman; she would never have tarnished herself with such an expedition as you are planning!" cried Ash, in a fury.

Pauline turned white. "I am well paid for ever having endured you, ever having liked you," she said, in a low voice, as she hastened on. "I might have known—I might have known."

There was not much to choose now between the expression of the two faces, for the woman's sweet countenance showed in its pallor an anger as vivid as that which had flushed the face of the man beside her with a red so dark that his blue eyes looked unnaturally light by contrast, as though they had been set in the face of an Indian.

Mrs. Ash had come hurriedly out to meet them. Her son paid no attention to her; all his powers were evidently concentrated upon holding himself in check. "I shouldn't have said it, even if it were the plain brutal truth," he said. "But you madden me, Pauline. I mean what I say—you really do drive me into a kind of madness."

"I have no desire to drive you into anything; I have no desire to talk with you further," she answered.

"No, no, dearie, don't say that; talk ter him a little longer," said Mrs. Ash, coming forward, her face set in a tremulous smile. "I'm sure it's very pleasant here—beside these buildings. And John thinks so much of you; he means no harm."

"Poor mother!" said Ash, his voice

softening. "She does not dare to say to you what she longs to say; she would whisper it if she could; and that is, 'Don't provoke him!' She has some pretty bad memories—haven't you, mother?—of times when I've—when I've gone a-hunting, as one may say. She'll tell you about them if you like."

"I don't want to hear about them; I don't want to hear about anything," answered Mrs. Graham, troubled out of all her composure, troubled even out of her anger by the strangeness of this strange pair. She looked about for some one, and seeing Carew coming from the tents of the camp, she waved her hand to attract his attention and beckoned to him; then she went forward to meet him as he hastened toward her.

Ash disengaged himself from his mother, who, however, had only touched his arm entreatingly, for she had learned to be very cautious where her son was concerned; he strode forward to Pauline's side.

"I should rather see you dead before me than go with that man to-morrow."

"Pray don't kill me, at least till the day is over," Pauline answered, her courage, and her unconquerable carelessness too, returning in the approach of Carew. "It would be quite too great a disappointment to lose my day."

"You *shall* lose it!" said Ash, with a loud coarse oath.

"Oh!" said the woman, all her lovely delicate person shrinking away from him.

Her intonation had been one of disgust. She held the skirt of her habit closer, as if to avoid all contact.

V.

At five o'clock of the same afternoon Freemantle, Gates, and Beckett, with Arthur Abercrombie, came running along the narrow streets of a village some miles from Pæstum.

The stone houses of which this village was composed stood like two solid walls facing each other, rising directly from the stone-paved road, which was barely ten feet wide; down this conduit water was pouring like a brook. The houses were about forty in number, twenty on each side, and this one short street was all there was of the town.

It was raining, not in drops, but in torrents, with great pats of water coming over, almost like stones, and striking upon the heads of those who were passing below; every two or three minutes there came a glare of blindingly white lightning, followed immediately by the crash of thunder, which seemed to be rolling on the very roofs of the houses themselves. The four boys must have been out in the storm for some time, for they paid no attention to it. Their faces were set, excited. Every thread of their clothing was wet through.

"This is the house," said Arthur.

They looked up, sheltering their eyes with their arms from the blows of the rain-balls. From the closed windows above, the faces of Isabella Holland and the three Abercrombie girls looked down at them, pressed flatly against the small panes, in order to see; for the storm had made the air so dark that the street lay in gloom.

The next moment the boys entered.

"No, we haven't found him," said Arthur, in answer to his white sisters' look. "But we're going to."

"Yes, we're going to," said the others. And then, walking on tiptoe in their soaked shoes, they went softly into an inner room.

Here on a couch lay Griffith Carew, dying.

An Italian doctor was still trying to do something for the unconscious man. He had an assistant, and the two were at work together. Near by, old Mrs. Preston sat waiting, her hands folded upon the knob of a cane which stood on the floor before her, her chin resting upon her hands. In this bent position, with her disordered white hair and great black eyes, she looked witch-like. Three candles burned on a table at the head of the bed, illumining Carew and the two doctors and the waiting old woman. The room was long, and its far end was in shadow. Was there another person present—sitting there silent and motionless? Yes—Pauline. The boys came to the foot of the bed and gazed with full hearts at Griff.

Griff had been shot by John Ash two hours before. The deed had been done just as they had reached the shelter of this village, swept into it almost by a tornado, which, preceding the darker storm, had driven them far from their rightful road. The darker storm had broken upon them immediately afterward with a terrible sound and fury; but the boys had

barely heard the crash in the sky above them as they carried Griff through the stony little street. They had found a doctor—two of them; they had done everything possible. Then they had been told that Griff must die, and they had gone out to look for the murderer.

He could not be far, for the village was small, and he could not have quitted the village, because the half-broken young horses that had brought him from Salerno, frightened by the incessant glare of the lightning, had become unmanageable, dragged their fastenings loose, and disappeared. In any case the plain was impassable; the roar of the sea, with the night coming on, indicated that the floods were out; they had covered the shore, and would soon be creeping inland; the road would be drowned and lost. Ash, therefore, could not be far.

Yet they had been unable to find him, though they had searched every house. And they had found no trace of his mother.

During these long hours four times the boys had sallied forth and hunted the street up and down. The Italians, crowded into their narrow dark dwellings from fear of the storm, had allowed them to pass freely in and out, to go from floor to floor; some of the men had even lighted their little oil lamps and gone down with them to search the shallow cellars. But the women did not look up; they were telling their beads or kneeling before their little in-door shrines, the frightened children clinging to their skirts and crying. For both the street and the dark houses were lighted every minute or two by that unearthly blinding glare.

The village version of the story was that the two *forestieri* had sprung at each other's throats, maddened by jealousy; poniards had been drawn, and one of them had fallen. One had fallen, indeed, but only one had attacked. And there had been no poniards: it was a well-aimed bullet from an American revolver that had struck down Griffith Carew.

The four boys, brought back each time from their search by a sudden hope that perhaps Griff might have rallied, and forced each time to yield up their hope at the sight of his death-like face, were animated in their grief by one burning determination: they would bring the murderer to justice. It was a foreign land and a remote shore; they were boys; and he was a bold, bad man with a wonderful brain—for they had always appreciated Ash's cleverness, though they had never liked him. In spite of all this he should not escape; they would hunt him like hounds—blood-hounds; and though it should take months, even years, of their lives, they would bring him to justice at the last.

This hot vow kept the poor lads from crying. They were very young, and their heads were throbbing with their unshed tears; there were big lumps in their throats when poor Griff, opening his dull eyes for a moment, knew them, and tried to smile in his cheery old way. But he relapsed into unconsciousness immediately. And the watch went on.

The gloomy day drew to its close; by the clocks, evening had come. There was more breathing-space now between the lightning flashes and the following thunder; the wind was no longer violent; the rain still fell heavily; its torrent, striking the pavement below, sent up a loud hollow sound. One of the doctors left the house, and came back with a fresh supply of candles and various things, vaguely frightful, because hidden, concealed in a sheet. Then the other doctor went out to get something to eat. Finally they were both on guard again. And the real night began.

Then, to the waiting group in the lighted silent room, there entered a tall figure—Azubah Ash; drenched, without bonnet or shawl, she stood there before them. Her frightened look was gone forever: she faced them with unconscious majesty. "My son is dead"—this was her announcement.

She walked forward to the bed, and gazed at the man lying there. "Perhaps he will not die," she said, turning her head to glance at the others. "God is kind—sometimes; perhaps he will not die." She bent over and stroked his hair tenderly with her large hand. "Dear heart, live! Try ter live!" she said; "we want yer to, so much!"

Then she left him, and faced them again. "I thought of warning you," she began; "you"—and she looked at Mrs. Preston; "and you"—she turned toward the figure at the end of the room. "My son was not himself when he was in a passion—I have known it ever sence he was born. Even when he was a little fellow of two and three I used ter try ter

guard him; but I couldn't do much—his will was stronger than mine. And he was always very clever, my son was—much cleverer than me. Twice before, three times before, I've ben afraid he'd take some one's life. You see, he didn't care about life so much as some people do; and now he has taken his own."

There was an involuntary stir among the boys.

Mrs. Ash turned her eyes toward them. "Would you like ter see him, so 's ter be sure? In one moment."

She went toward the bed again, and clasped her hands; then she knelt down, and began to pray beside the unconscious man in hushed tones. "O God, O our Father, give us back this life: do, Lord—O do. It's so dear ter these poor boys, and it's so dear ter many; and perhaps there's a mother too. O Lord, give it back to us! And when he's well again, help him ter be all that my poor son was not. For Christ's sake."

She rose and crossed to where the boys were standing. "Will you come now?" she said. "I'm taking him away at dawn." Then, very simply, she offered her hand to Mrs. Preston. "He was a great deal at your house; he told me that. I thank you for having ben so kind ter him. Good-by."

"But I too will go with you," answered Mrs. Preston, in her deep tones. She rose, leaning on her cane. Mrs. Ash was already crossing the room toward the door.

The boys followed her; then came Mrs. Preston, looking bent and old. The figure of Pauline in her dark corner rose as they approached.

"No," said Mrs. Ash, seeing the movement. She paused. "Don't come, my dear; I really can't let you; you'd think of it all the rest of your life if you was ter see him now, and 'twould make you feel so bad. I know you didn't mean no harm. But you mustn't come."

And Pauline, shrinking back into the shadow, was held there by the compassion of this mother—this mother whose nobler nature, and large glance quiet in the majesty of sorrow, made her, made all the women present, fade into nothingness beside her. In the outer room Isabella and the excited, peering Abercrombies were like four unimportant, unnoticed ghosts, as the little procession went by them in silence, and descended the stairs. Then it passed out into the storm.

Mrs. Ash walked first, leading the way, the rain falling on her hair; the three boys followed; behind them came Mrs. Preston, leaning on her nephew's arm and helping herself with her cane. They passed down the narrow street, and the people brought their small lamps to the doorways to aid them in the darkness. The street ended, but the mother went on: apparently she was going out on the broad waste. They all followed, Mrs. Preston merely shaking her head when Arthur proposed that she should turn back.

At some distance beyond the town there was a grove of oaks; they went round an angle of this grove, stumbling in the darkness, and came to a mound behind it; on the summit of the mound there was something—a square structure of stone. Mrs. Ash went up, and entered a low door. Within there was but one room, empty save for a small lighted lamp standing on the dirt floor; a stairway, or rather a flight of stone steps, ascended to a room above. Mrs. Ash took the lamp and led the way up; Mrs. Preston's cane sounded on the stones as she followed.

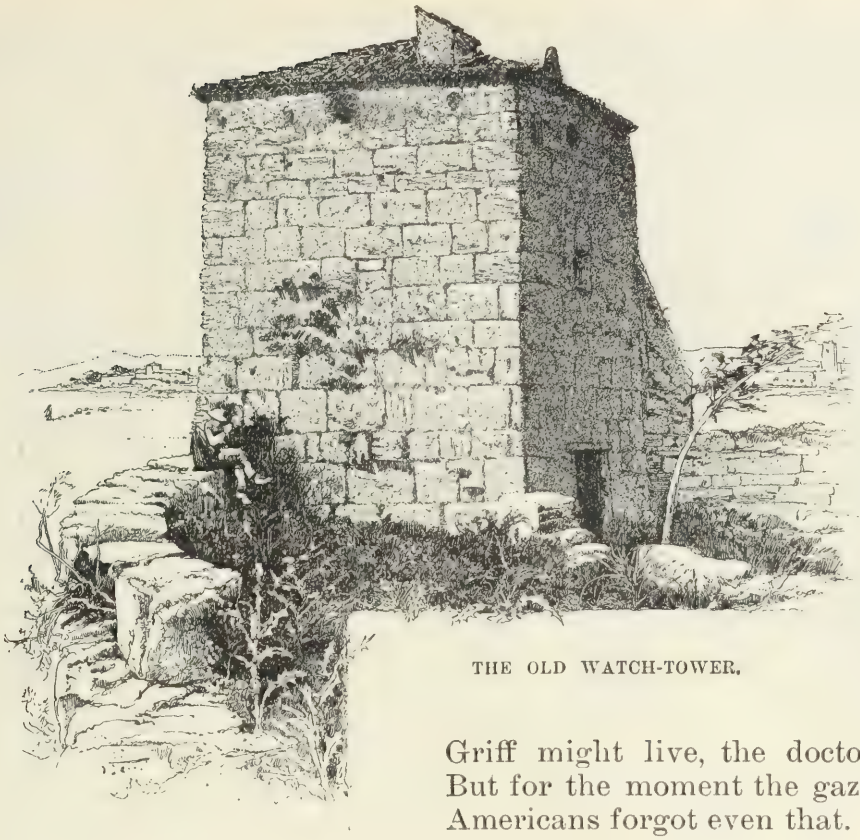
The room above was square, like the one below; it was the whole interior of the ancient house, or rather the ancient watch-tower; its roof of beams was broken; the rain came through in several places and dropped upon the floor. There was a second small lamp in the room besides the one which Mrs. Ash had brought; the two shed a dim ray over a peasant's rude bed, where something long and dark and straight was stretched out. Mrs. Ash went up to the bed, and motioning away the old peasant who was keeping watch there, she took both lamps and held them high above the still face. The others drew near. And then they saw that it was John Ash, dead.

There were no signs of the horror of it; his mother had removed them all; he lay as if asleep.

The mother held the lights up steadily for a long moment. Then she placed them on a table, and coming back, took her son's lifeless hand in hers.

"Now that you've seen him, seen that he's really gone, will you leave me alone with him?" she said. "I think there's nothing more."

There was a dignity in her face as she



THE OLD WATCH-TOWER.

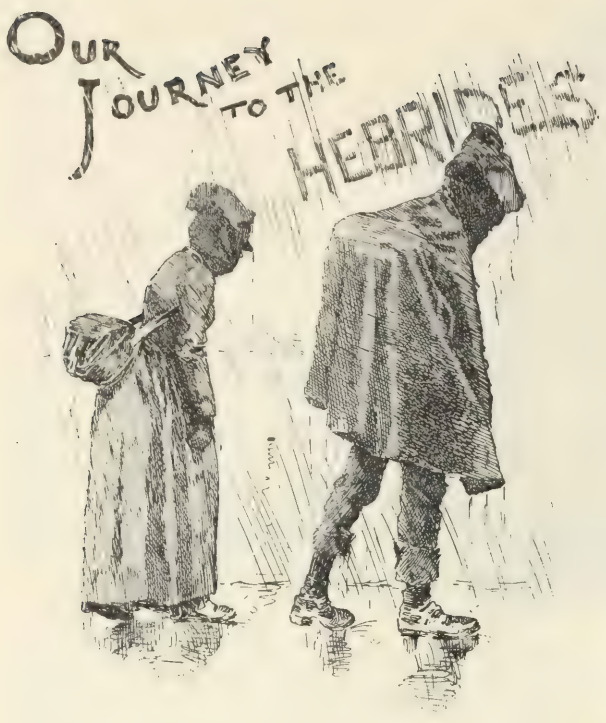
stood there beside her child, which made the others feel suddenly conscious of the wantonness of further intrusion. As they looked at her, too, they perceived that she no longer thought of them, no longer even saw them: her task was ended.

Without a word they went out. Mrs. Preston's cane sounded on the stairway again; then there was silence.

At dawn they saw her drive away. Griff might live, the doctors had said. But for the moment the gazing group of Americans forgot even that. She was in a cart, with a man walking beside the horse; the cart was going slowly across the fields, for the road was overflowed. The storm had ceased; the sky was blue; the sun, rising, shed his fresh golden light on the tall, lonely figure with its dark hair uncovered, and on the long rough box at its feet.

Looking the other way, one could see in the south the beautiful temples of Pæstum, that have gazed over that plain for more than two thousand years.





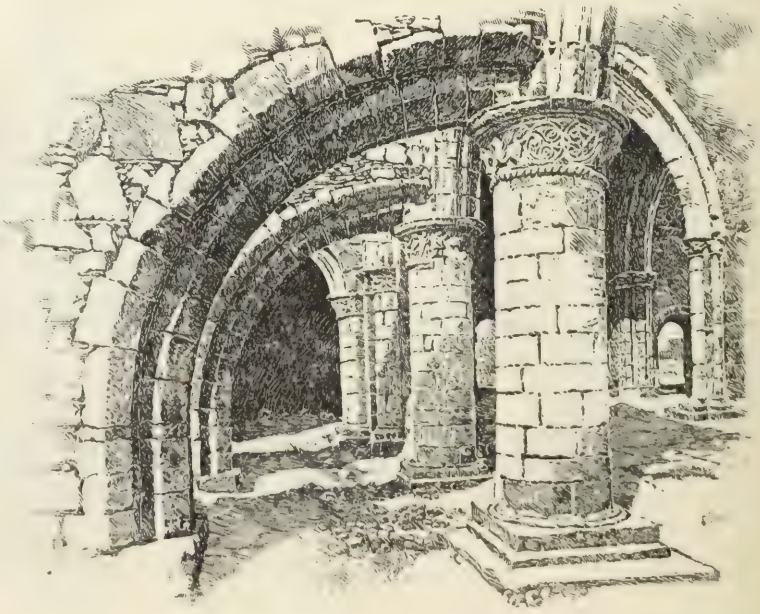
BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

Second Paper.

IONA is the show place by which we fancied the Duke of Argyll must hope to answer the question, once in a great while asked, about misery, terrorism, extortion, rent, in the Hebrides. Strangers come to the Islands only to fish or to shoot. It is the exception when, as at Iona, there are sights to be seen. They have time to give only a glance to the Islander and his home. In Iona this home seems decent enough. Above the stony beach, where boats lie among the rocks, is the village street, lined with white cottages; and beyond, fields of tall grain and good pasture slope upward to the foot of the low green hills, whose highest peak rises to the north of the village, a background for the cathedral. Many of the cottages are new, others are whitewashed into comparative cheerfulness. The crops on the lower ground, the sheep and cattle on the hills, are pleasanter to see in an island where men live than endless wastes of heather. In Iona the civilization of the monks of the Dark Ages has survived even the modern sportsman.

It is the fashion among writers of guide and other books about Iona to call it a desolate, lonely little isle. In proportion to its size, it seemed to us the most cultivated island of the Hebrides. The writer who on one page tells you of its loneliness, on the next mourns its daily desecration when tourists eat sandwiches among the ruins.

These ruins, like everything else in Iona, belong to the Duke of Argyll. They are kept locked, except when the keeper of the keys opens them to sight-seers. It may interest his Grace to know we trespassed, climbing over the low stone walls into the cathedral enclosure. We found the ruins much more perfect than we had expected, and beautiful, not only with the beauty of impressiveness as a whole, but with a grace and refinement of detail one does not look for in the far North. Much early Italian work is not more graceful than the carving on the capitals, the tracery in the windows, the doorway leading into the sacristy, the arches that spring from the cloister walls to their outer arcade, in the monastery and church founded by St. Columba. If, as has been said, no ivy covers the walls, when we were there yellow flowers had pushed their way above the old stone-work, while windows and rounded arches made a frame for the unbroken blue of sea and sky and pale distant hills. For so long as we were in the cathedral the sun shone as if, instead of Hebridean seas, the Mediterranean lay beyond. True, this did not last half a morning; it rained before



IN THE TRANSEPT OF THE CATHEDRAL, IONA.

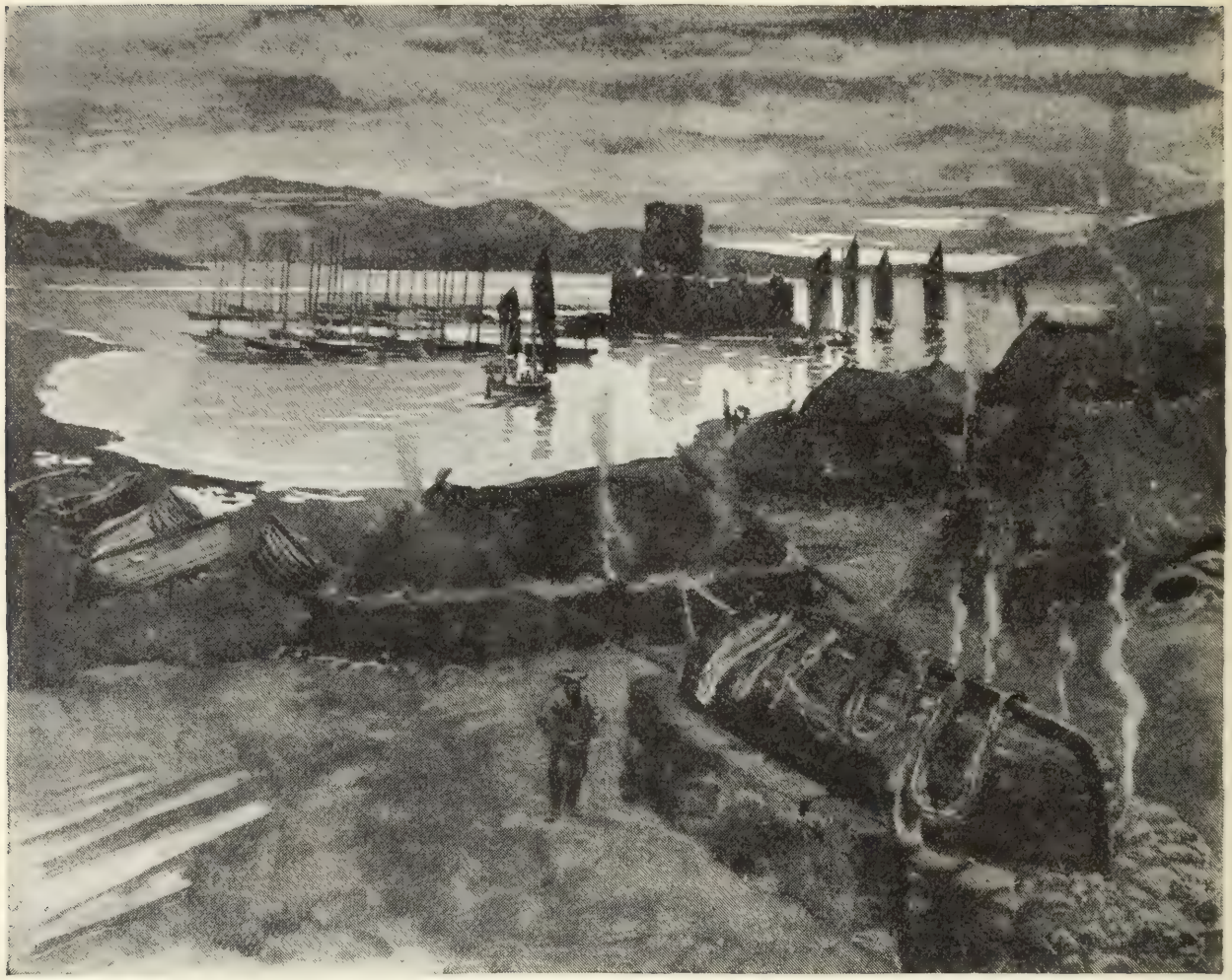


IONA.

night; but the very breaks in the sunshine, and the way the clouds came and went, made the day more beautiful.

It was a gray morning when an old Hamish rowed us and two other passengers and a load of freight to the *Dunara Castle*, which had dropped anchor in the middle of the sound. From the sound we steamed past the great headland of Gribun, with the caves in its dark rocks, and into Loch Laich to the pier near Bunessan. We were some time putting off and taking on freight. Then again we steamed past Gribun. Beyond it rose Inch-Kenneth and Ulva, really "Ulva dark" this morning. And one by one we left behind us, Iona, its white sands shining, its cathedral standing out boldly against the sky; Staffa, for a time so near we could see the entrance to the great cave with its clustered piers; Fladda, Lunga, and the Dutchman's Cap. It was a page from *Macleod of Dare*. And what were the Dhu Harteach men saying now? how could we help asking? Everywhere we looked were tiny nameless islands and bits of rock, sometimes separated only by a narrow channel. And now the sun shone upon us in our corner and made us warm. And even after the hills of Mull had begun to go down on the horizon, and Iona and Staffa had faded into vague shadows, we could see the Dutchman, like a great Phrygian cap floating on the waters.

Straight out we went to Tiree, a long, treeless strip of land, with low hills at one end, and a wide, sandy, Jersey-like beach. A few houses, scattered here and there, were in sight. There was no pier. A large boat, with three men at each of the four long oars, came out to meet the steamer, and into it were tumbled pell-mell men and women, and tables, and bags of meal, and loaves of bread, and boxes. It is another of the Duke of Argyll's islands. Looking at it from the steam-ship point of view, one could not but wonder if as much good might not be done for people whose only highway is the ocean by the building of a pier as by prohibition laws enforced by a landlord. As in Iona, so in Tiree, no spirits can be bought or sold. It is one of the anomalies of paternal government that the men made children turn upon their kind fatherly ruler. The crofters of Tiree have given trouble even as have those of Skye and Lewis. They are shielded from drunkenness, and yet they complain that they have been turned from the land that once was theirs to cultivate, and that



CASTLE BAY, FROM BARRA.

their rents have been for long years so high that to pay them meant starvation for their families. Though these complaints are explained by the Duke as "phenomena of suggestion," to the Commissioners, part at least seemed well founded on fact. Instead of £1251 18*s.*, according to his own estimate, his Grace, according to that of the Commission, is now entitled to but £922 10*s.* from the island of Tiree.

We had not time to land, but steaming past its miserable shores it seemed dreary enough. St. Columba showed what he thought of it when he sent penitents there to test their sincerity. The island of Coll was as flat and stupid and dreary. When you steam from Tiree and Coll, a broad stretch of the Atlantic lies between you and the Long Island. If I had my choice, I would rather cross the Channel from Newhaven to Dieppe, and that is saying the worst that can be said. The sunshine for the day came to an end.

The gray wretchedness of the afternoon was a fit prelude to Barra. When we came to Castle Bay, rain was falling upon its waters, on the battlemented castle, perched upon a rocky, sea-weed-covered islet, and on the town set against a background of high bare hills. But the steamer stopped, and we went ashore to look about us. A few ugly new houses, shops with plate-glass windows, often cited as proofs of the island's prosperity, and then the real Barra: a mass of black cottages—compared to which those of Mull were mansions, those of Kilchrennan palaces—running up and down the rocky hill-side. Only by a polite figure of speech can the stone pile in which the Hebridean crofter makes his home be called a cottage. It is, as it was described many years ago, but "a heavy thatched roof thrown over a few rudely put together stones." The long low walls are built of loose rock blackened by constant rain. The thatched roof, almost as black, is held in place without by a net-work of ropes, within by rafters of drift-wood. The crofter has no wood save that which the sea yields, and yet in some districts

he must pay for picking up the beams and spars washed up on his wild shores, just as he must for the grass and heather he cuts from the wilder moorland when he makes his roof. Not until you come close to the rough stone heap can you see that it is a house, with an opening for doorway, one tiny hole for window. From a distance there is but its smoke to distinguish it from the rocks strewn around it.

At Castle Bay, where many of these "scenes of misery," as Pennant called them one hundred years ago, were grouped together, there was not even the pretence of a street, but just the rock, rough, ragged, and broken, as God made it. The people who live here are almost all fishermen, and, as if in token of their calling, they have fashioned the thatch of their roofs into the shape of boats. One cottage, indeed, is topped with a genuine boat. There were a few chimneys, but smoke came pouring from the doors, from holes in the thatch and walls. Many of the roofs had a luxuriant growth of grass, with here and there a clump of daisies, or of the yellow flowers which give color to Highland road-sides. But this was all the green we saw on their hill-side of rock and mud.

Through open doorways we had glimpses of dark, gloomy interiors, dense with smoke. We did not cross a threshold, however; to seek admittance seemed not unlike making a show of the people's misery. The women and girls who passed in and out, and stood to stare at us, looked strong and healthy. Theirs is a life which must either kill or harden. Many were handsome, with strangely foreign, gypsy-like faces; and so were the bonneted men at work on the pier. It may be there is truth in the story which gives a touch of Spanish blood to the people of the Outer Hebrides. If the ships of the Armada went down with all their treasure, it is said their crews survived, and lived and took unto themselves wives in the Islands, from which chance of deliverance was small. We heard only Gaelic spoken while we were at Castle Bay. The people of Great Britain need not go abroad in search of foreign parts; but an Eng-



TOWN OF BARRA.



MOUNTAINS OF HARRIS, FROM TARBET.

lishman, who only wants to see the misery and wrongs of nations foreign in name as well as in reality, would find little pleasure in Barra.

We returned to the steamer and passed a restless night, I in the ladies' cabin and J—— in the saloon. One advantage of our discomfort was that it sent us up on deck in time to see the eastern hills grow purple against the golden light of coming day. As in the evening, there was still land on either side. All morning we went in and out of lochs and bays, and through sounds, and between islands. Indeed I know of no better description of the Outer Hebrides than the quotation given in the guide-book, "The sea here is all islands, and the land all lakes." And the further north we went the drearier seemed this land—a fitting scene for the tragedy enacted on it, which, though now many years' old, is ever young in the memory of the people; for it was here in Uist that, in 1851, men and women were hunted like beasts, tracked by dogs to the caves and wilds where they lay in hiding, bound hand and foot, and cast upon ships waiting to carry them against their will across the Atlantic. We might have thought no life had been left upon the islands but for an occasional wire fence, a sprinkling of sheep on greener hill-sides, and lonely cottages, with thin clouds of blue peat smoke hovering over them to show they were not mere rocks. Once stretching across the wilderness we saw telegraph poles following the coast line. It is wise to let them make the best showing possible. Some of the islands telegraphically are cut off from the rest of the world.

We stopped often. At many of the landings not a house was to be seen. As a rule, there was no pier. The steamer would give her shrill whistle, and as it was re-echoed from the dreary hills, huge black boats came sailing out to meet us. Instead of boats waiting for the steamer, as on the Mississippi, here she waited for them. And then dropping their sails, they rounded her bows and brought up alongside her lower deck; there tumbled into them men and women, and loaves,

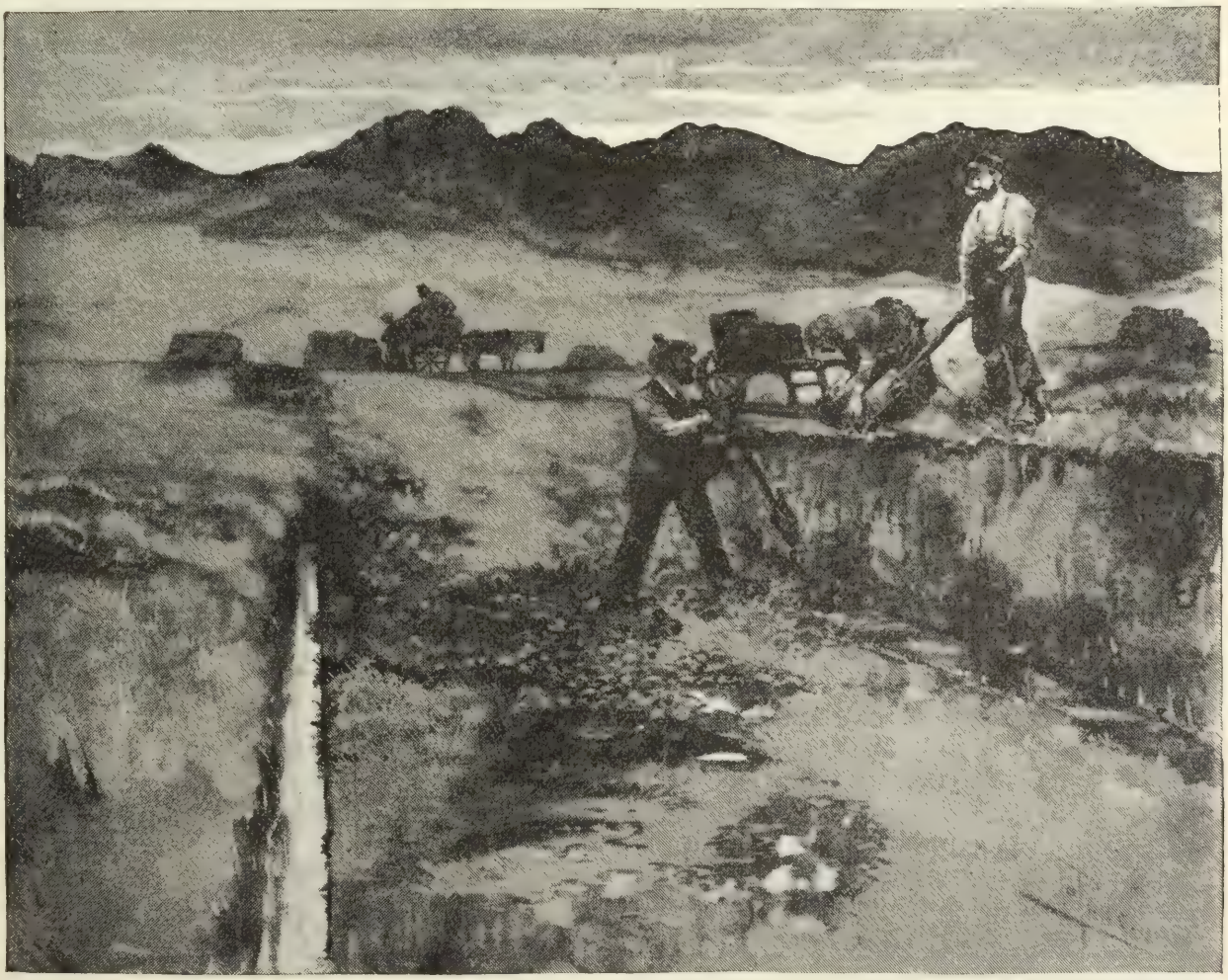
and old newspapers, and ham bones, and bits of meat, for in the islands there are always people on the verge of starvation.

As we neared Harris a little old lady came bustling up on deck. When the steamer stopped in the sound the men in the boats all touched their bonnets to her, a few even got on board to speak to her. She was better than a guide-book, and told the passengers near her all about Harris. She explained the difficulties of the channel through the sound, which, like all Hebridean waters, is full of islands and rocks hidden at high tide, and is unprotected by lights. She pointed out Rodil Kirk, whose gray tower just showed above the green hills. She always called this bit of Harris the Switzerland of the Hebrides, she said. And with its checker-board-like patches of green and yellowing grain between the hills and the water, and lying, while we were there, in sunshine, it might have looked bright and even happy, but for the wretched cottages, of which there were more in this one place than we had seen on all the journey from Iona.

Once, as we watched the boats rounding the steamer's bows, we found ourselves next to this old lady. She seemed so glad to talk that we asked her could she perhaps tell us if the people of Harris were as miserable as their cottages.

"Oh!" she said, "their condition is hopeless." And then she went on to tell us that she lived only for Harris, and that there was no one who knew better than she its poverty. She was, we learned afterward, Mrs. —or Mistress, as Lowlanders on board called her—Thomas. Her husband had been a government surveyor in the island, and since his death she had interested herself in the people, among whom for many years she made her home.

The story of Harris, as she told it, and as we have since read it in the report of the Commission of 1883, is in the main that of all the Islands and Highlands. It is the story of men toiling on land and sea, that by the sweat of their brow they



GATHERING PEAT.



INTERIOR OF A WEAVER'S COTTAGE.

may make, not their own bread, but the venison and game of others. Thousands starve that two or three may have their sport. The land in the Hebrides is barren, it is argued on behalf of the sportsmen. Harris is the barrenest of all, Mrs. Thomas declared. We could see this for ourselves; after the Switzerland of the Hebrides, the mountains rose a solid mass of black rock with scarce a trace of vegetation. But even Harris once supported its people. That was before they were made to share the land with the deer. To-day a few valleys and hill-sides are over-crowded, crofts divided and subdivided, while others, once as green, are now purple with heather, and silent, save for the guns of sportsmen. Deer forests and large farms grow larger and larger; crofts shrink, until from the little patch of ground, long since overworked, the crofter can no longer reap even that which he sows. And yet he sees better land, where perhaps once grew his potatoes and grain, swallowed up in the cruel moors. While his harvest is starvation, deer and grouse live and multiply.

Many villages were cleared when the great deer forest of Harris was extended, not so many years ago. The people were turned from homes where they had always lived, the old with the young, and women about to become mothers. Highlanders love their land. Many went back again and again, even after their cottages were but black piles of ruin. Because he evicts tenants who will not pay their rent, the Irish landlord is called cruel. The evicted in the Hebrides are those who interfere with the landlord's convenience or amusement. The rent has nothing to do with it. And yet of Scotch evictions comparatively little has been heard. Journalists skilled in their trade have published abroad, from one end of the land to the other, the tale of Irish wrongs. But who knows the injustice that has been done in Scotland in order to lay waste broad tracts of good ground? "I will tell you how Rodil was cleared," said John McDiarmid, of Scalpa, to the Commissioners. "There were one hundred and fifty hearths in Rodil. Forty of these paid rent. When young Macleod (the landlord) came home with his newly married wife to Rodil, he went away to show his wife the place, and twenty of the women of Rodil came and met them, and danced

a reel before them, so glad were they to see them. By the time the year was out —twelve months from that day—these twenty women were weeping and wailing, their houses being unroofed and their fires quenched by the orders of the estate. I could not say who was to blame, but before the year was out one hundred and fifty fires were quenched."

As in Rodil, so it was where now stretches the deer forest of Harris—wherever, indeed, deer are hunted in the Highdeer. Slaves could be sold. This was the one thing which the landlord, despite all his rights, could not do with his crofters. He could starve them and their families, turn them adrift, burn their cottages, chase them over seas, there, perhaps, to meet anew starvation, disease, and death. From every part of the Highlands and Islands, from Ross and Argyllshire, as from Sutherland, hundreds and thousands were forced to fly, whether they would or no.



THE "DUNARA CASTLE."

lands. Whoever wants to learn the nature of some of the blessings which come to the many from the proprietary power and right of the few—a right and power to which the Duke of Argyll refers all advance in the Highlands—let him read the *History of the Highland Clearances*, as told by Alexander Mackenzie, the *Gloomy Memories of the Highlands*, by Donald Macleod, himself one of the evicted. Their story is too cruel for me to tell again. Their country was desolate; their cities were burned with fire; their land, strangers devoured it in their presence, and it was desolate. Never did negro slaves in the South fare as did the Highland men and women cleared from the glens and valleys of Sutherland. Slaves at least represented so much money; but the crofter was and *is* less valuable to the laird than his sheep and his

And with those who staid at home, how fared it? The evicted squatted, we would say, on the crofts of friends and relations in other parts of the estate. There was no place else for them to go. When there they sought to solve the bitterest problem of life—how to make that which is but enough for one, serve for two—and therein were unsuccessful. The landlord washed his hands of them and their poverty. They had brought it upon themselves, he reasoned; if crofts were overcrowded, the fault was theirs. You might as well force a man into the jungle or swamp reeking with malaria, and then, when he is stricken, upbraid him for living in such a hot-bed of fever. Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace does not exaggerate when he says, "For a parallel to this monstrous power of the land-owner, under which life and property are entirely

at his mercy, we must go back to mediæval, or to the days when, serfdom not having been abolished, the Russian noble was armed with despotic authority, while the more pitiful results of this landlord tyranny, the wide devastation of cultivated lands, the heartless burning of houses, the reckless creation of pauperism and misery out of well-being and contentment, could only be expected under the rule of Turkish sultans or greedy and cruel pashas."

Emigration is the principal remedy suggested. The landlords of old enforced it, and now, for very shame, are content to commend it. It would leave them alone with their sheep and their game. If the only Highlanders were the gillies and shepherds, there would be an end of bothersome tales of wrongs, rousing the sympathy of the public. The real reason for emigration is that "any remedies which might be expected from land law reform or land acts will be and are likely to be long deferred, while in the mean time the people are dying like dogs from starvation."

It has been urged that it would be better if many of the Islanders, like men of the east coast, became fishermen altogether and gave up their land. But if they did, the gain would not be theirs. In many lochs and bays the people are not allowed to fish for food, because gentlemen must fish for pleasure. Few have boats for deep-sea fishing; none have money to buy them. As it is, in the Long Island they must compete with well-equipped fishing-smacks sent into Northern seas from Billingsgate markets. Not only this, but in both Harris and Lewis piers and harbors are few, and fishing-boats must be light that fishermen may pull them up on shore beyond reach of the tide. In parts of the northern Highlands people have been removed from the glens to the shores in hopes that they would become fishermen; but they were given no boats, no harbors.

The crofters are taking matters into their own hands, because they know there is no one else to help them. In a body they marched upon deer forest and sheep farm, and scattered over the island or drove into



CROFTERS' COTTAGES NEAR UIG, SKYE.

the sea sheep and deer. When there were no more sheep and deer, the landlord would be glad enough to give them back land which in days of old was green with their crops. And now, in further proof of the justice done to crofters, the leaders of these raids await trial in Edinburgh, to which town they cannot afford to bring their witnesses, and where no lawyers of note will defend them.*



A REAL HIGHLAND LASSIE.

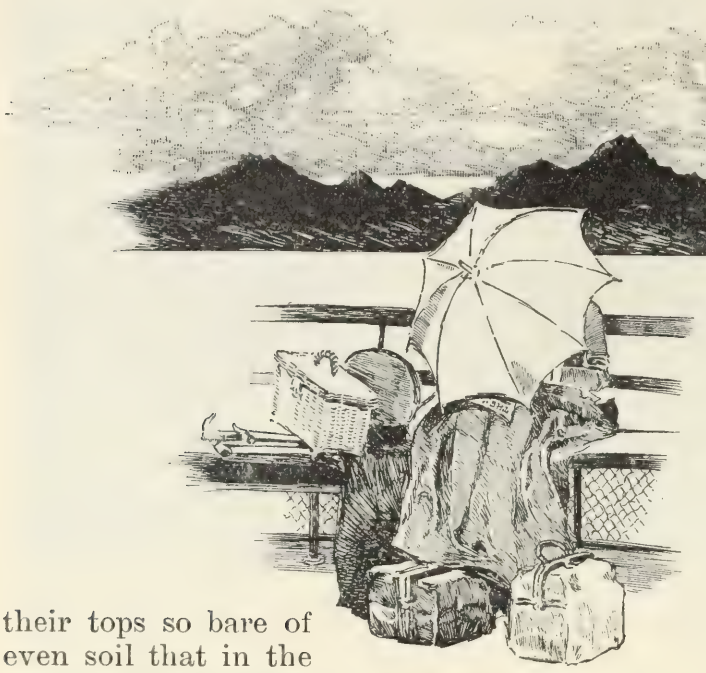
The crofter is a slave not only to landlord and factor, but often to the merchant. The Englishman, when he finds the truck system far from home, cannot too strongly revile it. A report has just come from Newfoundland declaring that because of it a Newfoundlander is no more master of his own destiny than was a mediæval serf or a Southern negro in 1860. The writer need not have gone 1600 miles to the colonies to expose an evil which exists in the British Isles but 600 miles from London. The Duke of Argyll regrets that it is employed in Tiree. His power as proprietor, the one power for good on his estates, stops short most unaccountably where other people might think it could be exercised to best advantage. Many Western-Islanders, like Newfoundlanders, are bound hand and foot to the merchant. The latter provides them on credit with all the necessaries of life, often the poorest in quality, but always the highest in price. In return the crofter's earnings, before he has gained them, belong to the merchant, who, moreover, is at times his employer as well as his creditor. In Harris the women support their families by weaving the famous Harris cloth. To Edinburgh and London tailors it brings good profit; to them, starvation wages, paid in tea or sugar or meal. No money is in circulation on the island. Harris people have given their consent to emigrate, and then at the last moment have been kept prisoners at home because of a debt of years against them.

As we lay by the island of Scalpa, not far from Tarbet, a man came on board from one of the boats. He had a roll of cloth under his arms. He gave it to Mrs. Thomas, and asked if perhaps some one on board would buy it. As we looked at it, he said nothing, but the pitiful pleading of his eyes, and their more pitiful disappointment as he turned away with his cloth, told the story. She tried to dispose of their cloth for them, Mrs. Thomas said, and we have since heard that she buys more from them than even the local merchant.

The *Dunara Castle* finally anchored at Tarbet. The principal building in the village was the large white manse, half hidden in trees. A parson's first care, even if he went to the Cannibal Islands, would be, I fancy, to make himself, or have made for him at somebody else's expense, a comfortable home. There were also on the outskirts of the village two or three new, well-built cottages for men in Lady Scott's, the landlord's, direct service, and a large, excellent hotel, the only place

* Since this was written they have been acquitted, which shows how difficult it was to find a jury to convict men for saving themselves from starvation.

in Tarbet where spirits could be bought. The rich may have their vices, though the poor cannot. Beyond was misery. Wherever we went in the island we found a rocky wilderness, the mountains black as I have never seen them anywhere else,



DOING SKYE.

their tops so bare of even soil that in the sunlight they glistened as if ice-bound. Here and there, around the lochs and sloping with the lower rocky hills, were weed-choked patches of grain and huts wreathed in smoke, their backs turned hopelessly to the road. Near Tarbet there was one burrowed out like a rabbit-hole, its thatched roof set upon the grass and weeds of the hill-side. Just below, in the loch, Lady Scott's steam-yacht came and went. Beyond, her deer forest, a range of black mountains, stretched for miles. Within sight and low on the water were the thick woods, in the heart of which stands her shooting-lodge. The contrast gave the last bitter touch to the condition of the people. They starve on tiny crofts, their only homes; their landlord holds broad acres as playground for a few short weeks.

The hovels were as cheerless within as without. I do not know why it is one takes liberties with the poor one would not dare take with the rich. It is no small evil of poverty that it is everybody's privilege to stare at it. The people of Harris are hospitable, and receive the stranger with courtesy, but you can see that they resent the intrusion. It is not, I fear, to our credit that curiosity got the better of our scruples. We knocked at a cottage door one Sunday afternoon, J——, as excuse, asking for a light. As we drew near we heard the voice of some one reading aloud. Now it was silenced, and a tall old man in his shirt sleeves came to the door with an open Bible in his hands. Within, on the left, was the dwelling-room of the household; on the right, the stable. Cattle and family share the only entrance. Into the room, through a single pane of glass, one ray of daylight fell across the Rembrandt-like shadows. On the mud floor, at the far end, a fire of peat burned with dull red glow, and its thick, choking smoke curled in clouds about the rafters and softened the shadows. We could just make out the figures of two women crouching by the fire, the curtained bed in the corner, the spinning-wheel opposite. All other details were lost in gloom and smoke. Until you see it for yourself, you could not believe that in our nineteenth century men still live like this. Miss Gordon Cumming says that to the spinning and weaving of the women "is due much of such comfort, as we may see by a peep into some of their little homes." But our peep showed us only that women weave and men work in vain, and that to speak of comfort is mockery in a cottage of Harris, or, indeed, in any cottage we saw in any part of the Islands. For all those we went into were alike in their poverty and their darkness. As a rule, the fire burned in the centre on a circle of stones, and over it, from the roof, hung chain and hook for the kettle. They have not changed one jot or tittle since, a century ago, they moved Pennant to pity.

All day long, even when the sun shone, as it did at intervals during our stay, Harris was a land of sorrow and desolation. But in the evening it became a land of beauty. The black rock of the mountain-sides softened into purple shadows against the gold of sky and sea, and in this glory the hovels and the people and the misery disappeared. And when the sun sank behind the western waters and the gold faded, there fell a great peace over the

island. And with it began the twilight, that lingered until it grew into the coming day.

It was on Sunday mornings there was greatest stir in Tarbet. Then the people came from far and near to meet in the little kirk overlooking the loch. We were told comparatively few were at home. This was the season when they go to the east coast, the men to the fishing, the women to the curing houses. But we thought they came in goodly numbers as we watched them winding with the road down the opposite hill-side, and scrambling over the rocks behind the town. Boats, one by one, sailed into the loch and to the pier, bringing with them old women in clean white caps and tartan shawls, younger women in feathered hats and overskirts, men in bonnets and blue sailor cloth. They were a fine-looking set of people, here and there among them a face beautiful with the rich dark beauty of the South—all that is left of the Armada. As they came up upon the pier they stopped in groups under the shelter of a boat-house, for the wind was high, the men to comb their beards and hair, the women to tie each other's bonnet strings and scarfs, to smooth each other's shawls. And all the time scarce a word was spoken. They were as solemn at their toilet as if already they stood in church.



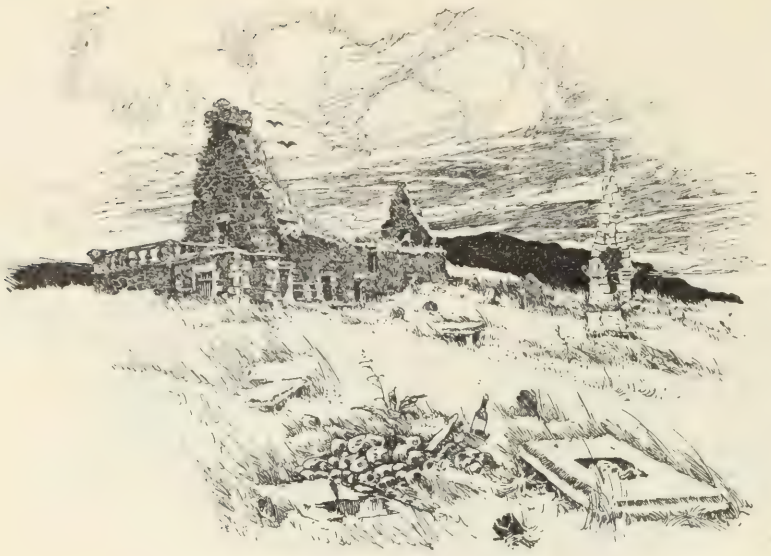
DUNVEGAN CASTLE.

We left Harris, as we came to it, in the *Dunara Castle*, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Uig, in Skye, one morning while the day was still young. The shores were circled about with patches of grain and potatoes and many cottages; and Skye, as we first saw it, seemed fair and fertile after the rocks of Harris. Its people are little better off, however. It was here, about Uig, on the estates of Captain Fraser, that crofters rebelled in 1884, as those of Lewis are rebelling to-day. Their rents in many cases have been reduced, their arrears cancelled; but, landlords as they exist, or crofters, must go before there can be more than negative improvement in the Islands.

We went the next day to Dunvegan. The road lay over long miles of moors, with now and then beautiful distant views of the mountains of Harris, but pale blue shadows on the western horizon, and of the high peaks of the Cuchullins, dark and sombre above the moorland.

Here and there at long intervals we came to the wretched groups of cottages we had begun to know so well. Old witch-like women and young girls passed, bent double under loads of peat or sea-weed, so heavy that were the same thing seen in Italy, English people would long since have filled columns of the *Times* with their sympathy. As it is, these burdens are accepted as a matter of course, or sometimes even as but one of the many picturesque elements of Highland life. From one writer one hears of the Skye lassies, half hidden under bundles of heather, stopping to laugh and chatter. From another, of Lewis women knitting contentedly as they walked along with creels, bearing burdens that would have appalled a railway porter of the south, strapped to their backs. We saw no smiles, no signs of contentment. On the faces of the strongest women there was a look of weariness and of pain. But perhaps the most pathetic faces in this land of sorrow were those of the children, already pinched and careworn.

The chief complaint was the same wherever we went. "We have not



GRAVEYARD OF THE MACLEOD.

enough land; we could and would pay rent willingly if we had more ground to cultivate. As it is, our crofts are not large enough to keep us in food." The outside world has been busy watching the battle in Ireland. Little attention has been spared to the Highlands. Yet every small paragraph on the subject for which newspapers can make room between accounts of stolen breeches and besieged members of Parliament, shows the determination of the men who are fighting the battle in the far north. If troops are kept in Ireland, if Welsh tithes can only be collected by Hussars, war ships are sent to the Islands. If Irishmen, protected by the Land League, refuse to pay rent, so do Scotch crofters. Indeed the latter are far more determined and daring. They know, too, how to hold together. In Glendale, an out-of-the-way corner of Skye to which strangers seldom penetrate, not a crofter has paid rent for five years. An old man, tenant on another estate, told us about them with pride. "No, sir," he said, "they have no paid a penny for five years; but the factor he will keep friends with them. He will know ferry well if he wass not their friend it will be worse trouble that will be coming whatever."

Beyond the inn, the road led through a dense wood to the castle of the Macleod of Macleod. Trees will not grow on Hebridean soil until the laird wishes to raise them for himself. Then they thrive well enough. Of course we did not expect to find them growing on northern exposed shores. But surely there must be other sheltered spots besides those directly around the laird's house. However, it is the same with his crops. Broad acres are covered by his grain and that of his large tenants; his pasture-land is fresh and green. It is a strange fact that only when the crofter asks to cultivate the land does it become absolutely barren. It is but a step from the wild, lonely moorland to the beautiful green wood at Dunvegan. Landward it shuts in the Castle, whose turreted keep rises high above the ivy-grown battlemented walls, crowning a rocky island in a sheltered corner of the loch. The water has been drained from the natural moat, but the rock falls sheer and steep from the castle gate, and the drawbridge still spans the gulf below.

Almost at the end of the woods, and yet sheltered by them, was a pretty old-fashioned flower-garden, surrounded by well-clipped hedges, and as well cared for as the garden of an English castle. Nearer to the inn, on a low hill, was the graveyard of the Macleod. We pushed open the tumbled-down gate and squeezed through. The resting-place of the dead Macleod lies desolate; not far off is the garden, with smooth lawn and many blos-



TOMB OF MACLEOD.

soms. A few flowers less, perhaps, and at least the bottles and tins that defile what should be a holy place could be cleared away. And this graveyard, with its broken tombs and roofless chapel, is a ruin of yesterday. A century ago Dr. Johnson saw it still cared for and in order. The people in Dunvegan told us that twenty years since the roof fell in; it has never been repaired.

To-day Macleod of Macleod is a poor man. One year of famine, to keep the crofters from starving, he emptied his own purse. It is but another proof of the uselessness of misdirected charity. What did it profit the crofters that Macleod became for their sake a bankrupt? They still starve. He who would really help them must be not only their benefactor, but their emancipator.

From Dunvegan to Struan it was all moorland. The shadeless road ran for miles between the heather, from which now and again, as we passed, rose the startled grouse. Far in front were the Cuchullins, only their high jagged peaks showing above the clouds that hung heavy about them.

After Struan we were still on the moors. The only breaks in the monotony were the showers, the mile-stones, and the water-falls. The mountains, upon which we had counted for the beauty of the walk, were now completely lost in the clouds. Not until we were within two miles of Sligachan did the thick veil before them roll slowly up, showing us peaks rising beyond peaks, rugged hollows, and deep precipices. But it fell again almost at once, and for the rest of the way we saw but one high mountain coming out and being swallowed up again in the mist and clouds.

In Portree, a miniature Oban, we lost all courage. We might have gone back to Loch Coruishk; we might have tramped to take a nearer view of the Old Man of Storr, which we had already seen in the distance; we might have walked to Armadale, steamed to Strome Ferry. There were, in fact, many things we could and should have done; but we had seen enough of the miserable life in the Islands, those great deserts, with but here and there a lovely oasis for the man of wealth. Our walks had been long; we were tired physically and sick mentally. And so early one morning we took the boat at Portree back to the main-land.

That evening Oban did its best for us. The sun went down in red fire beyond Mull's now purpling hills. And as the burning after-glow cooled into the quiet twilight, we looked for the last time on the island of Mull. It seemed in its new beauty to have found peace and rest. May this seeming have become reality before we again set foot on Hebridean shores!

Note.—The Crofters' Act of 1886 was supposed to do away with the crofters' wrongs. As yet it has accomplished little. In some cases the Commissioners appointed for the purpose have lowered the extortionate rents which crofters have been starving for years to pay. Now that agitation in the Islands has made it absolutely necessary that something should be done for the people, in one or two test cases those clauses of the act which prevent landlords evicting tenants at their own pleasure have been enforced. Beyond this, the condition of the people is absolutely no better than it was before the act was passed. They have not enough land to support them, and when they appeal for more their landlord answers, as Lady Matheson has just answered her small tenants in Lewis, "The land is mine; you have nothing to do with it." Nothing has been done for the cotters, who have no land at all; nothing for fishermen, who are, if possible, worse off at the end of the fishing season than they were at the beginning. The money appropriated for the building of piers and harbors and the purchase of boats has not as yet been put to its proper use. For two hundred years the people have been evicted. Now the landlords' eviction has begun with the departure of the notorious Lady Matheson from Lewis.





TOO CONSIDERATE.

MRS. BROWN. "Oh, Mrs. Smith, *do* have that sweet baby of yours brought down to show my husband—he's never seen it."
MR. BROWN. "Oh, pray don't trouble on *my* account."
—Drawn by GEORGE DU MAURIER.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE amusing caricatures of Lord Brougham which used to appear in *Punch* were probably as faithful likenesses as the general popular conception of a public man. Such a man is usually described in such an exaggerated manner that the common impression of him is undoubtedly a caricature. His real personality is known only to his friends. The public sees merely the figure of common report, of the newspaper, of gossip, which distorts him, not because of any individual ill-will toward him, but from the supposed necessity, for some interested purpose, of representing him in a particular light. It seems to be only with the greatest difficulty and by an extraordinary exertion that we admit the honesty of a man who differs from us upon an essential or engrossing question. Some years ago a warm political partisan said, in humorous earnestness, to a friend with whom he differed, "I am so sorry, for I hoped to meet you in heaven." It was impossible for the good man to suppose that any other man whose politics he did not approve could get to heaven. There are, however, so many people with improper politics that it would be quite worth while to consider whether for that reason they must be necessarily excluded from paradise.

There is a fatal tendency to estimate conduct by the meanest motives when a good one is very obvious and most probable. Mr. Gladstone, at the end of a long life and of an illustrious public career, announces that he has changed his mind upon a great question of public policy. He has changed his mind before, acknowledging that in the lights of larger thought and experience his old views seemed to him unsound. But upon this occasion he is denounced as an enemy of the British Empire, recklessly seeking its dissolution, willing to plunge his country into sorrow and ruin—vain, self-righteous, and senile—because he wishes again to be Prime-Minister. The question upon which his views have changed is one that has long vexed England. Its statesmanship has grappled with it in vain, and the tale of the unsettled problem is one of tragedy seldom equalled. It is a question with which as Prime-Minister he has been brought into intimate relations. He knows by experience its character and gravity. His mind is comprehensive, his intelligence great, his sagacity confessed. It is a subject worthy of the profoundest consideration of the ablest and most upright of statesmen; and after deliberation enlightened by knowledge and experience, he decides that the welfare of the empire, the peace, contentment, and happiness of England and Ireland, require the pursuit of a certain policy. It is a question certainly upon which men may patriotically and honorably differ. But Mr. Gladstone is at once universally caricatured by those who differ from his views into a figure as grotesque as Gilray's Napoleon.

This passionate vehemence of misrepresentation is always more or less calculated. It is shrewd to give a bad name to a dog that you mean to shoot, because everybody agrees that a mad dog should be killed. But whether the dog is really mad is a question which has little chance of consideration in the impetuous chase and cry. That Mr. Gladstone, of course, wishes to be Prime-Minister, and that he would scruple at no means to compass the object of his desire, is boisterously and incessantly alleged, and there is so much meanness and contemptible motive familiar to the indifferent or careless reader that unconsciously, with the incessant iteration, he has presently in his mind a kind of monster trying to clutch Britain and tear it asunder, which is labelled Gladstone.

Now Lord Brougham was not beautiful to behold, but yet *Punch* maligned him. He was not a man merely to be laughed at, like *Punch's* Brougham. So Mr. Gladstone, despite the chorus, is not Guy Fawkes prowling among barrels of gunpowder in the vaults of Parliament House. The honorable explanation of his course is the more probable. It is the welfare of the empire through what he believes to be justice to Ireland, not a few months more of high office at any cost to his country and to his renown, which is his animating motive. His view may be mistaken. His policy may be disastrous to British unity. That is a speculation. Nobody can know it. But why is he less likely to be patriotic or wise or just than the London *Times*, for instance, a journal whose principle has been always

to take sides with the stronger, not with the better, party, whichever it may be? If Mr. Gladstone probably desires place, why may not the London *Times* desire profit? And if the statesman thinks it to be for his personal interest to advocate home rule, why may not the *Times* think it to be for its pecuniary benefit to oppose it?

The high purpose of the newspaper may be granted. But why must that of the statesman be denied? Why should intelligent and patriotic Englishmen, because they think a man's views unsound or even dangerous to the imperial unity, detest him as designedly a public enemy? In parliamentary or popular systems of government good faith in difference of view must be assumed, or the opponent must be resisted as a public enemy, which is the end of popular government. In friendly or fair discussion what is called "imputing motives" is not permissible. A man's arguments may be riddled and demolished if possible, but to try to turn them by alleging that they are dishonestly uttered, and for a selfish purpose, is to strike below the belt.

If a man be troubled by this treatment of public men—if the statesman or the soldier or the citizen whom he admires and honors is the victim of this imputation of base motives—he has only to look at history to be consoled. The contemporaneous estimates of conspicuous men are often very different from the verdict of history. This is especially true of partisan contention. Facts, indeed, remain. No lapse of time outlaws the infamy of Arnold. But the hasty judgments of heated controversy are revised by the calm scrutiny of time, and the man whom his own age reviles and crucifies is reverenced by later ages as a benefactor and a saint. Old John Adams appealed to posterity against the verdict of his angry opponents, and posterity has heard and confirmed his appeal. Mr. Gladstone's character and motives will be judged finally by a wiser tribunal than the passionate partisanship and angry denunciation which now surround him, and meanwhile it is satisfactory to reflect that those who think best of men judge them most truly.

No one who sees the "Wild West Show" can wonder that Buffalo Bill deeply impressed our English cousins. The old Viking and Berserker survives in John Bull. A certain savage strain lingers in his tastes, which Taine sensitively apprehended. His prize-fights and Mohawk rioting, his tiger and elephant hunting, his excursions to shoot buffalo and grizzly bears, are in one view manly sports, and in another brutal survivals. Then Mayfair in London is sated. It has exhausted every resource of costly luxury. It is jaded, and the sudden appearance of living Indians, and the life of the far West as it is actually seen, was an agreeable shock of surprise, and gave it a real emotion.

This cannot be fully comprehended until the spectacle is seen, and nowhere probably can it be seen so advantageously as upon Staten Island, where it was established for the whole summer two years ago, and for some weeks during this summer. At Erastina, the name given to a part of the village of Mariners' Harbor, on the north shore of the island, opposite Newark Bay, the Wild West camp was pitched. The rapid transit railroad from St. George, the New York ferry landing, brought the crowd to the gate, and the excursion steamer landing is near by. The ground selected was a large level tract, part of which was enclosed for the arena, an open oblong space from a third to half a mile around, with the grand stand across one end, and stands extending part of the length of the course on both sides. Outside of the arena, and behind one of the ranges of seats, is a grove, in which the Indian wigwams were erected, by which the crowd passed on the way to the grand stand.

The extent of the enterprise and its cost were here perceived. There was a company of more than a hundred Indians, with cow-boys, Mexicans, and attendants, and a large drove of horses. It was naturally a difficult multitude to control, but the organization of the management seemed to be admirable. The order was perfect, and there was an aspect of vigilance, promptness, and force among the managers which was very obvious. Colonel Cody, or Buffalo Bill, is evidently an admirable chief of such an enterprise. He is sagacious, alert, and bold. One afternoon a drunken man strayed into the arena and made a disturbance, which among Sioux and other Indians might readily have led to trouble. But Cody, upon his horse, at once dashed up to the offender at full speed, and seizing him

and throwing him across his horse, swept him suddenly off the field, and he was instantly put out. Another story is told at Erastina of the saloons which had sold liquor to the Indians. Nothing could be more dangerous, for a crowd of drunken savages would have devastated the village. Buffalo Bill also better than any one comprehended the peril, went at once to the saloon-keepers and reminded them of the fine for selling liquor to Indians. "However," he said, "you probably don't mind that, so I have called to say that if any more liquor is sold to my Indians, when they are mad drunk I'll turn them loose on the village." No more liquor was sold, and the Indians were very peaceable, strolling along the shore, watching the strange life of civilization, and buying with childish eagerness all kinds of little articles in the shops.

The spectacle of the arena was a perfectly faithful reproduction of common scenes upon the plains. First, groups of Indians, painted and decorated, galloped at full speed by the stand, racing and crying, followed by chiefs singly, and by clusters of women, cow-boys, and Mexicans. They all turned as they retired, and formed a large, gay, and motley throng across the arena, then advanced toward the stand, then wheeled, and suddenly and in a wild whirl darted to the farther end and disappeared. Then came an emigrant train, with huge baggage wagons in which sat the women and children, the men armed, riding slowly and wearily along, the faithful watch-dog trotting gravely ahead. On the half-dusty turf it was "the thing itself." As the train pushed slowly on, an Indian scout, then another and another, appeared, watching and studying its force. Suddenly, on the full run, a party of Indians darted to the attack and opened fire. The men of the train returned the fire, and after a brief skirmish between them, Buffalo Bill with a party of rescuers swept up, firing as they came, and the Indians, repulsed, disappeared, and the train resumed its perilous and solitary way.

A similar scene was the Indian attack upon the Deadwood coach. This was the identical carriage which used to cross the plains; and as it drew up before the grand stand, guided by its old driver, volunteer passengers were invited. The coach was filled. The armed guard sat upon the top, and it departed upon its journey. A similar assault to that upon the emigrants was made by the Indians, and a very lively little battle followed. The Indians played with such zeal and earnestness that there was an air of great reality in the combat. One of the legends of the grand stand is that of a party of volunteers who set forth gayly in the coach; but the attack was so vividly "realistic," and the dusky cloud of Indians enveloping the coach had such an air of "playing in earnest," that a suspicion of stray bullets in the rifles evidently crossed the minds of some of the passengers, for upon the repulse of the Indians by Buffalo Bill and his gallant men, two of the dismayed amateur travellers were found stowed under the seats and two had fainted.

The promise of Buffalo Bill as he rides to the front, the last of the cavalcade which opens the exhibition, and says that actual scenes of frontier life will be presented, is kept to the letter. The camping of the Indians and a skirmish with a hostile tribe, the races, the riding of bucking horses, the rifle-shooting, are all genuine; and the buffalo hunt, although it has a perfunctory air, and although the placid buffalo cantering solemnly round the track are evidently free from annoying alarms, yet is probably not unlike the actual chase. These scenes, rude and actual, presented to Mayfair, must naturally have produced a remarkable impression, like Schuyler's Indian chiefs presented at court in the last century.

The only serious objection to the exhibition that the Easy Chair has heard is that which was urged almost with tearful earnestness by one of the most reasonable and excellent of women. It is pitiful and wicked, she said, that just as a hopeful effort is made to interest the intelligent country in the civilization of the Indian, his squalid savagery should be made a circus spectacle to degrade him in the minds of the people, and to stimulate all the worst dime novel tastes and tendencies among boys. But the good critic did not speak from observation or knowledge. Had she seen the spectacle she would have discovered that the Indian was not degraded in her mind by showing himself as he is. Indeed, the performance is merely like one of his own games upon the plains, and he does not lose in dignity. On the contrary, the spectacle leaves prob-

ably a more accurate impression of the Indian than can be gained except by a visit to the plains.

Certainly the effect supposed by the critic is not produced, and it is not at all of the kind injurious to the colored people which is due to the Ethiopian minstrels. It is, indeed, the raw material of the Indian that is seen, and not that which has been already influenced in a degree by civilization. But no one seems to hold sounder or humaner views of the Indian, or of the duties that we owe him, and the manner in which they should be discharged, than Buffalo Bill.

THE Easy Chair heard the other day of a Browning club in a Western State which for some mysterious reason preferred not to be known as such, but which was betrayed by its own zeal and devotion. It decided to hold a reception at which everything should be brown. A brown tablecloth was covered with brown china. Brown bread and brown sugar held places of honor. The hosts appeared in brown dresses. Brown curtains were hung over the windows. Brown was universal, and when one of the guests, looking around the room, at last exclaimed, "Well, I declare I really believe you are a Browning club," there was no member in brown hardy enough to deny it. Matthew Arnold was in a remote and small village among the New England hills, which reminded him, he said, in some way of a solitary hamlet in the Tyrol. "And what," he asked, "do the good people do for amusement?" "Well," said his companion, "they had a lecture on Browning last week." Arnold lifted up his hands in amazement and laughed, as he replied, "I am evidently not in the Tyrol."

The interest in Browning is a very striking and significant fact. He has never been a popular poet in England, although for nearly half a century he has been regarded as the only real competitor of Tennyson for the highest place in contemporary English poetry. Like Carlyle, he was first recognized in America as a literary figure of the first importance. He is too obscure a poet for the general reader. Very few of his poems are popular in the sense of the word as applied to Scott or Byron or Tennyson or Longfellow, and he has contributed few lines or phrases or characters to current and familiar speech. But no poet of the time seems to have taken stronger hold upon the enthusiasm of the readers of poetry in this country.

This is perhaps especially true of the West, where literary culture is sought by many young people with an ardor and earnestness which are remarkable. To such a class, the very fact of the obscurity of Browning's verse is an allurement, because it gives them a reason for devoted study and comparative interpretation. A Longfellow or Tennyson club would be constituted for the pleasure of reading the works of those poets, and perhaps of tracing their development from earlier literary influences and sources. But the meaning and purpose of their poetry and its general scope would not be a subject of investigation or discussion.

There is indeed the feeling in regard to the Browning club that the members are attracted by the god because he is unknown—*omne ignotum pro magnifico.* Yet it is not his obscurity alone which attracts, but the evident conviction that the mystery is but the cloud enveloping an Alp, on which the edelweiss blooms and the chamois leaps. Thackeray one day came in upon a friend reading Browning, and after expressing his surprise, asked him if he understood what he read. When his friend said that he thought he did, Thackeray answered, with rueful humor, "I wish I could, but I have no head above my eyes." He evidently had the feeling that there was something to be understood, and not that it was all "rubbish." It is this conviction which animates the clubs. Doubtless the peering commentators often see what is not to be seen, and Browning has himself accepted certain interpretations as probably correct. Hawthorne said that a painter is entitled to the credit of everything that anybody sees in his picture, and a poet is not likely to disclaim the diamond which is found in his mine.

It must be said also that there is not necessarily the kind and degree of general literary culture in a community which would seem to be implied by the concerted study of a recondite author. The Browning clubs signify probably that among the readers of current literature, who are not scholars nor critically versed even in the English classics, but who have a literary taste which is gratified by the magazines and by contemporary authors, the apparent puzzle of Browning's verse offers an attraction to which it is pleasant to yield.

The philosophic systems and spiritual meaning which the hierophants often discover are perhaps not unlike the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces which rise and multiply and fill with stately splendor the sunset west. Yet the Easy Chair holds with Hawthorne that that is legitimate. If you find something there, it is there, whether the poet meant to place it there or not. But we must not dogmatize and insist that others shall see it, and own that it only is the key to the poem.

In the literary taste and earnestness, the diligence of study and ingenuity of interpretation, which show themselves in this way amid all the material prosperity and development of the great West, there are interesting signs of the spirit which will enrich and elevate its life. That these signs appear so largely among the young women is most promising for the future. The tastes of the girls of to-day will affect the training of the children of to-morrow, of whom those girls will be the mothers. The Browning clubs will have their influence not less than the grain elevators. Literary and intellectual culture must begin and must long be imperfect. But what is called half-culture and superficial and smattering knowledge are the germination of the seed. It will be whole culture and fuller knowledge presently.

The criticism which is sometimes made of Western cultivation that it is superficial is equally true and is sometimes expressed of American culture in general. No part of the country can raise its eyebrows upon this point at any other, even were it so disposed. The most scholarly and thoroughly trained men among us are too well aware of the facts to permit the indulgence of any merely local feeling. The Browning clubs of the New England hills are signs in no way different from those of the Western prairies. A sign of the same general kind was the interest in the lecture lyceum of thirty and forty years ago, and that was essentially alike in Vermont and in Illinois, except that it was more universal and vigorous in the latter State.

It is not only for the light that they throw upon Browning, but for that rosy hue which is cast upon American prospects, that the Browning clubs are interesting and suggestive. They are the happy heralds of the future.

"'The isles are just at hand,' they cried,
'Like cloudlets faint at even sleeping;
Our temple gates are opened wide,
Our olive groves thick shade are keeping,
For the lucid shapes you bring.'"

Editor's Study.

I.

IT is hardly worth while to attempt a full record of what has been done in fiction since the Study last gave its attention to that branch of literature. To note even the important events in it with the hope of doing justice to specific achievements is something beyond us. At best one can expect merely to appreciate with loose generality the work of new hands, and gratefully to welcome the increasing skill and power of some old ones.

Among these it seems to us that the touch of Mr. Henry James is of such excellent maturity in the short stories which he has lately printed that it would be futile to dispute his primacy in most literary respects. We mean his primacy not only among fabling Americans, but among all who are presently writing fiction. It is with an art richly and normally perfected from intentions evident in his earliest work that he now imparts to the reader his own fine sense of character and motive, and gives his conceptions a distinctness and definition really unapproached. There never was much 'prentice faltering in him; the danger was rather that in one so secure of his literary method from the first, a mere literary method might content to the end; but with a widening if not a deepening hold on life (all must admit that his hold has widened, whoever denies that it has deepened) this has clearly not contented him. No one has had more to say to his generation of certain typical phases than he, and he has had incomparably the best manner of saying it. Of course it can always be urged by certain mislikers of his—and he has them in force enough to witness the vast impression he has made—that these typical phases are not the important phases; but if they do this

they must choose wholly to ignore such a novel as *The Princess Casamassima*. It is in a way discreditable to our time that a writer of such quality should ever have grudging welcome; the fact impeaches not only our intelligence, but our sense of the artistic. It will certainly amaze a future day that such things as his could be done in ours and meet only a feeble and conditional acceptance from the "best" criticism, with something little short of ribald insult from the common cry of literary paragraphers. But happily the critics do not form an author's only readers; they are not even his judges. These are the editors of the magazines, which are now the real avenues to the public; and their recent unanimity in presenting simultaneously some of the best work of Mr. James's life in the way of short stories indicates the existence of an interest in all he does, which is doubtless the true measure of his popularity. With "The Aspern Papers" in *The Atlantic*, "The Liar" in *The Century*, "A London Life" in *Scribner's*, and "Louisa Pallant" and "Two Countries" in *Harper's*, pretty much all at once, the effect was like an artist's exhibition. One turned from one masterpiece to another, making his comparisons, and delighted to find that the stories helped rather than hurt one another, and that their accidental massing enhanced his pleasure in them.

II.

Masterpieces, we say, since the language does not hold their betters for a high perfection of literary execution at all points. "Louisa Pallant," for instance, is an unmixed pleasure if you delight in a well-taken point of view, and then a story that runs easily from the lips of the imagined narrator, characterizing him no less subtly than the persons of the tale, in English to the last degree informal and to the last degree refined. Just for attitude, just for light, firm touch, the piece is simply unsurpassed outside the same author's work. We speak now only of the literature, and leave the doubter to his struggle with the question whether a mother would have done all that about a daughter; and we will not attempt to decide whether the American wife in the "Two Countries" would have killed herself if her English husband had written a book against her native land. These were to us very minor points compared with the truthfulness of the supposed case and the supposed people, just as in "A London Life" it doesn't so much matter whether poor Laura marries or not as whether the portrait of Mr. Wendover is not almost too good to be felt by the public which reads in running, and whether some touch of Selina's precious badness may not be lost. There are depths under depths in the subtle penetrations of this story, the surprise of which should not be suffered to cheapen the more superficial but not less brilliant performance in "The Liar"; for there too is astonishing divination, and a clutch upon the unconscious motives which are scarcely more than impulses, instincts.

III.

To pass from these tales to such a novel as *The Man Behind* is to compass a distance as vast as that between the dense, highly organized European social life of to-day and the more crude materials of society as they existed in the great Middle West forty years ago. But in a genuine feeling for human nature Mr. Henry James and Mr. T. S. Denison, who publishes his own book as well as writes it, are not so far apart but that the Study can welcome them alike to the hospitality it rejoices to show all good work. The simple, the rude new-country life which most Americans of fifty have known, but which, with loss and gain, few Americans will know hereafter, is the setting of an action neither novel nor peculiarly ours. Men have so often tempted women to self-betrayal and then left them to their ruin, while they prospered on to riches and honors, that the fate of an ambitious farm-boy and backwoods girl could have no special claim upon the reader's interest if it were not for the local truth which the author is able to impart, or unable to withhold. We should like to say, if we might say it without offence, how it seems often the limited perspective which gives his work infinite pathos for those whose bounds have widened. His work has a real importance because of his apparent unconsciousness, because his ideals of worldly splendor address themselves simply to the intelligence of that wholesome majority of our people whose experience of more metropolitan glories is small or null. At the same time it has a truth to human nature in generals and in details which is uncommon—a greater truth to this always than to character in

its more fluctuant shades and more flexible expressions. Such as it is, Mr. Denison's work has very distinct value, and the public, which is not suffering from over-production in that kind, ought to be glad of it, and want more of it.

IV.

Perhaps we can make clearer some points concerning Mr. Denison's work by contrasting it with Miss S. O. Jewett's in her late volume, *The King of Folly Island*, and other sketches. Here there is a knowledge of common life (we call it common, but it is not vulgar, like the life of most rich and fashionable people) not less intimate than his, and a kindness for it quite as great; but it is studied from the outside, and with the implication of a world of interests and experiences foreign to it. Of course Miss Jewett's lovely humor, so sweet and compassionate, goes for much in the tacit appeal, the mute aside, to the sympathetic reader for his appreciation of the several situations; but nothing is helplessly or involuntarily good in the effect; all was understood before and aimed at, and there is a beautiful mastery in the literature, which charms equally with the fine perception. From first to last both are so unfaltering in such a sketch as "Sister Wisby's Courtship" or "Miss Peck's Promotion" that one is tempted to call the result perfect, and take the consequences. At the same time the writer's authority is kept wholly out of sight; she is not sensibly in her story any more than a painter is in his picture. It is in this that her matured skill or her intuitive self-control shows to the disadvantage of a very clever writer like the author of *Tenting at Stony Beach*, who has herself too much in mind, and lets the reader see it. With the latter, humor occasionally degenerates into smartness; nevertheless it is for the most part very genuine humor, and it includes a lively sense of character both among the South Shore natives and the summer folks. The pretty girl of our civilization, who pushes into the canvas home of the tenters, is caught with much of Mr. James's neatness, while Marsh Yates, the "shif'less toot," and his beautiful, energetic wife, and Randy Rankin and her husband, are verities beyond his range.

V.

It is a pity that Miss Pool does not hold her hand altogether from caricature and melodrama; but it must be owned she does not. Still we are indebted to her for some types, if not some characters; and to Mr. Cable in his inter-related sketches called *Bonaventure* we owe the pleasure of some fresh characters in a romantic atmosphere where we could not have hoped for anything better than types. The book is no such book as *The Grandissimes;* let that be fairly understood before we praise it for qualities proper to its slighter texture. *The Grandissimes* is one of the great novels of our time, whereas *Bonaventure* is simply one of the gracefulest romances, in which high motive, generous purpose, and picturesque material answer for the powerful realities of the other. The facts of the case—the aspiration and the heroic self-sacrifice of the young creole school-master among the Acadians of Louisiana—are given by a species of indirection, a kind of tacking, which recalls Judd's method in his *Margaret*, a book which Mr. Cable could not have had in mind, but to which his work assimilates itself in the romantic atmosphere common to them both. It has its charm, but it also has a misty intangibility which baffles, which vexes. Nevertheless this too is the work of a master who gives us for the time what he thinks best, and who has not yet begun to deliver his whole message to a world where few of the prophets have both head and heart. We see in him a curious process of evolution, in which the citizen, the Christian, seems to threaten the artist; but out of which we trust to see them issue in indissoluble alliance for the performance of services to humanity higher than any yet attempted. It is the conscience of Mr. Cable that gives final value to all he does; it will avail him with readers similarly endowed against any provincial censure, and will not suffer him to slight any side of his most important work, or to forget that art is the clearest medium of truth.

It is a very delicate medium, however, and it breaks unless the ethical intention it is meant to carry is very carefully adjusted. One feels that something of this sort is the trouble with Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins's book, which she calls *Uncle Tom's Tenement.* It is the work of an intellectual woman, and it is written with noble purpose from abundant knowledge; it interests, it touches, it stirs; but it is wanting in æsthetic solidarity, and one is sensible at last that,

with all the fervor of its episodes, it must be judged on its economic side, if it is to be judged for what mainly occupied the writer. She has found that the tenement-house curse of New York has its origin primarily in the rapacity of the landlords, and secondarily in the savagery of the tenants; the former have accustomed the latter to squalor, till now they prefer it. The reform must begin in the consciences of the landlords, who ought to give their tenants improved tenements, and then the tenants ought to be educated up to their opportunities by surveillance and discipline. The abuses alleged are all undeniable and sickening enough; the extortions practised are atrocious; the abominations and indecencies unspeakable. If ever prosperity visits these miserable homes in the shape of better wages, it is seized and confiscated to the landlord's behoof in an increased rent. The disease is well studied, and the symptoms all clearly ascertained; the remedy proposed is more conscience in the landlords. But is there any hope of permanent cure while the conditions invite one human creature to exploit another's necessity for his profit, or a bad man, under the same laws, may at any moment undo the work of a good one? This is the poignant question which the book seems to leave unanswered. It is so poignant that we are fain to turn from it to more strictly literary interests again, and try to forget it.

VI.

It was not because the censure of Mr. Cable was sectional or local that we were tempted just now to call it provincial, but because it was narrow-minded, the censure of people who would rather be flattered than appreciated; and in this sort the sum of our national censure of Mr. James is provincial. It is extraordinary that any one could read *The Reverberator* and not cry out in grateful recognition of its thorough Americanism; it makes one afraid that the author's patriotism has mistaken us, and that we are really a nation of snobs, who would rather be supposed to have fine manners than good qualities; or that we are stupid, and cannot perceive the delicate justice that rights us in spite of ourselves. But there is no mistake in his art, which, beginning with such a group of Americans as the Dossons and their friend the reporter of the society newspaper on the plane of their superficial vulgarity, ends with having touched into notice every generous and valuable point in them, and espoused their cause against that of the grander world. In the case of the obtuse Flack this effect is almost miraculous, in that of Mr. Dosson and his daughter Delia it is charming, and in that of Francie Dosson adorable. We leave the Probert group of Gallicized Americans to those who know them better, though Francie's lover Gaston goes to one's heart; but the Dossons are all true and verifiable in their inexpugnable innocence at any turn in the international world which Mr. James has discovered for us. Francie Dosson, with her beauty, her fineness, her goodness, and her helpless truth, is a marvellous expression of the best in American girlhood. She unwittingly does her lover's people an awful mischief, and to the end she remains half persuaded of Mr. Flack's theory that people really like to have their private affairs written up in the papers; but all the same she remains lovable, and Gaston loves her. "*Sie war liebenswürdig und er liebte sie.*" Mr. James makes you feel once again that this settles it.

VII.

As for Flack, he is perfect, the very genius of society journalism. But apparently, however indigenous with us, his species is not confined to our own country in its origin, if we may believe Señor Valdés in his latest novel, *El Cuarto Poder*, or *The Fourth Estate*, or the newspaper press mainly as it exists in the little seaport city of Sarrió, somewhere in northwestern Spain of to-day. Sinforoso Suarez is the resonant Spanish of the nature if not of the name of Flack, though with a mellifluousness and a malignity added which are foreign to Flack; for as a rule the American interviewer wishes his victim no harm, and does not ordinarily aim at fine writing, even when he achieves it. But, as in Mr. James's story, journalism is a subordinate interest of Señor Valdés's novel, which is mainly a picture of contemporary life in a Spanish town. The reader of these pages need be at no loss to conjecture our opinion of this author's work, and from the versions of his *Marquis of Peñalta* and his *Maximina* any English reader can test it for himself. We will only say that, without their unity, *El Cuarto Poder* is in other respects a greater work than either; its range is vaster, its

tolerance as charming, its sympathy with all good things as pervasive, its humor delicious. Don Rosendo Bellinchón and the cigar girl whom he marries; their son Pablo, from boyhood to youth immoral, reckless, and cowardly; and their daughters Cecilia and Ventura, are, with Gonzalo de las Cuevas, the husband of Ventura, the principal persons, around whom are grouped the vividly painted *personnel* and circumstance of Sarrió. The novel is mainly the tragic story of Gonzalo, who abandons Cecilia and marries Ventura, and experiences through her ambition and treachery the truth of his uncle's saying, that God himself cannot help the man who breaks his word. But he is not a false person, only simply, helplessly true, and there grows up between him and Cecilia the sweetest and purest friendship ever imagined in fiction; it is most beautifully and courageously done; it consoles him in the worst affliction, but it cannot save him. Spanish aristocracy as it survives, intellectualized and agnosticized, into modern times is studied with irony that would be bitter, if Valdés could be bitter, in the Duque de Tornos, who seduces the ready Ventura; and a whole population of middle-class and plebeian figures live in the author's humorous sympathy.

Bellinchón himself is a character worthy of Cervantes, with his extravagancies and contradictions, and his wife, with her growth through sorrow into a refinement not otherwise possible to her simple goodness, is a lovely creation. It is impossible to touch the merit of the book at all points; it has in one romantic excess of self-sacrifice a single important fault; but it has that frankness, of which we must advise the intending reader, characteristic of Latin writers in treating Latin life; that is to say, Sarrió is not described as if it were Salem, Massachusetts.

VIII.

We are inclined to make much of the good fiction that comes to us from Spain, because we get no more from the only country that sends us better. But in default of a Russian novel, we are very glad of Stepniak's book on *The Russian Peasantry*, the facts of which throw such full and interesting light on the realistic fiction of Russia. Without this book many things must remain dark in Tourguénief and Tolstoï, and its details concerning the political, social, domestic, and religious life of the Russian people are of the greatest value in and for themselves. They testify to an immense intellectual and spiritual activity, and to a habit of self-government ineffaceable even by the most grinding despotism. Those stories of misery wring the heart, but they tell of so much good in the people, so much patience and strength, that they leave a hope of their future—a future which the now freest people may be glad to share if it brings fruition of the old Russian ideals of fraternity and the community of interests and benefits. Nothing could be more democratic than the Russian *mir;* each village is, as regards its economic affairs, a little indigenous republic, and the imported bureaucracy of the Czars has not yet crushed out its almost instinctive life. No peoples have more in common than the Americans and the Russians in the fine distribution of their autonomy; in fact the Russians are ultimately more democratic than we are; and they are apparently as fond of religious variety. The Frenchman who found us a nation of one gravy and a hundred religions could repeat his experience on as vast a scale among them as to the religions, though as to the gravies, he might not find any sauce more artistic than hunger.

One almost famishes as one reads of the Russian peasantry and their life-long craving for enough to eat, and has, by way of contrast, almost a sense of repletion in reading Mr. Pellew's book. He calls it *In Castle and Cabin; or, Talks in Ireland in* 1887; and this is what it literally is: talks with all kinds of people, gentle and simple, cleric and laic, about the Irish question. It is something more than this in its admirably clear Introduction, by which the reader is historically possessed of the situation, and in the author's careful and conscientious Conclusion, which largely leaves the reader to his own. But the main value of the book is that it affords the materials for judgment concerning the original situation, and the successive efforts to relieve it by legislation, and the strange practical complications resulting from these efforts. The whole business is a muddle of the most timid and conservative precedents and the boldest innovations; and the reader must share the author's misgiving whether home rule will right it all, though he will still feel that

home rule ought to come. Mr. Pellew denies the analogy between Canada and Ireland, and affirms the necessity of a much closer union between Ireland and England, with an autonomy in the former much more strictly defined than Mr. Gladstone proposes. He thinks the Irish people will be content with this upon experiment, and after they have learned to trust English good-will as shown to them by acts of imperial administration which would be vigorously denounced as "paternalism" in this country. But with postal telegraphs and postal savings-banks England is already far gone in practical paternalism, and probably Mr. Pellew did not invent the suggestions he makes in that direction. Doubtless he heard them talked up by people opposed to granting full self-government to Ireland. He gives them without arrogance, without insistence, and with the same unprejudiced calm which characterizes his treatment of the position of the clergy, the plan of campaign, the boycott, the evictions, and all the other features of the situation.

We group with these excellent books another which we have read with equal interest, and that is Mr. William Eleroy Curtis's *Capitals of Spanish America.* The matter is very novel, and the author has somehow the art of delighting, a sort of charm like that of an easy talker. To be sure, he has the advantage of being able to astonish us by his account of the republics south of us; and astonishment is a thing which we all like to feel, and which readily attributes merit to the author of it. The book has given us unusual pleasure, and we fancy it could illumine as vast an ignorance as ours in many intelligent people. Till one reads Mr. Curtis one has no idea of the enormous advance in material prosperity which the Spanish American peoples have been making, with all their revolutions and earthquakes. Their republics are in most cases simple tyrannies, and yet the wills of their dictators have brought about a degree of liberty in some respects greater than certain free peoples enjoy. For example, there is one question which the President of Venezuela simplified by a message to his Congress beginning as follows: "I have taken upon myself the responsibility of declaring the Church of Venezuela independent of the Roman episcopate, and I ask that you further order that parish priests be elected by the people, the bishops by the rectors of parishes, and the archbishops by Congress, returning to the usage of the primitive Church founded by Jesus Christ and His apostles." Fancy such a consummation in Canada or—the United States! But Mr. Curtis's book is full of surprises, and even of edifications, for those of us who are able to learn respect for sister, or step-sister, republics almost as strange to us as so many imaginable commonwealths in the planet Mars.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 17th of August. —The following bills were passed by Congress during the month: Mills Tariff Bill (by a vote of 162 to 149), House; Freedman's Savings and Trust Company, Senate, July 21st; Naval Appropriation, Senate, July 25th; Army Appropriation, Senate, July 26th; Sundry Civil Appropriation, Senate, August 1st; to prohibit coming of Chinese laborers, Senate, August 8th; to regulate inter-State commerce carried by telegraph, House, August 10th; Fortifications Appropriation, House, August 16th.

The President approved the Post-office Appropriation Bill July 24th. The River and Harbor Appropriation Bill became a law without the President's signature August 13th.

A message accompanying the fourth report of the Civil Service Commission was transmitted to Congress by President Cleveland July 23d.

The American Party, meeting in National Convention at Washington, August 15th, nominated General James L. Curtis, of New York, for President, and James M. Grier, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, of the United States.

An order appointing Major-General John M. Schofield to the command of the Army of the United States was issued by the President August 14th.

The nomination of Melville W. Fuller, of Illinois, as Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was confirmed by the Senate, July 20th, by a vote of 41 to 20.

Thomas Seay, the Democratic candidate, was re-elected Governor of Alabama by about 75,000 plurality.

The Local Government Bill passed the third reading in the House of Commons July 27th, and the Parnell Commission Bill, August 8th.

Count von Moltke was succeeded, August 13th, by Count von Waldersee as Chief of the General Staff of the German Army.

The Italian Chamber of Deputies passed an electoral reform bill July 19th.

Italy has definitively taken possession of Massowah and the adjacent territory.

DISASTERS.

July 13*th.*—Seventeen persons drowned in the wreck of the British ship *Star of Greece* near Adelaide, Australia.

July 15*th.*—Over 500 persons killed by an eruption in the Bandai-san volcanic region, Japan.

July 19*th.*—About twenty persons were killed during a severe storm in Wheeling and the vicinity, West Virginia.

August 3*d.*—A fire in a factory building in the rear of 197 Bowery, New York, resulted in the death of twenty persons.

August 11*th.*—Over 200 persons drowned by the bursting of a reservoir in Valparaiso, Chili.

August 14*th.*—Collision off Nova Scotia between steamers *Thingvalla* and *Geiser*, both of the Thingvalla Line, sinking the *Geiser* in seven minutes, with 117 of her passengers and crew.

OBITUARY.

July 19*th.*—In Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, New York, Rev. Edward Payson Roe, the author, in the fifty-first year of his age.

July 20*th.*—In Cincinnati, Ohio, General Thomas L. Young, aged fifty-five years.

July 21*st.*—In Paris, Charles Théodore Eugène Duclerc, Senator and former Premier of France, aged seventy-five years.

July 23*d.*—At Lake Dunmore, near Brandon, Vermont, Courtlandt Palmer, aged forty-five years.

July 28*th.*—In Leavenworth, Kansas, Thomas Carney, ex-Governor of Kansas, aged sixty-three years.

July 30*th.*—In Middletown, New York, Bartley Campbell, the playwright, aged forty-five years.

July 31*st.*—In Lagrange, Kentucky, Dr. Robert Morris, the poet-laureate of Masonry, in the seventy-first year of his age.—In London, Frank Holl, the artist, aged forty-three years.

August 5*th.*—In Nonquitt, Massachusetts, Philip Henry Sheridan, General of the Army of the United States, aged fifty-seven years. (The interment was at Arlington Heights, August 11th.)

August 7*th.*—In Cheyenne, Wyoming Territory, William P. Davidge, the actor, aged seventy-four years.

August 11*th.*—At Amesbury, Massachusetts, Richard S. Spofford, aged fifty-six years.

August 12*th.*—At Sharon, Connecticut, Lawrence R. Jerome, in his sixty-ninth year.

August 14*th.*—At Monterey, California, Charles Crocker, railroad millionnaire, in his sixty-sixth year.

Editor's Drawer.



IT seems hardly worth while to say that this would be a more interesting country if there were more interesting people in it. But the remark is worth consideration in a land where things are so much estimated by what they cost. It is a very expensive country, especially so in the matter of education, and one cannot but reflect whether the result is in proportion to the outlay. It costs a great many thousands of dollars and over four years of time to produce a really good base-ball player, and the time and money invested in the production of a society young woman are not less. No complaint is made of the cost of these schools of the higher education; the point is whether they produce interesting people. Of course all women are interesting. It has got pretty well noised about the world that American women are, on the whole, more interesting than any others. This statement is not made boastfully, but simply as a market quotation, as one might say. They are sought for; they rule high. They have a "way"; they know how to be fascinating, to be agreeable; they unite freedom of manner with modesty of behavior; they are apt to have beauty, and if they have not, they know how to make others think they have. Probably the Greek girls in their highest development under Pheidias were never so attractive as the American girls of this period; and if we had a Pheidias who could put their charms in marble, all the antique galleries would close up and go out of business.

But it must be understood that in regard to them, as to the dictionaries, it is necessary to "get the best." Not all women are equally interesting, and some of those on whom most educational money is lavished are the least so. It can be said broadly that everybody is interesting up to a certain point. There is no human being from whom the inquiring mind cannot learn something. It is so with women. Some are interesting for five minutes, some for ten, some for an hour; some are not exhausted in a whole day; and some (and this shows the signal leniency of Providence) are perennially entertaining, even in the presence of masculine stupidity. Of course the radical trouble of this world is that there are not more people who are interesting comrades, day in and day out, for a lifetime. It is greatly to the credit of American women that so many of them have this quality, and have developed it, unprotected, in free competition

with all countries which have been pouring in women without the least duty laid upon their grace or beauty. We have a tariff upon knowledge—we try to shut out all of that by a duty on books; we have a tariff on piety and intelligence in a duty on clergymen; we try to exclude art by a levy on it; but we have never excluded the raw material of beauty, and the result is that we can successfully compete in the markets of the world.

This, however, is a digression. The reader wants to know what this quality of being interesting has to do with girls' schools. It is admitted that if one goes into a new place he estimates the agreeableness of it according to the number of people it contains with whom it is a pleasure to converse, who have either the ability to talk well or the intelligence to listen appreciatingly even if deceivingly, whose society has the beguiling charm that makes even natural scenery satisfactory. It is admitted also that in our day the burden of this end of life, making it agreeable, is mainly thrown upon women. Men make their business an excuse for not being entertaining, or the few who cultivate the mind (aside from the politicians, who always try to be winning) scarcely think it worth while to contribute anything to make society bright and engaging. Now if the girls' schools and colleges, technical and other, merely add to the number of people who have practical training and knowledge without personal charm, what becomes of social life? The Drawer is impressed with the excellence of the schools and colleges for women—impressed also with the co-educating institutions. There is no sight more inspiring than an assemblage of four or five hundred young women attacking literature, science, and all the arts. The grace and courage of the attack alone are worth all it costs. All the arts and science and literature are benefited, but one of the chief purposes that should be in view is unattained if the young women are not made more interesting, both to themselves and to others. Ability to earn an independent living may be conceded to be important, health is indispensable, and beauty of face and form are desirable; knowledge is priceless, and unselfish amiability is above the price of rubies; but how shall we set a value, so far as the pleasure of living is concerned, upon the power to be interesting? We hear a good deal about the highly educated young woman with reverence, about the emancipated young woman with fear and trembling, but what can take the place of the interesting woman? Anxiety is this moment agitating the minds of tens of thousands of mothers about the education of their daughters. Suppose their education should be directed to the purpose of making them interesting women, what a fascinating country this would be about the year 1898!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

A MATTER OF ROADS.

ABOUT a generation ago Lawrence O'Connor Doyle sat in the Nova Scotia Legislature. He was of Irish descent, a brilliant lawyer, and, like a number of his political associates, a clever, impressive, and eloquent debater. But it is chiefly on account of his ready wit and his unfailing repartee that he is best remembered. Many a *bon-mot* of his has been published, but the following, which I first heard a short time ago, will probably be new to a portion of the reading public. Doyle and two brother legislators, Messrs. Uniake and Kenny, were among the guests at a dinner party one evening, and while Mr. Kenny was drinking his champagne a small piece of cork escaped into his windpipe, and violent coughing ensued. When relief came, Uniake, himself a wit, observed that "that was the wrong road for Cork," whereupon Doyle, quick as thought, added the remark, "It may be the wrong way for Cork, but it went nigh to Kil(l)Kenny."

J. A. CHISHOLM.



HURRYING THINGS.

CUSTOMER (*in restaurant*). "Here, waiter, two boiled eggs—four minutes, and look lively, I'm in a hurry."

WAITER (*hastily dusting off the table-cloth*). "Yes, sah—yes, sah. Have 'em ready fo' yo' in two minutes, sah, two minutes."



AMERICANS IN PARIS.

TEDDIE. "Mamma, I'm afraid if I grow up here that I'll forget all my English."
MAMMA. "Oh, I guess not. What put that idea into your head?"
TEDDIE. "Well, you see, there's the concièrge, she growed up here, and there's the blanchisseuse, she growed up here, and they've both of them forgotten all their English, and everybody else, 'cept our French teacher, and she can't remember it all, and has to speak French more'n half the time."

AN IRRESISTIBLE DEMAND.

MY dog was held for ransom, and Pat was sent to rescue him.

"Pat," said I, "did you tell the man that if he did not give up the dog at once, I would have him arrested?"

"Oi did that same, sorr."

"What did you say to him?"

"Oi tould him jist what yez tould me to tell him. Oi wint there where he had the dorg, and oi sez to him, oi sez, 'The boss sez,' sez oi, 'av yez don't disgorge that dorg,' sez oi, 'he sez he'll have the law on yez, sez he, that's what he sez,' sez oi."

"And did he disgorge the dog, Pat?"

"To wanst, sorr." C. S.

A SHATTERED ILLUSION.

I KNOW not if 'twere chance or fate
That brought the maid and me together;
At *table d'hôte* one night at eight
Our talk began about the weather.

We had no introduction—no;
But this displays no lack of breeding.
Our seats were next each other, so
It was a natural proceeding.

She dressed in stunning English style;
Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.
"Ah! blessed," I thought, "is Britain's isle
If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed apace
Was interspersed with frequent "*fahncys.*"
I'll not deny the "fetching" grace
Of "*reahlly*" slipped betwixt her glances.

Still something nameless made me doubt
Her being truly, bluely Briton,
Yet when one little phrase slipped out,
With horror was my bosom smitten.
"*I guess*—" She could not call it back,
And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
Oh, lovely Anglo-maniac,
To shatter thus my fond illusion!

BISSELL CLINTON.

THE LITTLE GIRL OF TEN.

I MET her at the depot in the ticket-buyers' row;
She was travelling unattended to the town where I must go,
And I saw her buy a ticket for an adult with surprise,
When a "half" card would have answered for a maiden of her size.

I heard the agent ask her if she wanted one "full rate."
And she said, "I want a ticket" (very curtly did she say it);
So I did not at the moment interfere in her affairs,
Though I wondered what she meant by such very aged "airs."

Then at length I said most kindly to the girl so slightly grown,
"Do you travel very often on the railway all alone?"
"Not so very often," said she; "but I had a wish to-day
To leave the noisy city and go very far away."

Then I told her of her error, which had prompted me to speak
(Here a blush of modest crimson ran its course upon her cheek),
And to do her simple justice I would go with her and make
The agent fix the matter as it should be, for her sake.

To my proffer she assented, and not vainly was it tried,
For she got the cheaper ticket, with a dollar at its side.
And she thanked me. Then I asked her to go with me to a seat,
Which she did not hesitate to do, and went on nimble feet.

But I fancied as we rode along, and passed from place to place,
That she had a world of knowledge for so very young a face;
That she seemed a trifle older than her modest height would show;
Then, with manners quite avuncular, I thought it best to know.

Our talk and trip were ending, but I soon adventured then,
"My little girl, you are not, are you, very far from ten?"
But she said, with further blushing—with a twinkle not unseen—
"I am doubtless very child-like, but *my age is just sixteen.*"

Then I looked and saw my blunder, but the vexing ways of Fate
Left my heart to solve a problem and to wildly palpitate;
For I had put my arm around her, and was toying with her hair,
And she seemed to think it kindness—or she didn't seem to care.

In a moment, if the answer had not come so pat as this,
I should have proffered her directions on arrival with a kiss.
But my wisdom always happens much too early or too late,
For the girl was very pretty and—confound the course of Fate:

So I jumped up with my satchel (barely looking as I went)
From a task begun in pity, ending sharp in discontent.
But she bowed and smiled most sweetly, while I thought how very mean
That I could not stoop to kiss her just because she said "sixteen"!

JOEL BENTON.

A SINCERE OPINION.

"WE talk of writing easily and dashing off impromptus; how say you if we should try it now? Here are six of us, who are all thought to have some knack of that work; and here are pens, ink, and paper ready to our hand. Let us see who can write the best impromptu."

He who thus addressed the gay group of London fashionable wits assembled in the chief room of Will's Coffee-house (at that time their favorite place of resort) was a tall, handsome man in the prime of life, who still lives in English history as Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, one of the kindest as well as richest men in all England, the friend of all distressed poets, and himself possessed of powers that would have made him a poet of no mean rank if he had but had the luck to be born poor.

"Agreed!" cried the rest, with one voice; "and 'glorious John' here shall be our umpire."

The last words were addressed to a plump little old man with very large bright eyes, who was sitting in a snug corner by the fire, and seemed to be treated with great respect by the whole company, notwithstanding his rather shabby suit of threadbare black. Nor was this without reason; for this quiet old man was no other than John Dryden, the greatest poet whom England had produced for a whole generation.

Dryden readily undertook the office of judge, and to work went the whole six with paper and pen. But to the amazement even of those who best knew his ready wit and wonderful fluency, Lord Dorset finished and folded up his contribution almost before his companions had begun theirs.

"You see now, gentlemen," said a laughing voice, "why Charlie proposed this trial to us; he had his impromptu ready beforehand."

"Thou canst scarce rail at me for that, Jack," retorted the Earl, "for men say thou hast once written an 'impromptu' which took thee a month to compose."

The papers were handed over to Dryden, who had hardly taken time to glance over them when he pronounced that the best was that written by Lord Dorset. All the other competitors looked surprised, as well they might; but the wonder ceased when the contributions were examined, and Dorset's effusion was found to run thus:

"Pay to John Dryden, on Demand, the Sum of One Hundred Guineas.—DORSET."

DAVID KER.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A FARMER travelling in a foreign land for the first time, becoming somewhat anxious about the condition of his live-stock, telegraphed home: "Is things all right at the barn? JOHN BREEN."

His stable-boy, whose conversation was proverbially laconic, immediately telegraphed back: "JOHN BREEN,—Things is. ROBERT."



THE COOK TOURISTS.

FIRST MORNING IN FLORENCE.

MARIA (*sentimentally*). "Beautiful Venice!"

JONATHAN (*in doubt*). "Are you sure it is Venice, Maria?"

MARIA. "Why, of course. We were to be in Venice, according to the programme, on the fifth, and this is the sixth; and besides, look at the gondolas," pointing to the sand boats on the Arno.

THE HEART OF AFRICA.

Oh, fare you well, my sweetheart true;
Farewell for a year and a day;
For I'm going to sail on the Sankuru,
In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to capture a cockatoo
On the banks of the broad Kassai,
And take a swim in the bright Benue,
In the heart of Africa;

I'm going to camp with the wild Zulu,
And shoot with an assegai,
And chase the spiral-horned koodoo,
In the heart of Africa.

I'm going to paddle my own canoe
On the silvery Ogowai,
Till I come to the city of Sakatu,
In the heart of Africa.

If I don't return, O sweetheart true,
At the end of a year and a day,
Think not I am drowned in the Sankuru,
In the heart of Africa.

For there may be reasons unknown to you
Why I cannot get away;
I may marry the Queen of Karague,
In the heart of Africa. FELIX GRAY.

ECHOES OF HAMPTON.

ONE of the most frequent subjects of discussion among ethnologists is the question, Have we in this world a race of natural humorists? Modern humor affords abundant argument for those who take the negative in this discussion, but the Drawer believes that those in search of affirmative arguments cannot do better than visit the Hampton Normal School, where the dusky children of North America and the Ethiopian alike have their young — and often aged — ideas taught to shoot. How good marksmen they become varies in individual cases with the savage and the negro just as it does with the children of fairer complexion, but that their shots are frequently what we might term "fancy" ones is fully shown by a perusal of some of the examination papers handed in, and oftener still by the answers given in oral examinations.

The Drawer thinks that the following answers, culled from the papers of the various classes in Biblical, geographic, and domestic branches, cannot fail to convince those who say that we have no natural race of humorists that they have erred.

In the course of their Biblical instruction a class, distinguished rather for its opacity than for its capacity, was asked, "What did Jehu do when he came to Jezreel?" to which the prompt answer was given, "He threw the Jersey Belle" (Jezebel) "out of the window." And in response to the query, "How long did Solomon reign?" a rising young humorist, whose complexion rivals that of the moon in eclipse, replied, "Fohty days and fohty nights." We doubt if even Solomon in all his glorious wisdom could have drawn a parallel between his own reign and that of Noah's time.

The instructor of this same class in Biblical lore was informed most gravely that St. Matthew was one of the "twelve opossums"—a most gratifying answer to her question, since it showed how high in the estimation of her scholar the apostle must have stood.

The little girls are frequently found among the humorists of Hampton, and their utterances are often characterized by a wisdom beyond their years, as is shown in the case of the young miss of ten who, when asked to give the daily text, proudly announced that "A good man is more to be desired than great riches."

That the boys apply their knowledge, such as it is, to their own experiences, and frequently modify their learning by their personal observation, is seen in the statement that the terrible disease sent by the Lord upon Pharaoh and the Egyptians because they would not let Moses go was the mumps—a most grievous affliction to the little black-faced, white-toothed boys, whose chief accomplishment consists in grinning from ear to ear as if they appreciated how funny they are.

Two questions in the geography class will suffice for our purpose to show that it is the darky who is the natural born humorist. Having been informed that the New-Englanders were noted for the produce of their valleys and the grazing of their hills, one of the boys wrote that the New England people were chiefly occupied in "raising the deuce"—a statement which will be accepted as true by those who have visited New England only in the heat of a political campaign. The chief occupation of the Africans was set down as "catching Australians and pulling out their feathers."

In the kitchen-garden class, which is to the eye of the outsider one of the most interesting branches of instruction at Hampton, a small boy who hopes to become an expert butler as well as a member of Congress, after telling how coffee was served at breakfast, was asked in what other way it was served, the answer being, "In small cups, after dinner." Unfortunately for the youth, whose fascinating way had almost led to his being engaged then and there by one of the ladies in the audience, he was so overcome by nervousness that he forgot his instruction, fell back upon his personal experience, and firmly replied, "Cold, ma'am." It was the unanimous belief of all present that, although guilty of a technical error, the boy had given voice to a great truth.

Another instance, in conclusion, shows, we think, that the colored child is not only a humorist by nature, but is constantly endeavoring to become polished, to elevate the tone of his conversation, and to be nice in the selection of his words.

"Can you tell me," said the teacher to a thirteen-year-old damsel who had made up a bed to perfection, had set the table without an error, and had reached the soup course of the "make-believe" dinner without a tremor—"can you tell me why you invert the cover of the tureen when you take it off?"

"Yath, 'm," lisped the child, proudly conscious of her ability. "It ith to keep the perthpire" (perspire) "of the thoup offen the table-clorf." JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.



"WHY CANST THOU NOT AS OTHERS DO?"
From a Drawing by E. A. Abbey.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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"Why canst Thou not as Others do"



WHY canst thou not, as others do,
Look on me with unwounding eyes?
And yet look sweet, but yet not so;
Smile, but not in killing wise.
Arm not thy graces to confound;
Only look, but do not wound.

Why should mine eyes see more in you
Than they can see in all the rest?
For I can others' beauties view
And not find my heart opprest.
O be as others are to me,
Or let me be more to thee.

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PORT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

THE LOWER ST. LAWRENCE.

BY C. H. FARNHAM.

IN the Isle d'Orleans, Province of Quebec, I found the manners of the people those of well-to-do habitants living about twenty miles from the capital and going often to town. Moreover, the pretty island draws many people from the city, particularly during the summer season, either to live or to drive along its shores, diversified with unpretentious cottages, the usual church spires, the piers ending with a light-house tower, the boat-builders' yards, and the clean shingle beaches under overhanging trees; and these citizens naturally shed about them more or less of the city's shrewdness. As the parish had been founded in 1679, it had attained to a ripe age. The community had evidently enjoyed more advantages than those of newer and more remote localities.

While conversing with the people I was in the habit of taking notes, as I had done elsewhere in my travels. But here this custom appeared to excite suspicion, so that often I was received with coldness and constraint. After mass on Sunday I knocked at the open door of a benignant old man whom I had met the day before. There were other old men in a row, seated in severe and comical reserve; no one spoke at first in reply to my knock, but at last the woman of the house in a questionable way bade me come in. For half an hour I used all the persuasiveness at my command, even when helped by curiosity and inward amusement; but all

my efforts to thaw them were vain; even the genial old man was now as dry as the others; only the woman, true to the superiority of her sex here in education, intelligence, and perception, became a little softened, and looked upon me as one of the human kind. But my advent among them had aroused in some way the national suspicion, and conscious that even if I labored for a month I could not remove their mistrust, I withdrew and returned to my canoe. The explanation was subsequently given me, partly by acquaintances who knew the people, and partly by knowledge of the people's history, traditions, and superstitions. In early times officers of the government went about the parishes and took the names of those liable for military duty, who were afterward often called out; and even to this day the ignorant habitants have a great unwillingness to give their names; even the census officer is often much annoyed unless the curé tells his flock to give him information; moreover, many of them believe that any man who has their names or their portraits can command their persons through occult forces. Seeing me write often had thus given them very grave apprehensions. Then they generally believe in witchcraft, and one of the means for warding off spells is to place the thumb of each hand in the palm and close the fingers over it three times. My habit of coddling my thumbs may have been taken as a sign of uncanny relations.

When I resumed my cruise on the broad St. Lawrence the ocean itself reached in to me one of its mightiest arms, in one of the greatest valleys of the earth, among mountains crowned with clouds and primeval forest. The South Shore rises in wide fertile slopes to wooded hills, and cherishes a narrow strip of humanity along the water's edge; indeed, the road is like the string of a rosary, with French Canadian farm-houses for beads, and a spire every six or eight miles bearing a cross. In running eastward you pass the wide tidal meadows of St. Thomas; the cliffs of St. Roch, capped with Quixotic windmills on the barns; the sugar-loaf hills of Ste. Anne; the wide mud flats of Rivière Ouelle, with a pound to catch white whales, and eel weirs almost as frequent as teeth on a comb; the French watering-place Kamouraska, safe within the Cap au Diable; other resorts at Rivière du Loup and Cacouna; the picturesque harbor of Bic; and then past bolder shores at Les Murailles, and the mountains of Ste. Anne, to the great headlands of Gaspé. But this South Shore, with its strip of fertility and its rosary civilization, affords but a contrast to the general character of the St. Lawrence. The North Shore restores to the eye the dominant ruggedness of the region in raising from the very gates of Quebec to Labrador the mountain wall of the Laurentides. Here and there a hill-top is bared for a parish church and its attendant village and fields; clefts in the wall shelter a fertile nook at La Baie St. Paul, La Malbaie, and another cleft gives entrance to the Saguenay. But these bits of cultivation are but spots of light and human life in a wilderness. The great valley is a worthy setting for this mighty arm of



"THERE WERE OTHER OLD MEN IN A ROW."



RETURN FROM DUCK-SHOOTING.

the sea; and so are its storms, which seem as if they must fill the entire universe. If the seamen of the St. Lawrence are exceptionally superstitious even in this superstitious class, they have some justification in the exceptional dangers and eccentricities of these waters. The river just below the Isle d'Orleans is eight miles wide—merely the beginning of the lower St. Lawrence; in the next 150 miles it gradually attains a width of thirty-five miles at Metis; in another hundred it becomes about sixty miles at La Baie des Sept Isles. The Canadian in his pride refrains from drawing a line to separate the river from the gulf. As a matter of fact the lower St. Lawrence is an estuary rather than a river. I presume that the gulf may be safely recognized at La Baie des Sept Isles. It



AT LOW TIDE.

is a triangular sea, about 500 miles long from northeast to southwest, and about 350 miles wide from Newfoundland to this bay. The region of the St. Lawrence has such remarkable natural features that even the matter-of-fact reports of the Admiralty are not without interest. The navigation of these waters presents exceptional difficulties: the existence of numerous islands, reefs, bars, and rocks



ON THE RUSH MEADOWS.

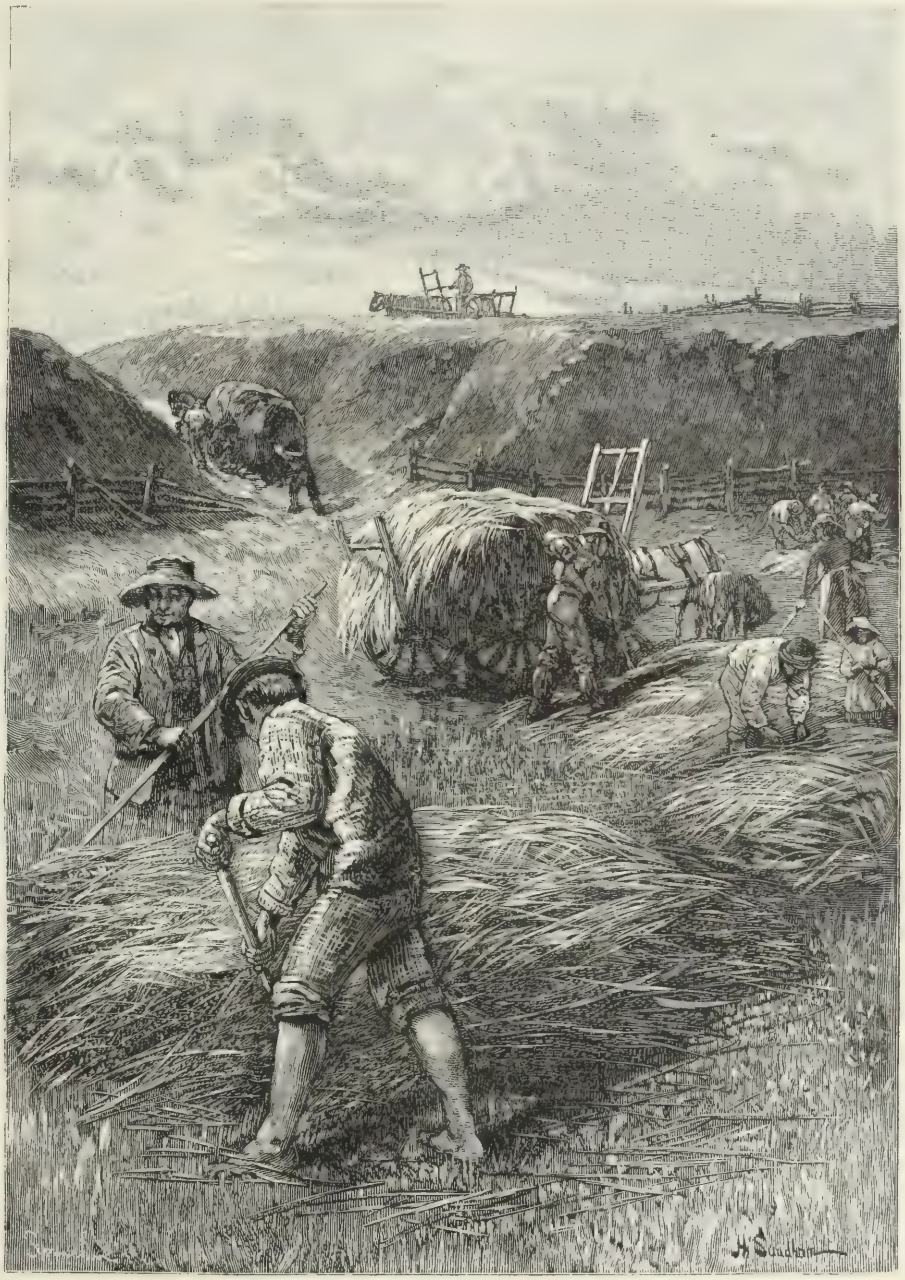
in the channels; the irregularity of the tides and currents; the severity of the climate, especially toward the close of the navigable season; and, above all, the frequent fogs: these are difficulties that may well cause much anxiety, and call for the exercise of all the seaman's vigilance, prudence, and ability. Besides the recorded variations and deviations of the compass, the magnetic attractions of the shores are said to complicate the captain's problems. Ice is often a dangerous element here: in the spring—May in this latitude and often June also—the entrance and the eastern parts of the gulf are frequently covered with drift ice that besets vessels for many days; icebergs are common there during the summer, and navigation is closed by ice, as a rule, from November 25th to May 1st.

Such is the nature of the river that ships often spend more time in sailing up

the St. Lawrence than in crossing the Atlantic; generally they require eight or nine days to beat up to Quebec from Bic, 140 miles; they can sail only during the flood, five hours, and then must anchor, unless the wind changes. The clumsy coasting schooners, requiring always a fair wind, sometimes spend a month in going sixty or eighty miles.

With so many dangers as I have set forth, the reader might think that the St. Lawrence is not navigable; but thanks to an efficient system of lighting and piloting, these waters are one of the great commercial arteries of the continent; they are frequented during six months of the year by several lines of transatlantic steam-ships, a fleet of Norwegian barks for timber, and a limited number of coasting steamers and schooners.

On leaving the Isle d'Orleans I had kept in the middle of the river, where its vastness bears in upon you with full force. But the course has not the monotony of unbroken waters; it leads through a little archipelago of wooded islands and bare rocks, where you go happily onward with a light wind on a summer day—that is, happily onward until you enter the mournful souvenirs of Grosse Isle. This quaran-



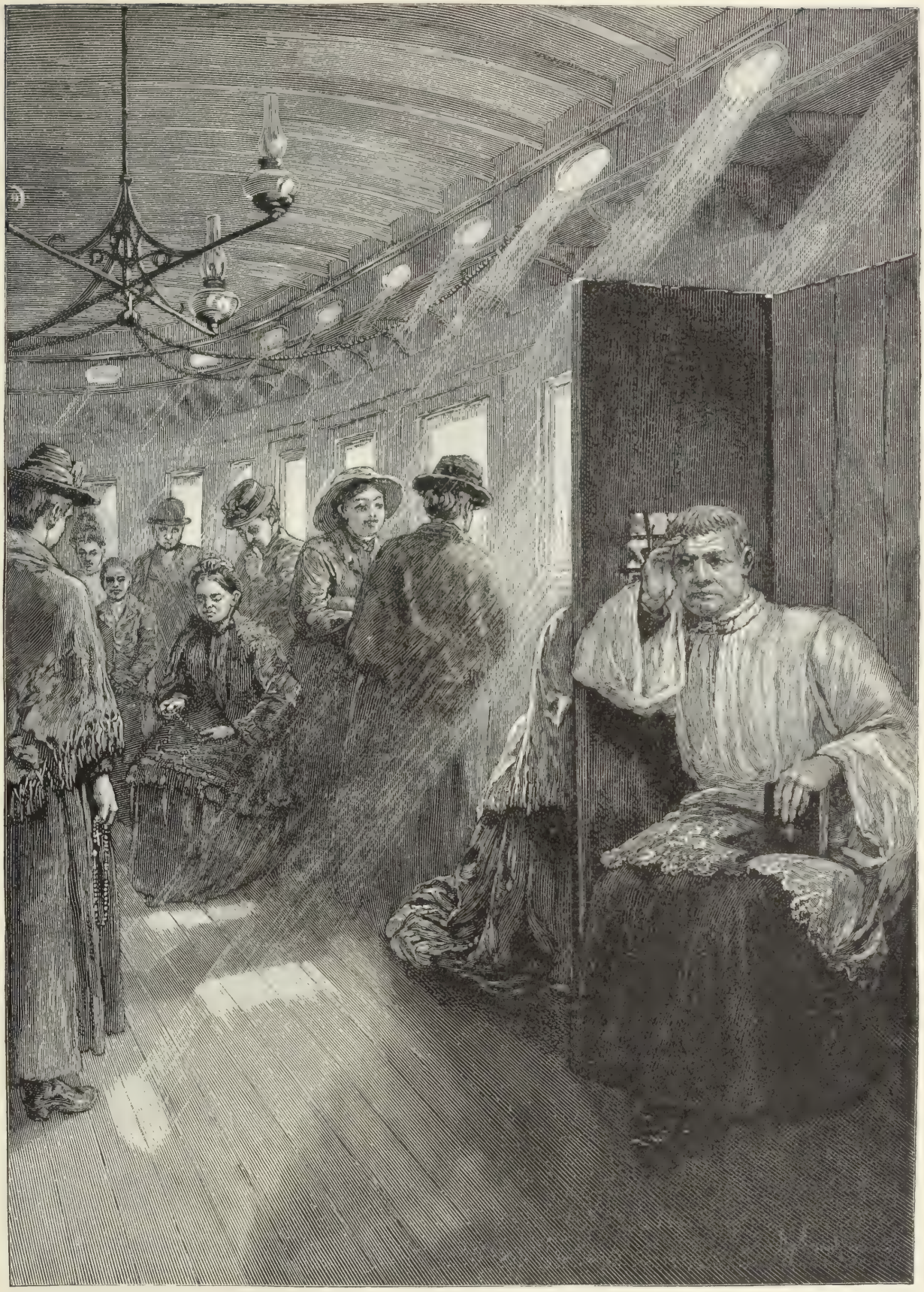
GATHERING AND LOADING SALT HAY.

tine station for the St. Lawrence was established in 1832, when the cholera raged in Europe. It was administered by an army surgeon aided by a military detachment; but since 1862 a resident physician superintends it, helped by a corp of civilians. It is a rocky island with pretty woods and a few fields, sheds for the sick, two churches and parsonages, wharves, and quarters. The chief event in its gloomy history is recorded on a little marble monument in a field: "In this secluded spot lie the mortal remains of 5424 persons, who, flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland in the year 1847, found in America but a grave."

The strength and vitality of the sea pervades the air of this vast region of the lower St. Lawrence; it is full of the snap and vigor of the fall, tempered by the comfort and luxuriousness of the summer. After clearing from Quarantine, Youth seemed again to perch on the bow as a westerly breeze bore me along among the pretty scenes of the archipelago. Perhaps the islands are the more attractive for being such welcome shelter in the great waters. Some of them, however, are beautiful in themselves, as well as for their striking surroundings. I remember particularly the western end of the Isle aux Grues; a beach of clean slate shingle skirts along many knolls and dells, and past picturesque cliffs overhung with cedars and maples; and within the woods are little glades where clusters of juniper and of waving ferns stand on natural grass-plats running about the irregular avenues of the wood. Looking seaward in any direction from these sheltered nooks, at the islets of rock near by, the wide expanses of turbulent currents, and the far-distant shores overtopped by mountains, you feel afresh the exceptional grandeur of the St. Lawrence. At the eastern end of the island, beyond the farms, broad salt-meadows connect the Isle aux Grues with its twin the Isle aux Oies; at low tide cattle were feeding on rushes about the schooners left high and dry by the ebb. These meadows are celebrated shooting-grounds. The habitant now and then harnesses a dog to a small cart containing a shovel, tamed geese of the wild species to act as decoys. Arrived at the edge of the meadows, he hides the cart in the grass, goes down the wide beach to about half-tide mark, and digs a pit about four feet deep, in which he can sit on a bunch of grass without showing his head above the level of the mud; he puts out the decoys, and hides with his dog in the pit, to shoot until the rising tide drives him away. Two old men of the parish—one of them not less than eighty-two years of age—formed a striking group one fall day returning from their cold and cramping sport. They strutted down the street proudly by their dog-cart loaded with decoys and game, tattered, tottering, muddy from head to foot, but jolly and loquacious to those who came and complimented them. The St. Lawrence was once very prolific in fish and game, and although it is no longer very profitable in this regard, yet by the sheer force of tradition many of these unambitious people are still drawn to its beaches more than to their lands and industries. Men live to a good old age by its healthful shores. In the hamlet of the island I saw upon his door-step a cheery old man who had worked for the present owner of the manor, for his father, for his grandfather, and for his great-grandfather; square-built, broad-browed, he was still able to commend to our notice the pig he was fattening about the door; and when we left him he said, with quietude and courtesy, "Bon jour, *ces* messieurs." This old-time address in the third person, full of feudal deference, went well with the simplicity and quaintness of the ancient man.

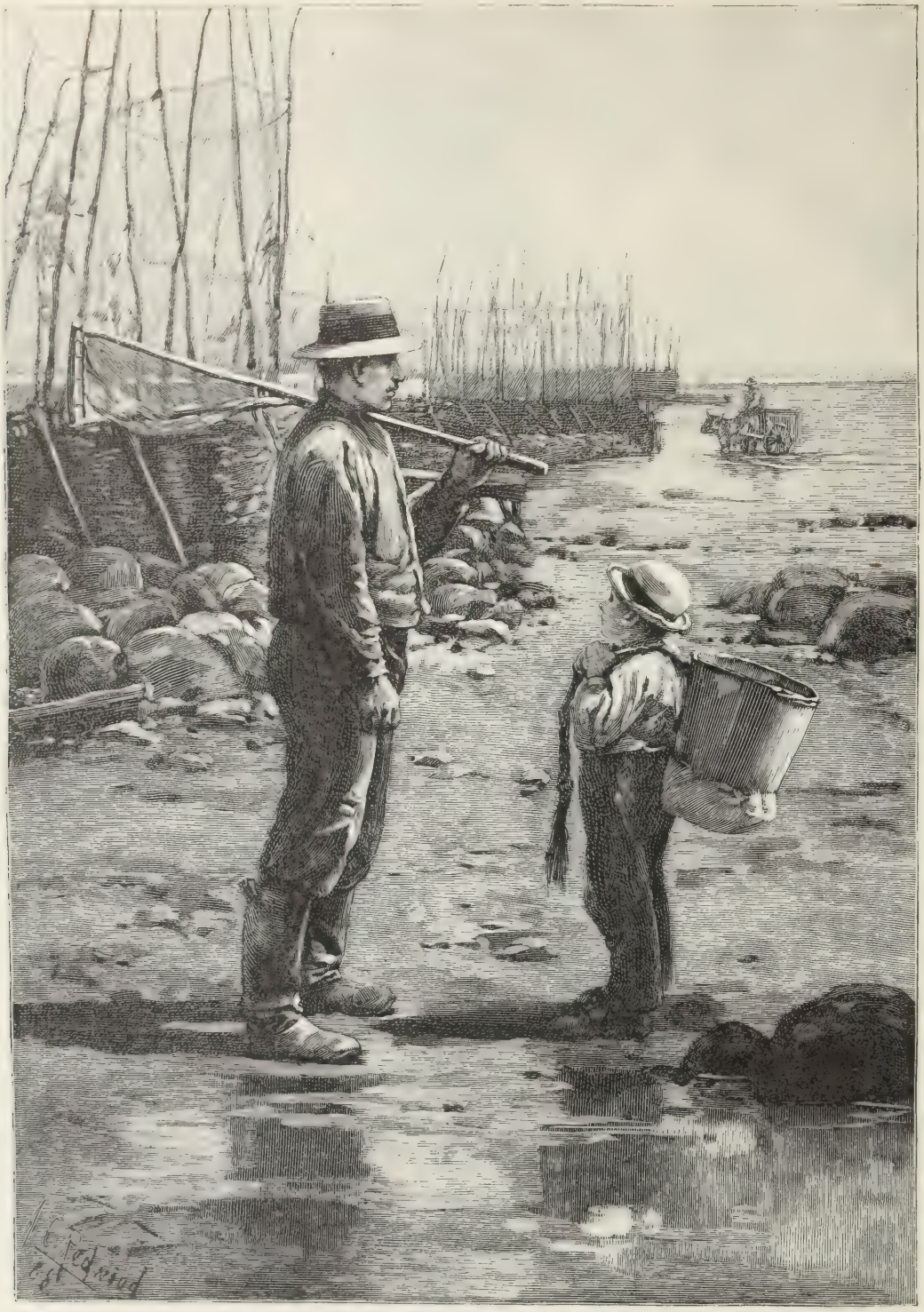
I now left the islands to cross over to the North Shore. It is a long passage, that will not interest the reader—unless he happens to be caught on it by a blow. Perhaps he will do as well to visit some of the scenes I have met with on other cruises in this region.

The cutting of rushes for hay at St. Thomas, L'Islette, Beaupré, and other places is a characteristic scene. If you paddle along these muddy shores at low-water, dodging bowlders, and running around the ends of basket-work fences for fisheries, and if you happen there near the full-moon of September, you will find the flats alive with mowers cutting rushes. These natural meadows, covered at high tide, are often many miles in length, and even as much as a mile in width; back of them rise the bluffs of the river, and then the fields and fences leading away up the long slopes to the forest-covered hills. Each farm extends its narrow frontage—generally about 200 yards



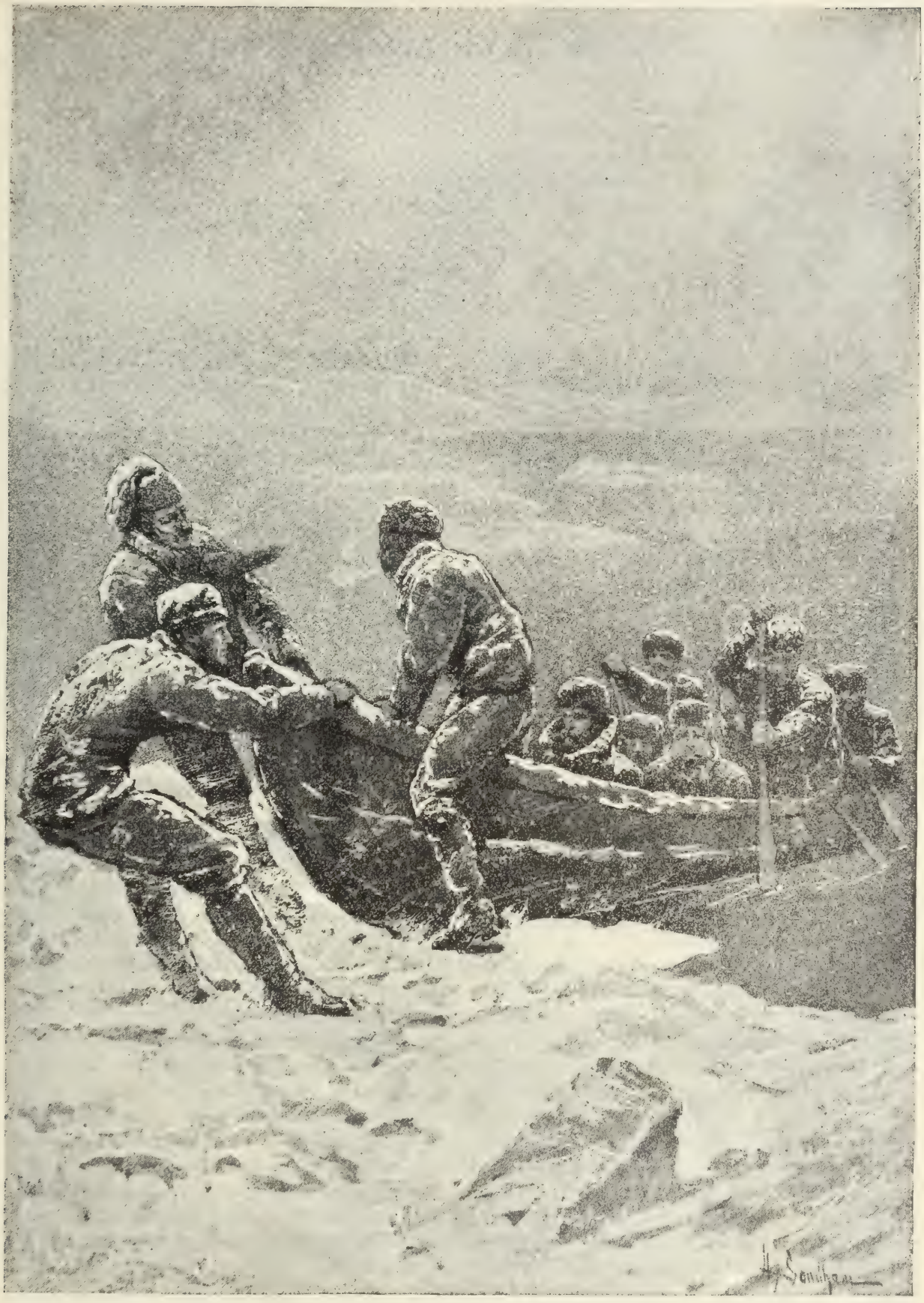
THE CONFESSIONAL IN CABIN OF STEAMER.

wide—down across these meadows to low-water mark; the hay and the fish are often the most valuable products of these small St. Lawrence farms. In fact these meadows in the earliest days of the colony were the attractions that first drew settlers to found the oldest parishes. At Rivière Ouelle, for example, the mouth of the valley and the tidal meadow along the shore were divided into converging



EEL-FISHING.

strips, like the leaves of a fan, that each settler might have a portion of salt hay, and this part of the parish is still called L'Éventail. But to return to the present hay-makers. The groups of bare-legged men mow eagerly down to the water's edge until the tide comes in; then they stretch a rope across the lower end of their swaths, and twist some rushes loosely about it to float it and make it thick enough to catch and hold the grass. Some men now pull at one end of the rŏpe, a man riding on a cart, often driven by a woman, holds the other end, and behind the rope two or three pitch escaped locks of grass over the line into its enclosing curve; thus the swaths are gathered into one mass that grows in size and advances inland as the tide rises, and at last it reaches the foot of the bank as



WINTER FERRY ON THE ST. LAWRENCE.

quite an island of floating verdure. Here it is held by the rope until the tide has fallen somewhat and left it accessible to carts. Then groups may be seen all along the foot of the bluffs,—women with broad hats and bare ankles, men bare-legged and muddy, little one-horse carts standing by mounds of grass; and all work

fast, pitching the dripping rushes, raking, hauling loads up the bank, and spreading the grass in fields to cure. It is to me one of the prettiest scenes in Canada. The golden haze of Indian-summer often covers the meadows, the calm pearly river with its ships and islands, and the far-off blue mountains; there is, too, a measure of tender interest going out to these folk at their muddy toil, and leading your eye and your fancy all down the line to the dimmest and farthest group. Often the pressure of work and the hours of the tide bring out the people to work in the moonlit nights.

Among the characteristic scenes often met on the steam-boats of the St. Lawrence is a pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupré. One of these trips was organized while I was sojourning once with an habitant near St. Jean Port Joli. Such expeditions are generally got up by the priest and one of the chief merchants of his parish. They either charter a steamboat or get special rates from a railroad, and then take all who wish to go, at a certain price, giving a fair remuneration for the negotiations and management. My host told me that the pilgrimage of the previous year netted two hundred dollars. The project is often announced from the pulpits of several contiguous parishes; it draws thus a large company, with one or more priests to keep good order. Although the boat was not to start until 5 o'clock A.M., and my host lived something less than three miles from the landing, yet we were called at one o'clock, given some breakfast, and started on our way through a dark rainy night. We arrived in good season. The merchant saw no incongruity in selling me a passage for myself and the *Allegro*, although the expedition was announced as strictly a pilgrimage, and we were scarcely pilgrims. At the appointed hour several hundred habitants with lunch baskets and bundles straggled down the pier and embarked. The company, as far as I could judge, contained only three or four men above the peasant class; it was composed chiefly of farmers' wives and daughters. Rows of women sat on the benches and told their beads or their bits of gossip; very many of them kept an eye open for passing acquaintances, and took in a friend now and then, as it were, in parenthesis; here and there a man knelt before his wife to have his cravat arranged; a few were silent and meditative; chants from time to time sounded from the lower or the upper deck. I had taken shelter with others in the cabin, but three priests soon came in and waved us all out in a most superior manner, and then put on their white surplices; many people flocked in again at once; each priest took his seat in an open portable confessional, divided into two parts by a partition, and to aid the secrecy that envelops the confession partly covered his face with the wide sleeve of his surplice; he then crouched down and put his ear to the grated opening. One woman after another knelt on the other side of the partition and confessed, while some stood about the cabin and awaited their turn. Thus the pilgrims passed the hours of the passage across the St. Lawrence, mingling social intercourse, prayers, meditations, trivialities, hopes of heaven, fears of hell, and anticipations of miracles. But the scene had, on the whole, an atmosphere of dulness and contentment. The pilgrims of a wealthy parish often have their steam-boat decorated with evergreens and flags; I have often heard over the waters their strange medley of sounds—a brass band playing a gay march, the austere plain chants, the babble of talk, and the mutterings of a multitude at prayer.

The lonely spirit of the "Grand Nord" met me face to face when I reached at last the North Shore at the foot of Cap Tourment. The Laurentides dominate even this arm of the sea by their lofty and gloomy grandeur; marching eastward, their forest-covered heads, and farther on their rocky crowns, overlook one another's shoulders with increasing savageness down to the stormy gulf. And their savageness is but seldom broken by a touch of human life, which serves rather to enhance their austerity. The shores east of Cap Tourment are uninhabitable, for the mountains rise right up from a beach of rocks. That barren coast yields about 50,000 eels each autumn, and the South Shore, at Rivière Ouelle, St. Denis, and elsewhere, yields still more. The fishery is often a picturesque sight with its long fence of wicker-work and frames ballasted with stones, the whole sharply relieved with lights and shadows; wings put off here and there to turn the eels into enclosures, and thence into bottle-shaped receptacles, and from there into very strong



RETURN FROM FISHING.

boxes staked down on the mud. I was told that in one of the large fisheries at Rivière Ouelle 3000 eels, averaging two pounds, have been taken in one tide; they packed themselves all straight in the boxes, and so tightly that all were smothered, and in some cases they have been known to burst open these very strong boxes.

The St. Lawrence in winter drew me out for a snow-shoe tramp along the shores at Rivière Ouelle. The only signs of life were here and there the roof of a fisherman's empty hut and fence posts sticking up above the snow-drifts. Beyond the waters and ice stood the mountains of the North Shore. The river in winter is utterly deserted; all the craft are laid up and dismantled, and the sailors stay at home and smoke. The winter ferries of the St. Lawrence are small open boats capable of running on either water or ice. The postman of the Isle aux Coudre uses a little skiff light enough to be handled by one man; by waiting for good weather, the proper hour of the tide, and watching for clear openings between the floes, he has managed to come and go safely these many years between the island and the main-land. But sudden changes of the weather often come over these mountains, the currents run strong, the sea gets up, the water flying into the boat freezes at once and cannot be bailed out, and a snow-squall may prevent one at a critical moment from seeing openings in the ice; he has been caught by these hinderances more than once, and barely escaped with his life. The ferries at more populous places are crossed in a twenty-foot canoe with a crowd of seven men. This ice-canoe is a shapely boat with a very broad flat keel shod with iron to run easily over the ice. The passengers sit wrapped up in furs, and endure the cold as well as they can, while the men paddle swiftly along open passages between shining walls, or haul the canoe over floes diversified with angles, blocks, and fissures in the iridescent ice. It is often an exciting passage, with sufficient exposure and hardship to satisfy those who are curious about arctic travel.



ESCUTCHEON WITH ARMS OF CITY OF PARIS.

A MUSEUM OF THE HISTORY OF PARIS.

THE HÔTEL CARNAVALET.

BY THEODORE CHILD.

WITHIN five minutes' walk of the Bastile column, close by the Place des Vosges, indeed in the very heart of the fashionable Paris of the sixteenth century, stands the Hôtel Carnavalet, one of the architectural monuments of Paris. The house was built in 1550 for the Parliamentary President, Jacques de Ligneris, from the plans of Pierre Lescot, a famous architect of the day, and decorated with bass-reliefs and figures by Jean Goujon, one of the greatest masters of the French school of sculpture. In 1578 the house passed into the hands of a Breton family, the Kernevenoy, whose name the Parisian softened into Carnavalet, and attached it forever to the building. Subsequently the Hôtel Carnavalet was enlarged by two other famous architects, Ducerceau and Mansard, so that the building as it stands is a monument of the best architectural art of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The bass-reliefs over the entrance door, the two boys supporting the escutcheon, and the four colossal stone figures of the Seasons on the façade in the court-yard, represent Jean Goujon's talent at two epochs of his life: the marvellous elegance of the bass-reliefs, carved in 1547, is the work of the sculptor's youth; the strength and graceful solidity of the Seasons show his genius in full maturity.

The architecture of the Hôtel Carnavalet, itself worthy of a minute and careful study, is not the only feature which commends this historical house to our notice. The souvenir of Madame de Sévigné lingers in every room, for that charming letter-writer lived there—in her "Carnavalette," as she called it—during nearly

twenty years, from 1677 until her death in 1696, and frequent mention of the conveniences and inconveniences of the dwelling will be found in her correspondence. After Madame de Sévigné's time the house passed through various hands and various fortunes, until finally in 1866 the city of Paris bought it, and placed in the rooms of this last surviving monument of Renaissance domestic architecture its library and its historical museum, under the patronage of the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné, and of all the souvenirs that the building calls up. In these pages we propose to ask the reader to accompany us in a ramble through some of the rooms of this museum of the history of Paris.

The Carnavalet Museum is composed of a library of seventy thousand volumes and fifty thousand engravings relating to the history of Paris and of the Parisians from the remotest antiquity down to the present day; of pictures and plans of the city; of antiquities of all kinds illustrating the architecture and the civilization of the Gallo-Roman, Roman, mediæval, and Renaissance epochs; of coins, medals, costume, furniture, ceramics, arms, and innumerable objects of all kinds representing the modern epochs of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, down to the patriotic medals and trinkets made only yesterday. The whole history of Paris is commented upon more or less completely by the objects exhibited in these picturesque old rooms. And what is the history of Paris? It is the résumé of the history of the civilization of Europe —a domain which grows wider and wider the more one explores it; a labyrinth that leads to the unknown, to the mystery of the primitive Celts. Let us take, for instance, the armorial bearings of Paris: on a red field is a ship with silver sails floating on a silver sea, and surmounted by an azure band ornamented with fleurs-de-lis. From time immemorial this ship has been the emblem of the municipality of Paris. Why? Because the first settlers of Paris owed their prosperity to their boats which plied on the Seine. The cradle of Paris was the island on which Nôtre Dame now rises supreme, the Île de la Cité, or the Île Saint-Louis, as it is variously called, and the first monuments which attract our attention in the galleries of the Carnavalet Museum are coins, altars, and inscriptions relating to the antique settlement of Lutetia. Lutèce, Leucotèce, Mons Lucotecius, now the Montagne Sainte-Géneviève, are the old names that we find, and according to the learned in etymology Paris derived its original name from the source of its architectural beauty, namely, its inexhaustible beds of stone and plaster. *Leng*, we are told, means in Celtic "stone," and *tech* means "fine." Gallo-Roman Paris rose out of the catacombs which are still being quarried on the left bank of the Seine at Montrouge and La Tombe-Issoire. On this Île de la Cité, in shape like a great ship floating on the water, the old Gauls were safe from the marauding wolves and Erymanthian boars which then infested the thick forests that covered Europe.*

They were protected as well as the dwellers in the lake cities of Switzerland. Their goddess was the mysterious Virgin mother of Egypt, Isis, the water goddess, whose priestesses and whose worship we find spread so universally. Her sanctuary was built on the site of the present cathedral of Notre Dame, and her fêtes and rites were celebrated with the same pious ardor, though not with the same splendor, as in the East, and every year the sacred bark was launched in souvenir of Isis abandoning herself to the waves to seek the body of her lost divine spouse.†

* Not only in the Middle Ages, but even up to the time of Louis XIV., the wolves from the forests around Paris used to venture into the streets of the city in very cold winters. In 1420 the cemeteries were invaded by wolves. In 1695, August 12, L'Estoile notes in his Journal: "A wolf, having swum across the river, devoured a child to-day on the Place de Grève. A prodigious thing, and of evil omen." (*Chose prodigieuse, et de mauvais présage.*)

† This rite long survived in Christian times in the form of a superstition. In order to recover any object lost in the Seine, the Parisians took a wooden platter and placed on it a lighted candle and a loaf of bread consecrated to Saint Nicholas, the patron saint of water. The platter was left floating on the water, and the belief was that wherever it stopped, the lost object would be found. In April, 1718, an old woman who had recourse to this superstitious rite was the cause of a great disaster. Her floating candle set fire to a boat-load of hay moored at the Pont de la Tournelle, and the bridge and half the houses of the neighborhood were burnt down. The environs of Paris are full of souvenirs of Isis. The village of Issy was the site of one of her temples, the church of St. Germain des Prés was built over a temple of Isis, and an old image of the goddess was worshipped there until the end of the reign of Louis XII. with all sorts of strange rites, the tradition of which was kept up by the old women. Finally the Abbot of St. Germain demolished the pagan image, but the old women of Paris were tenacious in their heathen ways, and immediately transferred their mummeries to a statue of Ceres which had been dug out of the ruins of a pagan temple in the Faubourg St. Jacques, and placed on a gable of

Thus the bark of Isis, symbolizing their river and their ships, the source of their prosperity, became the favorite emblem of the Lutetians, and even when no longer free they imposed it on their conquerors. The Emperor Posthumus, who built an immense palace, of which the so-called "Thermes de Julian" are a remnant, had this emblem carved at the corners of the building, and the stone symbols may still be seen by visitors to the Cluny Museum. The Lutetians believed fervently in Isis and in the fortunes of their frail bark. They even had a belief, which became a legend in the Middle Ages, that some day one of their heroes would go in a ship to conquer Egypt, the original home of Isis. It is a curious fact, too, that Christianity made very slow progress in Paris until after the Council of Ephesus softened the severity of the early Hebraic tenets by authorizing the more accessible and clement adoration of the Virgin. Henceforward it may almost be said that Isis and the Virgin were merged into one in the eyes of the simple; soon images of "la bonne dame" (the good lady) were set up everywhere, at country cross-roads and street corners, and France became the mother-country of Mariolatry.

In the river Seine and in the objects discovered in the sand and mud of its bed we find the materials of the early history of Paris. The leaden medals, the clasps, the coins with Greek inscriptions, and here and there a few words in some Latin historian, enable us to reconstitute the past when Lutetia was the great emporium of the products of Italy, Greece, and the East. The Phocæan merchants of Marseilles brought their goods up the Rhone and partly overland to Paris, where the Lutetian *badawrs* or boatmen despatched them to Britain and the countries north of Gaul. So too we may conclude that the Gauls spoke Greek before they learned to speak Latin, for Greek was the language of commerce.

The story of the arms of Paris has led us far back to the old *badawrs*, whose corporation was the undoubted origin of the municipality of Paris. The Carnavalet Museum contains also abundant materials to enable us to trace the history of the flag of Paris, which has become the tricolor flag of France. In brief, its history is this: When the first French revolutionary leader, Étienne Marcel, roused his fellow-citizens to claim their rights in the fourteenth century, he adopted the colors red and blue because they were the colors of the old Parloir aux Bourgeois or Hôtel de Ville, which was the seat of the municipality and the centre of the revolution. In 1789 the Parisians followed the example of Étienne Marcel, and the Parisian cockade which Mayor Bailly presented to Louis XVI. when the King returned to Paris on July 17, after the fall of the Bastile, was blue and red. The King fixed it on the large white cockade which he wore on his royal hat, and thus formed a tricolor cockade. Lafayette, prompt to seize the political union which this chance juxtaposition seemed to symbolize, induced the Commune of Paris to accept this addition of white to the red and blue, and in 1790 the National Assembly ordered that the old white flag of France should be replaced by a flag reproducing in vertical bands the red, white, and blue of the national cockade.

The galleries of the museum contain the remarkably complete collection of revolutionary relics formed by the late M. de Liesville. We will merely glance *en passant* at the picture-gallery, where we shall notice a curious painting by Raguenet, representing the famous Place de Grève, the scene of the beginning of all the revolutions of Paris. Opposite the Hotel de Ville, at the corner of the Rue de la Vannerie, was the first *lanterne* or lamp-iron, and over it stood a bust of Louis XIV., the sign of a loyal grocery store. It was on this Place de Grève that the old régime executed its criminals; it was on this Place de Grève that the Revolution summarily executed its victims by stringing them up on the *lanterne*. In 1789 the lamp-iron had its litanies like the *çi-devant* Virgin, and its poets like Anne of Navarre, while that Athenian wit, Camille Desmoulins, styled himself its attorney-general (*procureur général de la lanterne*). So great did the popularity of the lamp-iron become that the public headsman renounced his rights and dues, "notably his exclusive privilege of quartering, breaking on the wheel, burning, hanging, and beheading," and exhorted "honorable amateurs" to preserve and propagate the use of the lamp-iron. The accompani-

the Carmelite church. Hail and rain that destroyed the crops were attributed to the wrath of this Ceres, and the old women used to perform pious rites to appease her. (See that curious volume of gossip of the reign of Louis XIII., *Les Caquets de l'Accouchée*.)

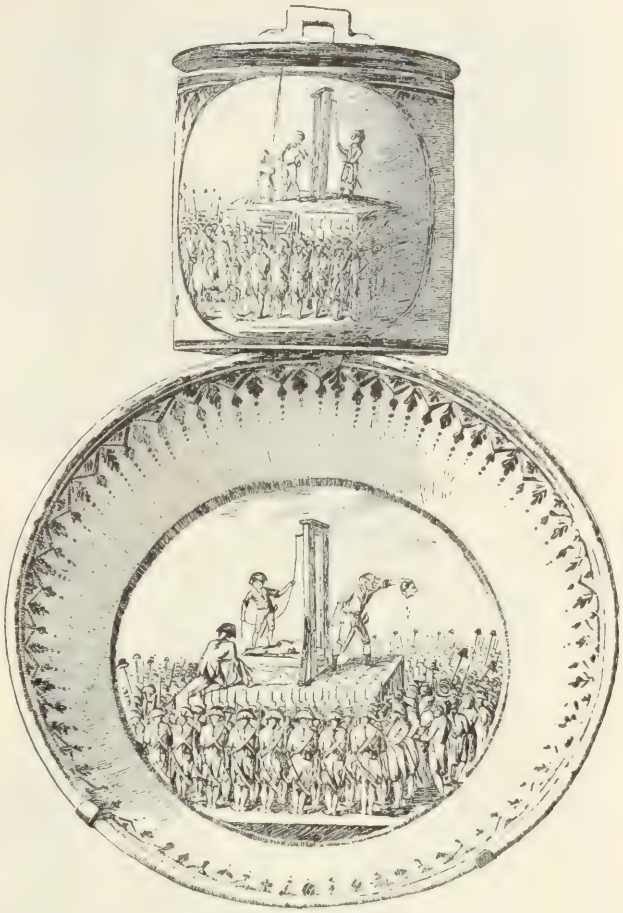
ment of these summary executions is the song of "Ça ira," just as the "Carmagnole" became the song of the guillotine, while both were chanted round the Liberty trees. These two airs and their refrains were the highest expression of patriotism. Here is a verse of the famous "Carillon national":

"Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates à la lanterne.
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira,
Les aristocrates on les pendra.
Le despotisme expirera.
L'égalité triomphera."

The French owe this refrain to no less a celebrity than Benjamin Franklin. Every day Franklin used to be asked, out of real interest or merely out of politeness, how the American revolution was getting on, and Benjamin smiled through his spectacles and replied, invariably: "Ça ira! ça ira!" (It will go.) The Revolution caught the phrase, and made it into a hymn which gradually became the Alleluia of bloodshed.

Now we will go upstairs and visit the Liesville collections and the various objects which M. Jules Cousin, the curator of the museum, has gathered together to illustrate the history of Paris between 1789 and 1804. The numismatics and the ceramics of the epoch are there almost complete, but as both these subjects have been exhaustively treated in special works, we shall perhaps find more novelty and interest in examining the miscellaneous objects as they may happen to strike our eye.

The Revolution began by loving everything. Indiscriminate benevolence was its first characteristic, and in speaking about this epoch, still so little known, and so disfigured by hatred and calumny, we must not forget that, as Michelet has said, "the heart of France was full of magnanimity, clemency, and pardon." And as a corrective we may remember Carlyle's sneer, "For it is a gesticulating, sympathetic people, and has a heart, and wears it on its sleeve." The abstract conceptions of brotherly love and the love of the fatherland seem to have penetrated the heart of every man, woman, and child in France in 1789, and to have awakened the whole nation to a new life, eminently spiritual, ignoring space and time, and full of illusions and artless enthusiasm which make the whole Revolution seem as it were a dream, sometimes ravishing, sometimes

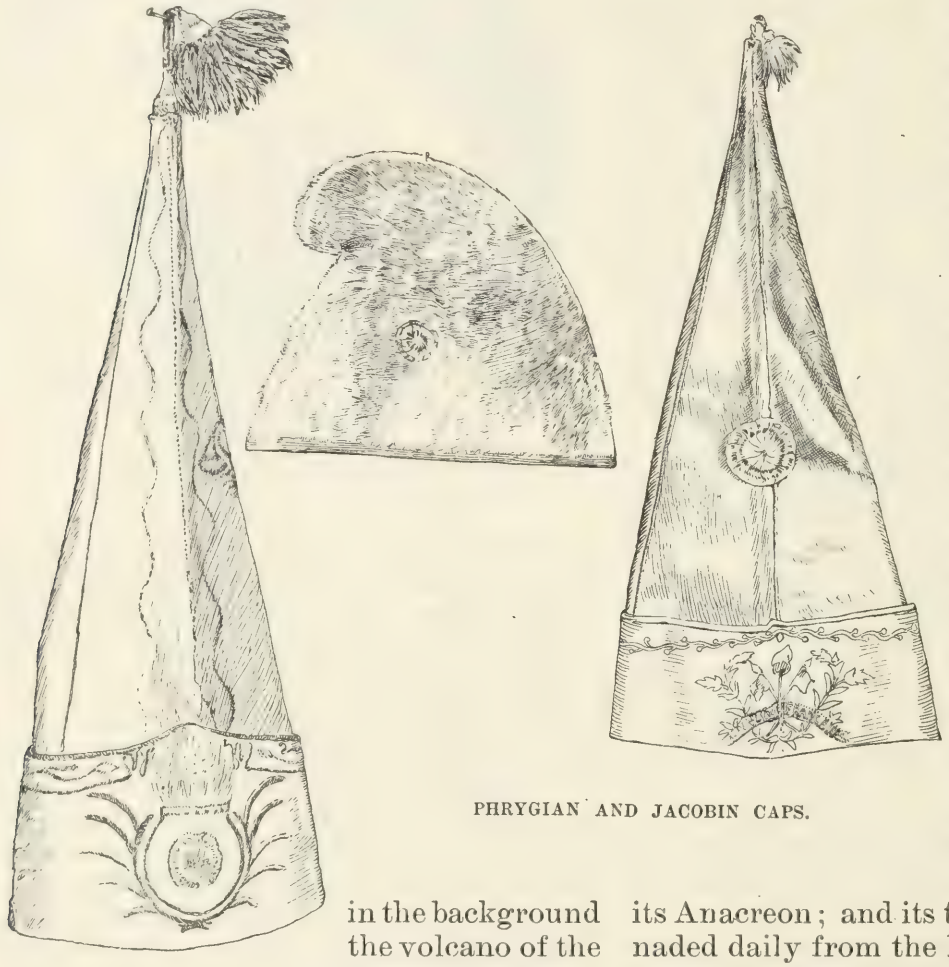


GUILLOTINE CUP AND SAUCER.

terrible. Every relic of the time bears upon it the stamp of the moral state of the nation, from the furniture and window-curtains down to the smallest detail of attire.

In the Revolutionary faience and porcelain the love of flowery nature is marked. Let us examine the splendid pair of ovoid soft-paste Sèvres vases, one of the jewels of the museum, which were executed on the occasion of the Fête of the Supreme Being in 1793, and destined as a present to the high-priest Robespierre, who had induced the Convention to *decree* the "existence of the Supreme Being," and likewise "that consoling principle of the Immortality of the Soul." The vases of royal blue are decorated each with two beautifully painted medallions. On one the goddess of Reason, clad in tricolor drapery, with the decimal numbers embroidered on her collerette, holds aloft a torch to enlighten the world. She is seated on a lion, and in the background is a classic temple and a soft landscape reminding one of the smooth and feathery gardens of Versailles. On the other vase is a seated figure of Liberty, in a red and white robe, with one arm resting on a classic pedestal

inscribed with the words "Confédération des Français" and "Droits de l'homme." With the other arm she holds aloft a pike surmounted by the red Phrygian cap; suspended round her neck by a tricolor ribbon is a carpenter's plumb-level; at her feet lies the club of tyranny; Love holds the balance of justice, and the Gallic cock crows triumphantly in the sunny landscape. The two remaining medallions are flowery allegories. On one we see a landscape radiant with tricolor flowers of Pre-Raphaelite minuteness of execution, and



PHRYGIAN AND JACOBIN CAPS.

in the background the volcano of the Revolution vomiting forth the flame of Liberty and flinging abroad the thunder-bolts of Justice; while on the other we have a picture of the National Garden, formerly Tuileries, with the Liberty tree and all the *mise en scène* of that mummery which the painter David devised and over which Robespierre presided, clad in a sky-blue coat, white waistcoat, and nankeen breeches, and holding in his hand a bouquet of wild flowers and wheat-ears. How strange and unexpected is this profusion of simple flowers in these times which we are so often tempted to look upon as wild saturnalia of bloodshed and horrid frenzy!

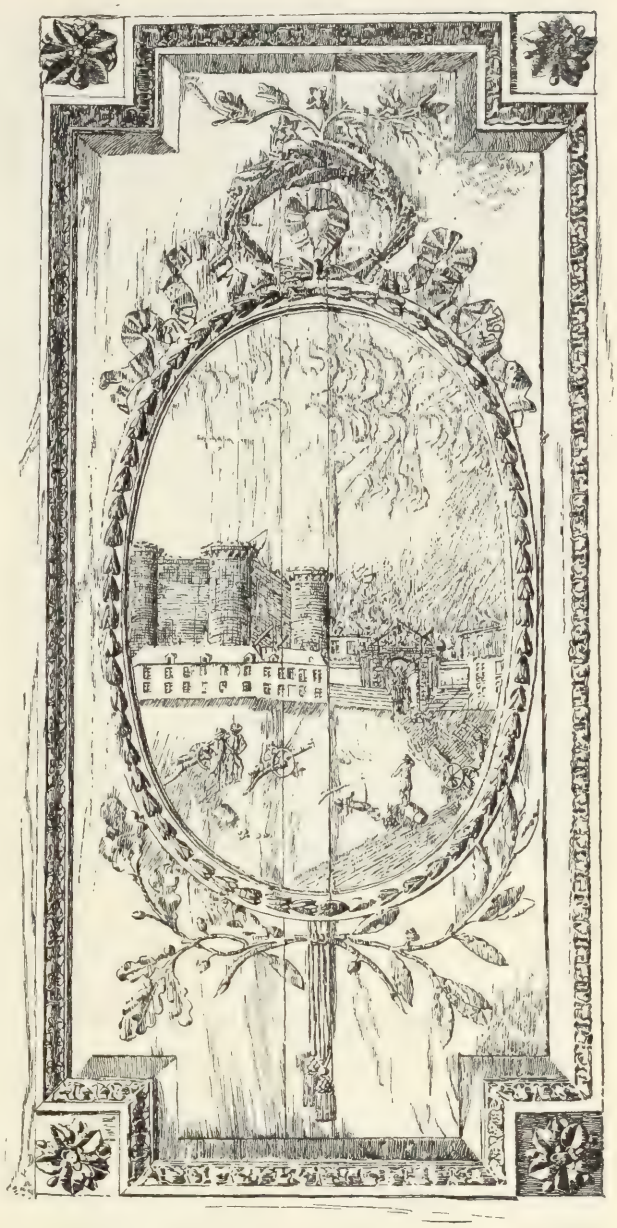
It is a noteworthy fact that the guillotine figures comparatively little in the ornamentation of objects of the Republican epoch. The guillotine cup and saucer, of which we give an illustration, is a reactionary piece made at Berlin, and of white Berlin china decorated with a simple gold band. The medallions are in bistre. The one on the cup represents the execution of Marie Antoinette, and the one on the saucer the execution of Louis XVI., whose profile is easily recognizable. The executioner seen in both medallions, who was at that time working the terrible "silence machine" fifty or sixty times a day, was Charles Henri Sanson, third of the generation, a man who liked society, had fine silver plate, claimed his rights as a citizen, which the Abbé Maury had contested in 1789, protested against the title of "bourreau," or executioner, and obtained instead the title of "avenger of the people." At the time when this cup and saucer were made the guillotine had become, so to speak, Prime-Minister of the Republic; Barère was its Anacreon; and its triumph was promenaded daily from the Place de la Révolution to the Champ de Mars, from the Champ de Mars to the Barrière Renversée (formerly Barrier of the Throne), from the Upset Barrier to the Place Antoine, and thence to the Place de Grève, as convenience suggested. And yet it is evident that the guillotine was not at first a terror-inspiring object. One general of the Revolutionary army had a guillotine engraved on his seal. The ladies of Tours wore guillotine ear-rings, and the "avenger of the people" danced with them at the proconsular balls. The guillotine was *à la mode*. Its inventor, Dr. Guillotin, in a speech before the National Assembly on December 1, 1789, had said, "With

my machine I slice off your head in the twinkling of an eye, and you do not suffer," and the song-writers parodied his words as follows:

"Un certain ressort caché,
Tout à coup étant lâché,
Fait tomber ber ber,
Fait sauter ter ter,
Fait tomber, fait sauter,
Fait voler la tête.
C'est bien plus honnête."

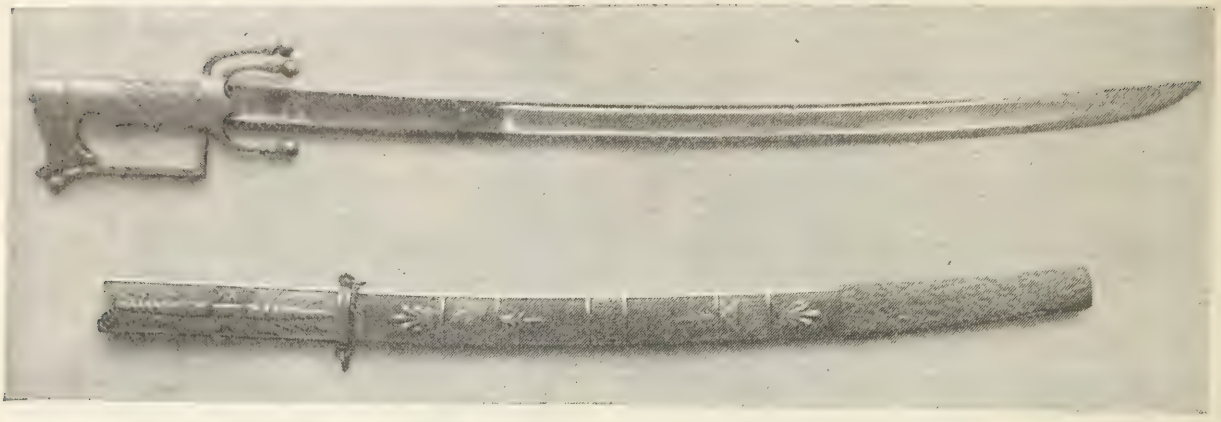
People, it must be presumed, soon grew accustomed to the fatal machine, for it even entered the salons, and MM. de Goncourt relate, in their *History of French Society during the Revolution:* "In extremely good company at dessert, after supper, a little mahogany guillotine was placed on the table, and the ladies, acting the rôle of Sanson, placed under the knife dolls whose heads were portraits of some enemy—Lameth, Robespierre, Bailly, or Lafayette. The head was cut off, and red fluid flowed from the neck: the doll was a bottle, and the blood some amber-colored liqueur." Society in its *insouciance* treated as a toy the instrument which was soon to decimate its ranks. But except in prints the guillotine is not often represented. It is occasionally found on patriotic snuff-boxes, which themselves take the form of a Phrygian cap. There is one iron pike-head at the Carnavalet Museum on which is engraved an old-fashioned guillotine worked by a rope. On the knife is engraved a Phrygian cap, and the inscriptions above and below are "Ça ira" and "Vive la République." When the guillotine was first used the knife was held suspended by a rope, and at a given signal a soldier with averted eyes cut the rope with his sword. Afterward the working of the machine was improved, and made more expeditious as its use became extended.

In our illustration will be seen three specimens of symbolical Republican head-gear. The red woollen cap with the woollen tricolor cockade is the famous Phrygian cap, worn not only as such, but also for convenience' sake, as well as in compliment to the sans-culottes patriots and Bastile heroes. I remember one day seeing Monsieur Thiers with this very cap on his head. M. de Liesville had lent it for an exhibition of costume held in Paris, and as the historian of the Revolution, Monsieur Thiers took great delight in trying



REVOLUTIONARY MARRIAGE CUPBOARD.

it on. His resemblance to our old friend Mr. Punch was astonishing. The other two specimens illustrated are Jacobin head-gear of white felt embroidered with blue and white flowers, and with the inscription "Constitution Liberté Égalité Veillez." These caps, worn, of course, not in a point, but with the upper part hanging over on one side, were of the same form as those formerly worn by the police of the gardes françaises, who became very popular in 1789. On one of these caps may be seen the traces of stitches showing where that detested emblem, a crown, was picked out when the cap was promoted to the honor of covering a Republican head. Symbolism is everywhere. Those who witnessed the Commune of 1871 will remember what



SABRE OF MEMBERS OF THE CONVENTION, DESIGNED BY DAVID.

an efflorescence of gold-lace and embroidery and epaulets covered the garments of the citizen officials of Paris. So it was at the time of the great Revolution, and in the show-cases of the Carnavalet Museum we see hundreds and hundreds of Republican insignia, of representatives of the people, functionaries, public officers, conquerors of the Bastile, medals and seals, sets of coat buttons where Marat, Louis XVI., Lafayette, Franklin, the Phrygian cap, the level, etc., form the ornamentation; green epaulets and red epaulets, gold-laced hats, tiger-skin helmets, cockades, flags of the different district companies of the National Guard, each of which had a distinct Republican uniform; even the book-bindings bear Revolutionary emblems stamped in gold on their morocco sides, while the waistcoats of ardent patriots were radiant with embroidery of flowers intermingled with the emblems of liberty. The very furniture was adorned with emblematic carving, particularly the so-called "marriage cupboards," in which the young Republican wife stored her linen. Several of these huge oak cupboards exist in the museum. Our illustration shows the upper panel of one of the doors of the finest of the Carnavalet cupboards. On one panel is carved in a low relief a group representing the three estates swearing the Federative pact at Versailles; on the other, the capture of the Bastile, with the inscription in the charming Louis XVI. *banderole:* "Prise de la Bastille en 1789." This cupboard is surmounted by a Roman eagle over a trophy composed of a crosier, a sword, a spade, and a Phrygian cap, being the emblems of the three estates of the clergy, the nobility, and the *tiers état.* The wall-paper and the curtain chintzes were likewise made patriotically eloquent by means of their emblematic patterns. Several specimens may be seen in the museum. On some there are simply the usual emblems of freedom and equality; on others we find the "glorification of Louis XVI., father of the French and King of a free people," apropos of the new constitution of 1791; on others the fêtes of the Federation. A curious pair of printed cotton window-curtains is decorated with colored medallions representing Hoche receiving the submission of the peasants of La Vendée; Italy submitting to the Directory in presence of Bonaparte; the Republic, wearing the red cap, receiving the submission of the provinces; Bonaparte, crowned by Victory, distributing tricolor sashes to the Egyptian pashas.

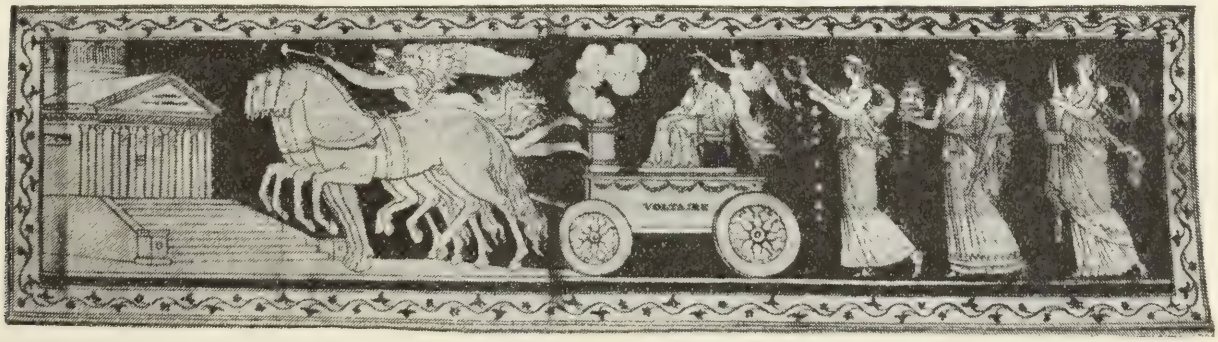
In all the symbolism and theatrical *mise en scène* of the Republic the painter David played an important *rôle.* He was the designer of the symbolic funeral processions, of the great Republican *fêtes* and mummeries, of the costumes and official arms, such as the sabre of the members of the Convention, reproduced in our illustration, and of the official bust of Marat, which was erected in all the municipal meeting-places, in the schools and committee-rooms, after Charlotte Corday killed the People's Friend in 1793. David's bust of Marat was reproduced by the Italian image-bakers in white plaster, and at one time no less than 4000 of them were visible in places of honor in Paris alone, together with busts of Mirabeau, and sometimes of Benjamin Franklin. One of these official busts, coarsely painted, figures in the museum; the open shirt shows the meagre breast of the patriot, "acrid, corrosive as the spirit of

sloes and copperas"—to quote the words of Carlyle—and his brow is bound round with the traditional towel-turban. In 1793 David was the grand director of Republican art, the painter of the martyrs Marat and Le Pelletier, the master of ceremonies of the Panathenaic processions of anarchy, the fierce enemy of national French art, and the introducer of pseudo-Greek and Roman style into the painting, the sculpture, the furniture, and the accessories of daily life. The arabesques and curves and graceful caprices of the cabinet-makers of Pompadour and Du Barry were banished; serpentine contours and undulating profiles disappeared from chairs and lounges; the marquetry of Boule, the bronze bows and garlands of Gouthière, and the gay vignettes of Lawreince and Fragonard were replaced by stupid caricatures of the events of the day, such as we have noticed on the wall-paper and curtains. "Liberty now consolidated in France," says a writer in the *Journal de la Mode et du Goût* in 1790, "has restored the antique and pure style, which must not be confounded with the ancient and Gothic taste." And so the ornament *à la mode* became a model of the Bastile by the citizen Palloy; the new form of bed is "à la Révolution," "à la Fédération," or simply "à la patrie," with the posts formed of fasces crowned by the Phrygian cap, and reminding the citizen sleeper of the arch of triumph raised on the Champ de Mars on the memorable day of the fête of the Federation. The very door-plates must be patriotic: they may be bought ready-made at a shop in the Place de la Réunion, and they bear in red the civic inscription: "Unité, indivisibilité de la République. Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité ou la mort." (*Petites Affiches*, August, 1793.) Every citizen must have his name and civic plate on his door,

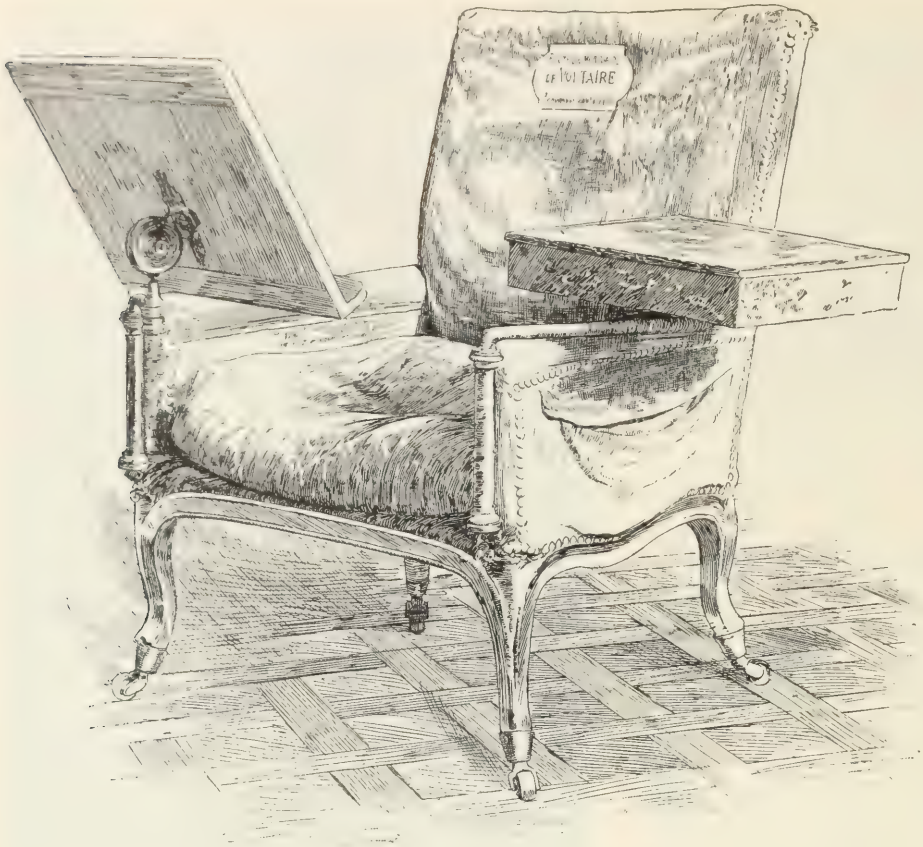


SASH WORN BY GIRLS AT THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOLTAIRE.

his citizen's card and certificate, his credentials of patriotism, his Republican accessories of all kinds. And so painter David continued to make French art cold and morose, mixing meanwhile deeply in politics—so deeply, in fact, that on the 9th Thermidor his turn came to be accused and imprisoned. "David is a monster," cried André Chénier; "he must perish!" But his famous pictures of "Brutus" and "The Oath of the Horatii" won him amnesty, and the irony of fate allowed the painter of the apotheosis of Marat to live, so that he might become the painter in ordinary of future coronations, the de-



SASH WORN BY GIRLS AT THE APOTHEOSIS OF VOLTAIRE.



ARM-CHAIR IN WHICH VOLTAIRE DIED.

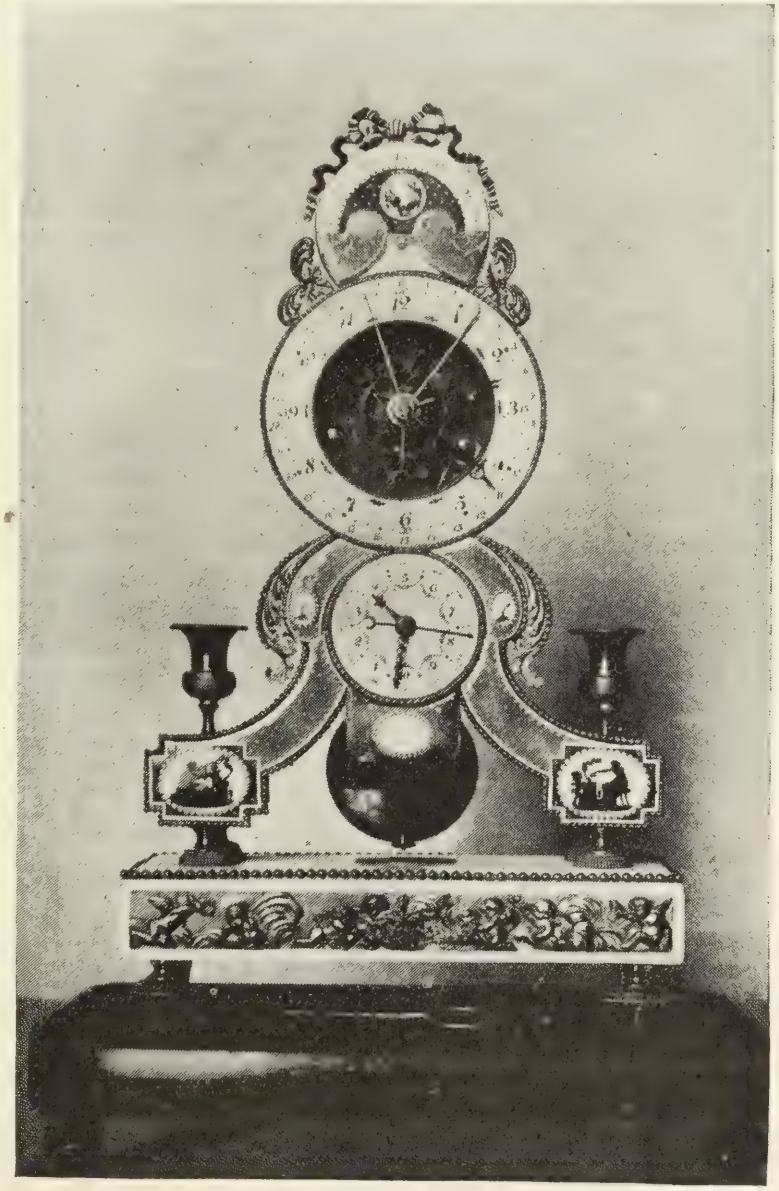
signer of the throne of the first Emperor, and to the end of his days the perverter of French art into the paths of insipid imitation Hellenism. Even the exquisite artists of Sèvres lose their coquettish prettiness under the influence of David, and their flowery caprices are replaced finally by cold white classical figures on a pale blue ground. David, too, is responsible for the wonderful operatico-republican apotheosis of Voltaire when the philosopher's bones were removed in 1791 from their stolen grave in the Abbey of Scellières to a more glorious grave in the Church of Saint Géneviève, then for the first time converted into a Pantheon for the great men of the father-land, "Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante." Mirabeau was the first tenant, soon to be ejected, of the father-land's Pantheon. Then followed Voltâire, all Paris processioning and perorating over his dust, and nymphs from the opera personating angels and genii dressed after the Greek fashions, as recorded by Etruscan vases and Pompeiian wall-paintings. Here we have the sash of pale blue satin fringed with white which the ministering maidens wore, and on the sash, printed in black, we see the chariot arriving at the Pantheon, followed by the epic, tragic, and lyric muses—a chariot drawn by snow-white steeds driven by goadsters in classical costume, with tunics and sandals and fillets and wheat-ears. At the ends of the sash are allegorical medallions of Music singing the praises of Voltaire, and of Painting transmitting his features to posterity. Yet another allegory, but conceived this time according to the traditions of French sculptors of the eighteenth century, unhampered by the teachings of David: it is the plaster sketch of the monument which was to have been erected to the memory of Voltaire in the Pantheon. The author is Gois, who exhibited his project at the Salon in 1793, and explained it by the inscription:

"De l'innocence il fut le zélé défenseur,
Du fanatisme affreux l'ardent persécuteur."

A dangerous honor, this burial in the Pantheon, full of unrest. After three years' repose in its vaults Mirabeau was ejected by a decree of the Convention on a posthumous charge of treason, and nobody knows where his remains now lie. Four months of honor were granted to Marat, and then, after the 9th Thermidor, the bones of the idol of the populace were by that same populace thrown into the cesspool of Montmartre. The remains of Le Pelletier de Saint-Fargeau and of Beaurepaire, once honored with burial in the Pantheon, were likewise scattered to the winds; and later on, when Louis XVIII. restored the throne and the altar in France, the bones of Voltaire and of Rousseau were dragged from their Pantheon tombs, and no one knows where they were ignominiously flung. How short-lived is French enthusiasm, and how opinion does veer and whirl! Happily for the consola-

tion of the curious, the Carnavalet Museum possesses the queer old arm-chair in which Voltaire died at Paris in 1778, in the house of his friend the Marquis de la Villette, at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and of the Quai Voltaire. This old chair is covered with yellowish-green mottled velvet, and the book-rest and writing-desk are lacquered with a pattern now undistinguishable. It was bought for the museum at the sale of the Marquis de la Villette's effects at the Hôtel Drouot in 1865, and is beyond doubt a curious and perfectly authentic relic.

During the Revolution this Marquis de la Villette was the author of a brilliant idea. In 1789 France raised, as it were, an altar to national bankruptcy, and the people were seized with an epidemic of patriotic offerings, "*dons patriotiques*," which were sent from all parts of the country to the National Assembly. One day the Marquis de la Villette brought all his own silver shoebuckles and all those of his household, threaded on a string. The idea was taken up and spread like wildfire, and a statistician of the time calculated that the silver shoebuckles of the citizen-soldiers of Paris alone would bring into the national treasury 600,000 livres, and the silver buckles of the whole French nation forty million livres. Henceforward, until the Muscadins and Madame Tallien revived luxury, every Frenchman sacrificed his silver shoebuckles, and wore brass buckles "*à la nation.*" The "*dons patriotiques*" led the women of France to strip themselves of their jewels and diamonds and valuable ornaments; silver candlesticks and silver plate were sent to the mint to be melted; the King gave his fine gold plate chiselled by Germain; the handles of the King's table knives produced a nugget of 281 marcs of silver; nobles, abbots, civil communities, seamstresses, coffee-house keepers, fencing-masters, the actors of the Comédie Française, all offered their valuables on the altar of national bankruptcy, and had their names printed in the thanksgiving lists of the National Assembly. The melting-pot was full for months, and thousands of the masterpieces of the gold and silver smiths of the eighteenth century were thus lost forever. Stripped by their own patriotic initiative of their jewelry, the women henceforward wore ornaments of Spartan simplicity, souvenirs of the great days of the struggle for freedom—brooches "*à la constitution*," copper rings "*à la Bastille*," civic and national marriage rings enamelled with red, white, and blue, and with the motto "*La nation, la loi, et le roi*," ear-rings "*à la constitution*" of white glass, with the motto "*La patrie*," and a thousand and one trumpery trinkets, which are now religiously preserved in the Carnavalet Museum, together with brass Revolutionary watches and clocks.



REVOLUTIONARY DECIMAL TIME-PIECE.

The Convention, it will be remembered, not only changed the names of the months with the aid of Romme and Monge the mathematician, but boldly introduced the decimal system into the divisions of the hours, the days, and the months. In each month there were three decades, and the *décadi*, or tenth day, was decreed to be a day of rest, the remaining days being named Primidi, Duodi, Tridi, Quartidi, Quintidi, Sextidi, Septidi, Octidi, Nonidi. A beautiful decimal clock of gilt bronze and blue and white enamel, with two dials and a lunar hemisphere, presented to the museum by the founder and present curator, M. Jules Cousin, forms a complete record of the system of the Convention. This clock marks the decimal hours, each of one hundred minutes and one hundred seconds, the common hours—called then the Slave Style, *style esclave*, or, as we should say, Old Style hours—the decade, the Republican month and its equivalent in the old style, and the Republican date. The museum also possesses many watches with dials divided according to this decimal system.

Strange times! and strange souvenirs meet one's eye at every turn in this museum of the Revolution, with its trophies of arms, its portraits of heroes and victims, its multifarious relics, each one of which carries us back to those troublous, terrible, enthusiastic, and withal generous days. We will stay for a moment to contemplate the large model of the Bastile carved in a block of stone taken from the ruins of the demolished fortress. This model is the work of Citizen Palloy, an architect, who immediately after the capture of the prison established himself on a large scale as a purveyor of souvenirs, and sent his travellers and agents all over the country to sell bonbon boxes, vases, inkstands, and little models made out of the stones of the fortress, while out of the chains of the Bastile he made lockets and medals "destined to rest on the breasts of free men." In one of the glass cases near this model we see an autograph card signed by Palloy: "Carte d'entrée de l'atelier des modèles de la Bastille, 10 Juillet 1790. Palloy, Patriote pour la vie." Architect Palloy sent a large model of the Bastile sculped in a stone of the fortress to every town in France. The model in the Carnavalet Museum comes from Bordeaux, and appears to have suffered much from the zeal of reactionary citizens, for the gratings of the windows have been torn away and the door is wanting. However, there it stands, an authentic model, and beside it on a stone slab, likewise rescued from the ruins, is engraved a ground-plan of the building, with the rhymed inscription:

"Le Temps et les tyrans ont construit la Bastille;
Les Français en un jour l'ont détruit en famille.
Le 14 Juillet 1789."

But Citizen Palloy, with all his zeal and all his travellers, could not use up all the stones of those Bastile walls, forty feet thick at the base and one hundred and forty feet high. The remainder of the hated materials were refashioned, and built into the Bridge of the Revolution, which is now called the Bridge of Concord.

With this souvenir we must bring our ramble to an end, without having been able to call attention to one-tenth of the riches of this curious and little-known museum. We have, however, indicated its general plan and the nature of its contents sufficiently to enable the student of the history of Paris to form some idea of the storehouse of documents he may find in Madame de Sévigné's old home.

IN DARKNESS.

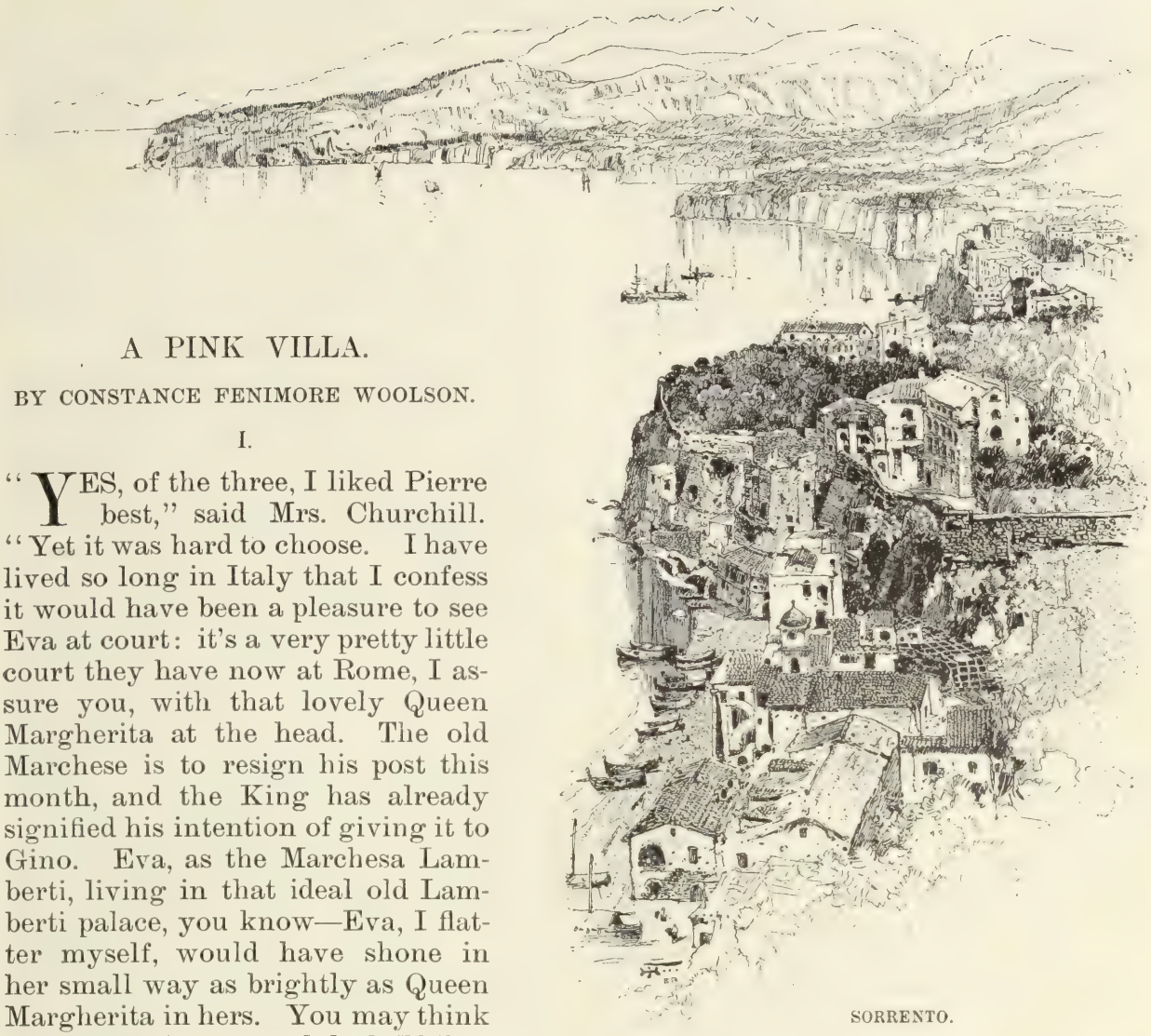
BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

I WILL be still;
The terror drawing nigh
Shall startle from my lips no coward cry;
Nay, though the night my deadliest dread fulfil,
I will be still.

For oh! I know,
Though suffering hours delay,
Yet to Eternity they pass away,
Carrying something onward as they flow,
Outlasting woe!

Yes, something won;
The harvest of our tears—
Something unfading, plucked from fading years
Something to blossom on beyond the sun,
From Sorrow won.

The agony,
So hopeless now of balm,
Shall sleep at last, in light as pure and calm
As that wherewith the stars look down on thee,
Gethsemane.



SORRENTO.

A PINK VILLA.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

I.

"YES, of the three, I liked Pierre best," said Mrs. Churchill. "Yet it was hard to choose. I have lived so long in Italy that I confess it would have been a pleasure to see Eva at court: it's a very pretty little court they have now at Rome, I assure you, with that lovely Queen Margherita at the head. The old Marchese is to resign his post this month, and the King has already signified his intention of giving it to Gino. Eva, as the Marchesa Lamberti, living in that ideal old Lamberti palace, you know—Eva, I flatter myself, would have shone in her small way as brightly as Queen Margherita in hers. You may think I am assuming a good deal, Philip. But you have no idea how much pains has been taken with that child; she literally is fitted for a court or for any other high position. Yet at the same time she is very childlike. I have kept her so purposely; she has almost never been out of my sight. The Lambertis are one of the best among the old Roman families, and there could not be a more striking proof of Gino's devotion than his having persuaded his father to say (as he did to me two months ago) that he should be proud to welcome Eva 'as she is,' which meant that her very small dowry would not be considered an objection. As to Eva herself, of course the Lambertis, or any other family, would be proud to receive her," pursued Mrs. Churchill, with the quiet pride which in its unruffled serenity became her well. "But not to hesitate over her mere pittance of a portion, that is very remarkable; for the marriage portion is considered a sacred point by all Italians; they are brought up to respect it—as we respect the Constitution."

"It's a very pretty picture," answered Philip Dallas—"the court and Queen Margherita, the handsome Gino and the old Lamberti palace. But I'm a little bewildered, Fanny; you speak of it all so appreciatively, yet Gino was certainly not the name you mentioned; Pierre, wasn't it?"

"Yes, Pierre," answered Mrs. Churchill, laughing and sighing with the same breath. "I've strayed far. But the truth is, I did like Gino, and I wanted to tell you about him. No, Eva will not be the Marchesa Lamberti, and live in the old palace; I have declined that offer. Well, then, the next was Thornton Stanley."

"Thornton Stanley? Has he turned up here? I used to know him very well."

"I thought perhaps you might."

"He is a capital fellow—when he can forget his first editions."

Mrs. Churchill folded her arms, placing one hand on each elbow, and slightly hugging herself. "He has forgotten them more than once in *this* house," she said, triumphantly.

"He is not only a capital fellow, but he has a large fortune—ten times as large, I venture to say, as your Lambertis have."

"I know that. But—"

"But you prefer an old palace. I am afraid Stanley could not build Eva an old castle. Couldn't you manage to jog on with half a dozen new ones?"

"The trouble with Thornton Stanley was his own uncertainty," said Fanny; "he was not in the least firm about staying over here, though he pretended he was. I could see that he would be always going home. More than that, I should not be at all surprised if at the end of five years—three even—he should have bought or built a house in New York, and settled down there forever."

"And you don't want that for your American daughter, renegade?"

Mrs. Churchill unfolded her arms. "No one can be a warmer American than I am, Philip—no one. During the war I nearly cried my eyes out: have you forgotten that? I scraped lint; I wanted to go to the front as nurse—everything. What days they were! We *lived* then. I sometimes think we have never lived since."

Dallas felt a little bored. He was of the same age as Fanny Churchill; but the school-girl, whose feelings were already those of a woman, had had her nature stirred to its depths by events which the lad had been too young to take seriously to heart. His heart had never caught up with them, though, of course, his reason had.

"Yes, I know you are flamingly patriotic," he said. "All the same, you don't want Eva to live in Fiftieth Street."

"In Fiftieth Street?"

"I chose the name at random. In New York."

"I don't see why you should be sarcastic," said Fanny. "Of course I expect to go back myself some time; I could not be content without that. But Eva—Eva is different; she has been brought up over here entirely; she was only three when I came abroad. It seems such a pity that all that should be wasted."

"And why should it be wasted in Fiftieth Street?"

"The very qualities that are admired here would be a drawback to her there," replied Mrs. Churchill. "A shy girl who cannot laugh and talk with everybody, who has never been out alone a step in her life, where would she be in New York?—I ask you that. While here, as you see, before she is eighteen—"

"Isn't the poor child eighteen yet? Why in the world do you want to marry her to any one for five years more at least?"

Mrs. Churchill threw up her pretty hands. "How little you have learned about some things, Philip, in spite of your winters on the Nile and your Scotch shooting-box! I suppose it is because you have had no daughters to consider."

"Daughters?—I should think not!" was Dallas's mental exclamation. Fanny, then, with all her sense, was going to make that same old mistake of supposing that a bachelor of thirty-seven and a mother of thirty-seven were of the same age.

"Why, it's infinitely better in every way that a nice girl like Eva should be married as soon as possible after her school-books are closed, Philip," Mrs. Churchill went on; "for then, don't you see, she can enter society—which is always so dangerous—safely; well protected, and yet quite at liberty as well. I mean, of course, in case she has a good husband. That is the mother's business, the mother's responsibility, and I think a mother who does not give her heart to it, her whole soul and energy, and choose *well*—I think such a mother an infamous woman. In this case I am sure I have chosen well; I am sure Eva will be happy with Pierre de Verneuil. They have the same ideas; they have congenial tastes, both being fond of music and art. And Pierre is a very lovable fellow: you will think so yourself when you see him."

"And you say she likes him?"

"Very much. I should not have gone on with it, of course, if there had been any dislike. They are not formally betrothed as yet; that is to come soon; but the old Count (Pierre's father) has been to see me, and everything is virtually arranged—a delightful man, the old Count. They are to make handsome settlements; not only are they rich, but they are not in the least narrow—as even the best Italians are, I am sorry to say. The Verneuils are cosmopolitans; they have been every-

where; their estate is near Brussels, but they spend most of their time in Paris. They will never tie Eva down in any small way. In addition, both father and son are extremely nice to *me*."

"Ah!" said Dallas, approvingly.

"Yes; they have the French ideas about mothers; you know that in France the mother is and remains the most important person in the family." As she said this, Mrs. Churchill unconsciously lifted herself and threw back her shoulders. Ordinarily the line from the knot of her hair behind to her waist was long and somewhat convex, while correspondingly the distance between her chin and her belt in front was surprisingly short; she was a plump woman, and she had fallen into the habit of leaning upon a certain beguiling steel board, which leads a happy existence in wrappings of white kid and perfumed lace.

"Not only will they never wish to separate me from Eva," she went on, still abnormally erect, "but such a thought would never enter their minds; they think it an honor and a pleasure to have me with them; the old Count assured me of it in those very words."

"And now we have the secret of the Belgian success," said Dallas.

"Yes. But I have not been selfish; I have tried to consider everything; I have investigated carefully. If you will stay half an hour longer you can see Pierre for yourself; and then I know that you will agree with me."

In less than half an hour the Belgian appeared—a slender, handsome young man of twenty-two, with an ease of manner and grace in movement which no American of that age ever had. With all his grace, however, and his air of being a man of the world, there was such a charming expression of kindliness and purity in his still boyish eyes that any mother, with her young daughter's happiness at heart, might have been pardoned for coveting him as a son-in-law. This Dallas immediately comprehended. "You have chosen well," he said to Fanny, when they were left for a moment alone; "the boy's a jewel."

Before the arrival of Pierre, Eva Churchill, followed by her governess, had come out to join her mother on the terrace; Eva's daily lessons were at an end, save that the music went on; Mlle. Legrand was retained as a useful companion.

Following Pierre, two more visitors appeared, not together; one was an Englishman of fifty, small, meagre, plain in face; the other an American, somewhat younger, a short, ruddy man, dressed like an Englishman. Mrs. Churchill mentioned their names to Dallas: "Mr. Gordon-Gray." "Mr. Ferguson."

It soon appeared that Mr. Gordon-Gray and Mr. Ferguson were in the habit of looking in every afternoon, at about that hour, for a cup of tea. Dallas, who hated tea, leaned back in his chair and watched the scene, watched Fanny especially, with the amused eyes of a contemporary who remembers a different past. Fanny was looking dimpled and young; her tea was excellent, her tea-service elaborate (there was a samovar); her daughter was docile, her future son-in-law a Count and a pearl; in addition, her terrace was an enchanting place for lounging, attached as it was to a pink-faced villa that overlooked the sea.

Nor were there wanting other soft pleasures. "Dear Mrs. Murray-Churchill, how delicious is this nest of yours!" said the Englishman, with quiet ardor; "I never come here without admiring it."

Fanny answered him in a steady voice, though there was a certain flatness in its tone: "Yes, it's very pretty indeed." Her face was red; she knew that Dallas was laughing; she would not look in his direction. Dallas, however, had taken himself off to the parapet, where he could have his laugh out at ease: to be called Mrs. Murray-Churchill as a matter of course in that way—what joy for Fanny!

Eva was listening to the busy Mark Ferguson; he was showing her a little silver statuette which he had unearthed that morning in Naples, "in a dusty out-of-the-way shop, if you will believe it, where there was nothing else but rubbish—literally nothing. From the chasing I am inclined to think it's fifteenth century. But you will need glasses to see it well; I can lend you a pair of mine."

"I can see it perfectly—thanks," said Eva. "It is very pretty, I suppose."

"Pretty, Miss Churchill? Surely it's a miracle!" Ferguson protested.

Pierre, who was sitting near the mother, glanced across and smiled. Eva did not smile in reply; she was looking vaguely at the blackened silver; but when he came over to see for himself the miracle, then she smiled very pleasantly.

Pierre was evidently deeply in love; he took no pains to conceal it; but during the two hours he spent there he made no effort to lure the young girl into the drawing-room, or even as far as the parapet. He was very well bred. At present he stood beside her and beside Mark Ferguson, and talked about the statuette. "It seems to me old Vienna," he said.

"Signor Bartalama," announced Angelo, Mrs. Churchill's man-servant, appearing at the long window of the drawing-room which served as one of the terrace doors; he held the lace curtains apart eagerly, with the smiling Italian welcome.

Fanny had looked up, puzzled. But when her eyes fell upon the figure emerging from the lace she recognized it instantly. "Horace Bartholomew! Now from what quarter of the heavens do you drop *this* time?"

"So glad you call it heaven," said the new-comer, as she gave him her hand. "But from heaven indeed this time, Mrs. Churchill—I say so emphatically; from our own great, grand country—with the permission of the present company be it spoken." And he bowed slightly to the Englishman and Pierre, his discriminating glance including even the little French governess, who smiled (though non-comprehendingly) in reply. "May I present to you a compatriot, Mrs. Churchill?" he went on. "I have taken the liberty of bringing him without waiting for formal permission; he is, in fact, in your drawing-room now. His credentials, however, are small and puny; they consist entirely of the one item—that I like him."

"That will do perfectly," said Fanny, smiling.

Bartholomew went back to the window and parted the curtains. "Come," he said. A tall man appeared. "Mrs. Churchill, let me present to you Mr. David Rod."

Mrs. Churchill was gracious to the stranger; she offered him a chair near hers, which he accepted; a cup of tea, which he declined; and the usual small questions of a first meeting, which only very original minds are bold enough to jump over. The stranger answered the questions promptly; he was evidently not original. He had arrived two days before; this was his first visit to Italy; the Bay of Naples was beautiful; he had not been up Vesuvius; he had not visited Pompeii; he was not afraid of fever; and he had met Horace Bartholomew in Florida the year before.

"I am told they are beginning to go a great deal to Florida," remarked Fanny.

"I don't go there; I live there," Rod answered.

"Indeed! in what part?" (She brought forward the only names she knew.) "St. Augustine, perhaps? Or Tallahassee?"

"No; I live on the southern coast; at Punta Palmas."

"How Spanish that is! Perhaps you have one of those old Spanish plantations?" She had now exhausted all her knowledge of the State save a vague memory of her school geography: "Where are the Everglades?" "They are in the southern part of Florida. They are shallow lakes filled with trees." But the stranger could hardly live in such a place as that.

"No," answered Rod; "my plantation isn't old and it isn't Spanish; it's a farm, and quite new. I am over here now to get hands for it."

"Hands?"

"Yes, laborers—Italians. They work very well in Florida."

Eva and Mademoiselle Legrand had turned with Pierre to look at the magnificent sunset. "Did you receive the flowers I sent this morning?" said Pierre, bending his head so that if Eva should glance up when she answered, he should be able to look into her eyes.

"Yes; they were beautiful," said Eva, giving the hoped-for glance.

"Yet they are not in the drawing-room."

"You noticed that?" she said, smiling. "They are in the music-room; Mademoiselle put them there."

"They are the flowers for Mozart, are they not?" said Mademoiselle—"heliotrope and white lilies; and we have been studying Mozart this morning. The drawing-room, as you know, Monsieur le Comte, is always full of roses."

"And how do you come on with Mozart?" asked Pierre.

"As usual," answered Eva. "Not very well, I suppose."

Mademoiselle twisted her handkerchief round her fingers. She was passionately fond of music; it seemed to her that her pupil, who played accurately, was not. Pierre also was fond of music, and played with taste. He had not perceived Eva's

"MRS. CHURCHILL, LET ME PRESENT TO YOU MR. DAVID ROD."



ON THE WAY TO THE DESERTO.

coldness in this respect simply because he saw no fault in her.

"I want to make up a party for the Deserto," he went on, "to lunch there. Do you think Madame Churchill will consent?"

"Probably," said Eva.

"I hope she will. For when we are abroad together, under the open sky, then it sometimes happens that I can stay longer by your side."

"Yes; we never have very long talks, do we?" remarked Eva, reflectively.

"Do you desire them?" said Pierre, with ardor. "Ah, if you could know how I do! With me it is one long thirst. Say that you share the feeling, even if only a little; give me that pleasure."

"No," said Eva, laughing, "I don't share it at all. Because, if we should have longer talks, you would find out too clearly that I am not clever."

"Not clever!" said Pierre, with all his heart in his eyes. Then, with his unfailing politeness, he included Mademoiselle. "She is clever, Mademoiselle?"

"She is good," answered Mademoiselle, gravely. "Her heart has a depth—but a depth!"

"I shall fill it all," murmured Pierre to Eva. "It is not that I myself am anything, but my love is so great, so vast; it holds you as the sea holds Capri. Some time—some time, you must let me try to tell you!"

Eva glanced at him. Her eyes had for the moment a vague expression of curiosity.

This little conversation had been carried on in French; Mademoiselle spoke no English, and Pierre would have been incapable of the rudeness of excluding her by means of a foreign tongue.

II.

The pink villa was indeed a delicious nest, to use the Englishman's phrase. It

crowned one of the perpendicular cliffs of Sorrento, its rosy façade overlooking what is perhaps the most beautiful expanse of water in the world—the Bay of Naples. The broad terrace stretched from the drawing-room windows to the verge of the precipice; leaning against its strong stone parapet, with one's elbows comfortably supported on the flat top (which supported also several battered goddesses of marble), enjoying the shade of a lemon-tree set in a great vase of tawny terra-cotta—leaning thus, one could let one's idle gaze drop straight down into the deep blue water below, or turn it to the white line of Naples opposite, shining under castled heights, to Vesuvius with its plume of smoke, or to beautiful dark Ischia rising from the waves in the west, guarding the entrance to the sea. On each side, close at hand, the cliffs of Sorrento stretched away, tipped with their villas, with their crowded orange and lemon groves. Each villa had its private stairway leading to the beach below; strange dark passages, for the most part cut in the solid rock, winding down close to the face of the cliff, so that every now and then a little rock-window can let in a gleam of light to keep up the spirits of those who are descending. For every one does descend: to sit and read among the rocks; to bathe from the bathing-house on the fringe of beach; to embark for a row to the grottoes or a sail to Capri.

The afternoon which followed the first visit of Philip Dallas to the pink villa found him there a second time; again he was on the terrace with Fanny. The plunging sea-birds of the terrace's mosaic floor were partially covered by a large Persian rug, and it was upon this rich surface that the easy-chairs were assembled, and also the low tea-table, which was of a construction so solid that no one could possibly knock it over. A keen observer had once said that that table was in itself a sufficient indication that Fanny's house was furnished to attract masculine, not feminine, visitors (a remark which was perfectly true).

"You are the sun of a system of masculine planets, Fanny," said Dallas. "After long years, that is how I find you."

"Oh, Philip—we who live so quietly!"

"So is the sun quiet, I suppose; I have never heard that he howled. Mr. Gordon-Gray, Mark Ferguson, Pierre de Verneuil, Horace Bartholomew, unknown Americans. Do they come to see Eva or you?"

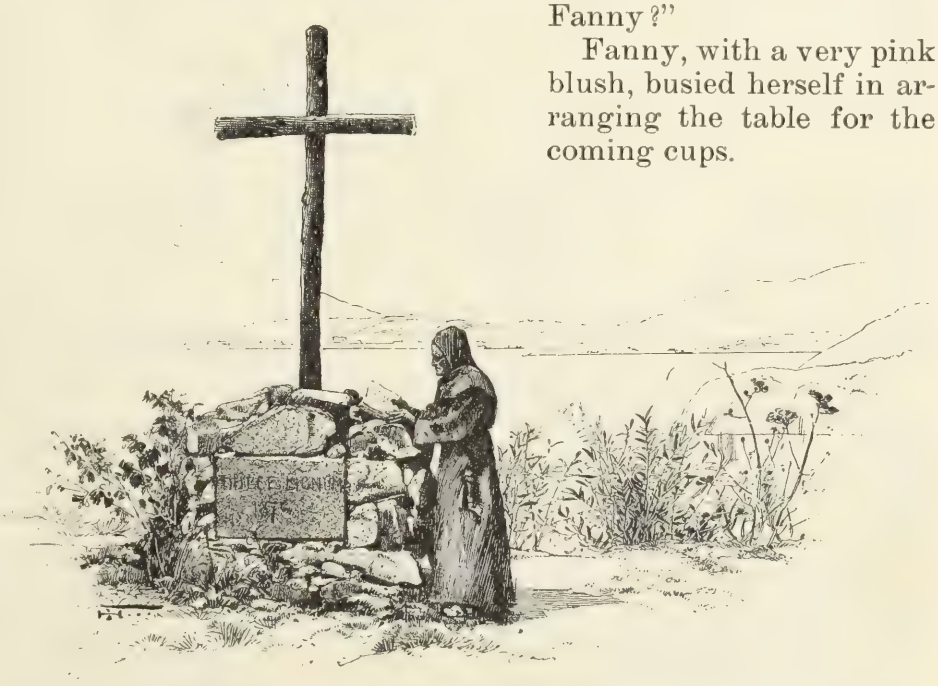
"They come to see the view—as you do; to sit in the shade and talk. I give very good dinners too," Fanny added, with simplicity.

"O romance! good dinners on the Bay of Naples!"

"Well, you may laugh; but nothing draws men of a certain age—of a certain kind, I mean; the most satisfactory men, in short—nothing draws them so surely as a good dinner delicately served," announced Fanny, with decision. "Please go and ring for the tea."

"I don't wonder that they all hang about you," remarked Dallas as he came back, his eyes turning from the view to his hostess in her easy-chair. "Your villa is admirable, and you yourself, as you sit there, are the personification of comfort, the personification, too, of gentle, sweet, undemonstrative affectionateness. Do you know that, Fanny?"

Fanny, with a very pink blush, busied herself in arranging the table for the coming cups.



AT THE DESERTO.

Dallas smiled inwardly. "She thinks I am in love with her because I said that about affectionateness," he thought. "Oh, the fatuity of women!"

At this moment Eva came out, and presently appeared Mr. Gordon-Gray and Mark Ferguson. A little later came Horace Bartholomew. The tea had been brought; Eva handed the cups. Dallas, looking at her, was again struck by something in the manner and bearing of Fanny's daughter. Or rather he was not struck by it; it was an impression that made itself felt by degrees, as it had done the day before—a slow discovery that the girl was unusual.

She was tall, dressed very simply in white. Her thick smooth flaxen hair was braided in two long flat tresses behind, which were doubled and gathered up with a ribbon, so that they only reached her shoulders. This school-girl coiffure became her young face well. Yes, it was a very young face. Yet it was a serious face too. "Our American girls are often serious, and when they are brought up under the foreign system it really makes them too quiet," thought Dallas. Eva had a pair of large gray eyes under dark lashes: these eyes were thoughtful; sometimes they were dull. Her smooth complexion was rather brown. The oval of her face was perfect. Though her dress was so childlike, her figure was womanly; the poise of her head was noble, her step light and free. Nothing could be more unlike the dimpled, smiling mother than was this tall, serious daughter who followed in her train. Dallas tried to recall Edward Churchill (Edward Murray Churchill), but could not; he had only seen him once. "He must have been an obstinate sort of fellow," he said to himself. The idea had come to him suddenly from something in Eva's expression. Yet it was a sweet expression; the curve of the lips was sweet.

"She isn't such a very pretty girl, after all," he reflected, summing her up finally before he dismissed her. "Fanny is a clever woman to have made it appear that she is."

At this moment Eva, having finished her duties as cup-bearer, walked across the terrace and stood by the parapet, outlined against the light.

"By Jove she's beautiful!" thought Dallas.

Fanny's father had not liked Edward Churchill; he had therefore left his money tied up in such a way that neither Churchill nor any children whom he might have should be much benefited by it; Fanny herself, though she had a comfortable income for life, could not dispose of it. This accounted for the very small sum belonging to Eva: she had only the few hundreds that came to her from her father.

But she had been brought up as though she had many thousands; studiedly quiet as her life had been, studiedly simple as her attire always was, in every other respect her existence had been arranged as though a large fortune certainly awaited her. This had been the mother's idea; she had been sure from the beginning that a large fortune did await her daughter. It now appeared that she had been right.

"I don't know what you thought of me for bringing a fellow-countryman down upon you yesterday in that unceremonious way, Mrs. Churchill," Bartholomew was saying. "But I wanted to do something for him—I met him at the top of your lane by accident; it was an impulse."

"Oh, I'm sure—any friend of yours—" said Fanny, looking into the teapot.

Bartholomew glanced round the little circle on the rug, with an expression of dry humor in his brown eyes. "You didn't any of you like him—I see that," he said.

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, he is rather a commonplace individual, isn't he?" said Dallas, unconsciously assuming the leadership of this purely feminine household.

"I don't know what you mean by commonplace; but yes, I do, coming from *you*, Dallas. Rod has never been abroad in his life until now; and he's a man with convictions."

"Oh, come, don't take that tone," said Mark Ferguson; "I've got convictions too; I'm as obstinate about them as an Englishman."

"What did your convictions tell you about Rod, then, may I ask?" pursued Bartholomew.

"I didn't have much conversation with him, you may remember; I thought he had plenty of intelligence. His clothes were—were a little peculiar, weren't they?"

"Made in Tampa, probably. And I've no doubt but that he took pains with

them — wanted to have them appropriate."

"That is where he disappointed me," said Gordon-Gray—"that very appearance of having taken pains. When I learned that he came from that—that place in the States you have just named—a wild part of the country, is not it?—I thought he would be more—more interesting. But he might as well have come from Clerkenwell."

"You thought he would be more wild, you mean; trousers in his boots; long hair; knives."

All the Americans laughed.

"Yes. I dare say you cannot at all comprehend our penchant for that sort of thing," said the Englishman, composedly. "And—er—I am afraid there would be little use in attempting to explain it to you. But this Mr. Rod seemed to me painfully unconscious of his opportunities; he told me (when I asked) that there was plenty of game there—deer, and even bears and panthers—royal game; yet he never hunts."

"He never hunts, because he has something better to do," retorted Bartholomew.

"Ah, better?" murmured the Englishman, doubtfully.

Bartholomew got up and took a chair which was nearer Fanny. "No—no tea," he said, as she made a motion toward a cup; then, without further explaining his change of position, he gave her a little smile. Dallas, who caught this smile on the wing, learned from it unexpectedly that there was a closer intimacy between his hostess and Bartholomew than he had suspected. "Bartholomew!" he thought, contemptuously. "Gray — spectacles — stout." Then suddenly recollecting the increasing plumpness of his own person, he drew in his outstretched legs, and determined, from that instant, to walk fifteen miles a day.

"Rod knows how to shoot, even though he doesn't hunt," said Bartholomew, addressing the Englishman. "I saw him once bring down a mad bull, who was charging directly upon an old man—the neatest sort of a hit."

"He himself being in a safe place meanwhile," said Dallas.

"On the contrary, he had to rush forward into an open field. If he had missed his aim by an eighth of an inch, the beast—a terrible creature—would have made an end of him."

"And the poor old man?" said Eva.

"He was saved, of course; he was a rather disreputable old darky. Another time Rod went out in a howling gale—the kind they have down there—to rescue two men whose boat had capsized in the bay. They were clinging to the bottom; no one else would stir; they said it was certain death; but Rod went out—he's a capital sailor—and got them in. I didn't see that myself, as I saw the bull episode; I was told about it."

"By Rod," said Dallas.

"By one of the men he saved. As you've never been saved yourself, Dallas, you probably don't know how it feels."

"He seems to be a modern Chevalier Bayard, doesn't he?" said good-natured Mark Ferguson.

"He's modern, but no Bayard. He's a modern and a model pioneer—"

"Pioneers! oh, pioneers!" murmured Gordon-Gray, half chanting it.

None of the Americans recognized his quotation.

"He's the son of a Methodist minister," Bartholomew went on. "His father, a missionary, wandered down to Florida in the early days, and died there, leaving a sickly wife and seven children. You know the sort of man—a linen duster for a coat, prunella shoes, always smiling and hopeful—a great deal about 'Brethren.' Fortunately they could at least be warm in that climate, and fish were to be had for the catching; but I suspect it was a struggle for existence while the boys were small. David was the youngest; his five brothers, who had come up almost laborers, were determined to give this lad a chance if they could; together they managed to send him to school, and later to a forlorn little Methodist college somewhere in Georgia. David doesn't call it forlorn, mind you; he still thinks it an important institution. For nine years now—he is thirty—he has taken care of himself; he and a partner have cleared this large farm, and have already done well with it. Their hope is to put it all into sugar in time, and a Northern man with capital has advanced them the money for this Italian colonization scheme: it has been tried before in Florida, and has worked well. They have been very enterprising, David and his partner; they have a saw-mill running, and two schoolhouses already—one for whites, one for

blacks. You ought to see the little darkies, with their wool twisted into twenty tails, going proudly in when the bell rings," he added, turning to Fanny.

"And the white children, do they go too?" said Eva.

"Yes, to their own school-house—lank girls, in immense sun-bonnets, stalking on long bare feet. He has got a brisk little Yankee school-mistress for them. In ten years more I declare he will have civilized that entire neighborhood."

"You are evidently the Northern man with capital," said Dallas.

"I don't care in the least for your sneers, Dallas; I'm not the Northern man, but I should like to be. If I admire Rod, with his constant driving action, his indomitable pluck, his simple but tremendous belief in the importance of what he has undertaken to do, that's my own affair. I do admire him just as he stands, clothes and all; I admire his creaking saw-mill; I admire his groaning dredge; I even admire his two hideously ugly new school-houses, set staring among the stumps."

"Tell me one thing, does he preach in the school-houses on Sundays and Friday evenings, say?" asked Ferguson. "Because if he does he will make no money, whatever else he may make. They never do if they preach."

"It's his father who was the minister, not he," said Bartholomew. "David never preached in his life; he wouldn't in the least know how. In fact, he's no talker at all; he says very little at any time; he's a doer—David is; he *does* things. I declare it used to make me sick of myself to see how much that fellow accomplished every day of his life down there, and thought nothing of it at all."

"And what were you doing 'down there,' besides making yourself sick, if I may ask?" said Ferguson.

"Oh, I went down for the hunting, of course. What else does one go to such a place for?"

"Tell me a little about that, if you don't mind," said the Englishman, interested for the first time.

"M. de Verneuil wants us all to go to the Deserto some day soon," said Fanny; "a lunch party. We shall be sure to enjoy it; M. de Verneuil's parties are always delightful."

III.

The end of the week had been appointed for Pierre's excursion.

The morning opened fair and warm, with the veiled blue that belongs to the Bay of Naples, the soft hazy blue which is so different from the dry glittering clearness of the Riviera.

Fanny was mounted on a donkey; Eva preferred to walk, and Mademoiselle accompanied her. Pierre had included in his invitation the usual afternoon assemblage at the villa—Dallas, Mark Ferguson, Bartholomew, Gordon-Gray, and David Rod.

For Fanny had, as Dallas expressed it, "taken up" Rod; she had invited him twice to dinner. The superfluous courtesy had annoyed Dallas, for of course, as Rod himself was nothing, less than nothing, the explanation must lie in the fact that Horace Bartholomew had suggested it. "Bartholomew was always wrong-headed; always picking up some perfectly impossible creature, and ramming him down people's throats," he thought, with vexation.

Bartholomew was walking now beside Fanny's donkey.

Mark Ferguson led the party, as it moved slowly along the narrow paved road that winds in zigzags up the mountain; Eva, Mademoiselle, Pierre, Dallas, and Rod came next. Fanny and Bartholomew were behind; and behind still, walking alone and meditatively, came Gordon-Gray, who looked at life (save for the hunting) from the stand-point of the Italian Renaissance. Gordon-Gray knew a great deal about the Malatesta family; he had made a collection of Renaissance cloak clasps; he had written an essay on the colors of the long hose worn in the battling, leg-displaying days which had aroused his admiration, aroused it rather singularly, since he himself was as far as possible from having been qualified by nature to shine in such vigorous society.

Pierre went back to give some directions to one of the men in the rear of their small procession.

When he returned, "So the bears sometimes get among the canes?" Eva was saying.

"But then, how very convenient," said Pierre; "for they can take the canes and chastise them punctually." He spoke in his careful English.

"They're sugar-canes," said Rod.

"It's his plantation we are talking

about," said Eva. "Once it was a military post, he says. Perhaps like Ehrenbreitstein."

"Exactly," said Dallas, from behind; "the same massive frowning stone walls."

"There were four one-story wooden barracks once," said Rod; "whitewashed; flag-pole in the centre. There's nothing now but a chimney; we've taken the boards for our mill."

"See the cyclamen, good folk," called out Gordon-Gray.

On a small plateau near by, a thousand cyclamen, white and pink, had lifted their wings as if to fly away. Off went Pierre to get them for Eva.

"Have you ever seen the bears in the canes yourself?" pursued Eva.

"I've seen them in many places besides canes," answered Rod, grimly.

"I too have seen bears," Eva went on. "At Berne, you know."

"The Punta Palmas bears are quite the same," commented Dallas. "When they see Mr. Rod coming they sit up on their hind legs politely. And he throws them apples."

"No apples; they won't grow there," said Rod, regretfully. "Only oranges."

"Do you make the saw-mill go yourself—with your own hands?" pursued Eva.

"Not now. I did once."

"Wasn't it very hard work?"

"That? Nothing at all. You should have seen us grubbing up the stumps—Tipp and I!"

"Mr. Tipp is perhaps your partner?" said Dallas.

"Yes; Jim Tipp. Tipp and Rod is the name of the firm."

"Tipp—and Rod," repeated Dallas, slowly. Then with quick utterance, as if trying it, "Tippandrod."

Pierre was now returning with his flowers. As he joined them, round the corner of their zigzag, from a pasture above came a troop of ponies that had escaped from their driver, and were galloping down to Sorrento; two and two they came rushing on, too rapidly to stop, and everybody pressed to one side to give them room to pass on the narrow causeway.

Pierre jumped up on the low stone wall and extended his hand to Eva. "Come!" he said, hastily.

Rod put out his arm and pushed each outside pony, as he passed Eva, forcibly against his mate who had the inside place; a broad space was thus left beside her, and she had no need to leave the causeway. She had given one hand to Pierre as a beginning; he held it tightly. Mademoiselle meanwhile had climbed the wall like a cat. There were twenty of the galloping little nags; they took a minute or two to pass. Rod's outstretched hands, as he warded them off, were seen to be large and brown.

Eva imagined them "grubbing up" the stumps. "What is grubbing?" she said.

"It is writing for the newspapers in a street in London," said Pierre, jumping down. "And you must wear a torn coat, I believe." Pierre was proud of his English.

He presented his flowers.

Mademoiselle admired them volubly. "They are like souls just ready to wing their way to another world," she said, sentimentally, with her head on one side. She put her well-gloved hand in Eva's arm, summoned Pierre with an amiable gesture to the vacant place at Eva's left hand, and the three walked on together.

The Deserto, though disestablished and dismantled, like many another monastery, by the rising young kingdom, held still a few monks; their brown-robed brethren had aided Pierre's servant in arranging the table in the high room which commands the wonderful view of the sea both to the north and the south of the Sorrento peninsula, with Capri lying at its point too fair to be real—like an island in a dream.

"O la douce folie—
Aimable Capri!"

said Mark Ferguson. No one knew what he meant; he did not know himself. It was a poetical inspiration—so he said.

The lunch was delicate, exquisite; everything save the coffee (which the monks wished to provide: coffee, black-bread, and grapes which were half raisins was the monks' idea of a lunch) had been sent up from Sorrento. Dallas, who was seated beside Fanny, gave her a congratulatory nod.

"Yes, all Pierre does is well done," she answered, in a low tone, unable to deny herself this expression of maternal content.

Pierre was certainly a charming host. He gave them a toast; he gave them two; he gave them a song: he had a tenor voice which had been admirably culti-

vated, and his song was gay and sweet. He looked very handsome; he wore one of the cyclamen in his button-hole; Eva wore the rest, arranged by the deft fingers of Mademoiselle in a knot at her belt. But at the little feast Fanny was much more prominent than her daughter: this was Pierre's idea of what was proper; he asked her opinion, he referred everything to her with a smile which was homage in itself. Dallas, after a while, was seized with a malicious desire to take down for a moment this too prosperous companion of his boyhood. It was after Pierre had finished his little song. "Do you ever sing now, Fanny?" he asked during a silence. "I remember how you used to sing Trancadillo."

"I am sure I don't know what you refer to," answered Fanny, coldly.

Another week passed. They sailed to Capri; they sailed to Ischia; they visited Pompeii. Bartholomew suggested these excursions. Eva too showed an almost passionate desire for constant movement, constant action. "Where shall we go today, mamma?" she asked every morning.

One afternoon they were strolling through an orange grove on the outskirts of Sorrento. Under the trees the ground was ploughed and rough; low stone copings, from whose interstices innumerable violets swung, ran hither and thither, and the paths followed the copings. The fruit hung thickly on the trees. Above the high wall which surrounded the place loomed the campanile of an old church. While they were strolling the bells rang the Angelus, swinging far out against the blue.

Rod, who was of the party, was absent-minded; he looked a little at the trees, but said nothing, and after a while he became absent-bodied as well, for he fell behind the others, and pursued his meditations, whatever they were, in solitude.

"He is bothered about his Italians," said Bartholomew; "he has only secured twenty so far."

Pierre joined Fanny; he had not talked with her that afternoon, and he now came to fulfil the pleasant duty. Eva, who had been left with Mademoiselle, turned round, and walking rapidly across the ploughed ground, joined Rod, who was sitting on one of the low stone walls at some distance from the party. Mademoiselle followed her, putting on her glasses as she went, in order to see her way over the heaped ridges. She held up her skirts, and gave ineffectual little leaps, always landing in the wrong spot, and tumbling up hill, as Dallas called it. "Blue," he remarked, meditatively. Every one glanced in that direction, and it was perceived that the adjective described the hue of Mademoiselle's bird-like ankles.

"For shame!" said Fanny.

But Dallas continued his observations. "Do look across," he said, after a while; "it's too funny. The French woman evidently thinks that Rod should rise, or else that Eva should be seated also. But her pantomime passes unheeded; neither Eva nor the backwoodsman is conscious of her existence."

"Eva is so fond of standing," explained Fanny. "I often say to her, 'Do sit down, child; it tires me to see you.' But Eva is never tired."

Pierre, who had a spray of orange buds in his hand, pressed it to his lips, and waved it imperceptibly toward his betrothed. "In everything she is perfect—perfect," he murmured to the pretty mother.

"Rod doesn't in the least mean to be rude," began Bartholomew.

"Oh, don't explain that importation of yours at this late day," interposed Dallas; "it isn't necessary. He is accustomed to sitting on fences probably; he belongs to the era of the singing-school."

This made Fanny angry. For as to singing-schools, there had been a time—a remote time long ago—and Dallas knew it. She had smiled in answer to Pierre's murmured rapture; she now took his arm. To punish Dallas she turned her steps—on her plump little feet in their delicate kid boots—toward the still seated Rod, with the intention of asking him (for the fifth time) to dinner. This would not only exasperate Dallas, but it would please Bartholomew at the same stroke. Two birds, etc.

When they came up to the distant three, Mademoiselle glanced at Mrs. Churchill anxiously. But in the presence of the mistress of the villa, Rod did at last lift his long length from the wall.

This seemed, however, to be because he supposed they were about to leave the grove. "Is the walk over?" he said.

Pierre looked at Eva adoringly. He gave her the spray of orange buds.

IV.

A week later Fanny's daughter entered the bedroom which she shared with her mother.

From the girl's babyhood the mother had had her small white-curtained couch placed close beside her own. She could not have slept unless able at any moment to stretch out her hand and touch her sleeping child.

Fanny was in the dressing-room; hearing Eva's step, she spoke. "Do you want me, Eva?"

"Yes, please."

Fanny appeared, a vision of white arms, lace, and embroidery.

"I thought that Rosine would not be here yet," said Eva. Rosine was their maid; her principal occupation was the elaborate arrangement of Fanny's brown hair.

"No, she isn't there—if you mean in the dressing-room," answered Fanny, nodding her head toward the open door.

"I wanted to see you alone, mamma, for a moment. I wanted to tell you that I shall not marry Pierre."

Fanny, who had sunk into an easy-chair, at these words sprang up. "What is the matter? Are you ill?"

"Not in the least, mamma; I am only telling you that I cannot marry Pierre."

"You *must* be ill," pursued Fanny. "You have fever. Don't deny it." And anxiously she took the girl's hands. But Eva's hands were cooler than her own.

"I don't think I have any fever," replied Eva. She had been taught to answer all her mother's questions in fullest detail. "I sleep and eat as usual; I have no headache."

Fanny still looked at her anxiously. "Then if you are not ill, what can be the matter with you?"

"I have only told you, mamma, that I could not marry Pierre; it seems to me very simple."

She was so quiet that Fanny began at last to realize that she was in earnest. "My dearest, you know you like Pierre. You have told me so yourself."

"I don't like him now."

"What has he done—poor Pierre? He will explain, apologize; you may be sure of that."

"He has done nothing; I don't want him to apologize. He is as he always is. It is I who have changed."

"Oh, it is you who have changed," repeated Fanny, bewildered.

"Yes," answered Eva.

"Come and sit down and tell mamma all about it. You are tired of poor Pierre—is that it? It is very natural, he has been here so often, and staid so long. But I will tell him that he must go away—leave Sorrento. And he shall stay away as long as you like, Eva; just as long as you like."

"Then he will stay away forever," the girl answered, calmly.

Fanny waited a moment. "Did you like Gino better? Is that it?" she said, softly, watching Eva's face.

"No."

"Thornton Stanley?"

"Oh no!"

"Dear child, explain this a little to your mother. You know I think only of your happiness," said Fanny, with tender solicitude.

Eva evidently tried to obey. "It was this morning. It came over me suddenly that I could not possibly marry him. Now or a year from now. Never." She spoke tranquilly; she even seemed indifferent. But this one decision was made.

"You know that I have given my word to the old Count," began Fanny, in perplexity.

Eva was silent.

"And everything was arranged."

Eva still said nothing. She looked about the room with wandering attention, as though this did not concern her.

"Of course I would never force you into anything," Fanny went on. "But I thought Pierre would be so congenial." In her heart she was asking herself what the young Belgian could have done. "Well, dear," she continued, with a little sigh, "you must always tell mamma everything." And she kissed her.

"Of course," Eva answered. And then she went away.

Fanny immediately rang the bell, and asked for Mademoiselle. But Mademoiselle knew nothing about it. She was overwhelmed with surprise and dismay. She greatly admired Pierre; even more she admired the old Count, whom she thought the most distinguished of men. Fanny dismissed the afflicted little woman, and sat pondering. While she was thinking, Eva re-entered.

"Mamma, I forgot to say that I should

like to have you tell Pierre immediately. To-day."

Fanny was almost irritated. "You have never taken that tone before, my daughter. Have you no longer confidence in my judgment?"

"If you do not want to tell him this afternoon, it can be easily arranged, mamma; I will not come to the dinner-table; that is all. I do not wish to see him until he knows."

Pierre was to dine at the villa that evening.

"What can he have done?" thought Fanny again.

She rang for Rosine; half an hour later she was in the drawing-room. "Excuse me to every one but M. de Verneuil," she said to Angelo. She was very nervous, but she had decided upon her course: Pierre must leave Sorrento, and remain away until she herself should call him back.

"At the end of a month, perhaps even at the end of a week, she will miss you so much that I shall have to issue the summons," she said, speaking as gayly as she could, as if to make it a sort of joke. It was very hard for her, at best, to send away the frank, handsome boy.

Poor Pierre could not understand it at all. He declared over and over again that nothing he had said, nothing he had done, could possibly have offended his betrothed. "But surely you know yourself that it is impossible!" he added, clasping his hands beseechingly.

"It is a girlish freak," explained the mother. "She is so young, you know."

"But that is the very reason. I thought it was only older women who say what they wish to do in that decided way; who have freaks, as you call it," said the Belgian, his voice for a moment much older, more like the voice of a man who has spent half his life in Paris.

This was so true that Fanny was driven to a defence that scarcely anything else would have made her use. "Eva is different from the young girls here," she said. "You must not forget that she is an American."

At last Pierre went away; he had tried to bear himself as a gentleman should; but the whole affair was a mystery to him, and he was very unhappy. He went as far as Rome, and there he waited, writing to Fanny an anxious letter almost every day.

In the mean while life at the villa went on; there were many excursions. Fanny's thought was that Eva would miss Pierre more during these expeditions than at other times, for Pierre had always arranged them, and he had enjoyed them so much himself that his gay spirits and his gay wit had made all the party gay. Eva, however, seemed very happy, and at length the mother could not help being touched to see how light-hearted her serious child had become, now that she was entirely free. And yet how slight the yoke had been, and how pleasant! thought Fanny. At the end of two weeks there were still no signs of the "missing" upon which she had counted. She thought that she would try the effect of briefly mentioning the banished man. "I hear from Pierre almost every day, poor fellow. He is in Rome."

"Why does he stay in Rome?" said Eva. "Why doesn't he return home?"

"I suppose he doesn't want to go so far away," answered Fanny, vaguely.

"Far away from what? Home should always be the first place," responded the young moralist. "Of course you have told him, mamma, that I shall never be his wife? That it is forever?" And she turned her gray eyes toward her mother, for the first time with a shade of suspicion in them.

"Never is a long word, Eva."

"Oh, mamma!" The girl rose. "I shall write to him myself, then."

"How you speak! Do you wish to disobey me, my own little girl?"

"No; but it is so dishonest; it is like a lie."

"My dear, trust your mother. You have changed once; you may change again."

"Not about this, mamma. Will you please write this very hour, and make an end of it?"

"You are hard, Eva. You do not think of poor Pierre at all."

"No, I do not think of Pierre."

"And is there any one else you think of? I must ask you that once more," said Fanny, drawing her daughter down beside her caressingly. Her thoughts could not help turning again toward Gino, and in her supreme love for her child she now accomplished the mental somerset of believing that on the whole she preferred the young Italian to all the liberty, all the personal consideration for

herself, which had been embodied in the name of Verneuil.

"Yes, there is some one else I think of," Eva replied, in a low voice.

"In Rome!" said Fanny.

Eva made a gesture of denial that was fairly contemptuous.

Fanny's mind flew wildly from Bartholomew to Dallas, from Ferguson to Gordon-Gray: Eva had no acquaintances save those which were her mother's also.

"It is David Rod," Eva went on, in the same low tone. Then, with sudden exaltation, her eyes gleaming, "I have never seen any one like him."

It was a shock so unexpected that Mrs. Churchill drew her breath under it audibly, as one does under an actual blow. But instantly she rallied. She said to herself that she had got a romantic idealist for a daughter—that was all. She had not suspected it; she had thought of Eva as a lovely child who would develop into what she herself had been. Fanny, though far-seeing and intelligent, had not been endowed with imagination. But now that she did realize it, she should know how to deal with it. A disposition like that, full of visionary fancies, was not so uncommon as some people supposed. Horace Bartholomew should take the Floridian away out of Eva's sight forever, and the girl would soon forget him; in the mean while not one word that was harsh should be spoken on the subject, for that would be the worst policy of all.

This train of thought had passed through her mind like a flash. "My dear," she began, as soon as she had got her breath back, "you are right to be so honest with me. Mr. Rod has not—has not said anything to you on the subject, has he?"

"No. Didn't I tell you that he cares nothing for me? I think he despises me—I am so useless!" And then suddenly the girl began to sob; a passion of tears.

Fanny was at her wits' end; Eva had not wept since the days of her baby ills, for life had been happy to her, loved, caressed, and protected as she had been always, like a hot-house flower.

"My darling," said the mother, taking her in her arms.

But Eva wept on and on, as if her heart would break. It ended in Fanny's crying too.

V.

Early the next morning her letter to Bartholomew was sent. Bartholomew had gone to Munich for a week. The letter begged, commanded, that he should make some pretext that would call David Rod from Sorrento at the earliest possible moment. She counted upon her fingers; four days for the letter to go and the answer to return. Those four days she would spend at Capri.

Eva went with her quietly. There had been no more conversation between mother and daughter about Rod; Fanny thought that this was best.

On the fourth day there came a letter from Bartholomew. Fanny returned to Sorrento almost gayly: the man would be gone.

But he was not gone. Tranquillized, glad to be at home again, Mrs. Churchill was enjoying her terrace and her view, when Angelo appeared at the window: "Signor Ra."

Angelo's mistress made him a peremptory sign. "Ask the gentleman to wait in the drawing-room," she said. Then crossing to Eva, who had risen, "Go round by the other door to our own room, Eva," she whispered.

The girl did not move; her face had an excited look. "But why—"

"Go, child; go."

Still Eva stood there, her eyes fixed upon the long window veiled in lace; she scarcely seemed to breathe.

Her mother was driven to stronger measures. "You told me yourself that he cared nothing for you."

A deep red rose in Eva's cheeks; she turned and left the terrace by the distant door.

The mother crossed slowly to the long window and parted the curtains. "Mr. Rod, are you there? Won't you come out? Or stay—I will join you." She entered the drawing-room and took a seat.

Rod explained that he was about to leave Sorrento; Bartholomew had summoned him so urgently that he did not like to refuse, though it was very inconvenient to go at such short notice.

"Then you leave to-morrow?" said Fanny; "perhaps to-night?"

"No; on Monday. I could not arrange my business before."

"Three days more!" Fanny thought.

She talked of various matters; she hoped that some one else would come in; but, by a chance, no one appeared that day, neither Dallas, nor Ferguson, nor Gordon-Gray. "What can have become

of them?" she thought, with irritation. After a while she gave an inward start; she had become conscious of a foot-fall passing to and fro behind the half-open door near her—a door which led into the dining-room. It was a very soft foot-fall upon a thick carpet, but she recognized it: it was Eva. She was there—why? The mother could think of no good reason. Her heart began to beat more quickly; for the first time in her life she did not know her child. This person walking up and down behind that door so insistently, this was not Eva. Eva was docile; this person was not docile. What would be done next? She felt strangely frightened. It was a proof of her terror that she did not dare to close the door lest it should be instantly reopened. She began to watch every word she said to Rod, who had not perceived the foot-fall. She began to be extraordinarily polite to him; she stumbled through the most irrelevant complimentary sentences. Her dread was, every minute, lest Eva should appear.

But Eva did not appear; and at last, after long lingering, Rod went away. Fanny, who had hoped to bid him a final farewell, had not dared to go through that ceremony. He said that he should come again.

When at last he was gone the mother pushed open the half-closed door. "Eva," she began. She had intended to be severe, as severe as she possibly could be; but the sight of Eva stopped her. The girl had flung herself down upon the floor, her bowed head resting upon her arms on a chair. Her attitude expressed a hopeless desolation.

"What is it?" said Fanny, rushing to her.

Eva raised her head. "He never once spoke of me—asked for me," she murmured, looking at her mother with eyes so dreary with grief that any one must have pitied her.

Her mother pitied her, though it was an angry pity too—a non-comprehending, jealous, exasperated feeling. She sat down and gathered her child to her breast with a gesture that was almost fierce. That Eva should suffer so cruelly when she, Fanny, would have made any sacrifice to save her from it, would have died for her gladly, were it not that she was the girl's only protector—oh, what fate had come over their happy life together! She had not the heart to be stern. All she said was, "We will go away, dear; we will go away."

"No," said Eva, rising; "let me stay here. You need not be afraid."

"Of course I am not afraid," answered Fanny, gravely. "My daughter will never do anything unseemly; she has too much pride."

"I am afraid I have no pride—that is, not as you have it, mamma. Pride doesn't seem to me at all important compared with— But of course I know that there is nothing I can do. He is perfectly indifferent. Only do not take me away again—do not."

"Why do you wish to stay?"

"Because then I can think—for three days more—that he is at least as near me as that." She trembled as she said this; there was a spot of sombre red in each cheek; her fair face looked strange amid her disordered hair.

Her mother watched her helplessly. All her beliefs, all her creed, all her precedents, the experience of her own life and her own nature even, failed to explain such a phenomenon as this. And it was her own child who was saying these things.

The next day Eva was passive. She wandered about the terrace, or sat for hours motionless staring blankly at the sea. Her mother left her to herself. She had comprehended that words were useless. She pretended to be embroidering, but in reality as she drew her stitches she was counting the hours as they passed: seventy-two hours; forty-eight hours. Would he ever be gone!

On the second day, in the afternoon, she discovered that Eva had disappeared. The girl had been on the terrace with Mademoiselle; Mademoiselle had gone to her room for a moment, and when she returned her pupil could not be found. She had not passed through the drawing-room, where Fanny was sitting with her pretended industry; nor through the other door, for Rosine was at work there, and had seen nothing of her. There remained only the rock stairway to the beach. Mademoiselle ran down it swiftly: no one. But there was a small boat not far off, she said. Fanny, who was near-sighted, got the glass. In a little boat with a broad sail there were two figures; one was certainly David Rod, and the other—yes, the other was Eva. There was a breeze, the



"SHE SAT DOWN AND GATHERED HER CHILD TO HER BREAST."

boat was rapidly going westward round the cliffs; in two minutes more it was out of sight.

Fanny wrung her hands. The French woman, to whom the event wore a much darker hue than it did to the American mother, turned yellowly pale.

At this moment Horace Bartholomew came out on the terrace; uneasy, for Fanny's missive had explained nothing, he had followed his letter himself. "What is it?" he said, as he saw the agitation of the two women.

"Your friend—*yours*—the man you brought here, has Eva with him at this moment out on the bay!" said Fanny, vehemently.

"Well, what of that? You must look at it with Punta Palmas eyes, Fanny; at Punta Palmas it would be an ordinary event."

"But my Eva is not a Punta Palmas girl, Horace Bartholomew!"

"She is as innocent as one, and I'll answer for Rod. Come, be sensible, Fanny. They will be back before sunset, and no one in Sorrento—if that is what is troubling you so—need be any the wiser."

"You do not know all," said Fanny. "Oh, Horace—I must tell somebody—she fancies she cares for that man!" She wrung her hands again. "Couldn't we follow them? Get a boat."

"It would take an hour. And it would be a very conspicuous thing to do. Leave them alone—it's much better; I tell you I'll answer for Rod. Fancies she cares for him, does she? Well, he is a fine fellow; on the whole, the finest I know."

The mother's eyes flashed through her tears. "This from *you?*"

"I can't help it; he is. Of course you do not think so. He has got no money; he has never been anywhere that you call anywhere; he doesn't know anything about the only life you care for nor the things you think important. All the same, he is a man in a million. He is a man—not a puppet."

Gentle Mrs. Churchill appeared for the moment transformed. She looked as though she could strike him. "Never mind your Quixotic ideas. Tell me whether he is in love with Eva; it all depends upon that."

"I don't know, I am sure," answered Bartholomew. He began to think. "I can't say at all; he would conceal it from me."

"Because he felt his inferiority. I am glad he has that grace."

"He wouldn't be conscious of any inferiority save that he is poor. It would be that, probably, if anything; of course he supposes that Eva is rich."

"Would to Heaven she were!" said the mother. "Added to every other horror of it, poverty, miserable poverty, for my

poor child!" She sat down and hid her face.

"It may not be as bad as you fear, nor anything like it. Do cheer up a little, Fanny. When Eva comes back, ten to one you will find that nothing at all has happened—that it has been a mere ordinary excursion. And I promise you I will take Rod away with me to-morrow."

Mrs. Churchill rose and began to pace to and fro, biting her lips, and watching the water. Mademoiselle, who was still hovering near, she waved impatiently away. "Let no one in," she called to her.

There seemed, indeed, to be nothing else to do, as Bartholomew had said, save to wait. He sat down and discussed the matter a little.

Fanny paid no attention to what he was saying. Every now and then broken phrases of her own burst from her: "How much good will her perfect French and Italian, her German, Spanish, and even Russian, do her down in that barbarous wilderness?"—"In her life she has never even buttoned her boots. Do they think she can make bread?"—"And there was Gino. And poor Pierre." Then, suddenly, "But it *shall* not be!"

"I have been wondering why you did not take that tone from the first," said Bartholomew. "She is very young. She has been brought up to obey you implicitly. It would be easy enough, I should fancy, if you could once make up your mind to it."

"Make up my mind to save her, you mean," said the mother, bitterly. She did not tell him that she was afraid of her daughter. "Should you expect *me* to live at Punta Palmas?" she demanded, contemptuously, of her companion.

"That would depend upon Rod, wouldn't it?" answered Bartholomew, rather unamiably. He was tired—he had been there an hour—of being treated like a door mat.

At this Fanny broke down again, and completely. For it was only too true; it would depend upon that stranger, that farmer, that unknown David Rod, whether she, the mother, should or should not be with her own child.

A little before sunset the boat came into sight again round the western cliffs. Fanny dried her eyes. She was very pale. Little Mademoiselle, rigid with anxiety, watched from an upper window. Bartholomew rose to go down to the beach to receive the returning fugitives. "No," said Fanny, catching his arm, "don't go; no one must know before I do—no one." So they waited in silence.

Down below, the little boat had rapidly approached. Eva had jumped out, and was now running up the rock stairway; she was always light-footed, but to her mother it seemed that the ascent took an endless time. At length there was the vision of a young, happy, rushing figure—rushing straight to Fanny's arms. "Oh, mamma, mamma," the girl whispered, seeing that there was no one there but Bartholomew, "he loves me! He has told me so! he has told me so!"

For an instant the mother drew herself away. Eva, left alone, and mindful of nothing but her own bliss, looked so radiant with happiness that Bartholomew (being a man) could not help sympathizing with her. "You will have to give it up," he said to Fanny, significantly. Then he took his hat and went away.

Fifteen minutes later his place was filled by David Rod.

"Ah! you have come. I must have a few words of conversation with you, Mr. Rod," said Fanny, in an icy tone. "Eva, leave us now."

"Oh no, mamma, not now; never again, I hope," answered the girl. She spoke with secure confidence; her eyes were fixed upon her lover's face.

"Do you call this honorable behavior, Mr. Rod?" Fanny began. She saw that Eva would not go.

"Why, I hope so," answered Rod, surprised. "I have come at once, as soon as I possibly could, Mrs. Churchill (I had to take the boat back first, you know), to tell you that we are engaged; it isn't an hour old yet—is it, Eva?" He looked at Eva smilingly, his eyes as happy as her own.

"It is the custom to ask permission," said Fanny, stiffly.

"I have never heard of the custom, then; that is all I can say," answered Rod, with good-natured tranquillity, still looking at the girl's face, with its rapt expression, its enchanting joy.

"Please to pay attention: I decline to consent, Mr. Rod; you cannot have my daughter."

"Mamma—" said Eva, coming up to her.

"No, Eva: if you will remain here—which is most improper—you will have to



"FANNY PUT OUT HER HANDS WITH A BITTER CRY."

hear it all. You are so much my daughter's inferior, Mr. Rod, that I cannot, and I shall not, consent."

At the word "inferior," a slight shock passed over Eva from head to foot. She went swiftly to her lover, knelt down and pressed her lips to his brown hand, hiding her face upon it.

He raised her tenderly in his arms, and thus embraced, they stood there together, confronting the mother—confronting the world.

Fanny put out her hands with a bitter cry. "Eva!"

The girl ran to her, clung to her. "Oh, mamma, I love you dearly. But you must not try to separate me from David. I could not leave him—I never will."

"Let us go in, to our own room," said the mother, in a broken voice.

"Yes; but speak to David first, mamma."

Rod came forward and offered his arm. He was sorry for the mother's grief, which, however, in such intensity as this, he could not at all understand. But though he was sorry, he was resolute, he was even stern; in his dark beauty, his height and strength, he looked indeed, as Bartholomew had said, a man.

At the sight of his offered arm, Mrs. Churchill recoiled; she glanced all round the terrace as though to get away from it; she even glanced at the water; it almost seemed as if she would have liked to take her child and plunge with her to the depths below. But one miserable look at Eva's happy, trustful eyes still watching her lover's face cowed her; she took the offered arm. And then Rod went with her, supporting her gently into the house, and through it to her own room, where he left her with her daughter. That

night the mother rose from her sleepless couch, lit a shaded taper, and leaving it on a distant table, stole softly to Eva's side. The girl was in a deep slumber, her head pillowed on her arm. Fanny, swallowing her tears, gazed at her sleeping child. She still saw in the face the baby outlines of years before, her mother's eye could still distinguish in the motionless hand the dimpled fingers of the child. The fair hair, lying on the pillow, recalled to her the short flossy curls of the little girl who had clung to her skirts, who had had but one thought—"mamma."

"What will her life be now? What must she go through, perhaps—what pain, privation—my darling, my own little child!"

The wedding was to take place within the month; Rod said that he could not be absent longer from his farm. Fanny, breaking her silence, suggested to Bartholomew that the farm might be given up; there were other occupations.

"I advise you not to say a word of that sort to Rod," Bartholomew answered. "His whole heart is in that farm, that colony he has built up down there. You must remember that he was brought up there himself, or rather came up. It's all he knows, and he thinks it the most important thing in life; I was going to say it's all he cares for, but of course now he has added Eva."

Pierre came once. He saw only the mother.

When he left her he went round by way of the main street of Sorrento in order to pass a certain small inn. His carriage was waiting to take him back to Castellamare, but there was some one he wished to look at first. It was after dark; he could see into the lighted house through the low uncurtained windows, and he soon came upon the tall outline of the young farmer seated at a table, his eyes bent upon a column of figures. The Belgian surveyed him from head to foot slowly. He stood there gazing for five minutes. Then he turned away. "*That*, for Americans!" he murmured in French, snapping his fingers in the darkness. But there was a mist in his boyish eyes all the same.

The pink villa witnessed the wedding. Fanny never knew how she got through that day. She was calm; she did not once lose her self-control.

They were to sail directly for New York from Naples, and thence to Florida; the Italian colonists were to go at the same time.

"Mamma comes next year," Eva said to everybody. She looked indescribably beautiful; it was the radiance of a complete happiness, like a halo.

By three o'clock they were gone, they were crossing the bay in the little Naples steamer. No one was left at the villa with Fanny—it was her own arrangement—save Horace Bartholomew.

"She won't mind being poor," he said, consolingly, "she won't mind anything, with *him*. It is one of those sudden, overwhelming loves that one sometimes sees; and after all, Fanny, it is the sweetest thing life offers."

"And the mother?" said Fanny.

ELK-HUNTING IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

BY G. O. SHIELDS.

OF all the large game on the American continent, the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) is the noblest, the grandest, the stateliest. I would detract nothing from the noble game qualities of the moose, caribou, deer, or mountain-sheep. Each has its peculiar points of excellence which endear it to the heart of the sportsman, but the elk possesses more than any of the others. In size he towers far above all except the moose. In sagacity, caution, cunning, and wariness he is the peer, if not the superior, of them all. He is always on the alert, his keen scent, his piercing eye, his acute sense of hearing, combining to render him a vigilant sentinel of his own safety.

His great size and powerful muscular construction give him almost unbounded endurance. When alarmed or pursued he will travel for twenty or thirty hours, at a rapid swinging trot, without stopping for food or rest. He is a proud, fearless ranger, and even when simply migrating from one range of mountains to another, will travel from seventy-five to a hundred miles without lying down. He is a marvellous mountaineer, and considering his immense size and weight, often ascends to heights that seem incredible. He may of-



GROUP OF ELK.



FOLLOWING AN ELK TRAIL.

ten be found away up to timber line, and will traverse narrow passes and defiles, climbing over walls of rock and through fissures where it would seem impossible for so large an animal, with such massive antlers as he carries, to go. He chooses his route, however, with rare good judgment, and all mountaineers know that an elk trail is the best that can possibly be selected over any given section of mountainous country. His faculty of traversing dense jungles and windfalls is equally astonishing. If given his own time, he will move quietly and easily through the worst of these, leaping over logs higher than his back as gracefully and almost as lightly as the deer; yet let a herd of elk be alarmed and start on a run through one of these labyrinthine masses, and they will make a noise like a regiment of cavalry on a precipitous charge.

I have stood on the margin of a quaking-asp thicket and heard a large band of elk coming toward me that had been "jumped" and fired upon by my friend at the other side, and the frightful noise of their horns pounding the trees, their hoofs striking each other and the numerous rocks, the crashing of dead branches, with the snorting of the affrighted beasts, might well have struck terror to the heart of any one unused to such sights and sounds, and have caused him to seek safety in flight. But by standing my ground I was enabled to get in a couple of shots at short range, and to bring down two of the finest animals in the herd.

The whistle of the elk is a sound which many have tried to describe, yet I doubt if any one who may have read all the descriptions of it ever written would recognize it on a first hearing. It is a most strange, weird, peculiar sound, baffling all efforts of the most skilful word-painter. It is only uttered by the male, and there is the same variety in the sound made by different stags as in different human voices. Usually the cry begins

and ends with a sort of grunt, somewhat like the bellow of a domestic cow cut short, but the interlude is a long-drawn, melodious, flute-like sound that rises and falls with a rhythmical cadence, floating on the still evening air, by which it is often wafted with singular distinctness to great distances. By other individuals, or even by the same individual at various times, either the first or last of these abrupt sounds is omitted, and only the other, in connection with the long-drawn, silver-toned strain, is given.

The stag utters this call only in the love-making season, and for the purpose of ascertaining the whereabouts of his dusky mate, who responds by a short and utterly unmusical sound, similar to that with which the male begins or ends his call.

On one occasion, when hunting in the Rocky Mountains, in northern Wyoming, I had a most exciting hunt after a large bull elk. We had killed a cow and calf in the evening about four miles from our camp, high up on the mountain-side. Our photographer was not with us at the time, and before we could go to camp and get him it would be too late to have pictures of them made that night, and the chances were that if left there alone till morning, they would be destroyed by bears, which were very numerous in that vicinity. So I decided to camp by and stand guard over them.

I built a fire near the carcasses, stretch-



EXTERMINATORS.

ed up a rubber poncho for a shelter, cut down a large bed of hemlock boughs, provided a liberal supply of wood, and by keeping up a bright fire was able to save our game from the ravages of Bruin.

Rain fell heavily nearly all night, but toward morning it grew colder. The rain turned to snow, which fell to the depth of about an inch. Then the clouds broke, the temperature continued to fall, and day dawned upon a most beautiful spectacle. Pines, cedars, hemlocks, and in fact every variety of tree and shrub that grew there, were tinged with fleecy white, the snow having frozen on the most delicate twigs and branches as it fell.

Just at daylight I heard the whistle of an elk. It came from the mountain-side above me, and in a moment I was moving toward the locality whence came the thrilling sound, rifle in hand, and peering eagerly forward in search of the game. Arriving at the point whence the sound came, I found the tracks, large as those of a three-year-old steer, but the author of them was not there. While pondering over them the bull winded his horn from the top of another ridge half a mile away. He had not heard or scented me, but was roving wildly in search of a mate, for it was the love-making season. I pushed forward across deep gulches, over high peaks and "hog-backs," and arrived at the scene of his second amorous call, to find only his tracks again. It was extremely difficult to move through the thickets of underbrush and over the rocks and beds of frozen leaves fast enough to overtake him without making a noise that would alarm him, and the utmost caution was necessary. Consequently a long chase was the result. Presently, however, I heard a rustling in the leaves, and saw the snow fall from a cedar-tree. Then all was quiet again, and peering cautiously through every opening in the net-work of twigs, I was finally able to see a small patch of reddish-brown hair, which, from its peculiar shade, I took to be well back on his side. As it did not cover a vital part, it was not a desirable place to plant a ball, but I was not in a position to choose, nor could I get into such a position without danger of losing my chance of a shot entirely. So, adjusting the shining front sight of my rifle in the centre of that little brown spot, I fired. There was a great rushing, stumbling, crashing in the brush, and in an instant I saw the huge beast dash across an opening in the thicket. Another cartridge had found its way into the chamber of the rifle, the heel-plate was already pressing my shoulder, and simultaneously with the appearance of the game there was another sharp report, and again the elk stumbled. This ball had gone close to his heart, and he could not travel far. I followed, and soon saw him standing with his head thrown forward. He was bleeding rapidly, but desiring to end his suffering as soon as possible, I fired several more shots in rapid succession. Finally he fell, and then, as I walked up and stood over his prostrate form, my soul was filled with remorse and regret at having caused the death of this majestic monarch of the forest.

His head now graces my library, the proudest and grandest of all my many trophies of the chase. Yet I never look at it without feeling a pang of sorrow for the part I played in that great tragedy. His antlers measured as follows: length of main beam, 4 feet 8 inches; length of brow tine, 1 foot $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of bes tine, 1 foot $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; length of royal tine, 1 foot 7 inches; length of surroyal, 1 foot $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches; circumference around burr, 1 foot $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches; circumference around beam above, 12 inches; circumference of brow tine at base, $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches; spread of main beams at tips, 4 feet 9 inches. They are one of the largest and finest pairs of antlers of which I have any knowledge. The animal would have weighed nearly a thousand pounds.

The elk is strictly gregarious, and in winter-time especially the animals gather into large bands, and a few years ago herds of from five hundred to a thousand were not uncommon. Now, however, their numbers have been so far reduced by the ravages of "skin hunters" and others that one will rarely find more than twenty-five or thirty in a band.

In the fall of 1879 a party of three men were sight-seeing and hunting in the Yellowstone National Park, and having prolonged their stay until late in October, were overtaken by a terrible snow-storm, which completely blockaded and obliterated all the trails, and filled the gulches, cañons, and coulees to such a depth that their horses could not travel over them at all. They had lain in camp three days waiting for the storm to abate; but as it continued to grow in severity, and



THE MONARCH OF THE FOREST.

as the snow became deeper and deeper, their situation grew daily and hourly more alarming. Their stock of provisions was low, they had no shelter sufficient to withstand the rigors of a winter at that high altitude, and it was fast becoming a question whether they should ever be able to escape beyond the snow-clad peaks and snow-filled cañons with which they were hemmed in. Their only hope of escape was by abandoning their horses, and constructing snow-shoes which might keep them above the snow; but in this case they could not carry bedding and food enough to last them throughout the several days that the journey would occupy to the nearest ranch, and the chances of killing game *en route* after the severe weather had set in were extremely precarious. They had already set about making snow-shoes from the skin of an elk which they had saved. One pair had been completed,



A SKIN HUNTER

and the storm having abated, one of the party set out to look over the surrounding country for the most feasible route by which to get out, and also to try if possible to find game of some kind. He had gone about a mile toward the northeast when he came upon the fresh trail of a large band of elk that were moving toward the east. He followed, and in a short time came up with them. They were travelling in single file, led by a powerful old bull, who wallowed through snow, in which only his head and neck were visible, with all the patience and perseverance of a faithful old ox. The others followed him—the stronger ones in front and the weaker ones bringing up the rear. There were thirty-seven in the band, and by the time they had all walked in the same line they left it an open, well-beaten trail. The hunter approached within a few yards of them. They were greatly alarmed when they saw him, and made a few bounds in various directions; but seeing their struggles were in vain, they meekly submitted to what seemed their impending fate, and fell back in rear of their file-leader. This would have been the golden opportunity of a skin hunter, who could and would have shot them all down in their tracks from a single stand. But such was not the mission of our friend. He saw in this noble, struggling band a means of deliverance from what had threatened to be a wintry grave for him and his companions. He did not fire a shot, and did not in any way create unnecessary alarm amongst the elk, but hurried back to camp and reported to his friends what he had seen.

In a moment the camp was a scene of activity and excitement. Tent, bedding, provisions, everything that was absolutely necessary to their journey, were hurriedly packed upon their pack animals; saddles were placed, rifles were slung to the saddles, and leaving all surplus baggage, such as trophies of their hunt, mineral specimens, and curios of various kinds, for future comers, they started for the elk trail. They had a slow, tedious, and laborious task breaking a way through the deep snow to reach it, but by walking and leading their saddle animals ahead, the pack animals were able to follow slowly. Finally they reached the trail of the elk herd, and following this, after nine days of tedious and painful travelling, the party arrived at a ranch between the upper falls of the Yellowstone River and Yellowstone Lake, on the Stinking River, which was kept by a "squaw man" and his wife, where they were enabled to lodge and recruit themselves and their stock, and whence they finally reached their homes in safe-

ty. The band of elk passed on down the river, and our tourists never saw them again; but they have doubtless long ere this all fallen a prey to the ruthless war that is constantly being waged against them by hunters white and red.

It is sad to think that such a noble creature as the American elk is doomed to early and absolute extinction, but such is nevertheless the fact. Year by year his mountain *habitat* is being surrounded and encroached upon by the advancing line of settlements, as the fisherman encircles the struggling mass of fishes in the clear pond with his long and closely meshed net. The lines are drawn closer and closer every year. These lines are the ranches of cattle and sheep raisers, the cabins and towns of miners, the stations and residences of employés of the railroads. All these places are made the shelters and temporary abiding-places of Eastern and foreign sportsmen who go out to the mountains to hunt. Worse than this, they are made the permanent abiding-places and constitute the active and convenient markets of the nefarious and unconscionable skin hunter and meat hunter. Here he can find a ready market for the meats and skins he brings in, and an opportunity to spend the proceeds of such outrageous traffic in ranch whiskey and revelry. The ranchmen themselves hunt and lay in their stock of meat for the year when the game comes down into the valleys. The Indians, when they have eaten up their government rations, lie in wait for the elk in the same manner. So that when the first great snows of the autumn or winter fall in the high ranges, when the elk band together and seek refuge in the valleys, as did the herd that our fortunate tourists followed out, they find a mixed and hungry horde waiting for them at the mouth of every cañon. Before they have reached the valley where the snowfall is light enough to allow them to live through the winter their skins are drying in the neighboring "shacks."

This unequal, one-sided warfare, this ruthless slaughter of inoffensive creatures, cannot last always. Indeed it can last but little longer. In ranges where only a few years ago herds of four or five hundred elk could be found, the hunter of to-day considers himself in rare luck when he finds a band of ten or twelve, and even small bands of any number are so rare that a good hunter may often hunt a week in the best elk country to be found anywhere without getting a single shot. All the Territories have good, wholesome game-laws which forbid the killing of game animals except during two or three months in the fall; but these laws are not enforced. They are a dead letter on the statute-books, and the illegal and illegitimate slaughter goes on unchecked.

BOATS ON THE TAGUS.

BY TRISTRAM ELLIS.

ON a fine day, with a light breeze blowing, a fleet of curiously rigged fishing-boats may be seen trawling off the mouth of the Tagus, the largest river in Portugal. The sails are crowded in an extraordinary way upon the single mast, with a large lateen-sail in the centre of each boat, while from six to eight smaller sails are divided between the bowsprit and a spinnaker boom behind. Some of the sails are so small they resemble mere handkerchiefs, and some of the jibs are upside down, with a point projected into the air without any apparent support. These boats, when trawling, do not go forward, but have a remarkable way of sidling, beam on, at the rate of two or three knots an hour.

At a distance, the boats seem all of the same form and rig, but a nearer view shows that there are two distinct kinds. The *muleta* has a curved projecting prow something like a ram, and furnished with huge spikes, whilst the *barco* resembles an ordinary English fishing-boat, though of heavier construction, and painted with all the colors of the rainbow. No new muletas have been built for the last ten years. Only about a dozen are in good, sea-worthy condition, and before long this unique form of boat will probably have disappeared entirely. Though extremely safe and capital for fishing purposes, they are slow sailers, and therefore useless for carrying cargo, whilst on account of their dangerous prows and general unhandiness they are also of no value for disembarking goods from larger vessels. Of



FIG. 1.—MULETAS AND BARCOS TRAWLING OFF CASCAES.

late the traffic on the Tagus has greatly increased, and the disembarkation of goods and subsequent water-carriage to different sea-coast villages has become a lucrative business, more so than fishing, unless under favorable circumstances. Therefore barcos, which are very handy for disembarking and carrying cargo, are gradually taking the place of muletas.

The mast is placed in the centre of the muleta. It is very short and raking, and carries a large yard nearly at the top. To this yard the great lateen-sail is laced; it is peculiar in being attached both to the ship and the spinnaker behind, thus giving a double-pointed shape to the lower side of the sail. The mast stands entirely unsupported by stays, but a four or five inch cable which passes through an eye in the top of the mast is the sole support of the yard, and forms a kind of stay when the vessel has the wind on that side. After being "bent" securely to the yard, this rope passes in front of the mast and through an eye fixed to the yard, and then down to the hull. When the wind takes the sail on the other side in tacking, the rope being left in its place, the mast has to bear the strain from this four-inch cable as well as the sails. No ordinary pine would bear this, so the mast is made of the most carefully selected ash, and is exceedingly valuable, and when the ship is old and has to be broken up, the mast is reserved for a new boat. Some of the masts in present use are more than a hundred years old, and none of them are very modern. The yard is constructed of three pieces carefully spliced together, and measures always some feet longer than the boat. For a small craft of thirty feet in length the yard would be about forty feet long, and for one of the largest-sized muletas, of fifty to fifty-five feet in length, it would be sixty feet. The extreme simplicity of the rig makes it easily and rapidly worked, and capable of being repaired by unskilled labor. The sails are made by the fishermen out of narrow strips of canvas six inches wide, and firmly sewn together. The men affirm that sails made in this manner catch the wind better than if constructed out of broader pieces.

The hull of a muleta is flat-bottomed, very broad in the beam, and tapering off to nothing at each end. It is generally decked fore and aft; an undecked space or well is left in the centre for the fish. The men often sleep on these boats for weeks at a time, as their village is some distance up the Tagus, and during the fishing season it is not worth their while to return home unless the wind is very favorable. The prow is one of the most remarkable features of this unique boat. It projects in a curve far beyond the deck, and is furnished with iron spikes. water. There is only one advantage to this kind of prow, which is that it possesses great buoyancy, as the swelling sides of the boat are continued at each side so as to meet in the furthest point of the curve. A vertical projection, or miniature wooden tower, is placed just over the prow, and although its use is not clear, this addition is invariably found in all muletas. Some of the ropes of the jibs and one of the spars supporting the flying jibs are certainly attached to it, but it is not used in modern fishing-boats, even where the rig is the same. This pro-

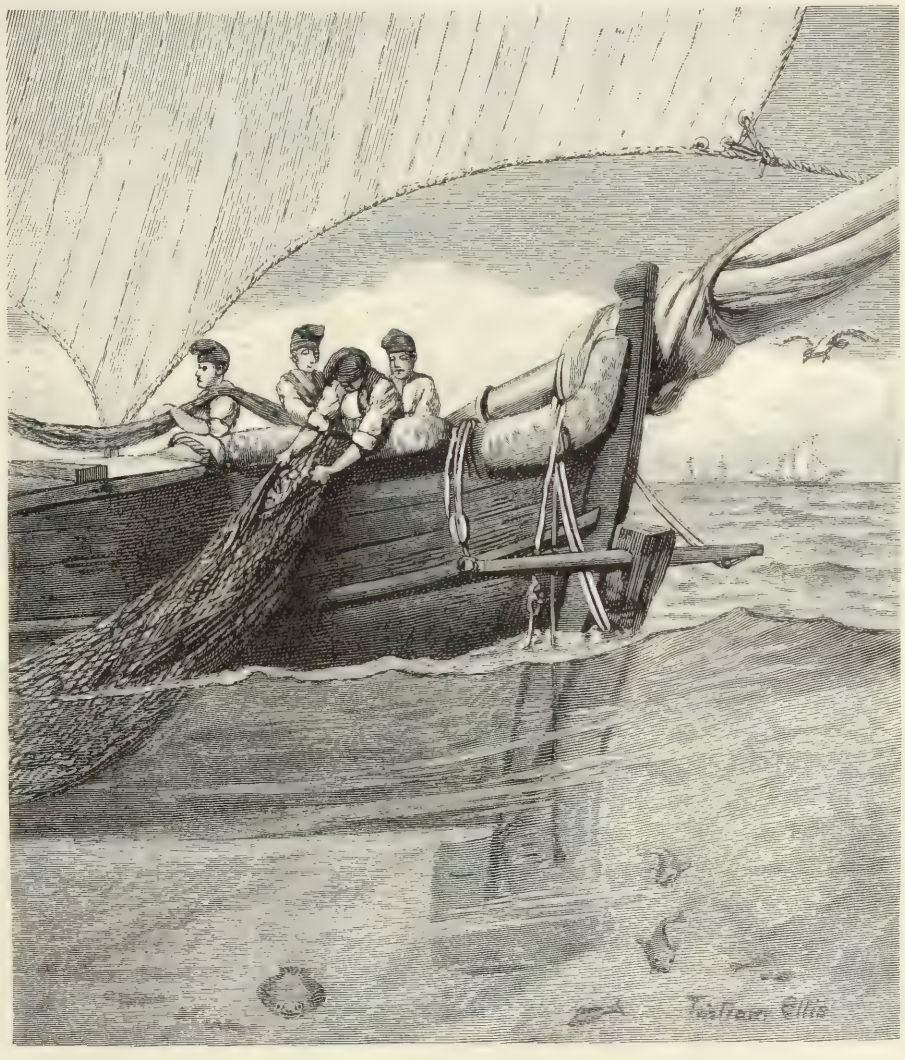


Fig. 2.—Steering Gear of Muleta.

Though ornamental, these prows are very inconvenient, for when the boats are at anchor they have to give one another a wide berth, as a collision would be very destructive. Also they are liable to fret and cut the hawser when swinging with the tide at anchor, and therefore it has to be carried along the bowsprit well in front of the prow before being dropped into the jection and the curved prow are painted in colors, the rest of the boat being simply pitched. Occasionally the designs on the prow are very elaborate; the usual custom is to paint a fish, or an eye, or a star, with a few foliated curves besides.

The muleta has no keel, and would be unable to sail near the wind were it not for weather-boards like those on Thames



FIG. 3.—BRINGING HOME NETS FOR THE WINTER.

sailing barges. They are raised on the windward side, and altogether drawn up when trawling, as the boat has to sidle through the water.

The most usual way of setting the sails for trawling is shown in Fig. 1. The net has a pocket behind, into which the fish drop as the net is dragged through the water. The lines at each end are severally attached to the extremities of the bowsprit and spinnaker boom, which measure often a hundred and twenty feet apart. With the net dragging through the water there is a severe pull on the fore and aft booms, and the extra sails are crowded upon them, greatly lessening the strain. Practically the large lateen mainsail drives the boat through the water, and the small sails drag the net. The flying-jibs that point upward are supported at their apex by a spar or prop with an iron spike at the end that passes through an eye fixed in the sail. The props are kept in position by leaning against the ropes that carry the lower edges of the sails, and the pressure is conducted to the end of the bowsprit, where the net is attached.

These small sails can be taken in with great celerity. They are all worked from the deck. For furling the mainsail the men swarm up the great yard, and when all are in position, a signal is given, and they begin to haul in the sail with their hands and feet.

The barco, or other kind of fishing-boat, is in the background. The stern of a muleta is noticeable from its curious rudder. (Fig. 2.) The head of the rudder only just comes above the water-line. It is worked from the deck by means of ropes and sheaves attached to a cross-spar passing through the boss at the head. Being much deeper than the boat, it has to be unshipped in shallows or on grounding, by means of ropes which pass through two holes, one near the top, and the other level with the bottom of the boat. To control the rudder while being lowered, an iron is attached to it that passes up above the water, and ends in a ring to which another rope is attached. The general effect is to make the rudder appear to be tied on by these ropes, which is not the case. The sea in front of the boat in Fig. 2 is drawn in section to allow of the under part of the rudder being shown.

The fishermen are hauling in the net, after having furled the smaller or trawling sails. The net is drawn in simultaneously at prow and stern, over rounded pieces of wood fixed to the bulwarks. Similar bits of wood are attached to the

stern to prevent the ropes passing to the rudder being frayed.

There are many other smaller fishing-boats, called *bota*, or *barco* sometimes, and *felúa* if they have two masts, and though both the latter names also apply to the larger craft, *bota* is only used for the smaller boats that are rowed as well as sailed. They are employed for all kinds of fishing except trawling, and for lobster catching. Nets are often anchored down in certain parts for weeks together, and others are fastened to the same ropes for the night or merely for a few hours, and are examined at intervals for fish. As the winter storms come on, the nets are taken up and the anchors raised until the following spring.

All along the coast, up to the mouth of the Tagus, in the middle of October and November botas may be seen making for the shore laden with a black cargo which appears to be mussels and sea-weed. Carts meet them, and the cargo is transferred, when it proves to consist of nets encrusted with mussels and covered with sea-weed from long immersion. Landing one of these nets is shown in Fig. 3. The oxen are always much ornamented about the head with tassels made of colored strips of cloth placed over the forehead, and long strips of leather depending from the horns to keep off the flies. The yoke rests against the front of their high shoulders, and is loosely attached to the horns by thongs of leather. The cart itself is a wonder of antique design; the wheels are almost solid, and firmly fixed to the axle-tree. Behind are two botas which have brought the nets and anchors; and in the background can be seen the entrance to the Tagus, and a mediæval fort to the left called São Julião. Rising behind is one of the seven hills of Lisbon; the king's palace crowns the top.

The river Tagus is tidal for about twenty miles inland. It is about two miles wide, and runs nearly due west for eight or nine miles before reaching Lisbon. The point is well marked by the fort and tower of Belem on the northern bank.

Just inside the promontory there is a small cove, where the water is usually calm, and not much affected by the tidal currents of the river, from which the view Fig. 4 has been taken.

A quantity of *varinas*, or flat-bottomed boats, are drawn up in the foreground. These do a great deal of the traffic amongst the villages on the Tagus. They are built at Figueira, a village on the coast, and are used as surf-boats, and drawn up on shore whenever the sea is at all rough. The prow and stern are very high out of the



Fig. 4.—Varinas at Belem.



Fig. 5.—Felúa and Straw Frigate.

water. A small portion of the varina is decked fore and aft. It can be either rowed or sailed. In both cases it is steered by an oar held by a man standing on the aft deck. Weather-boards have to be used in sailing. The costume of the woman leaning over the man who is repairing the boat in the foreground is the usual dress for fish girls and female porters; two others are behind, walking hand in hand. A belt or sash is drawn tightly round the hips, which they believe enables them to carry heavy weights without straining. The skirts are about fourteen in number for full dress, and are usually dark blue or occasionally of scarlet flannel; the bodice is white or bright-colored, while a still brighter handkerchief and a broad-brimmed black felt hat complete the costume. A great deal of the porterage of Lisbon is done by women and girls, who also do most of the unloading of the lighters on the quays.

There is no dock or pier with sufficient depth of water for vessels to approach, and all the charging and discharging of the steamers is done by means of the lighters, called *frigatas*. The older ones have a prow rising high in front, like the varina, but far stronger and more massive. Formerly they had lateen-sails; of late an ordinary boom mainsail has come into use. The most striking thing about them is their color. The hull is painted with many-colored stripes, triangles, and other ornaments; the masts and booms, and even the wire rigging, are all gaudily painted. They are such handy sailers, and carry so much cargo, that they have become a favorite boat for river carriage, and they come from high up the Tagus, loaded with grain, straw, and other produce.

The straw lighters have a remarkable form. The straw is piled high above the gunwale, but to prevent the waves wetting it, and yet to have plenty of width, it is supported by wooden bars fixed into the bulwarks, spreading outward at the top. This gives a very unwieldy, top-heavy look (Fig. 5).

The *felúa* is one of the larger kinds, fully decked—an ocean-going boat, trading between the seaports of Portugal and Spain. It is gayly painted and picturesquely dilapidated, like all these Southern ships, and when both the great lateen-sails, pointing opposite ways, are spread to a stern wind, it looks like a beautiful white bird upon the water. A great many may always be seen at anchor off the quays of Lisbon furthest from the mouth of the Tagus.

ANNIE KILBURN.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

XXV.

THE bell on the orthodox church called the members of Mr. Peck's society together for the business meeting with the same plangent, lacerant note that summoned them to worship on Sundays. Among those who crowded the house were many who had not been there before, and seldom in any place of the kind. There were admirers of Putney: workmen of rebellious repute and of advanced opinions on social and religious questions; nonsuited plaintiffs and defendants of shady record, for whom he had at one time or another done what he could. A good number of the summer folk from South Hatboro' were present, with the expectation of something dramatic, which every one felt, and every one hid with the discipline that subdues the outside of life in a New England town to a decorous passivity.

At the appointed time Mr. Peck rose to open the meeting with prayer; then, as if nothing unusual were likely to come before it, he declared it ready to proceed to business. Some people who had been gathering in the vestibule during his prayer came in; and the electric globes, which had been recently hung above the pulpit and on the front of the gallery in substitution of the old gas chandelier, shed their moony glare upon a house in which few places were vacant. Mr. Gerrish, sitting erect and solemn beside his wife in their pew, shared with the minister and Putney the tacit interest of the audience.

He permitted the transaction of several minor affairs, and Mr. Peck, as Moderator, conducted the business with his habitual exactness and effect of far-off impersonality. The people waited with exemplary patience, and Putney, who lounged in one corner of his pew, gave no more sign of excitement, with his chin sunk in his rumpled shirt front, than his sad-faced wife at the other end of the seat.

Mr. Gerrish rose, with the air of rising in his own good time, and said, with dry pomp, "Mr. Moderator, I have prepared a resolution, which I will ask you to read to this meeting."

He held up a paper as he spoke, and then passed it to the minister, who opened and read it:

"*Whereas*, It is indispensable to the prosperity and well-being of any and every organization, and especially of a Christian church, that the teachings of its minister be in accord with the convictions of a majority of its members upon vital questions of eternal interest, with the end and aim of securing the greatest efficiency of that body in the community, as an example and a shining light before men to guide their steps in the strait and narrow path; therefore

"*Resolved*, That a committee of this society be appointed to inquire if such is the case in the instance of the Rev. Julius W. Peck, and be instructed to report upon the same."

A satisfied expectation expressed itself in the silence that followed the reading of the paper, whatever pain and shame were mixed with the satisfaction. If the contempt of kindly usage shown in offering such a resolution without warning or private notice to the minister shocked many by its brutality, still it was satisfactory to find that Mr. Gerrish had intended to seize the first chance of airing his grievance, as everybody had said he would do.

Mr. Peck looked up from the paper and across the intervening pews at Mr. Gerrish. "Do I understand that you move the adoption of this resolution?"

"Why, certainly, sir," said Mr. Gerrish, with an accent of supercilious surprise.

"You did not say so," said the minister, gently. "Does any one second Brother Gerrish's motion?"

A murmur of amusement followed Mr. Peck's reminder to Mr. Gerrish, and an ironical voice called out,

"Mr. Moderator!"

"Mr. Putney."

"I think it important that the sense of the meeting should be taken on the question the resolution raises. I therefore second the motion for its adoption."

Putney sat down, and the murmur now broadened into something like a general laugh, hushed as with a sudden sense of the impropriety.

* Begun in June number, 1888.

Mr. Gerrish had gradually sunk into his seat, but now he rose again, and when the minister formally announced the motion before the meeting, he called, sharply, "Mr. Moderator!"

"Brother Gerrish," responded the minister, in recognition.

"I wish to offer a few remarks in support of the resolution which I have had the honor—the duty, I *would* say—of laying before this meeting." He jerked his head forward at the last word, and slid the fingers of his right hand into the breast of his coat like an orator, and stood very straight. "I have no desire, sir, to make this the occasion of a personal question between myself and my pastor. But, sir, the question has been forced upon me against my will and my —my consent; and I was obliged on the last ensuing Sabbath, when I sat in this place, to enter my public protest against it.

"Sir, I came into this community a poor boy, without a penny in my pocket, and unaided and alone and by my own exertions I have built up one of the business interests of the place. I will not stoop to boast of the part I have taken in the prosperity of this place; but I will say that no public object has been wanting—that my support has not been wanting—from the first proposition to concrete the sidewalks of this village to the introduction of city water-works and an improved system of drainage, and—er—electric lighting. So much for my standing in a public capacity! As for my business capacity, I would gladly let that speak for itself, if that capacity had not been turned in the sanctuary itself against the personal reputation which every man holds dearer than life itself, and which has had a deadly blow aimed at it through that—that very capacity. Sir, I have established in this town a business which I may humbly say that in no other place of the same numerical size throughout the commonwealth will you find another establishment so nearly corresponding to the wants and the—er—facilities of a great city. In no other establishment in a place of the same importance will you find the interests and the demands and the necessities of the whole community so carefully considered. In no other—"

Putney got upon his feet and called out, "Mr. Moderator, will Brother Gerrish allow me to ask him a single question?"

Mr. Peck put the request, and Mr. Gerrish involuntarily made a pause, in which Putney pursued:

"My question is simply this: doesn't Brother Gerrish think it would help us to get at the business in hand sooner if he would print the rest of his advertisement in the Hatboro' *Register*?"

A laugh broke out all over the house as Putney dropped back into his seat. Mr. Gerrish stood apparently undaunted.

"I will attend to you presently, sir," he said, with a school-masterly authority which made an impression in his favor with some. "And I thank the gentleman," he continued, turning again to address the minister, "for recalling me from a side issue. As he acknowledges in the suggestion which he intended to wound my feelings, but I can assure him that my self-respect is beyond the reach of slurs and innuendoes; I care little for them; I care not what quarter they originate from, or have their—their origin; and still less when they spring from a source notoriously incompetent and unworthy to command the respect of this community, which has abused all its privileges and trampled the forbearance of its fellow-citizens under foot, until it has become a—a byword in this place, sir."

Putney sprang up again with, "Mr. Moderator—"

"No, sir! no, sir!" pursued Gerrish; "I will not submit to your interruptions. I have the floor, and I intend to keep it. I intend to challenge a full and fearless scrutiny of my motives in this matter, and I intend to probe those motives in others. Why do we find, sir, on the one side of this question as its most active exponent a man outside of the church in organizing a force within this society to antagonize the most cherished convictions of that church? We do not asperse his motives; but we ask if these motives coincide with the relations which a Christian minister should sustain to his flock as expressed in the resolution which I have had the privilege to offer, more in sorrow than in anger."

Putney made some starts to rise, but quelled himself, and finally sank back with an air of ironical patience. Gerrish's personalities had turned public sentiment in his favor. Colonel Marvin came over to Putney's pew and shook hands with him before sitting down by his side. He began to talk with him in whisper while Gerrish went on:

"But on the other hand, sir, what do we see? I will not allude to myself in this connection, but I am well aware, sir, that I represent a large and growing majority of this church in the stand I have taken. We are tired, sir—and I say it to you openly, sir, what has been bruited about in secret long enough—of having what I may call a one-sided gospel preached in this church and from this pulpit. We enter our protest against the neglect of very essential elements of Christianity—not to say *the* essential—the representation of Christ as—a—a spirit as well as a life. Understand me, sir, we do not object, neither I nor any of those who agree with me, to the preaching of Christ as a life. That is all very well in its place, and it is the wish of every true Christian to conform and adapt his own life as far as—as circumstances will permit of. But when I come to this sanctuary, and *they* come, Sabbath after Sabbath, and hear nothing said of my Redeemer as a—means of salvation, and nothing of Him crucified; and when I find the precious promises of the gospel ignored and neglected continually and—and all the time, and each discourse from yonder pulpit filled up with generalities—glittering generalities, as has been well said by another—in relation to and connection with mere conduct, I am disappointed, sir, and dissatisfied, and I feel to protest against that line of—of preaching. During the last six months, Sabbath after Sabbath, I have listened in vain for the ministrations of the plain gospel and the tenets under which we have been blessed as a church and as—a—people. Instead of this I have heard, as I have said—and I repeat it without fear of contradiction—nothing but one-idea appeals and mere moralizings upon duty to others, which a child and the veriest tyro could not fail therein; and I have culminated—or rather it has been culminated to me—in a covert attack upon my private affairs and my way of conducting my private business in a manner which I could not overlook. For that reason, and for the reasons which I have recapitulated—and I challenge the closest scrutiny—I felt it my duty to enter my public protest and to leave this sanctuary, where I have worshipped ever since it was erected, with my family. And I now urge the adoption of the foregoing resolution because I believe that your usefulness has come to an end to the vast majority of the constituent members of this church; and—and that is all."

Mr. Gerrish stopped so abruptly that Putney, who was engaged in talk with Colonel Marvin, looked up with a startled air, too late to secure the floor. Mr. Peck recognized Mr. Gates, who stood with his wrists caught in either hand across his middle, and looked round with a quizzical glance before he began to speak. Putney lifted his hand in playful threatening toward Colonel Marvin, who got away from him with a face of noiseless laughter, and went and joined Mr. Wilmington where he sat with his wife, who entered into the talk between the men.

"Mr. Moderator," said Gates, "I don't know as I expected to take part in this debate; but you can't always tell what's going to happen to you, even if you're only a member of the church by marriage, as you might say. I presume, though, that I have a right to speak in a meeting like this, because I *am* a member of the society in my own right, and I've got its interests at heart as much as any one. I don't know but what I got the interests of Hatboro' at heart too, but I can't be certain; sometimes you can't; sometimes you think you've got the common good in view, and you come to look a little closer and you find it's the uncommon good; that is to say, it's not so much the public weal you're after as what it is the private weal. But that's neither here nor there. I haven't got anything to say against identifying yourself with things in general; I don't know but what it's a good way; all is, it's apt to make you think you're personally attacked when nobody is meant in particular. *I* think that's what's partly the matter with Brother Gerrish here. I heard that sermon, and I didn't suppose there was anything in it to hurt any one especially; and I was consid'ably surprised to see that Mr. Gerrish seemed to take it to himself, somehow, and worry over it; but I didn't really know just what the trouble was till he explained here to-night. All I was thinking was when it come to that about large commerce devouring the small—sort of lean and fat kine—I wished Jordan & Marsh could hear that, or Stewart's in New York, or Wanamaker's in Philadelphia. *I* never *thought* of Brother Gerrish once; and I don't presume one out of a hundred did either. I—" The electric light im-

mediately over Gates's head began to hiss and sputter, and to suffer the sort of syncope which overtakes electric lights at such times, and to leave the house in darkness. Gates waited, standing, till it revived, and then added: "I guess I hain't got anything more to say, Mr. Moderator. If I had it's gone from me now. I'm more used to speaking by kerosene, and I always lose my breath when an electric light begins that way."

Putney was on his legs in good time now, and secured recognition before Mr. Wilmington, who made an effort to catch the moderator's eye. Gates had put the meeting in good-humored expectation of what they might now have from Putney. They liked Gates's points very well, but they hoped from Putney something more cruel and unsparing, and the greater part of those present must have shared his impatience with Mr. Wilmington's request that he would give way to him for a moment. Yet they all probably felt the same curiosity about what was going forward, for it was plain that Mr. Wilmington and Colonel Marvin were conniving at the same point. Marvin had now gone to Mr. Gerrish, and had slipped into the pew beside him with the same sort of hand-shake he had given Putney.

"Will my friend Mr. Putney give way to me for a moment?" asked Mr. Wilmington.

"I don't see why I should do that," said Putney.

"I assure him that I will not abuse his courtesy, and that I will yield the floor to him at any moment."

Putney hesitated a moment, and then, with the contented laugh of one who securely bides his time, said, "Go ahead."

"It is simply this," said Mr. Wilmington, with a certain formal neatness of speech: "The point has been touched by the last speaker, which I think suggested itself to all who heard the remarks of Brother Gerrish in support of his resolution, and the point is simply this—whether he has not misapplied the words of the discourse by which he felt himself aggrieved, and whether he has not given them a particular bearing foreign to the intention of their author. If, as I believe, this is the case, the whole matter can be easily settled by a private conference between the parties, and we can be saved the public appearance of disagreement in our society. And I would now ask Brother Gerrish, in behalf of many who take this view with me, whether he will not consent to reconsider the matter, and whether, in order to arrive at the end proposed, he will not, for the present at least, withdraw the resolution he has offered?"

Mr. Wilmington sat down amidst a general sensation, which was heightened by Putney's failure to anticipate any action on Gerrish's part. Gerrish rapidly finished something he was saying to Colonel Marvin, and then half rose, and said, "Mr. Moderator, I withdraw my resolution—for the time being, and—for the present, sir," and sat down again.

"Mr. Moderator," Putney called, sharply, from his place, "this is altogether unparliamentary. That resolution is properly before the meeting. Its adoption has been moved and seconded, and it cannot be withdrawn without leave granted by a vote of the meeting. I wish to discuss the resolution in all its bearings, and I think there are a great many present who share with me a desire to know how far it represents the sense of this society. I don't mean as to the supposed personal reflections which it was intended to punish; that is a very small matter, and as compared with the other questions involved, of no consequence whatever." Putney tossed his head with insolent pleasure in his contempt of Gerrish. His nostrils swelled, and he closed his little jaws with a firmness that made his heavy black mustache hang down below the corners of his chin. He went on with a wicked twinkle in his eye, and a look all round to see that people were waiting to take his next point. "I judge my old friend Brother Gerrish by myself. My old friend Gerrish cares no more really about personal allusions than I do. What he really had at heart in offering his resolution was not any supposed attack upon himself or his shop from the pulpit of this church. He cared no more for that than I should care for a reference to my notorious habits. These are things that we feel may be safely left to the judgment, the charitable judgment, of the community, which will be equally merciful to the man who devours widows' houses and to the man who 'puts an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains.'"

"Mr. Moderator," said Colonel Marvin, getting upon his feet.

"No, sir!" shouted Putney, fiercely; "I can't allow you to speak. Wait till I get

done!" He stopped, and then said, gently: "Excuse me, Colonel; I really must go on. I'm speaking now in behalf of Brother Gerrish, and he doesn't like to have the speaking on his side interrupted."

"Oh, all right," said Colonel Marvin, amiably; "go on."

"What my old friend William Gerrish really designed in offering that resolution was to bring into question the kind of Christianity which has been preached in this place by our pastor—the one-sided gospel, as he aptly called it—and what he and I want to get at is the opinion of the society on that question. Has the gospel preached to us here been one-sided or hasn't it? Brother Gerrish says it has, and Brother Gerrish, as I understand, doesn't change his mind on that point, if he does on any, in asking to withdraw his resolution. He doesn't expect Mr. Peck to convince him in a private conference that he has been preaching an all-round gospel. I don't contend that he has; but I suppose I'm not a very competent judge. I don't propose to give you the opinion of one very fallible and erring man, and I don't set myself up in judgment of others; but I think it's important for all parties concerned to know what the majority of this society think on a question involving its future. That importance must excuse—if anything can excuse—the apparent want of taste, of humanity, of decency, in proposing the inquiry at a meeting over which the person chiefly concerned would naturally preside, unless he were warned to absent himself. Nobody cares for the contemptible point, the wholly insignificant question, whether allusion to Mr. Gerrish's variety store was intended or not. What we are all anxious to know is whether he represents any considerable portion of this society in his general attack upon its pastor. I want a vote on that, and I move the previous question."

No one stopped to inquire whether this was parliamentary or not. Putney sat down, and Colonel Marvin rose to say that if a vote was to be taken, it was only right and just that Mr. Peck should somehow be heard in his own behalf, and half a dozen voices from all parts of the church supported him. Mr. Peck, after a moment, said, "I think I have nothing to say;" and he added, "Shall I put the question?"

"Question!" "Question!" came from different quarters.

"It is moved and seconded that the resolution before the meeting be adopted," said the minister, formally. "All those in favor will say ay." He waited for a distinct space, but there was no response; Mr. Gerrish himself did not vote. The minister proceeded, "Those opposed will say no."

The word burst forth everywhere, and it was followed by laughter and inarticulate expressions of triumph and mocking. "Order! order!" called the minister, gravely, and he announced, "The noes have it."

The electric light began to suffer another syncope. When it recovered, with the usual fizzing and sputtering, Mr. Peck was on his feet, asking to be relieved from his duties as moderator, so that he might make a statement to the meeting. Colonel Marvin was voted into the chair, but refused formally to take possession of it. He stood up and said, "There is no place where we would rather hear you than in that pulpit, Mr. Peck."

"I thank you," said the minister, making himself heard through the approving murmur; "but I stand in this place only to ask to be allowed to leave it. The friendly feeling which has been expressed toward me in the vote upon the resolution you have just rejected is all that reconciles me to its defeat. Its adoption might have spared me a duty which I find painful. But perhaps it is best that I should discharge it. As to the sermon which called forth that resolution it is only just to say that I intended no personalities in it, and I humbly entreat any one who felt himself aggrieved to believe me." Every one looked at Gerrish to see how he took this; he must have felt it the part of self-respect not to change countenance. "My desire in that discourse was, as always, to present the truth as I had seen it, and try to make it a help to all. But I am by no means sure that the author of the resolution was wrong in arraigning me before you for neglecting a very vital part of Christianity in my ministrations here. I think with him, that those who have made an open profession of Christ have a claim to the consolation of His promises, and to the support which good men have found in the mysteries of faith; and I ask his patience and that of others who feel that I have not laid sufficient stress upon these.

My shortcoming is something that I would not have you overlook in any survey of my ministry among you; and I am not here now to defend that ministry in any point of view. As I look back over it, by the light of the one ineffable ideal, it seems only a record of failure and defeat." He stopped, and a sympathetic dissent ran through the meeting. "There have been times when I was ready to think that the fault was not in me, but in my office, in the church, in religion. We all have these moments of clouded vision, in which we ourselves loom up in illusory grandeur above the work we have failed to do. But it is in no such error that I stand before you now. Day after day it has been borne in upon me that I had mistaken my work here, and that I ought, if there was any truth in me, to turn from it for reasons which I will give at length should I be spared to preach in this place next Sabbath. I should have willingly acquiesced if our parting had come in the form of my dismissal at your hands. Yet I cannot wholly regret that it has not taken that form, and that in offering my resignation, as I shall formally do to those empowered by the rules of our society to receive it, I can make it a means of restoring concord among you. It would be affectation in me to pretend that I did not know of the dissension which has had my ministry for its object if not its cause; and I earnestly hope that with my withdrawal that dissension may cease, and that this church may become a symbol before the world of the peace of Christ. I conjure such of my friends as have been active in my behalf to unite with their brethren in a cause which can alone merit their devotion. Above all things I beseech you to be at peace one with another. Forbear, forgive, submit, remembering that strife for the better part can only make it the worse, and that for Christians there can be no rivalry but in concession and self-sacrifice."

Colonel Marvin forgot his office and all parliamentary proprieties in the tide of emotion that swept over the meeting when the minister sat down. "I am glad," he said, "that no sort of action need be taken now upon Mr. Peck's proposed resignation, which I for one cannot believe this society will ever agree to accept."

Others echoed his sentiment; they spoke out, sitting and standing, and addressed themselves to no one, till Putney moved an adjournment, which Colonel Marvin sufficiently recollected himself to put to a vote, and declare carried.

Annie walked home with the Putneys and Dr. Morrell. She was aware of something unwholesome in the excitement which ran so wholly in Mr. Peck's favor, but abandoned herself to it with feverish helplessness.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Putney, when they were free of the crowd which pressed upon him with questions and conjectures and comments. "What a slump!—what a slump! That blessed, short-legged little seraph has spoilt the best sport that ever was. Why, he's sent that fool of a Gerrish home with the conviction that he was right in the part of his attack that was the most vilely hypocritical, and he's given that heartless scoundrel the pleasure of feeling like an honest man. I should like to rap Mr. Peck's head up against the back of his pulpit, and I should like to knock the skulls of Colonel Marvin and Mr. Wilmington together and see which was the thickest. Why, I had Gerrish fairly by the throat at last, and I was just reaching for the balm of Gilead with my other hand to give him a dose that would have done him for one while! Ah, it's too bad, too bad! Well! well! But—haw! haw! haw!—didn't Gerrish tangle himself up beautifully in his rhetoric? I guess we shall fix Brother Gerrish yet, and I don't think we shall let Brother Peck off without a tussle. I'm going to try print on Brother Gerrish. I'm going to ask him in the Hatboro' *Register*—he doesn't advertise, and the editor's as independent as a lion where a man don't advertise—"

"Indeed he's not going to do anything of the kind, Annie," said Mrs. Putney. "I shall not let him. I shall make him drop the whole affair now, and let it die out, and let us be at peace again, as Mr. Peck says."

"There seemed to be a good deal of sense in that part of it," said Dr. Morrell. "I don't know but he was right to propose himself as a peace-offering; perhaps there's no other way out."

"Well," said Mrs. Putney, "whether he goes or stays, I think we owe him that much. Don't you, Annie?"

"Oh yes!" sighed Annie, from the exaltation to which the events of the evening had borne her. "And we mustn't let him go. It would be a loss that every one would feel; that—"

"I'm tired of this fighting," Mrs. Putney broke in, "and I think it's ruining Ralph every way. He hasn't slept the last two nights, and he's been all in a quiver for the last fortnight. For my part I don't care what happens now, I'm not going to have Ralph mixed up in it any more. I think we ought all to forgive and forget. I'm willing to overlook everything, and I believe others are the same."

"You'd better ask Mrs. Gerrish the next time she calls," Putney interposed.

Mrs. Putney stopped, and took her hand from her husband's arm. "Well, after what Mr. Gerrish said to-night about you, I *don't* think Emmeline had better call *very* soon!"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Putney, and his laugh flapped back at them in derisive echo from the house-front they were passing. "I guess Brother Peck had better stay and help fight it out. It won't be *all* brotherly love after he goes—or sisterly either."

XXVI.

Annie knew from the light in the kitchen window that Mrs. Bolton, who had not gone to the meeting, was there, and she inferred from the silence of the house that Bolton had not yet come home. She went up to her room, and after a glance at Idella asleep in her crib, she began to lay off her things. Then she sat down provisionally by the open window, and looked out into the still autumnal night. The air was soft and humid, with a scent of smoke in it from remote forest fires. The village lights showed themselves dimmed by the haze that thickened the moonless dark.

She heard steps on the gravel of the lane, and then two men talking, one of whom she knew to be Bolton. In a little while the back entry door was opened and shut, and after a brief murmur of voices in the library Mrs. Bolton knocked on the door-jamb of the room where Annie sat.

"What is it, Mrs. Bolton?"

"You in bed yet?"

"No; I'm here by the window. What is it?"

"Well, I don't know but what you'll think it's pretty late for callers, but Mr. Peck is down in the library. I guess he wants to speak with you about Idella. I told him he better see *you*."

"I will come right down."

She followed Mrs. Bolton to the foot of the stairs, where she kept on to the kitchen, while Annie turned into the library. Mr. Peck stood beside her father's desk, resting one hand on it and holding his hat in the other.

"Won't you be seated, Mr. Peck?"

"I thank you. It's only for a moment. I am going away to-morrow, and I wish to speak with you about Idella."

"Yes, certainly. But surely you are not going to leave Hatboro', Mr. Peck! I hoped—we all did—that after what you had seen of the strong feeling in your favor to-night you would reconsider your determination and stay with us!" She went on impetuously. "You must know—you must understand now—how much good you can do here—more than any one else—more than you could do anywhere else. I don't believe that you realize how much depends upon your staying here. You can't stop the dissensions by going away; it will only make them worse. You saw how Colonel Marvin and Mr. Wilmington were with you; and Mr. Gates—all classes. I oughtn't to speak—to attempt to teach you your duty; I'm not of your church; and I can only tell you how it seems to me: that you never can find another place where your principles—your views—"

He waited for her to go on; but she really had nothing more to say, and he began: "I am not hoping for another charge elsewhere, at least not for the present; but I am satisfied that my usefulness here is at an end, and I do not think that my going away will make matters worse. Whether I go or stay, the dissensions will continue. At any rate, I believe that there are those who need help more, and whom I can help more, in another field—"

"Yes," she broke in, with a woman's relevancy to the immediate point, "there is nothing to do here."

He went on as if she had not spoken: "I am going to Fall River to-morrow, where I have heard that there is work for me—"

"In the mills!" she exclaimed, recurring in thought to what he had once said of his work in them. "Surely you don't mean that!" The sight, the smell, the tumult of the work she had seen that day in the mill with Lyra came upon her with all their offense. "To throw away all that

you have learnt, all that you have become to others!"

"I am less and less confident that I have become anything useful to others in turning aside from the life of toil and presuming to attempt the guidance of those who remained in it. But I don't mean work in the mills," he continued, "or not at first, or not unless it seems necessary to my work with those who work in them. I have a plan—or if it hardly deserves that name, a design—of being useful to them in such ways as my own experience of their life in the past shall show me in the light of what I shall see among them now. I needn't trouble you with it."

"Oh yes!" she interposed.

"I do not expect to preach at once, but only to teach in one of the public schools, where I have heard of a vacancy, and—and—perhaps otherwise. With those whose lives are made up of hard work there must be room for willing and peaceful service. And if it should be necessary that I should work in the mills in order to render this, then I will do so; but at present I have another way in view—a social way that shall bring me into immediate relations with the people." She still tried to argue with him, to prove him wrong in going away, but they both ended where they began. He would not or could not explain himself farther. At last he said: "But I did not come to urge this matter. I have no wish to impose my will, my theory, upon any one, even my own child."

"Oh yes—Idella!" Annie broke in, anxiously. "You will leave her with me, Mr. Peck, won't you? You don't know how much I'm attached to her. I see her faults, and I shall not spoil her. Leave her with me at least till you see your way clear to having her with you, and then I will send her to you."

A trouble showed itself in his face, ordinarily so impassive, and he seemed at a loss how to answer her; but he said: "I—appreciate your kindness to her, but I shall not ask you to be at the inconvenience longer than till to-morrow. I have arranged with another to take her until I am settled, and then bring her to me."

Annie sat intensely searching his face, with her lips parted to speak. "*Another!*" she said, and the wounded feeling, the resentment of his insensibility to her good-will, that mingled in her heart, must have made itself felt in her voice, for he went on reluctantly:

"It is a family in which she will be brought up to work and to be helpful to herself. They will join me with her. You know the mother—she has lost her own child—Mrs. Savor."

At the name, Annie's spirit fell; the tears started from her eyes. "Yes, she must have her. It is just—it is the only expiation. Don't you remember that it was I who sent Mrs. Savor's baby to the sea-shore, where it died?"

"No; I had forgotten," said the minister, aghast. "I am sorry—"

"It doesn't matter," said Annie, lifelessly; "it had to be." After a pause, she asked, quietly, "If Mrs. Savor is going to work in the mills, how can she make a home for the child?"

"She is not going into the mills," he answered. "She will keep house for us all, and we hope to have others who are without homes of their own join us in paying the expenses and doing the work, so that all may share its comfort without gain to any one upon their necessity of food and shelter."

She did not heed his explanation, but suddenly entreated: "Let me go with you. I will not be a trouble to you, and I will help as well as I can. I can't give the child up! Why—why"—the thought, crazy as it would have once seemed, was now such a happy solution of the trouble that she smiled hopefully—"why shouldn't I go with Mr. and Mrs. Savor, and help to make a home for Idella there? You will need money to begin your work; I will give you mine. I will give it up—I will give it all up. I will give it to any good object that you approve; or you may have it, to do what you think best with; and I will go with Idella and I will work in the mills there—or anything."

He shook his head, and for the first time in their acquaintance he seemed to feel compassion for her. "It isn't possible. I couldn't take your money; I shouldn't know what to do with it."

"You know what to do with your own," she broke in. "You do good with that!"

"I'm afraid I do harm with it too," he returned. "It's only a little, but little as it has been, I can no longer meet the responsibility it brings."

"But if you took my money," she urged, "you could devote your life to preaching the truth, to writing and pub-

lishing books, and all that; and so could others: don't you see?"

He shook his head. "Perhaps others; but I have done with preaching for the present. Later I may have something to say. Now I feel sure of nothing, not even of what I've been saying here."

"Will you send for Idella? When she goes with the Savors I will come too!"

He looked at her sorrowfully. "I think you are a good woman, and you mean what you say. But I am sorry you say it, if any words of mine have caused you to say it, for I know you cannot do it. Even for me it is hard to go back to those associations, and for you they would be impossible."

"You will see," she returned, with exaltation. "I will take Idella to the Savors' to-morrow—or no; I'll have them come here!"

He stood looking at her in perplexity. At last he asked, "Could I see the child?"

"Certainly!" said Annie, with the lofty passion that possessed her, and she led him up into the chamber where Idella lay sleeping in Annie's own crib.

He stood beside it, gazing long at the little one, from whose eyes he shaded the lamp. Then he said, "I thank you," and turned away.

She followed him down-stairs, and at the door she said: "You think I will not come; but I will come. Don't you believe that?"

He turned sadly from her. "You might come, but you couldn't stay. You don't know what it is; you can't imagine it, and you couldn't bear it."

"I will come, and I will stay," she answered; and when he was gone she fell into one of those intense reveries of hers—a rapture in which she prefigured what should happen in that new life before her. At its end Mr. Peck stood beside her grave, reading the lesson of her work to the multitude of grateful and loving poor who thronged to pay the last tribute to her memory. Putney was there with his wife, and Lyra regretful of her lightness, and Mrs. Munger repentant of her mendacities. They talked together in awe-stricken murmurs of the noble career just ended. She heard their voices, and then she began to ask herself what they would really say of her proposing to go to Fall River with the Savors and be a mill-hand.

XXVII.

Annie did not sleep. After lying a long time awake she took some of the tonic that Dr. Morrell had left her, upon the chance that it might quiet her; but it did no good. She dressed herself, and sat by the window till morning.

The breaking day showed her purposes grotesque and monstrous. The revulsion that must come, came with a tide that swept before it all prepossessions, all affections. It seemed as if the child, still asleep in her crib, had heard what she said, and would help to hold her to her word.

She choked down a crust of bread with the coffee she drank at breakfast, and instead of romping with Idella at her bath, she dressed the little one silently, and sent her out to Mrs. Bolton. Then she sat down again in the sort of daze in which she had spent the night, and as the day passed, her revolt from what she had pledged herself to do mounted and mounted. It was like the sort of woman she was, not to think of any withdrawal from her pledges; they were all the more sacred with her because they had been purely voluntary, insistent; the fact that they had been refused made them the more obligatory.

She thought some one would come to break in upon the heavy monotony of the time; she expected Ralph or Ellen, or at least Lyra; but she only saw Mrs. Bolton, and heard her about her work. Sometimes the child stole back from the kitchen or the barn, and peeped in upon her with a roguish expectance which her gloomy stare defeated, and then it ran off again.

She lay down in the afternoon and tried to sleep; but her brain was inexorably alert, and she lay making inventory of all the pleasant things she was to leave for that ugly fate she had insisted on. A swarm of fancies gave every detail of the parting dramatic intensity. Amidst the poignancy of her regrets, her shame for her recreancy was sharper still.

By night she could bear it no longer. It was Dr. Morrell's custom to come nearly every night; but she was afraid, because he had walked home with her from the meeting the night before, he might not come now, and she sent for him. It was in quality of medicine-man, as well as physician, that she wished to see him; she meant to tell him all that had passed

with Mr. Peck; and this was perfectly easy in the interview she forecast; but at the sound of his buggy wheels in the lane a thought came that seemed to forbid her even to speak of Mr. Peck to him. For the first time it occurred to her that the minister might have inferred a meaning from her eagerness and persistence infinitely more preposterous than even the preposterous letter of her words. A number of little proofs of the conjecture flashed upon her: his anxiety to get away from her, his refusal to let her believe in her own constancy of purpose, his moments of bewilderment and dismay. It needed nothing but this to add the touch of intolerable absurdity to the horror of the whole affair, and to snatch the last hope of help from her.

She let Mrs. Bolton go to the door, and she did not rise to meet the doctor; she saw from his smile that he knew he had a moral rather than a physical trouble to deal with, but she did not relax the severity of her glare in sympathy, as she was tempted from some infinite remoteness to do.

When he said, "You're not well," she whispered solemnly back, "Not at all."

He did not pursue his inquiry into her condition, but said, with an irrelevant cheerfulness that piqued her, "I was coming here this evening at any rate, and I got your message on the way up from my office."

"You are very kind," she said, a little more audibly.

"I wanted to tell you," he went on, "of what a time Putney and I have had to-day working up public sentiment for Mr. Peck, so as to keep him here."

Annie did not change her position, but the expression of her glance changed.

"We've been round in the enemy's camp, everywhere; and I've committed Gerrish himself to an armed neutrality. That wasn't difficult. The difficulty was in another quarter—with Mr. Peck himself. He's more opposed than any one else to his stay in Hatboro'. You know he intended going away this morning?"

"Did he?" Annie asked, dishonestly. The question obliged her to say something.

"Yes. He came to Putney before breakfast to thank him and take leave of him, and to tell him of the plan he had for— Imagine what!"

"I don't know," said Annie, hoarsely, after an effort, as if the untruth would not come easily. "I am worse than Mrs. Munger," she thought.

"For going to Fall River to teach school among the mill-hands' children! And to open a night school for the hands themselves."

The doctor waited for her sensation, and in its absence he looked so disappointed that she was forced to say, "To teach school?"

Then he went on briskly again. "Yes. Putney labored with him on his knees, so to speak, and got him to postpone his going till to-morrow morning; and then he came to me for help. We enlisted Mrs. Wilmington in the cause, and we've spent the day working up the Peck sentiment to a fever-heat. It's been a very queer campaign; three Gentiles toiling for a saint against the elect, and bringing them all over at last. We've got a paper, signed by a large majority of the members of the church—the church, not the society—asking Mr. Peck to remain; and Putney's gone to him with the paper, and he's coming round here to report Mr. Peck's decision. We all agreed that it wouldn't do to say anything about his plan for the future, and I fancy some of his people signed our petition under the impression that they were keeping a valuable man out of another pulpit."

Annie accompanied the doctor's words, which she took in to the last syllable, with a symphony of conjecture as to how the change in Mr. Peck's plans, if they prevailed with him, would affect her, and the doctor had not ceased to speak before she perceived that it would be deliverance perfect and complete, however inglorious. But the tacit drama so vividly preoccupied her with its minor questions of how to descend to this escape with dignity that still she did not speak, and he took up the word again.

"I confess I've had my misgivings about Mr. Peck, and about his final usefulness in a community like this. In spite of all that Putney can say of his hard-headedness, I'm afraid that he's a good deal of a dreamer. But I gave way to Putney, and I hope you'll appreciate what I've done for your favorite."

"You are very good," she said, in mechanical acknowledgment: her mind was set so strenuously to break from her dishonest reticence that she did not know really what she was saying. "Why—

why do you call him a dreamer?" She cast about in that direction at random.

"Why? Well, for one thing, the reason he gave Putney for giving up his luxuries here: that as long as there was hardship and overwork for underpay in the world, he must share them. It seems to me that I might as well say that as long as there were dyspepsia and rheumatism in the world, I must share them. Then he has a queer notion that he can go back and find instruction in the working-men—that they alone have the light and the truth, and know the meaning of life. I don't say anything against them. My observation and my experience is that if others were as good as they are in the ratio of their advantages, Mr. Peck needn't go to them for his ideal. But their conditions warp and dull them; they see things askew, and they don't see them clearly. I might as well expose myself to the smallpox in hopes of treating my fellow-sufferers more intelligently."

She could not perceive where his analogies rang false; they only overwhelmed her with a deeper sense of her own folly.

"But I don't know," he went on, "that a dreamer is such a desperate character, if you can only keep him from trying to realize his dreams; and if Mr. Peck consents to stay in Hatboro', perhaps we can manage it." He drew his chair a little toward the lounge where she reclined, and asked, with the kindliness that was both personal and professional, "What seems to be the matter?"

She started up. "There is nothing—nothing that medicine can help. Why do you call him my favorite?" she demanded, violently. "But you have wasted your time. If he had made up his mind to what you say, he would never give it up—never in the world!" she added, hysterically. "If you've interfered between any one and his duty in this world, where it seems as if hardly any one had any duty, you've done a very unwarrantable thing." She was aware from his stare that her words were incoherent, if not from the words themselves, but she hurried on: "I am going with him. He was here last night, and I told him I would. I will go with the Savors, and we will keep the child together; and if they will take me, I shall go to work in the mills; and I shall not care what people think, if it's right—"

She stopped and weakly dropped back on the lounge, and hid her face in the pillow.

"I really don't understand." The doctor began, with a physician's carefulness, to unwind the coil she had flung down to him. "Are the Savors going, and the child?"

"He will give her the child for the one they lost—you know how! And they will take it with them."

"But you—what have you—"

"I must have the child too! I can't give it up, and I shall go with them. There's no other way. You don't know. I've given him my word, and there is no hope!"

"He asked you," said the doctor, to make sure he had heard aright—"he asked you—advised you—to go to work in a cotton mill?"

"No;" she lifted her face to confront him. "He told me *not* to go; but I said I would."

They sat staring at each other in a silence which neither of them broke, and which promised to last indefinitely. They were still in their daze when Putney's voice came through the open hall door.

"Hello! hello! hello! Hello, Central! *Can't* I make you hear, any one?" His steps advanced into the hall, and he put his head in at the library doorway. "Thought you'd be here," he said, nodding at the doctor. "Well, doctor, Brother Peck's beaten us again. He's going."

"Going?" the doctor echoed.

"Yes. It's no use. I put the whole case before him, and I argued it with a force of logic that would have fetched the twelfth man with eleven stubborn fellows against him on a jury; but it didn't fetch Brother Peck. He was very appreciative and grateful, but he believes he's got a call to give up the ministry, for the present at least. Well, there's some consolation in supposing he may know best, after all. It seemed to us that he had a great opportunity in Hatboro', but if he turns his back on it, perhaps it's a sign he wasn't equal to it. The doctor told you what we've been up to, Annie?"

"Yes," she answered, faintly, from the depths of the labyrinth in which she was plunged again.

"I'm sorry for your news about him," said the doctor. "I hoped he was going to stay. It's always a pity when such a man lets his sympathies use him instead of using them. But we must always

judge that kind of crank leniently, if he doesn't involve other people in his craze."

She knew that he was shielding and trying to spare her, and she felt inexpressibly degraded by the terms of his forbearance. She could not accept, and she had not the strength to refuse it; and Putney said: "I've not seen anything to make me doubt his sanity; but I must say the present racket shakes my faith in his common-sense, and I rather held by that, you know. But I suppose no man, except the kind of a man that a woman would be if she were a man—excuse me, Annie—is ever absolutely right. I suppose the truth is a constitutional thing, and you can't separate it from the personal consciousness, and so you get it colored and heated by personality when you get it fresh. That is, we can see what the absolute truth was, but never what it is."

Putney amused himself in speculating on these lines with more or less reference to Mr. Peck, and did not notice that the doctor and Annie gave him only a silent assent. "As to misleading any one else, Mr. Peck's following in his new religion seems to be confined to the Savors, as I understand. They are going with him to help him set up a sort of co-operative boarding-house. Well, I don't know where we shall get a hotter gospeller than Brother Peck. Poor old fellow! I hope he'll get along better in Fall River. It *is* something to be out of reach of Gerrish."

The doctor asked, "When is he going?"

"Why, he's gone by this time, I suppose," said Putney. "I tried to get him to think about it overnight, but he wouldn't. He's anxious to go and get back, so as to preach his last sermon here Sunday, and he's taken the 9.10, if he hasn't changed his mind." Putney looked at his watch.

"Let's hope he hasn't," said Dr. Morrell.

"Which?" asked Putney.

"Changed his mind. I'm sorry he's coming back."

Annie knew that he was talking at her, though he spoke to Putney; but she was powerless to protest.

XXVIII.

They went away together, leaving her to her despair, which had passed into a sort of torpor by the following night, when Dr. Morrell came again, out of what she knew must be mere humanity; he could not respect her any longer. He told her, as if for her comfort, that Putney had gone to the depot to meet Mr. Peck, who was expected back in the eight-o'clock train, and was to labor with him all night long if necessary to get him to change, or at least postpone, his purpose. The feeling in his favor was growing. Putney hoped to put it so strongly to him as a proof of duty that he could not resist it.

Annie listened comfortlessly. Whatever happened, nothing could take away the shame of her weakness now. She even wished, feebly, vaguely, that she might be forced to keep her word.

A sound of running on the gravel-walk outside and a sharp pull at the door-bell seemed to jerk them both to their feet.

Some one stepped into the hall panting, and the face of William Savor showed itself at the door of the room where they stood. "Doc—Doctor Morrell, come—come quick! There's been an accident—at—the depot. Mr.—Peck—" He panted out the story, and Annie saw rather than heard how the minister tried to cross the track from his train, where it had halted short of the station, and the flying express from the other quarter caught him from his feet, and dropped the bleeding fragment that still held his life beside the rail a hundred yards away, and then kept on in brute ignorance into the night.

"Where is he? Where have you got him?" the doctor demanded of Savor.

"At my house."

The doctor ran out of the house, and she heard his buggy whirl away, followed by the fainter sound of Savor's feet as he followed running, after he had stopped to repeat his story to the Boltons. Annie turned to the farmer. "Mr. Bolton, get the carry-all. I must go."

"And me too," said his wife.

"Why, no, Pauliny; I guess you better stay. I guess it 'll come out all right in the end," Bolton began. "*I* guess William has exaggerated some, maybe. Any rate, who's goin' to look after the little girl if you come?"

"*I* am," Mrs. Bolton snapped back. "She's goin' with me."

"Of course she is. Be quick, Mr. Bolton!" Annie called from the stairs, which she had already mounted half-way.

She caught up the child, limp with sleep, from its crib, and began to dress it. Idella cried, and fought away the hands that tormented her, and made herself now very stiff and now very lax; but Annie

and Mrs. Bolton together prevailed against her, and she was dressed, and had fallen asleep again in her clothes while the women were putting on their hats and sacks, and Bolton was driving up to the door with the carry-all.

"Why, I can see," he said, when he got out to help them in, "just how William's got his idee about it. His wife's an excitable kind of a woman, and she's sent him off lickety-split after the doctor without looking to see what the matter was. There hain't never been anybody hurt at our depot, and it don't stand to reason—"

"Oliver Bolton, *will* you hush that noise?" shrieked his wife. "If the world was burnin' up you'd say it was nothing but a chimbley on fire som'er's."

"Well, well, Pauliny, have it your own way, have it your own way," said Bolton. "I ain't sayin' but what there's *some*thin' in William's story; but you'll see 't he's exaggerated. Git up!"

"Well, do hurry, and *do* be still!" said his wife.

"Yes, yes. It's all right, Pauliny; all right. Soon's I'm out the lane, you'll see 't I'll drive *fast* enough."

Mrs. Bolton kept a grim silence, against which her husband's babble of optimism played like heat-lightning on a night sky.

Idella woke with the rush of cold air, and in the dark and strangeness began to cry, and wailed heart-breakingly between her fits of louder sobbing, and then fell asleep again before they reached the house where her father lay dying.

They had put him in the best bed in Mrs. Savor's little guest-room, and when Annie entered, the minister was apologizing to her for spoiling it.

"Now don't you say one word, Mr. Peck," she answered him. "It's all right. I ruthah see you layin' there just 's you be than plenty of folks that—" She stopped for want of an apt comparison, and at sight of Annie she said, as if he were a child whose mind was wandering: "Well, I declare, if here ain't Miss Kilburn come to see you, Mr. Peck! And Mis' Bolton! Well, the land!"

Mrs. Savor came and shook hands with them, and in her character of hostess urged them forward from the door, where they had halted. "Want to see Mr. Peck? Well, he's real comf'table now; ain't he, Dr. Morrell? We got him all fixed up nicely, and he ain't in a bit o' pain. It's his spine that's hurt, so 't he don't feel nothin'; but he's just as clear in his mind as what you or I be. *Ain't* he, doctor?"

"He's not suffering," said Dr. Morrell, to whom Annie's eye wandered from Mrs. Savor, and there was something in his manner that made her think the minister was not badly hurt. She went forward with Mr. and Mrs. Bolton, and after they had both taken the limp hand that lay outside the covering, she touched it too. It returned no pressure, but his large, wan eyes looked at her with such gentle dignity and intelligence that she began to frame in her mind an excuse for what seemed almost an intrusion.

"We were afraid you were hurt badly, and we thought—we thought you might like to see Idella—and so—we came. She is in the next room."

"Thank you," said the minister. "I presume that I am dying; the doctor tells me that I have but a few hours to live."

Mrs. Savor protested, "Oh, I guess you ain't a-goin' to die *this* time, Mr. Peck." Annie looked from Dr. Morrell to Putney, who stood with him on the other side of the bed, and experienced a shock from their gravity without yet being able to accept the fact it implied. "There's plenty of folks," continued Mrs. Savor, "hurt worse 'n what you be that's alive to-day and as well as ever they was."

Bolton seized his chance. "It's just what I said to Pauliny, comin' along. 'You'll see,' said I, 'Mr. Peck 'll be out as spry as any of us before a great while.' That's the way I felt about it from the start."

"All you got to do is to keep up courage," said Mrs. Savor.

"That's so; that's half the battle," said Bolton.

There were numbers of people in the room and at the door of the next. Annie saw Colonel Marvin and Jack Wilmington. She heard afterward that he was going to take the same train to Boston with Mr. Peck, and had helped to bring him to the Savors' house. The station-master was there, and some other railroad employés.

The doctor leaned across the bed and lifted slightly the arm that lay there, taking the wrist between his thumb and finger. "I think we had better let Mr. Peck rest awhile," he said to the company generally. "We're doing him no good."

The people began to go; some of them

said, "Well, good-night!" as if they would meet again in the morning. They all made the pretence that it was a slight matter, and treated the wounded man as if he were a child. He did not humor the pretence, but said "Good-by" in return for their "Good-night" with a quiet patience.

Mrs. Savor hastened after her retreating guests. "I ain't a-goin' to let you go without a sup of coffee," she said. "I want you should all stay and git some, and I don't believe but what a little of it would do Mr. Peck good."

The surface of her lugubrious nature was broken up, and whatever was kindly and cheerful in its depths floated to the top; she was almost gay in the demand which the calamity made upon her. Annie knew that she must have seen and helped to soothe the horror of mutilation which she could not even let her fancy figure, and she followed her foolish bustle and chatter with respectful awe.

"Rebecca 'll have it right off the stove in half a minute now," Mrs. Savor concluded; and from a further room came the cheerful click of cups, and then a wandering whiff of the coffee; life in its vulgar kindliness touched and made friends with death, claiming it a part of nature too.

The night at Mrs. Munger's came back to Annie from the immeasurable remoteness into which all the past had lapsed. She looked up at Dr. Morrell across the bed.

"Would you like to speak with Mr. Peck?" he asked, officially. "Better do it now," he said, with one of his short nods.

Putney came and set her a chair. She would have liked to fall on her knees beside the bed; but she took the chair, and drew the minister's hand into hers, stretching her arm above his head on the pillow. He lay like some poor little wounded boy, like Putney's Winthrop; the mother that is in every woman's heart gushed out of hers in pity upon him, mixed with filial reverence. She had thought that she should confess her baseness to him, and ask his forgiveness, and offer to fulfil with the people he had chosen for the guardians of his child that interrupted purpose of his. But in the presence of death, so august, so simple, all the concerns of life seemed trivial, and she found herself without words. She sobbed over the poor hand she held. He turned his eyes upon her and tried to speak, but his lips only let out a moaning, shuddering sound, inarticulate of all that she hoped or feared he might prophesy to shape her future.

Life alone has any message for life, but from the beginning of time it has put its ear to the cold lips that must forever remain dumb.

XXIX.

The evening after the funeral Annie took Idella, with the child's clothes and toys in a bundle, and Bolton drove them down Over the Track to the Savors'. She had thought it all out, and she perceived that whatever the minister's final intention might have been, she was bound by the purpose he had expressed to her, and must give up the child. For fear she might be acting from the false conscientiousness of which she was beginning to have some notion in herself, she put the case to Mrs. Bolton. She knew what she must do in any event, but it was a comfort to be stayed so firmly in her duty by Mrs. Bolton, who did not spare some doubts of Mrs. Savor's fitness for the charge, and reflected a subdued censure even upon the judgment of Mr. Peck himself, as she bustled about and helped Annie get Idella and her belongings ready. The child watched the preparations with suspicion. At the end, when she was dressed, and Annie tried to lift her into the carriage, she broke out in sudden rebellion; she cried, she shrieked, she fought; the two good women who were obeying the dead minister's behest were obliged to descend to the foolish lies of the nursery; they told her she was going on a visit to the Savors, who would take her on the cars with them, and then bring her back to Aunt Annie's house. Before they could reconcile her to this fabled prospect they had to give it verisimilitude by taking off her every-day clothes and putting on her best dress.

She did not like Mrs. Savor's house when she came to it, nor Mrs. Savor, who stopped, all blowzed and work-deranged from trying to put it in order after the death in it, and gave Idella a motherly welcome. Annie fancied a certain surprise in her manner, and her own ideal of duty was put to proof by Mrs. Savor's owning that she had not expected Annie to bring Idella to her right away.

"If I had not done it at once, I never could have done it," Annie explained.

"Well, I presume it's a cross," said Mrs. Savor, "and I don't feel right to take her. If it wa'n't for what her father—"

"'Sh!" Annie said, with a significant glance.

"It's an ugly house!" screamed the child. "I want to go back to my Aunt Annie's house. I want to go on the cars."

"Yes, yes," answered Mrs. Savor, blindly groping to share in whatever cheat had been practised on the child, "just as soon as the cars starts. Here, William, you take her out and show her the pretty coop you be'n makin' the pigeons, to keep the cats out."

They got rid of her with Savor's connivance for the moment, and Annie hastened to escape.

"We had to tell her she was going a journey, or we never could have got her into the carriage," she explained, feeling like a thief.

"Yes, yes. It's all right," said Mrs. Savor. "I see you'd be'n putting up some kind of job on her the minute she mentioned the cars. Don't you fret any, Miss Kilburn. Rebecca and me'll get along with her, you needn't be afraid."

Annie could not look at the empty crib where it stood in its alcove when she went to bed; and she cried upon her own pillow with heart-sickness for the child, and with a humiliating doubt of her own part in hurrying to give it up without thought of Mrs. Savor's convenience. What had seemed so noble, so exemplary, began to wear another color; and she drowsed, worn out at last by the swarming fears, shames, and despairs, which resolved themselves into a fantastic medley of dream images. There was a cat trying to get at the pigeons in the coop which Mr. Savor had carried Idella to see. It clawed and miauled at the lattice-work of lath, and its caterwauling became like the cry of a child, so like that it woke Annie from her sleep, and still kept on. She lay shuddering a moment; it seemed as if the dead minister's ghost flitted from the room, while the crying defined and located itself more and more, till she knew it a child's wail at the door of her house. Then she heard "Aunt Annie! Aunt Annie!" and soft, faint thumps as of a little fist upon the door panels.

She had no experience of more than one motion from her bed to the door, which the same impulse flung open and let her crush to her breast the little tumult of sobs and moans from the threshold.

"Oh, wicked, selfish, heartless wretch!" she stormed out over the child. "But now I will never, never, never give you up! Oh, my poor little baby! my darling! God has sent you back to me, and I will keep you, I don't care what happens! What a cruel wretch I have been—oh, what a cruel wretch, my pretty!—to tear you from your home! But now you shall never leave it; no one shall take you away." She gripped it in a succession of fierce hugs, and mumbled it—face and neck, and little cold wet hands and feet—with her kisses; and all the time she did not know the child was in its night-dress like herself, or that her own feet were bare, and her drapery as scanty as Idella's.

A sense of the fact evanescently gleamed upon her with the appearance of Mrs. Bolton, lamp in hand, and the instantaneous appearance and disappearance of her husband at the back door through which she emerged. The two women spent the first moments of the lamp-light in making certain that Idella was sound and whole in every part, and then in making uncertain forever how she came to be there. Whether she had wandered out in her sleep, and found her way home with dream-led feet, or whether she had watched till the house was quiet, and then stolen away, was what she could not tell them, and must always remain a mystery.

"I don't believe but what Mr. Bolton had better go and wake up the Savors. You got to keep her for the night, I presume, but they'd ought to know where she is, and you can take her over there agin, come daylight."

"*Mrs.* Bolton!" shouted Annie, in a voice so deep and hoarse that it shook the heart of a woman who had never known fear of man. "If you say such a thing to me—if you ever say such a thing again—I—I—I will *hit* you! Send Mr. Bolton for Idella's things—right away!"

"Land!" said Mrs. Savor, when Bolton, after a long conciliatory preamble, explained that he did not believe Miss Kilburn felt a great deal like giving the child up again. "*I* don't want it without it's satisfied to stay. I see last night it was just breakin' its heart for her, and I told William when we first missed her this mornin', and he was in such a pucker

about her, I bet anything he was a mind to that the child had gone back to Miss Kilburn's. That's just the words I used; didn't I, Rebecca? I couldn't stand it to have no child *grievin'* around."

Beyond this sentimental reluctance, Mrs. Savor later confessed to Annie herself that she was really accepting the charge of Idella in the same spirit of self-sacrifice as that in which Annie was surrendering it, and that she felt, when Mr. Peck first suggested it, that the child was better off with Miss Kilburn; only she hated to say so. Her husband seemed to think it would make up to her for the one they lost, but nothing could really do that.

XXX.

In a reverie of rare vividness following her recovery of the minister's child, Annie Kilburn dramatized an escape from all the failures and humiliations of her life in Hatboro'. She took Idella with her and went back to Rome, accomplishing the whole affair so smoothly and rapidly that she wondered at herself for not having thought of such a simple solution of her difficulties before. She even began to put some little things together for her flight, while she explained to old friends in the American colony that Idella was the orphan child of a country minister, which she had adopted. That old lady who had found her motives in returning to Hatboro' insufficient questioned her sharply *why* she had adopted the minister's child, and did not find her answers satisfactory. They were such as also failed to pacify inquiry in Hatboro', where Annie remained, in spite of her reverie; but people accepted the fact, and accounted for it in their own way, and approved it, even though they could not quite approve her.

The dramatic impressiveness of the minister's death won him undisputed favor, yet it failed to establish unity in his society. Supply after supply filled his pulpit, but the people found them all unsatisfactory when they remembered his preaching, and could not make up their minds to any one of them. They were more divided than ever, except upon the point of regretting Mr. Peck. But they distinguished, in honoring his memory. They revered his goodness and his wisdom, but they regarded his conduct of life as unpractical. They said there never was a more inspired teacher, but it was impossible to follow him, and he could not himself have kept the course he had marked out. They said, now that he was beyond recall, no one else could have built up the church in Hatboro' as he could, if he could only have let impracticable theories alone. Mr. Gerrish called many people to witness that this was what he had always said. He contended that it was the *spirit* of the gospel which you were to follow. He said that if Mr. Peck had gone to teaching among the mill-hands, he would have been sick of it inside of six weeks; but he was a good Christian man, and no one wished less than Mr. Gerrish to reproach him for what was, after all, more an error of the head than the heart. His critics had it their own way in this, for he had not lived to offer that full exposition of his theory and justification of his purpose which he had been expected to give on the Sunday after he was killed; and his death was in no wise exegetic. It said no more to his people than it had said to Annie; it was a mere casualty; and his past life, broken and unfulfilled, with only its intimations and intentions of performance, alone remained.

When people learned, as they could hardly help doing from Mrs. Savor's volubility, what his plan with regard to Idella had been, they instanced that in proof of the injuriousness of his idealism as applied to real life; and they held that she had been remanded in that strange way to Miss Kilburn's charge for some purpose which she must not attempt to cross. As the minister had been thwarted in another intent by death, it was a sign that he was wrong in this too, and that she could do better by the child than he had proposed.

This was the sum of popular opinion; and it was further the opinion of Mrs. Gerrish, who gave more attention to the case than many others, that Annie had first taken the child because she hoped to get Mr. Peck, when she found she could not get Dr. Morrell; and that she would have been very glad to be rid of it if she had known how, but that she would have to keep it now for shame's sake.

For shame's sake certainly, Annie would have done several other things, and chief of these would have been never to see Dr. Morrell again. She believed that he not only knew the folly she had confessed to him, but that he had divined

the cowardice and meanness in which she had repented it, and she felt intolerably disgraced before the thought of him. She had imagined mainly because of him that escape to Rome which never has yet been effected, though it might have been attempted if Idella had not wakened ill from the sleep she sobbed herself into when she found herself safe in Annie's crib again.

She had taken a heavy cold, and she moped lifelessly about during the day, and drowsed early again in a troubled cough-broken slumber.

"That child ought to have the doctor," said Mrs. Bolton, with the grim impartiality in which she masked her interference.

"Well," said Annie, helplessly.

At the end of the lung fever which followed, "It was a narrow chance," said the doctor one morning; "but now I needn't come any more unless you send for me."

Annie stood at the door, where he spoke with his hand on the dash-board of his buggy before getting into it.

She answered with one of those impulses that come from something deeper than intention, "I will send for you, then —to tell you how generous you are," and in the look with which she spoke she uttered the full meaning that her words withheld.

He flushed for pleasure of conscious desert, but he had to laugh and turn it off lightly. "I don't think I could come for that. But I'll look in to see Idella unprofessionally."

He drove away, and she remained at her door looking up at the summer blue sky that held a few soft white clouds, such as might have overhung the same place at the same hour thousands of years before, and such as would lazily drift over it in a thousand years to come. The morning had an immeasurable vastness, through which some crows flying across the pasture above the house sent their voices on the spacious stillness. A perception of the unity of all things under the sun flashed and faded upon her, as such glimpses do. Of her high intentions, nothing had resulted. An inexorable centrifugality had thrown her off at every point where she tried to cling. Nothing of what was established and regulated had desired her intervention; a few accidents and irregularities had alone accepted it. But now she felt that nothing with-

al had been lost; a magnitude, a serenity, a tolerance, intimated itself in the universal frame of things, where her failure, her recreancy, her folly, seemed for the moment to come into true perspective, and to show venial and unimportant, to be limited to itself, and to be even good in its effect of humbling her to patience with all imperfection and shortcoming, even her own. She was aware of the cessation of a struggle that has never since renewed itself with the old intensity; her wishes, her propensities, ceased in that degree to represent evil in conflict with the portion of good in her; they seemed so mixed and interwoven with the good that they could no longer be antagonized; for the moment they seemed in their way even wiser and better, and ever after to be the nature out of which good as well as evil might come.

As she remained standing there, Mr. Brandreth came round the corner of the house, looking very bright and happy.

"Miss Kilburn," he said, abruptly, "I want you to congratulate me. I'm engaged to Miss Chapley."

"Are you indeed, Mr. Brandreth? I do congratulate you with all my heart. She is a lovely girl."

"Yes, it's all right now," said Mr. Brandreth. "I've come to tell you the first one, because you seemed to take an interest in it when I told you of the trouble about the Juliet. We hadn't come to any understanding before that, but that seemed to bring us both to the point, and—and we're engaged. Mother and I are going to New York for the winter; we think she can risk it; and at any rate she won't be separated from me; and we shall be back in our little home next May. You know that I'm to be with Mr. Chapley in his business?"

"Why, no! This is *great* news, Mr. Brandreth! I don't know what to say."

"You're very kind," said the young man, and for the third or fourth time he wrung her hand. "It isn't a partnership, of course; but he thinks I can be of use to him."

"I know you can!" Annie adventured.

"We are very busy getting ready—nearly everybody else is gone—and mother sent her kindest regards—you know she don't make calls—and I just ran up to tell you. Well, *good*-by!"

"*Good*-by! Give my love to your mother, and to your—to Miss Chapley."

"I will." He hurried off, and then

came running back. "Oh, I forgot! About the Social Union fund. You know we've got about two hundred dollars from the theatricals, but the matter seems to have stopped there, and some of us think there'd better be some other disposition of the money. Have you any suggestion to make?"

"No, none."

"Then I'll tell you. It's proposed to devote the money to beautifying the grounds around the soldiers' monument. They ought to be fenced and planted with flowers—turned into a little public garden. Everybody appreciates the interest you took in the Union, and we hoped you'd be pleased with that disposition of the money."

"It is very kind," said Annie, with a meek submission that must have made him believe she was deeply touched.

"As I'm not to be here this winter," he continued, "we thought we had better leave the whole matter in your hands, and the money has been deposited in the bank subject to your order. It was Mrs. Munger's idea. I don't think she's ever felt just right about that evening of the dramatics, don't you know. *Good*-by!"

He ran off to escape her thanks for this proof of confidence in her taste and judgment, and he was gone beyond her protest before she emerged from her daze into a full sense of the absurdity of the situation.

"Well, it's a very simple matter to let the money lie in the bank," said Dr. Morrell, who came that evening to make his first unprofessional visit, and received with pure amusement the account of the affair, which she gave him with a strong infusion of vexation.

"The way I was involved in this odious Social Union business from the first, and now have it left on my hands in the end, is maddening. Why, I can't get rid of it!" she replied.

"Then, perhaps," he comfortably suggested, "it's a sign you're not intended to get rid of it."

"What *do* you mean?"

"Why don't you go on," he irresponsibly adventured farther, "and establish a Social Union?"

"Do you *mean* it?"

"What was that notion of his"—they usually spoke of the minister pronominally—"about getting the Savors going in a co-operative boarding-house at Fall River? Putney said something about it."

Annie explained, as she had heard it from him, and from the Savors since his death, the minister's scheme for a club, in which the members should contribute the labor and the provisions, and should live cheaply and wholesomely under the management of the Savors at first, and afterward should continue them in charge, or not, as they chose. "He seemed to have thought it out very carefully. But I supposed, of course, it was unpractical."

"Was that why you were going in for it?" asked the doctor; and then he spared her confusion in adding: "I don't see why it was unpractical. It seems to me a very good notion for a Social Union. Why not try it here? There isn't the same pressing necessity that there is in a big factory town; but you have the money, and you have the Savors to make a beginning."

His tone was still half bantering; but it had become more and more serious, so that she could say in earnest: "But the money is one of the drawbacks. It was Mr. Peck's idea that the working people ought to do it all themselves."

"Well, I should say that two-thirds of that money in the bank had come from them. They turned out in great force to Mr. Brandreth's theatricals. And wouldn't it be rather high-handed to use their money for anything but the Union?"

"You don't suppose," said Annie, hotly, "that I would spend a cent of it on the grounds of that idiotic monument? I would pay for having it blown up with dynamite! No, I can't have anything more to do with the wretched affair. My touch is fatal." The doctor laughed, and she added: "Besides, I believe most heartily with Mr. Peck that no person of means and leisure can meet working people except in the odious character of a patron, and if I didn't respect them, I respect myself too much for that. If I were ready to go in with them and start the Social Union on his basis, by helping do house-work—*scullion* work—for it, and eating and living with them, I might try; but I know from experience I'm not. I haven't the need, and to pretend that I have, to forego my comforts and luxuries in a make-believe that I haven't them, would be too ghastly a farce, and I won't."

"Well, then, don't," said the doctor, bent more perhaps on carrying his point

in argument than on promoting the actual establishment of the Social Union. "But my idea is this: Take two-thirds or one-half of that money, and go to Savor, and say: 'Here! This is what Mr. Brandreth's theatricals swindled the shop-hands out of. It's honestly theirs, at least to control; and if you want to try that experiment of Mr. Peck's here in Hatboro', it's yours. We people of leisure, or comparative leisure, have really nothing in common with you people who work with your hands for a living; and as we really can't be friends with you, we won't patronize you. We won't advise you, and we won't help you; but here's the money. If you fail, you fail; and if you succeed, you won't succeed by our aid and comfort.'"

The plan that Annie and Doctor Morrell talked over half in joke took a more and more serious character in her sense of duty to the minister's memory and the wish to be of use, which was not extinct in her, however she mocked and defied it. It was part of the irony of her fate that the people who were best able to counsel with her in regard to it were Lyra, whom she could not approve, and Jack Wilmington, whom she had always disliked. He was able to contribute some facts about the working of the Thayer Club at the Harvard Memorial Hall in Cambridge, and Lyra because she had been herself a hand, and would not forget it, was of use in bringing the scheme into favor with the hands. They felt easy with her, as they did with Putney, and for much the same reason: it is one of the pleasing facts of our conditions that people who are socially inferior like best those above them who are morally anomalous. It was really through Lyra that Annie got at the working people, and when it came to a formal conference, there was no one who could command their confidence like Putney, whom they saw mad-drunk two or three times a year, but always pulling up and fighting back to sanity against the enemy whose power some of them had felt too.

No theory is so perfect as not to be subject to exceptions in the experiment, and in spite of her conviction of the truth of Mr. Peck's social philosophy, Annie is aware, through her simple and frank relations with the hands in a business matter, of mutual kindness which it does not account for. But perhaps the philosophy and the experiment were not contradictory; perhaps it was intended to cover only the cases in which they had no common interest. At any rate, when the Peck Social Union, as its members voted to call it, at the suggestion of one of their own number, got in working order, she was as cordially welcomed to the charge of its funds and accounts as if she had been a hat-shop hand or a shoe-binder. She is really of use, for its working is by no means ideal, and with her wider knowledge she has suggested improvements and expedients for making both ends meet which were sometimes so reluctant to meet. She has kept a conscience against subsidizing the Union from her own means; and she even accepts for her services a small salary, which its members think they ought to pay her. She owns this ridiculous, like all the make-believe work of rich people; a travesty which has no reality except the little sum it added to the greater sum of her superabundance. She is aware that she is a pensioner upon the real members of the Social Union for a chance to be useful, and that the work they let her do is the right of some one who needs it. She has thought of doing the work and giving the pay to another; but she sees that this would be pauperizing and degrading another. So she dwells in a vicious circle, and waits, and mostly forgets, and is mostly happy.

The Social Union itself, though not a brilliant success in all points, is still not a failure; and the promise of its future is in the fact that it continues to have a present. The people of Hatboro' are rather proud of it, and strangers visit it as one of the possible solutions of one of the social problems. It is predicted that it cannot go on; that it must either do better or do worse; but it goes on the same.

Putney studies its existence in the light of his own infirmity, to which he still yields from time to time, as he has always done. He professes to find there a law which would account for a great many facts of human experience otherwise inexplicable. He does not attempt to define this occult preservative principle, but he offers himself and the Social Union as proofs of its existence; and he argues that if they can only last long enough they will finally be established in a virtue and prosperity as great as those of Mr. Gerrish and his store.

Annie sometimes feels that nothing else can explain the maintenance of Lyra

Wilmington's peculiar domestic relations at the point which perpetually invites comment and never justifies scandal. The situation seems to her as lamentable as ever. She grieves over Lyra, and likes her, and laughs with her; she no longer detests Jack Wilmington so much since he showed himself so willing and helpful about the Social Union; she thinks there must be a great deal of good in him, and sometimes she is sorry for him, and longs to speak again to Lyra about the wrong she is doing him. One of the dangers of having a very definite point of view is the temptation of abusing it to read the whole riddle of the painful earth. Annie has permitted herself to think of Lyra's position as one which would be impossible in a state of things where there was neither poverty nor riches, and there was neither luxury on one hand to allure, nor the fear of want to constrain on the other.

When her recoil from the fulfilment of her volunteer pledge to Mr. Peck brought her face to face with her own weakness, there were two ways back to self-respect, either of which she might take. She might revert to her first opinion of him, and fortify herself in that contempt and rejection of his ideas, or she might abandon herself to them, with a vague intention of reparation to him, and accept them to the last insinuation of their logic. This was what she did, and while her life remained the same outwardly, it was inwardly all changed. She never could tell by what steps she reached her agreement with the minister's philosophy; perhaps, as a woman, it was not possible she should; but she had a faith concerning it to which she bore unswerving allegiance, and it was Putney's delight to witness its revolutionary effect on an old Hatboro' Kilburn, the daughter of a shrewd lawyer and canny politician like her father, and the heir of an aristocratic tradition, a gentlewoman born and bred. He declared himself a reactionary in comparison with her, and had the habit of taking the conservative side against her. She was in the joke of this; but it was a real trouble to her for a time that Dr. Morrell, after admitting the force of her reasons, should be content to rest in a comfortable inconclusion as to his conduct, till one day she reflected that this was what she was herself doing, and that she differed from him only in the openness with which she proclaimed her opinions. Being a woman, her opinions were treated by the magnates of Hatboro' as a good joke, the harmless fantasies of an old maid, which she would get rid of if she could get anybody to marry her; being a lady, and very well off, they were received with deference, and she was left to their uninterrupted enjoyment. Putney amused himself by saying that she was the fiercest apostle of labor that never did a stroke of work; but no one cared half so much for all that as for the question whether her affair with Dr. Morrell was a friendship or a courtship. They saw an activity of attention on his part which would justify the most devout belief in the latter, and yet they were confronted with the fact that it so long remained eventless. The two theories, one that she was amusing herself with him, and the other that he was just playing with her, divided public opinion, but they did not molest either of the parties to the mystery; and the village, after a season of acute conjecture, quiesced into that sarcastic sufferance of the anomaly into which it may have been noticed that small communities are apt to subside from such occasions. Except for some such irreconcilable as Mrs. Gerrish, it was a good joke that if you could not find Dr. Morrell in his office after tea, you could always find him at Miss Kilburn's. Perhaps it might have helped solve the mystery if it had been known that she could not accept the situation, whatever it really was, without satisfying herself upon two points, which resolved themselves into one in the process of the inquiry.

She asked, apparently as preliminary to answering a question of his, "Have you heard that gossip about my—being in—caring for the poor man?"

"Yes."

"And did you—what did you think?"

"That it wasn't true. I knew if there were anything in it, you couldn't have talked him over with me."

She was silent. Then she said, in a low voice: "No, there couldn't have been. But not for that reason alone, though it's very delicate and generous of you to think of it, very large-minded; but because it *couldn't* have been. I could have worshipped him, but I couldn't have loved him—any more," she added, with an implication that entirely satisfied him, "than I could have worshipped *you*."

THE END.

THE NEW ORLEANS BENCH AND BAR IN 1823.

BY CHARLES GAYARRÉ.

TWENTY years had elapsed since the cession of Louisiana to the French by the Spaniards, and by the French to the United States, and yet very few of the ancient population of the Latin race who had witnessed that event, or who had been born since, had acquired any knowledge of the English language, and still fewer among the new-comers of Anglo-Saxon origin had made any effort to learn to speak French, or even to understand it, so that intercourse between the two races, either for pleasure or business, was not a thing of easy accomplishment. The great majority of the ex-colonists were French in language, in blood, in feelings, in ideas, in manners, habits, and temperament. They were intensely anxious to retain an autonomy which they fondly believed to have been guaranteed by the treaty of cession. They keenly resented the act of the Federal government which made the English language the official one, and they clung the more tenaciously to the language of their ancestors. Those who had succeeded in mastering the "foreign idiom," as the English was then called, affected to use it only when they could not do otherwise, and only on rare occasions. On the other hand, the Americans, the *aventuriers* (adventurers), as they were designated at that epoch, were intent upon assimilating to themselves as quickly as possible what they looked upon as an extraneous element, which had no right to a prolonged existence. They wanted a fusion in which they would predominate and control. They were determined to absorb, but not to be absorbed. Hence, on the part of the primitive colonial inhabitants, a vigorous resistance to this projected effacement of all the old landmarks of the past *régime* of European domination. Hence also frequent collisions of an unpleasant nature; every friction between these two antagonisms emitted sparks that showed the combustibility of the materials at hand. This want of homogeneity of language and feelings manifested itself in a striking manner in the courts of justice. We proceed, as an illustration of it, to describe faithfully some of the scenes which we witnessed at the New Orleans bar a few years after that city had become the capital of the State of Louisiana.

For a long while it was almost of absolute necessity that the judges should understand both the English and French languages, and in consequence of the motley composition of our cosmopolite population there was in every court a permanently appointed interpreter, who, as a sworn and regular officer thereof, translated the evidence, the testimony of the witnesses, and, when necessary, the charges of the judge to the jurors. Our jurisprudence was based on the laws of Spain and on the Napoleon Code, which had been adopted by our Legislature with such modifications as had been thought advisable. The commentaries of French and Spanish jurists, with decisions of the tribunals of the two countries of which Louisiana had successively been the colony, were daily and extensively quoted as authorities. The juries being composed of men some of whom did not understand one word of French, and others equally as ignorant of the English, it became imperative on litigants to employ in each case on both sides two lawyers, one speaking French, the other English, and supposed to command individually the sympathies of that portion of the population to which they belonged. Under such circumstances and exigencies the trial of cases was necessarily long and expensive. The petitions and answers, the citations, and all writs whatever, were usually in both languages, and the records containing the testimony of witnesses, and original documents with their indispensable translations, were oppressively voluminous.

Will the reader accompany me to one of the district courts of the old *régime*, and witness some of the judicial proceedings of the epoch? The presiding judge is Joshua Lewis, a high-minded gentleman, if not a profound jurist, who commands universal esteem in the community where he has come to reside. As irreproachable in his private as in his public life, Judge Lewis was born in Kentucky, and did honor both to his native and to his adopted State. When the British invaded Louisiana he hastened to descend from the bench, shouldered his rifle, and

bravely met them on the plains of Chalmette. Associating much with the ancient population, he had learned but a little of their language, sufficient, however, to state in a few words, clearly if not grammatically, to a jury who understood only French, what law was applicable to the case on which they were to decide.

The lawyers retained in the case to be tried are Alfred Hennen for the plaintiff, an Anglo-Saxon American, and Étienne Mazureau for the defendant, a French creole. Hennen is from New England. He is a tall, well-formed, massive man, with a handsome, benevolent face, glowing with the warm tints of a florid complexion, which denotes his Northern origin. He is invincibly self-possessed, and no provocation can throw him off his guard in his fortress of cold and passionless reserve. Nothing can ruffle his temper; and if the attempt is made he turns it off with a good-natured laugh, which blunts the edge of his adversary's weapon. He is an erudite, but plain, dry, plodding, practical lawyer, who never aims at any fancy flight of eloquence. He has a large and well-furnished library, which he liberally puts at the disposal of his friends. He is laboriously industrious, and always comes into court with a long string of authorities, which he uses as a lasso to throw round the neck of his opponent. He is not much addicted to urge upon the court argumentative deductions from the broad principles of jurisprudence, but prefers relying on an overwhelming avalanche of precedents and numerous decisions, gathered from far and wide, in cases which he deems similar to his own. His fees amount to a large income, of which he takes thrifty care, although he lives according to the exigencies of his social position. He is a conspicuous and worthy member of the Presbyterian Church. He is abstemious in his habits, very fond of exercise on horseback and on foot, and a strict observer of the rules and prescriptions of hygiene. Like all members of the legal profession from the other States of the Union, he much prefers the common to the civil law, the latter being looked upon by them as an abortive creation of the Latin mind, which they hold, of course, to be naturally inferior to the Anglo-Saxon intellect.

The lawyer on the other side is Étienne Mazureau, a native of France, who has emigrated to Louisiana in search of a better fortune, and who in a few years has risen to be one of the magnates of the New Orleans bar. Of a medium size, compactly built, with flashing dark eyes, intensely black hair, and a brown complexion, he is a perfect specimen of the Southern type, as if to the manner and to the manor born. He is of an ardent temperament, and the sacred fire of the orator glows in his breast. He is an adroit and most powerful logician, but on certain occasions his eloquence becomes tempestuous. He delights in all the studies appertaining to his profession, and possesses a most extensive and profound knowledge of the civil law, from the twelve tables of Rome and the Institutes of Justinian to the Napoleon Code. He is also thoroughly familiar with the Spanish jurisprudence, which is derived from the same source. He is deeply versed in the common law, which, however, when the opportunity presents itself, it is his special pleasure to ridicule and treat with spiteful depreciation. He is not free from a certain degree of arrogance, based on the consciousness he has of his learning and of the superiority of his splendid intellectual powers. When irritated by what he thinks futile contradiction, he has a provoking way of throwing back his head, and of superciliously lifting at a right angle with surrounding objects a nose whose nostrils dilate with contempt. He is particularly elated when in his forensic conflicts he triumphs over an Anglo-Saxon member of the bar to whom he happens to have taken a special dislike. His voice is superb, now calmly argumentative, now tremulous with passion, and frequently derisive, with sneers and sarcasms as sharply pointed as the savagest arrow. Aggressive by nature, he sometimes affects the most dulcet tones of conciliatory placidity, and when he thus transforms himself he is more to be dreaded than when he is apparently in one of his fiercest moods. He is a terror to the witnesses of the adverse party, whom he likes to browbeat and to keep broiling on the gridiron of his torturing inquisition. His invectives, when prompted by indignation, wrath, or any other cause of excitement, are a sort of tropical hurricane. He is too proud and lofty to ever have recourse to the petty trickeries and snap judgments of the minnows of his noble profession, and never takes any undue and ungentlemanly advantage of

his brethren at law. He is equally great and successful in civil and criminal cases. Hence his income is very large; but he has a peculiar knack at getting into debt and parting with his money in the most unaccountable manner. He has this characteristic in common with many men of splendid abilities, through whose pockets silver and gold run as through a sieve, much to the mortification of their creditors.

These were the two men pitted against each other in the case to which we call the attention of the reader. The plaintiff had bought a tract of land measuring, as stated in the act of sale, twenty arpents, fronting the Mississippi, and running on that line from an oak on the lower limit to a willow on the upper one. After the completion of the sale and payment of the price, it was discovered that the front of the tract measured twenty-five arpents instead of twenty. The purchaser claimed these twenty-five arpents, but the defendant was willing to surrender only twenty. Hence the suit brought by the plaintiff to be put in possession of what he claimed to have bought and paid for, and therefore his property.

Hennen had made himself acquainted with the French language, and Mazureau spoke English with great fluency, so that, contrary to what habitually took place, there was but one lawyer employed on either side.

"Oyez! oyez! The honorable First District Court of the State of Louisiana is in session!" cries the sheriff in a loud and clear voice. "Gentlemen of the jury summoned in this case," says the clerk, "please answer to your names." After this is done, the jurors are called to the sacred book.

Here a struggle ensues between the two lawyers about the composition of the jury. Hennen challenges as many of the creoles and naturalized French as he can, and Mazureau does the same with the Americans. At last the jury is formed—nine of the Latin race, and three of the Anglo-Saxon. On Mazureau's lips may be seen a smile of satisfaction. Hennen has a troubled look. Let us give a little of our attention to the manner in which that jury had been sworn.

Clerk to the first juror: "You swear that—"

1st Juror: "*Je n'entends pas. Parlez français.*" (I don't understand. Speak French.)

Clerk: "All right."

And the oath is administered in French.

2d Juror approaches to qualify.

Clerk: "*Vous jurez que—*"

2d Juror: "I don't understand. Speak English."

Clerk: "All right."

And the second juror, duly sworn in his vernacular, takes his seat; and so on to the last of the twelve, each one insisting on being addressed in his own maternal tongue.

Judge: "Mr. Augustin Macarty, I appoint you foreman of this jury."

On hearing which, Mazureau allows again an expression of approval to beam all over his face. Macarty is of an ancient and high-toned family. He has served several years as Mayor of the city, and is uncompromisingly conservative in all his views and feelings—the very embodiment of the old *régime*. It was he who, in his official capacity, as reported, and backed by public opinion, had caused the first cargo of ice brought to New Orleans to be thrown into the river as a measure of public safety, because cold drinks in the summer would affect throats and lungs, and would make consumptive the whole population. He might have added, perhaps with more propriety, that liquor refrigerated by ice might become more tempting, more provocative of thirst, and that the sweet indulgence might lead to a habit injurious to health. Be it as it may, we will venture to say something in support of the objection of dear old Macarty to the introduction of this new crystallized luxury. Are we sure that he was as absurdly ridiculous as some people may think, when we recollect that consumption, now so common among us, was almost unknown before the arrival of that ill-fated ship with its load of hyperborean product, which was soon succeeded by more welcome importations of the same kind? But let us return to the trial.

Hennen rises, and after a slight bow to the court and jury, reads to them the petition and answer, written in English and French as required. Then he says: "This case, as your honor sees, is founded on article 2495 of the Civil Code, which reads as follows:

"'*There can be neither increase nor diminution of price on account of disagreement in measure when the object is designated by the adjoining tenements and sold from boundary to boundary.*'

"This is the law on which is based the claim of my client. As to the facts alleged in the plaintiff's petition, they are admitted by the defendant, who demands five thousand dollars more for the five arpents fronting the river, with the usual depth of forty arpents; but he is not entitled to that increase of price, considering that the extent on the front line was designated by an oak and a willow that clearly marked the boundaries of the tract. If there were between these designated limits only fifteen arpents instead of twenty, the purchaser, my client, would be entitled to no diminution of the price to be paid by him, and on the same principle, when there are twenty-five arpents instead of twenty, the defendant cannot claim an increase of the sum for which the sale has been effected. This is made so plain by the words of the article of the Civil Code cited by me that I cannot conceive the object of the defendant in incurring the expenses of this litigation. He cannot but know that the verdict of this jury, confirmed by your honor, will be against him, and probably he only aims, for some purpose which I cannot imagine, at retaining possession as long as he can of the property for which he has received the stipulated price."

Then turning to the jury, he said: "Gentlemen, as the facts in this case are admitted, I have no evidence to introduce. It now becomes your duty to apply the law to those facts, and its text is so plain that its meaning cannot be a matter of doubt in anybody's mind."

During this address, which we summarily reproduce, the French and creole members of the jury had been showing signs of impatience, and it ended in this interrogation from Foreman Macarty: "Mr. Hennen, do you really presume to induce us to grant twenty-five arpents to your client when the act of sale only says twenty?"

Hennen: "The words of the contract are that the plaintiff bought a tract of land of twenty arpents, with the usual depth, extending, on the line fronting the river, from a certain oak to a certain willow that indicated the boundaries. As to the law, it says that the designation of visible limits, and not the specification of the number of arpents mentioned, is the criterion to ascertain the area of the land intended to be transferred by the seller to the purchaser."

Foreman Macarty, after having exchanged, in a whisper, a few hasty words with his French colleagues, takes a square attitude in his seat, with all the indications of a man who is going to assert an irrevocable decision. He fixes a steady eye on Hennen, and says, in a peremptory tone:

"Mr. Hennen, we are satisfied that the defendant never intended to sell, nor the plaintiff to buy, more than twenty arpents fronting the river. We don't care for your oak and your willow. It is useless for you to trouble us with such a preposterous claim. Your client is not honest, sir. It is wrong on his part to try to avail himself of an evident mistake of the defendant as to the quantity of land he thought he was selling. He certainly would have asked a larger sum if he had not been deceived on the subject. We are indignant, sir!"

Hennen, blandly: "I regret, Mr. Macarty, your misconception of the case. Allow me to say to you that I regret it for the sake of the two parties to this suit. If you persist in your views, if a verdict is rendered against the plaintiff, I will certainly appeal to the Supreme Court, who will reverse it. Meanwhile you will have done an injury to my client, whose taking possession of the land he has paid for will be delayed to his detriment, and by the prolongation of this litigation you will be the cause of inflicting on the defendant heavier costs than he would otherwise have had to pay. I beg the court to instruct the jury as to the law which is to govern their final decision."

Judge: "Gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Hennen has correctly quoted the law to you. Your duty is to enforce its application in accordance with the legislative will, and not to suit your own individual notions of the just or unjust."

Macarty: "We beg leave to remain mindful of a higher law than the one which we are desired to enforce, a law implanted in our hearts by God himself—the law of honesty, the law of conscience."

Judge: "I feel bound to tell you that I believe the Supreme Court will not sanction your views, and will probably reverse your verdict."

Macarty: "That is the affair of the Supreme Court. Ours is to act according to our conscience."

This conversation had been carried on

in French. All the while the three Anglo-Saxon members of the jury looked vacantly at every object in the court-room, and probably were wondering at the cause and meaning of all this hubbub. As to Mazureau, he seemed to be in a satisfactory condition of mind, and had been repeatedly giving nods of approbation whenever Macarty spoke. Raising his spectacles high up on his forehead above his brows, which with him was known to be a sign that he considered his work done, and that he could rest contented, he had thrown himself back on his chair, which he caused to tilt on its hind legs, and it was evident that he was keenly enjoying his adversary's prompt defeat, when it had not been necessary for him even to utter a single word to bring about this result.

But Hennen was not a man to be easily discouraged, and getting a little more animated than was his habit, he said: "Gentlemen of the jury, allow me, under the pleasure of the court, to state to you respectfully that it is the conscience of the law that you are bound to consult here, and not your self-assumed notions of right and wrong, or what you call your conscience, in administering justice in the courts of your country in conformity with the obligations of the solemn oath which you have taken. There is not a lawyer at the bar who will not tell you that this is the correct doctrine to be adopted by you in the discharge of your duties as jurors. I even appeal on this point to the eloquent orator, to the profound jurist, to whom we all look as a safe guide in all matters of law. I appeal to Mr. Mazureau himself, who appears here for the defendant."

A sneering expression of cynical triumph which had spread over Mazureau's face immediately vanished; he put on an air of sympathetic compassion for the embarrassment in which his opponent found himself, and in that ominously most dulcet tone of voice which he sometimes assumed, and which was generally indicative of the forth-coming of some fatal thrust, he said: "Mr. Hennen, will you permit me to address you one question?"

Hennen: "Certainly, sir; at your pleasure."

Mazureau: "Are you not from New England?"

Hennen: "Yes, sir."

Mazureau: "Well, in that land of your nativity, was it not lawful to burn old women as witches?"

Hennen, looking somewhat perplexed, stammered out: "It occasionally happened—in former times."

Mazureau sprang up with flashing eyes, shaking his fist dramatically at Hennen, and with a loud burst of his sonorous voice he thundered out: "Would you have executed that law? Would you have burned old women at the stake? Would you have lighted up the fire? Which of the two authorities would you have obeyed on that occasion—that conscience which God has placed in your heart, or the fanatical dictate of an impious legislation? I will not insult you by doubting your choice. And now how is it that you expect these high-minded men, these intelligent jurors, to do what you would not yourself have done? Why should they not in these days follow the example which you would have given them in former times, which is, to trample upon any immoral and nefarious law that violates the most sacred feelings of conscience and the principles of common justice between man and man?"

He paused, as if to take breath and allow his emotion to subside. Then, with calm dignity: "May it please the court, I have no more to say. The case is closed on my part." And he looked significantly at the French and creole members of the jury, who could hardly refrain from loudly expressing their applause.

Hennen stood bewildered for a minute or two, but recovering himself, he said: "May it please the court, I have only a few words to address to those members of the jury who do not understand French." After this had been done, a short charge was delivered by the judge in English and in French, and the jury retired to their room. Everybody present thought that they could not possibly agree.

In their chamber, as soon as they entered it, the jurors of the Latin race grouped themselves in a corner, talking excitedly, and looking doggedly determined not to yield an inch to the Yankees, who had sought the opposite corner, and were whispering together. This is what one of those Yankees said to his colleagues: "I cannot stay here long. I have most pressing business to attend to, and you also, I presume." There was an assenting movement of the head from those who were thus addressed. "Well," continued he, "this is a plain case. There should be a verdict for the plaintiff. But those French and creoles have no sense, you

know. They are the creatures of prejudice or whim. They are not practical. Besides, they are particularly obstinate, and as they never have anything to do, they will keep us here locked up God knows how long. Had we not better humor them? It will do no harm to the plaintiff, for, as Hennen says, the Supreme Court will surely reverse our verdict."

This suggestion being accepted, the Anglo-Saxon, advancing toward Macarty and pointing to the record which that gentleman held in his hand, said, with a look and tone of interrogation, "*Vous, monsieur*, for plaintiff, eh?" Macarty shook his head negatively. "For defendant?" Macarty gave an affirmative nod. "*Eh bien, nous aussi*" (Well, we too), continued the Saxon, calling to his assistance these French words, which he recollected, and which he put together as well as he could, whilst he pointed to his two friends as concurring in his opinion.

Macarty understood the words and the action. His face became radiant, and he exclaimed, "Je vois avec satisfaction, messieurs, que vous avez de l'honneur et de la conscience, et que vous n'êtes pas hommes à donner vingt-cinq arpents à qui n'en a acheté que vingt. Allons, c'est bien; c'est très bien." (I see with satisfaction, gentlemen, that you are men of honor and have a conscience, and that you are not the men to give twenty-five arpents to one who has bought only twenty. It is well; it is very well indeed.)

Whereupon there was a general shaking of hands, and the jury returned to the court-room. The clerk announced, "Verdict for the defendant."

"Mr. Sheriff, discharge the jury," said the astonished judge.

Hennen: "May it please the court, I beg leave to file my motion of appeal from this extraordinary verdict."

The judge nods assent, and descends slowly from the bench. Mazureau approaches Hennen, who is handing some papers to the clerk. They look at each other face to face, and both laugh heartily. They seem to be much amused at something.

Mazureau pulls out his watch: "Oh! oh! already four o'clock. It is dinner-time. Hennen, my house is close by. I have to-day a fat turkey *aux truffes*, and exquisite claret just received from Bordeaux. Suppose you join me?"

"Willingly."

And the two eminent lawyers went away arm in arm.

Let us witness another jury trial, in which it happens that the two races are again divided. This contingency has been provided for, and it has been thought prudent on both sides to employ two lawyers, one speaking English and the other French. John R. Grymes, of Virginia, and Dominique Seghers, of Belgium, for plaintiff; Edward Livingston, of New York, and Moreau Lislet, of France, for defendant.

John R. Grymes claims to belong to one of the first families of Virginia, and of course is not destitute of a coat of arms. He is an elegant, *distingué* looking man, above the middle size, always fashionably well dressed, always systematically courteous. He brings to the bar some of the etiquette and forms observed in the saloons of refined society. He is never boisterous, loud, passionate, and rough in his tone and gesticulations. As an orator he could not rise to the altitude where dwell the thunder and lightning of heaven; he remains on earth, where, whatever may be for him the disadvantage of the sandy plain on which he stands, he wields with admirable effect the light, flexible, brightly polished, but cold Damascus steel blade of Saladin. As a lawyer he has a lucid, logical mind, and speaks with the richest fluency, never being at a loss or hesitating about a word, but that word, although presenting itself with the utmost ease and confidence, is not always the proper one. His style is far from being classical, or even grammatical, but it is effective, it is persuasive, and the meaning which it intends to convey is understood without effort, even by the dullest. His pronunciation denotes at once his Virginian origin, but his voice is musical, and his easy, pleasing flow of speech leaves no time and no desire to the hearer to analyze its constructive elements.

There is nothing of the scholar in Grymes; his collegiate education has been imperfect; his reading is not extensive as to legal lore, nor anything else. But there is infinite charm in his natural eloquence, and his powerful native intellect knows how to make the most skilful use of the materials which it gathers at random outside of any regular course of study and research. He has the reputa-

tion of never preparing himself for the trial even of important cases, and he seems pleased to favor the spreading of that impression. He affects to come into court after a night of dissipation, and to take at once all his points and all the information which he needs from his associate in the case, and even from what he can elicit from his opponents during the trial. It is when he pretends to be least prepared, and has apparently to rely only on intuition and the inspiration of the moment, that his brightest and most successful efforts are made. Many have some doubts about the genuine reality of this phenomenon, and believe that Grymes works more in secret than he wants the public to know.

No man was ever more urbanely sarcastic in words or pantomime. If the court disagrees with him on any vital point, and lays down the law adversely to his views, he has a way of gracefully and submissively bowing to the decision with a half-suppressed smile of derision, and with an expression of the face which clearly says to the by-standers: "I respect the magistrate, as you see, but what a goose that fellow is!" There is in his habitual sneers a sort of amiability, a good-natured love of piquant fun, which protects them against the suspicion of malignity; the shafts of his gilded bow scratch gently the skin with a perfumed steel point. He is a Chesterfield in his deportment toward all his colleagues of the bar; but if too much chafed by any of them he snorts once or twice, as if attempting to expel some obstruction from his nostrils. This is a sign in him of rising hostility, and without losing his temper he becomes politely aggressive, and his usually edulcorated language assumes a sort of vitriolic pungency. No one possesses better than he does the art of ridiculing without giving positive offence. But he is careful to use it sparingly in court, although profusely addicted to it in social intercourse. He is extremely fond of advocating with the utmost gravity wild paradoxes, which he frequently makes the amusing subjects of conversation. He stands among the highest in his profession, and exercises great influence over judges and jurors.

He has a decided taste for luxurious living, for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and card-gambling. He would not brook the shadow of a word of disparagement, and on a point of honor would immediately, like all Southern gentlemen, appeal to the arbitration of the duello. Notwithstanding this sensitiveness, and the considerable fees which he annually receives for his services as a very able and popular member of the bar, there are few men known to be more dunned than he is. But he possesses privileges and immunities to which nobody else could aspire; he is the Richard Brinsley Sheridan of New Orleans. For instance, as an example of the liberties which he takes, if dunned too actively, he will give a check on any bank of which he bethinks himself at the moment, and the person who presents it becomes an object of merriment. It is looked upon as done in fun. There is not, of course, any idea of swindling or of doing any real impropriety. It is only one of Grymes's practical jokes. He will pay in the end, as everybody knows, with any amount of interest in addition, and without questioning the rate.

In those days of strongly marked individualities in New Orleans there was a man famous for collecting money from the most obdurate debtors, and he therefore was the favorite agent of creditors. His name was Dupeux. He was a terror to all those who indulged in the fancy that they could escape from the payment of what they owed. It might have been possible if there had been no Dupeux in the world, but as there was a Dupeux, it was impossible. He was the constable of one of our justices of the peace, but he never himself resorted to law. He had other means of coercion in his bag. Once on the track of a debtor, he never lost sight of him. That debtor felt at once that he was doomed, for he soon discovered that he was haunted more frightfully than by a ghost. Wherever he was, by day and by night, if there was any imaginable access to him, there suddenly stood in his presence the inevitable Dupeux, with his pale, supplicating face, expressive of the agony of too long deferred hope of payment, and with the same Gorgon bill in his hand. No tempest of curses and threats could frighten him away never to return, and when his bodily presence could be avoided, still his mournful, piteous face and its mute appeal remained visible through the debtor's imagination. It became an insupportable obsession, and it sometimes happened that, to get rid of it, the persecuted victim of debt would in a

fit of desperation start in pursuit of Dupeux to hasten a payment which had been hitherto pertinaciously delayed or absolutely refused.

Such was the individual who, one morning very early, met Grymes sallying from a house where he had gambled with friends during the whole night. Dupeux approached reverentially the great lawyer, and with a pathetic gesture presented the bill for which he had been dunning that personage for several months. "Ah, my friend!" exclaimed Grymes, "what a lucky coincidence! You happen to meet me when I am flush. By-the-bye, put off that doleful face of yours; it gives me the chills. Well, how much is the bill, Dupeux—my poor Dupeux?"

"Twenty-five dollars, Mr. Grymes."

"Is that all? My conscience smites me for having made you wait so long, and you have been so patient, too? You are an angel, Dupeux—my poor Dupeux!" And he pulled out of his pocket a very large bundle of bank-notes, from which he extracted one, that he handed over to the collector, saying, "Pay yourself."

"This is a one-hundred-dollar note, Mr. Grymes. How can I get change at this hour when all the banks and shops are closed?" said Dupeux, in a whining tone. "Have you not smaller notes?"

"Trouble not yourself about the change, my friend; keep it all, Dupeux—my poor Dupeux! Let the balance of seventy-five dollars go toward indemnifying you for all the shoes that you have worn in your perambulations after me. Good-by, and may you have an appetite for breakfast, Dupeux—my poor Dupeux!"

Such was John R. Grymes, the most careless of men about money, coining it by the bushel, and squandering it in the same way. But toward the end of his life he became more economical, honorably paid all his debts, and left to his family a competency when he died at a ripe old age.

Dominique Seghers, his colleague in the suit, was a perfect type of the red tape old French *avoué* of the ancient *régime*. He looked into every case intrusted to his care *con amore*, almost with paternal affection. For, was he not to give it a legal existence, a judicial shape or form, that would be faultless? Besides, he loved to handle and manipulate the law, so as to show what his skill could do with it. Such is the love of the artist for the instrument to which he is indebted for his fortune and his fame. The very moment a subject of litigation was placed in his hands, he doubted not of its being founded in law, and if that law was not apparent, he felt convinced that by dint of patient researches he would discover in the end that the projected suit could be based on some article of the Civil Code, some special statute, some applicable precedent, some decision of court, if not on the broad principles of jurisprudence. For him professionally there was no right or wrong outside of the text of the law. Everything else was vaporous sentimentality, sheer romance.

He was essentially practical. To go to court was to go to war, and the participants in it were to take the consequences. Strategic manœuvres ending in a surprise that defeated a too confident or inexperienced adversary were, according to his views, nothing but fair play. As to himself, he went into the conflict armed to the teeth with every offensive and defensive weapon, from the big gun of massive argument to the penknife quibble of the smallest size. For who knows but what the feather may be adjudged of weight, when the granite block will be declared to have none? Who knew this better than Seghers? And thus he neglected nothing to insure success. It was his business to gain his case: that of the court or of the jury was to decide correctly. If they erred, whose responsibility was it? Not his surely if in duty to his client he had misled them by some *ignis fatuus*. Within the precincts of the court, within the range of his profession, he proceeded with the caution of an Indian creeping stealthily into the territory of a hostile tribe, and looking anxiously for an enemy behind every bush and tree. He gave no quarter, and asked for none.

There never was a microscope more effective than the one with which Seghers examined every word, every syllable, every comma, in his adversary's pleadings, and there never was any false step, any negligence, any defect or omission of legal formalities, of which old Seghers hesitated to take immediate advantage. I say "old Seghers," because in my youth I never heard his name mentioned without the addition of that adjective. It seemed as if he had never been suspected of ever having been young.

Nothing could have been more instruc-

tive for a young practitioner than to study attentively every petition or answer that Seghers ever filed in court. They were written with a skill and minute care that defied criticism. It was evident that he had left no loop-hole through which his opponent could stick a pin, and woe to that opponent if he got entangled in the spider's web against which he bumped his head! As to himself, he never entered any battle-field of litigation unless encased in a double-plated suit of armor ten inches in thickness, and without having protected his position, whenever it was possible, with all sorts of pitfalls and traps.

He had to contend against a peculiar and very serious impediment for a man of his profession. It was the extreme difficulty which he had to express himself. In court he painfully struggled for words. They stuck in his throat; and when at last they came out, it was as if they had forced their way through an obstructed passage. It was in a jumbling sort of way. There was an elbowing, a pushing, a trampling upon one another, as people generally do when in a too closely packed crowd. But he patiently took his time to evolve order out of confusion. No interruptions from court or jury, or from the adverse party, however frequently repeated, could put him out of countenance. If continued too long, for the evident purpose of increasing the disarray of his words, if not of his ideas, and enfeebling his laboriously uttered arguments, he would stop, and phlegmatically show his annoyance at it by merely turning up his eyes to heaven, seemingly as a mute appeal for the grant of sufficient patience to support him under the inflicted vexations. But after a while he would start again, in his humdrum style, precisely from the point where the thread of his discourse had been cut off.

I need not mention, for it might be easily inferred, that in his every-day life Seghers was as methodical and precise as in his professional one. His physical appearance would easily have denoted the inward man to a physiognomist. There was a great deal of character in his features. They were strongly marked — a sharp long face; a large mouth; a much-protruding and big nose; gray eyes participating of the elongated olive shape, with furtive and oblique glances to detect anything suspicious, from whatever part of the horizon it might come, large flat ears that stuck close to the sides of the head, and for which no approach of a velvet-footed cat would have been noiseless. This gentleman acquired by his profession a considerable fortune.

Among the Americans who had come to New Orleans to better their fortune, none was so distinguished as Edward Livingston. He was of an illustrious family, and before emigrating to the extreme South he had been Mayor of the city of New York. He had not been long in the place which he had chosen for his new sphere of action before he gave ample evidence of his superb talents. He at once became one of the leading members of the bar, notwithstanding his having enemies who spread evil reports against him, and his having incurred a great deal of unpopularity in consequence of the part he took in the famous "batture case," which gave rise to riots in New Orleans and to an acrimonious controversy between Thomas Jefferson and himself, in which he showed that he was at least equal, if not superior, to his great adversary. He, however, manfully and successfully battled against the numerous obstacles which he met in his way. He was possessed of too much genius and firmness of nerve to be kept down and prevented from rising up, eagle-like, to the altitude where he could freely expand his wings and breathe in his native empyreal element. Conquering prejudices, calumnies, and envy, he grew rapidly, as he became better known and appreciated, upon the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens in his newly elected home, and was sent to represent Louisiana in the Senate of the United States. His career as such, as Secretary of State under the Presidency of General Jackson, and as Minister Plenipotentiary in France, is well known. For the present I have only to deal with him as a member of the New Orleans bar, where he towered up as one of its giants.

Edward Livingston was tall and spare in body, and with strong, clear-cut features, which denoted his Scotch ancestry. The habitual expression of his face was meditative and rather austere, but his smile was indicative of the benignity of his heart. He was mild in manner, courteous, dignified, and indefatigably laborious. The pleasures of society did not seem to have much attraction for him. To change the nature of his occupation

was sufficient relief and rest for his temperament, and even a diversion much more to his taste than any other. He was a profound jurist and an accomplished scholar. Which of the two predominated, it would have been difficult to tell. He managed his cases in court with admirable self-possession. It was the calm consciousness of strength; it was the serene majesty of intellect. There was no sparring, no wrangling, no browbeating. When he rose to speak, the attention of the judge, jurors, members of the bar, and everybody in court was instantly riveted. All knew that they were to listen to what was worth hearing. There were no flashy declamations, no unbecoming carpings, no hair-splitting, no indecorous clap-trap, no tinsel ornament, no stage thunder, no flimsy sophistical argumentation, no idle straggling words. His discourse was compact and robust; his language was terse and pure. His eloquence was of the classical order, and uniformly elegant. It would, in forensic debates, flow at first with the modesty of a gentle stream, but by degrees, swelling and rushing like the mighty tide of the ocean, it would overflow far and wide, and leave to opposition not an inch of ground to stand upon.

Moreau Lislet, his associate in the case which we have supposed ready for trial, is a rotund Frenchman past the meridian of life. His eyes sparkle with good-natured wit under the large spectacles which bestride his small nose. Everything seems soft in him, even his bones. His flesh is tremulous, like blanc-mange or a jelly, and as yielding under the touch. His hands are diminutive and plump. He does not look formidable, does he? No. Well, you had better beware of him. He is an Artesian-well of legal lore—deep, very deep. He is one of those two or three jurists who were intrusted by the Legislature with the work of adapting the Napoleon Code to the wants and circumstances of Louisiana under her new institutions. He has no pretensions to oratory. He addresses the court or the jury in a sort of conversational, familiar way. He is always in a good humor, which is communicative. He is a very great favorite with the judges, the clerks, the sheriffs, the jurors, the members of the bar—in fact, with everybody. He is so kind, so benevolent, so amiable in all his dealings and sayings! His *bonhomie* is so captivating! Of so sympathizing a nature is he that, for instance, he sometimes takes up his adversary's side of the question, admits that there is a good deal to say in his favor, and says it and shows it too. He will even go so far as to present it to the court in its very best aspect. But after having thus acted with such kindness and impartiality toward his opponent, he pathetically apologizes for destroying all his hopes and illusions, regrets that his claim is not founded on the law and evidence applicable to the case, demonstrates it beyond the shadow of a doubt, and finally exterminates the poor fellow with a sigh of compassion over his hard fate. Ho! ho! beware of Moreau Lislet and of his *bonhomie!*

The case in which these four gentlemen were engaged was a jury one. It was in the latter part of June, and exceedingly hot. When Grymes, for the plaintiff, rose to address the jury in English, one of its members who did not understand a single word of that language, speaking in the name of such of his colleagues as were in the same predicament, begged the judge on that ground to allow them to leave their seats, and be permitted to inhale the fresh air under the arcades of the building in which the court held its session. This was graciously permitted, and during one hour that Grymes spoke the Gallic portion of the jurors enjoyed their promenade and their cigars in the cool breeze that came from the river. When Grymes had done, and Seghers, on the same side, rose in his turn, the voice of the sheriff was heard crying loudly, "Gentlemen of the jury who are outside, please come into court." They immediately filed in and gravely resumed their seats. Seghers had hardly said a few words in French when the Anglo-Saxon jurors, on their application for a similar favor, were also permitted to stretch their legs under the same arcades, and to pass their time as comfortably as they could. The repetition of this scene took place when Livingston and Moreau Lislet spoke alternately. This was of daily occurrence at that epoch.

After a little while everybody became reconciled to what at first had been thought an intolerable inconvenience or annoyance. In the course of time the high-spirited and light-limbed Latin genet and the massive, slower-tempered Saxon horse, being both harnessed to the car of justice, learned to pull together, and con-

trived by some means or other to make its wheels work smoothly, notwithstanding the natural difficulties of the road. The qualifications to be a juror were then of a higher order than those which have been since required, and if the echoes which are wafted to me in my retreat from our courts of justice are faithful expressions of the public sentiment on the subject, I must come to the conclusion that trials by jury sixty years ago, notwithstanding certain eccentricities from which they were not free, gave rise to fewer complaints than those of the present day.

On a certain occasion there was great excitement in the city. Two eminent citizens had quarrelled about a hog. It was a question of the identity of the animal, and impossible to doubt their good faith. They became irritated and more obstinate in proportion to the prolongation of their dispute. At last it was evident that there would be no yielding on either side, and they went to law. Moreau Lislet was retained for plaintiff, and Mazureau for defendant—two of the magnates of the bar—and fees were paid them immensely larger than the value of the hog. On the day of trial the court-room was crowded to suffocation, for much fun was expected. It was, of course, a jury case. Moreau Lislet read the petition, in which the hog was minutely described and asserted to be a blooded one, worth five hundred dollars. The answer was a general denial, putting plaintiff on full proof of what he alleged. It seems there was but one witness to identify the hog. That witness was sworn, and confirmed the description in the petition. He was a farmer of the parish of St. Bernard, about sixty years old, of ponderous frame. He evidently was very little accustomed to the position he had been called to. His whole face was expressive of primitive innocence. After this witness had concluded his testimony in favor of the plaintiff, Moreau Lislet said, "The witness is yours, Mr. Mazureau."

Mazureau fixed on the witness his dark imperious eyes, and said, with affected emphasis and in his most effective dramatic style: "Sir, remember that you are here, on oath, to testify in a case of the utmost importance, although it may appear trifling to your simple understanding. It is not merely a hog question; it is a question of honor, whether one of our most respected fellow-citizens unjustly, unlawfully, and fraudulently retains in his possession property that belongs to another. I put you on your guard for your own sake. You may be indicted for perjury if the slightest wilful inaccuracy in your evidence shows that you do not speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Besides, you may be sued for damages in consequence of the injury you may do to the defendant's reputation.

"Now," continued Mazureau, "I compliment you, sir, on your minute description of the plaintiff's hog, which is missing from his pen. I will not cross-examine you on the subject. I am full of admiration for your memory, and I want you to be equally particular about defendant's hog. It won't do to say in general terms that they are exactly alike." At this point the implacable tormentor began to puncture and scarify the witness, much to the merriment of the by-standers. "What do you know of hogs? Whence your extraordinary faculty to discriminate among them, and so vividly to remember their respective physiognomy? How long have you lived with them? What opportunity had you to examine the defendant's hog and the peculiarities of its formation? Have you measured its ears, its tail, its legs, its nose, the length and height of its body? I want to know whether in all these details the defendant's hog is exactly like the plaintiff's missing one."

All these questions and many others had been successively put to the witness, who had been driven almost to the verge of desperation. At last, being made conscious by the incessant bursts of laughter from the audience that he was an object of ridicule, he exhibited symptoms of marked irritation. It exploded when Mazureau said to him: "Well, sir, all these details are very confused and unreliable. Give us the *tout ensemble* of the hog. Group all these details together, and tell us how the entire hog exactly looked."

The witness measured Mazureau from head to foot slowly and deliberately, and said, "You want a *fac-simile* of defendant's hog?"

"Yes, sir."

"You want the court, the jury, and the whole audience to know how the animal looks, altogether, from its nose to its tail, and from its tail to its feet?"

"Yes, sir; you fully comprehend my meaning and desire."

"Well, sir, that hog looks exactly like you, and both you and the hog could not be more alike if you were twins."

There was a roar of laughter in the audience, but this time at the expense of Mazureau. The judge himself, the jurors, the members of the bar, and all other persons present were convulsed with laughter.

Mazureau calmly waited for the restoration of order. Then he blandly said to the witness, "If I understand you correctly, the most accurate description you can give this court and jury of defendant's hog is his being so like me that you could not tell one from the other?"

"Yes, sir," doggedly answered the witness, who was much encouraged by the effect he had produced on the audience.

"I thank you, sir, for the precision of your language. I have no more questions to ask;" and the witness withdrew from the stand.

By this time Moreau Lislet had become serious. He knew Mazureau's temper, whose unnatural calm portended nothing good.

"Mr. Moreau Lislet," said Mazureau, with the kindest intonation, "will you do me the favor to hand me your petition?"

After having read it loudly and distinctly, so as to be heard by everybody present, he said: "May it please the court, gentlemen of the jury, it is plain that the plaintiff has failed to make out his case. You have heard me read from his petition the most minute description of his missing hog, and his own witness has just given you what he thinks the best and most faithful representation or portraiture of the one alleged to be in defendant's possession. Well, it is unquestionable that there is no point of resemblance between the two animals, one of which you see now standing before you in my person. I rest my case here. The plaintiff must be put out of court on the evidence which he has himself adduced."

Moreau Lislet looked blank, and was no longer inclined to laugh, and well he might, for there was an instantaneous verdict against his client. Mazureau walked up to his defeated adversary, and opening his gold snuffbox, offered him a pinch, saying, "Moreau, what do you think of the old dictum, '*He laughs the best who laughs the last*'?"

IN FAR LOCHABER.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

CHAPTER XXI.

SOME SURPRISES.

ON Macdonell's arrival in Edinburgh he drove to a hotel in Prince's Street, where he was well known, left his travelling gear there, and forthwith set out on foot to seek his friend Balwhinnan, whose house was in Moray Place. There had been rain earlier in the morning, but now wan gleams of sunshine were appearing; and picturesque indeed were those masses of tall black buildings, and the innumerable spires, and the great bulk of the castled rock all rising away into a confusion of golden clouds and moving mists and smoke. But he had little thought either for the outward aspect of this noble thoroughfare or for the thousand memories and associations that it naturally awakens. His heart was burning with a fierce desire for vengeance—vengeance on those who had taken away his young wife from him and treated her so cruelly. And when he got to Moray Place, and found that the famous advocate was at home, he rejoiced in his wrath: retribution swift and dire was now to be meted out, and that with a firm hand.

He was ushered into a long and lofty apartment, which seemed to be partly a library and partly an ornithological museum; for above the shelves of books that went round the walls there ran a continuous glass case filled with stuffed birds—mostly sea-birds from the northern coasts and isles—while on a table close up to one of the windows some skins were lying, along with all the implements of the taxidermist's art—pins, sealing-wax, colors, glass eyes, arsenic paste, and what not. Had his mind been less perturbed he might have sought out in that collection certain specimens that he himself had contributed; but as it was, he was waiting impatiently for the lawyer's appearance.

* Begun in January number, 1888.

The door opened; Mr. Balwhinnan entered, bawling out a jovial and hearty greeting as he came forward to meet his friend. He was a man of about six feet two in height, spare of frame, with a long, thin, clean-shaven face, a retreating forehead, an aquiline nose, sandy hair, fresh complexion, and gray eyes that were sufficiently merry and good-natured.

"And what's brought ye to Edinburgh, Macdonell?" he cried, as he hauled along a couple of chairs to the central table. "Man, that was a fine velvet duck you sent me—as handsome a fellow as ever I set eyes on; do you see him up yonder?"

Macdonell did not even glance in the direction indicated.

"Look here, Balwhinnan," said he, "I've come to ask you for advice in a very serious affair. You know Gemmill and Inglis do what little law business we want done; but I could not go to them about this matter; I want the advice of a friend as well as a lawyer. You must tell me precisely what my position is, and what steps I am to take."

Then Ludovick Macdonell began and told his story; and it might have been remarked that during this narrative a singular change came over Mr. Balwhinnan's expression. He was no longer the bluff, hearty, sportsman-looking person who had noisily come into the room; his eyes had lost their merry good-nature, and were keen and scrutinizing; his lips seemed to be thinner; and it may be added that if his forehead was distinctly retreating, his head was long-shaped behind. Watchful and silent he sat until the tale was told; and it was not for a second or two thereafter that he attempted to answer the younger man's appeal.

"My good fellow," said he, slowly, "you have certainly got yourself into a very extraordinary position, and the way out of it isn't as easy as you seem to imagine. I'm afraid the law is powerless to do what you want. You see, if it were the case of a child who was being kept back and concealed, and if you were her legal guardian, you could petition the Court of Session for the custody of the child; you would get a warrant for her recovery, and if the person concealing her refused to hand her over, or refused to tell the court where she was, that person would forthwith find himself or herself in prison. But your wife is in the eyes of the law capable of acting for herself; she is away from you of her own free-will; and the law of Scotland gives the husband no power to compel his wife to live with him against her inclination. Of course," said he, with a swift look of inquiry, "I assume that she *is* away of her own free-will? You don't suppose that she is locked up anywhere and kept a prisoner by force?"

"No, no; that is too absurd," Macdonell said, hastily; "but if I admit that she is away of her own free-will, I mean that she has been subjected to all kinds of influences, that she has been misinformed and terrorized over; and what is more, I am perfectly certain of this, that if I could compel them to tell me where she is, if I could get to her, I should have no trouble at all in bringing her away from them. None. I know her too well. I know what they have been doing—"

"Yes, yes, my dear fellow," Mr. Balwhinnan said, bluntly, "but in the mean time you must take it that she is remaining away from you of her own choice. Now I am afraid it is English law that has been running in your head. In England the husband can not only bring a suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, and compel his wife to live with him, whether she is willing or not, but he can also bring an action for damages against any one who is foolish or daring enough to harbor her. Here it isn't so at all. In Scotland the law gives better protection to the wife who, for whatever reason, is resolved to remain apart from her husband; and not only that, but provision is made by which the marriage may be annulled—"

"Good heavens, man, what are you talking about!" Macdonell exclaimed, in sudden dismay. For was this the loophole of escape that Mrs. Cowan had spoken of? Perhaps she was not so ignorant after all. "You don't mean to say that a legal marriage can be dissolved for that reason alone?"

"In Scotland, yes," Mr. Balwhinnan replied, calmly. "And why not? It is a just and a reasonable statute. What is the use of compelling husband and wife to live together when either is unwilling? What happiness can result from that? Our Scotch law protects the wife, certainly, but it also gives the husband his remedy. It does not say that the wife, if she chooses, may remain apart from her husband and the husband still remain tied by the marriage bond. No. That would be

obviously and monstrously unfair. What he is entitled to do is to bring an action for adherence; then, if she doesn't obey the order of the court—that is to say, if she refuses to come and live with him—at the expiry of four years he can get a divorce from her, and both are freed."

"Do you mean that he can get a divorce from her for that reason alone?" Macdonell demanded, with not a little consternation; for it was becoming clear to him what the woman Cowan had meant.

"Undoubtedly," was the lawyer's answer. "And that is all he can do. He has no compulsory power over her whatsoever. And that is the awkwardness of your position, my good friend. By George, I wish I could help you! But I can't; all the lawyers in the kingdom couldn't. What you've got to do is to find out for yourself where your wife is, and then you can reason with her, or perhaps get her away from any terrorism that may be held over her. But that is for herself to say; they cannot keep her, you cannot take her, against her will."

Macdonell rose and began to pace up and down the floor in the greatest perplexity and perturbation.

"Oh, I know what she would do if I could only get hold of her hand for a moment!" he exclaimed, presently. "Do you think I don't know that? Do you think she married me for nothing? It was to be a bond between us forever, just in case her friends should interfere. They have interfered; they have told her lies; they have frightened her with the horror and sanctimonious lamentation of those elders and their wives; then she has been accustomed to obey her father; and this she-devil of a woman has coaxed or wheedled or threatened her into compliance. I have no doubt she said to herself: 'Well, what does it matter? I will obey them; the bond between my husband and myself remains all the same; they cannot break that; and he will come and take me away before long.' And do you mean to tell me," he continued, passionately, "that I have no means of claiming my own? The law gives her to me, but gives me no power to claim her, even if she is willing to come! I cannot compel those people to say where she is? I cannot send them to jail if they refuse to tell me? There is the old man her father: he takes the whole responsibility on his shoulders; he comes forward and gives you to understand that it is his doing, and yet the law can neither make him speak nor punish him for refusing to speak? Is that the law?"

The long, sandy-haired advocate answered, quietly enough, "If it is revenge you want, you can have it."

"Then I do want it!" the young man said, vehemently. "Not revenge—I don't want revenge—I want punishment. If that old Minister will not tell me where Alison is, I want to see him lodged in jail—and kept there until he speaks!"

"Oh, you can do that," Mr. Balwhinnan said. "But mind this, Macdonell, while I tell you, as a lawyer, what the law is, I don't, as a friend, advise you to put it in operation. And there is no doubt you could have the old gentleman sent to prison, but it would be by means of a trick—well, I won't precisely say that, but you could only proceed against him indirectly. What you would have to do would be to bring your action for adherence; then call him as a witness; he could be asked to say where his daughter was, and if the court ordered him to answer, and if—as is very likely, for those old Free Kirk fellows have stubborn wills where their conscience is concerned—if he refused to answer, he would assuredly be sent to prison for contempt."

"Very well, then, I'll have it done," the young man said, with resolute lips.

The long lawyer lay back in his chair and regarded his friend.

"Don't you think," he said, slowly, "that you could find some quieter way out of it? It would rather make a scandal, wouldn't it? If you are so sure that the young lady would forsake them and come away with you if once you had the chance of removing certain false impressions from her mind, wouldn't it be better to seek for that chance?"

"Bless my soul! how can I search all Scotland to find her?" the younger man cried. "And how do I know that she is in Scotland? They may have taken her abroad."

"I should imagine," Mr. Balwhinnan made answer, with professional serenity, "from all you have told me, that it is almost a matter of certainty she is under the guardianship of that Mrs. Cowan. Well, now, do you think a Lanarkshire farmer's wife is the kind of person to pay a flying visit to the south of Spain, or adventure on a voyage out to the Canaries?

I should fancy you might try somewhere nearer home. What was the name of the farm you mentioned?"

"Corbieslaw."

"In the neighborhood of Kirk o' Shields?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think, now, you might pay a little attention to that farm-house?" the lawyer said, glancing at his friend. "A little prospecting about would do no harm. I wouldn't have any professional detective as yet; but you might get somebody to keep an eye on the place—"

"By Jove, Balwhinnan, that is a most sensible suggestion!" Ludovick exclaimed, with eagerness, for his imagination was fired by the possibility of finding Alison so near him, and so soon to be discovered and released and borne away in triumph—"a capital suggestion! I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll telegraph to her cousin Hugh in Fort William—he's a great chum of mine—and he'll come through at once, and bring with him as well a young lad they have there, who has the cunning and the endurance of a wild-cat; and we'll see if we can't find out Alison among us. Hugh can come down to Oban by this evening's steamer, stay the night there, and catch the first train in the morning. Of course he will stop at Kirk o' Shields station, and I shall be there to meet him, even if I go through this evening—no, not this evening"—he corrected himself, with sudden remorse for his forgetfulness of this good friend's kindness to him. "No, I want you to dine with me this evening, Balwhinnan; will you?"

"Yes, I will," the other said, promptly; "for my wife is with her Wigtonshire friends at present. And as it is near lunch-time now, you'll just walk along with me to my club and we'll have a snack, and then I want you to look at some new additions to the Advocates' Library."

"All right," Macdonell said. "I'm always glad to drop in there, if only to have a glance at the standard that brave fellow brought home from Flodden Field."

"And there's another thing I want to say to you, my young sir," the advocate continued, as the two of them were walking toward Prince's Street. "Mrs. Balwhinnan will be home again in a few days' time. Now if you succeed in liberating the captive, I suppose—well, it's none of my business—but I should imagine you might be contemplating a little wedding trip, just to get the young lady securely away from those people. In that case, she wouldn't be likely to have bridal travelling dresses, and such things, eh? Well, if you want to have her nicely fitted out, just you bring her along to Moray Place, and she will be our guest for a few days, and Mrs. Balwhinnan will be delighted to be a mother to her; for of course she must go abroad with all due state and ceremony."

"Do you mean that?" Macdonell said, involuntarily stopping for a second, and with his eyes flashing gratitude.

"I sometimes mean what I say, although I am a lawyer," the tall Sutherlandshire-looking man made answer, imperturbably, as he continued his long, measured stride across Charlotte Square.

But these anticipations were all too premature and roseate, as Ludovick Macdonell was soon to discover. When Hugh, accompanied by Johnny—who regarded this expedition into foreign countries as a very wonderful thing indeed—arrived in Kirk o' Shields, all three set about their amateur-detective work with the greatest eagerness, and also with the certain conviction they must discover where Alison was concealed. But day by day went by and they could find no clew whatsoever. They bribed the letter-carrier who traversed the Corbieslaw district; and Macdonell made the acquaintance of the modest and shy-eyed young lady who was behind the counter at the post-office; but the most cautious and discreet of questions met with no satisfactory reply. It was the especial charge of Johnny, as being a less conspicuous figure than Hugh or Ludovick, to keep an eye on Corbieslaw farm; and this duty he performed most faithfully; for, indeed, how could there be a more delightful occupation than to sit on the top of a stone dike, with one's hands in one's pockets, and with whole hours in which to whistle "The Hills of Glenorchy"? Nevertheless, this espionage did not wholly commend itself to Johnny's mind.

"What uss't Macdonell wants?" he said to Hugh, on one occasion, when Captain Ludovick chanced to be absent. "Does he want to put the auld wife into the pollus offus?"

"Never you mind what he wants,"

Hugh made answer. "It's your business to find out whether Miss Alison is at the farm."

"If I wass Macdonell," said Johnny, in his cool fashion, "I would find that out for myself—ay, before another hour wass over."

"And how could you find it out?" Hugh said, contemptuously.

"I would tek a stuck in my hand," said Johnny, "and I would go up to the farm, and I would go into the house, and I would go into every room in the house, and if any one tried to stop me I would hit him over the head with the stuck."

"Yes, you would have somebody in the police office very soon, but it would be yourself."

"Cosh, but I would find out, though," John maintained, confidently. "Macdonell uss a strong man: with a stuck in his hand, who would try to stop him?"

However, both Hugh and Captain Ludovick were now inclining to the belief that neither Mrs. Cowan nor Alison was at Corbieslaw. Johnny brought reports about all the other people—the farmer himself, the fledgling minister, the men and women servants—but no one answering to the description of the farmer's wife had made her appearance; and it was unlikely she would have remained in-doors all this time had she been in the house. Their vigilant search was turned elsewhither, but with a distressing vagueness of aim. Mr. Balwhinnan's idea was that Mrs. Cowan and her charge would be found to have gone not very far away; but in what direction? And the more Macdonell chafed at this enforced delay, the more helpless he felt himself; and the more he harrowed himself with baleful fancies as to all that Alison might be suffering, the more he returned to his sombre thoughts of vengeance.

"And that's what it is coming to," he said to Hugh, as they conversed together in the inn, of an evening, over the one all-engrossing subject. "That is what must be done. Oh, it's all very well for you to talk of abstract right; but I want rough justice done; and justice says that if this old man will not tell me where Alison is, then let him go to jail! What do I care what the public say? I'm not thinking about the public; I'm thinking about Alison."

"Why are you defending yourself so vehemently, Ludovick?" Hugh retorted, and also with some warmth. "Because you know that if you do this thing you will be acting wrongly and meanly, and in a way you will regret all your life. Why, according to your own version of the story, Alison's father is to be respected: it is his conscience that refuses to tell you what you want to know."

"His conscience!" Ludovick exclaimed. "Has he the only conscience in the world? But that's the way with people who pride themselves on having a highly superior and sensitive conscience; they alone have such a thing; other people haven't any! Their sense of right allows them to take away a young girl and treat her most cruelly; but if my sense of right tells me that I shall be a contemptible coward if I don't use every means in my power to prevent them so treating her, then I am to pay no heed to that? They've got all the conscience, then? Conscience only exists and lives in Kirk o' Shields, and in that congregation of whining Pharisees!"

"I can quite understand your anger, Ludovick," Hugh said, in his gentle way, and yet with a quiet firmness that seemed beyond his years, "and your impatience and indignation, but I tell you that if you set the law in operation against this old man, you will be doing the wrong thing. I shouldn't be your friend if I did not say so. It isn't right; you may talk and argue as much as you please, but it isn't the right thing. You would see that for yourself if you weren't fancying every minute that Alison was being treated harshly. But do you think that probable? Do you think she is the sort of girl to submit tamely? Well, I don't. She could always hold her own with Aunt Gilchrist: is it likely she would let this Mrs. Cowan intimidate her?"

"I won't allow any man or woman to try!" young Macdonell said, with burning eyes. "No, not if I can step in to take her part."

"But is it likely she is being badly treated?" Hugh said again. "Look at the letter that Mrs. Cowan wrote to Aunt Gilchrist."

"Yes!—and Alison before the whole congregation of them, crying."

"But apparently she is under Mrs. Cowan's charge now," Hugh continued; "and what motive could she have for treating Alison badly? Look at the letter. It was a slavish and despicable letter, no doubt, but it was all done to propitiate

Aunt Gilchrist, and to keep her in the same mind as regards Alison and the money she intends to give her. Mrs. Cowan means to get that money for her son's wife: is she likely to do anything that would offend either Alison or Aunt Gilchrist?"

"Yes, but I want to know; I want to see for myself," the young husband said. "It seems to me I have some right to learn for myself what is going on. And I tell you this, that whoever stands in my way must take the consequences."

"Ludovick," said this gentle-voiced lad, "I dare say you don't care what people generally would say; but I want to ask you this: supposing you get your Edinburgh lawyers to bring the whole affair into court, and supposing that Mr. Blair refuses to answer, then no doubt he will have to suffer the consequences; but, Ludovick, what will Alison think of the man who has sent her father to prison?"

Macdonell winced at this, and was silent for a moment or two; but then he said: "I don't send him to prison. If he chooses to defy the law of the country, it is that sends him to prison. Why should he be exempted any more than any one else? If a man breaks into my house and robs me, it isn't I who send him to prison; it is the law, that all of us have to obey. And why should this old Minister be exempt? If, out of pure pig-headed obstinacy, he courts imprisonment, why, let him have it."

"Ludovick, you are not talking like yourself," Hugh said. "I wish to goodness we could find Alison; and if once you saw that she wasn't being ill-treated, you wouldn't have such a fierce desire for vengeance."

"But she *has* been ill-treated: and is no one to suffer for that?" the other demanded.

"At all events it is not for you, in the position you hold with regard to this old man—it is not for you to put the law in motion, and get him thrown into jail. I tell you it is not right," Hugh continued, with some emphasis. "It is not right; and if you do it, you will regret it as long as ever you live."

But even Hugh was puzzled to say what should be done, in face of the fact that despite all their search and inquiry they could find no trace whatsoever of Mrs. Cowan and her ward. On the very next day, as it happened, Ludovick encountered Alison's sister Agnes as he was walking along the unfrequented thoroughfare overlooking the canal and certain large iron-works. He was startled to see how ill the girl looked; and he might probably have passed her without recognition, had he not got into the habit of scanning eagerly every face he saw, even at a distance. When Agnes perceived who this stranger was, she started back in affright, and no doubt would have sought to avoid him, but that he intercepted her.

"Miss Agnes!" he said, as a sort of appeal.

"I—I should not speak to you," answered the girl, whose pale face was now paler than ever, and whose large and wistful eyes were like those of some startled wild animal.

"But you will speak to me—for Alison's sake!" he said. "Tell me where she is! That is all I want to know—it is not much for you to say."

She glanced backward along the road; there was no one there but some children playing.

"If I knew I would tell you; indeed I would," she said, at once hurriedly and piteously. "Oh, Captain Macdonell, it is terrible to have Alison away like that—as if she were dead. Her name is never mentioned; the letters you sent her are lying there unopened; I don't know where she is, and I dare not ask. And then it is so hopeless. If she were to come back, it would only be worse. You know how gentle and kind Alison always is; but she has a great deal of firmness too, when she thinks she is in the right. And nothing will make her yield now: if she were to come back she might be in the same house with my father, but they would not recognize each other; and I can look forward to nothing but misery—"

The girl's eyes filled with tears, for she was a sensitive, tremulous kind of creature; and she had been very fond of her sister.

"But why didn't Alison open my letters?" he demanded.

"They came after she left," was the answer. "She was sent away almost immediately—on the Monday morning after she had been prayed for in the church. Oh, it was terrible, her going away: I never saw my father look like that before—so stern and implacable: though he hardly said anything. It was Alison

who spoke most; but she was quite quiet, though she was white as white; and she said that if he wished her to leave the house she would go; and she would go wherever Mrs. Cowan chose to take her; but she said that as soon as you came for her, it was her husband she would obey, and no one else; and she would wait until you told her what you wished her to do—"

"She said that?" he exclaimed, quickly.

"Yes, indeed," Agnes made answer. "And although she was crying when she left the house, I know it is useless for Mrs. Cowan to think she will talk her over. When Alison sees a thing clearly, and knows it to be right, nothing will make her yield about it; and if you were to go to her, Captain Macdonell, she would do what you asked her to do, because she said she would obey her husband; but it is hopeless for Mrs. Cowan to think she will persuade her into anything else—yes, and that's why it is useless and hopeless to bring her back to Kirk o' Shields—"

"Then she is not in Kirk o' Shields?" he interposed, suddenly.

"I don't know," Agnes said, with the most obvious simplicity and sincerity—in truth, a more guileless face than that of this pale, delicate-looking, wistful-eyed girl could hardly be imagined. "Sometimes I think she cannot be, or some one would have seen her and told me. But her name is never mentioned in the house. It is just as if she were dead. Once or twice at family worship my father makes some reference that you might fancy applied to Alison; but that is only part of what he may be thinking himself; he says nothing openly; and it's just as if she had never been in the house at all."

"And you have not the slightest idea where she is?" he asked again.

"No," said she, rather sadly, "none. But you—now you have come here—don't you think you will be able to find her?"

"Oh, I will find her," said he, with something more than confidence in his tone. "I may have an unpleasant duty to perform as a preliminary step; but I will undertake to find her."

"And when you do, Captain Macdonell, you will let me know?—you will tell me that Ailie is well—and—perhaps a little happier than when she went away from us? If you knew what it has been to me to see all this trouble, and not to be able to help; and now I am quite alone; and I dare not mention her name. Ailie and I were always such close companions—"

She stopped, for her lips were tremulous.

"Oh, I'll find her out, never fear," he said, in a more gentle way, "and you shall be the first to know, depend on that. Alison herself will write to you; and when you hear from her you may be sure she is no longer in any kind of captivity, or being lectured or preached at in any way whatsoever."

"Good-by," she said; and she would have gone on so, but that he remonstrated with her.

"Won't you shake hands with me?"

Somewhat timidly the girl gave this dangerous person, this Roman Catholic, her hand; and then she so far overcame her shyness as to raise her eyes for a moment.

"Be kind to Ailie," she said: these were her parting words as she turned and went hurriedly away.

It was with no little exultation that Ludovick now hastened back to the inn, where he found Hugh just arrived from the fruitless watchings and wanderings of the morning; and eagerly, as they sat over their frugal mid-day meal, he told his friend the story of this interview with Agnes, and its revelations. And now he was grown impatient of their amateur-detective work; he would forthwith go through to Edinburgh and put the case, under this new light, before Balwhinnan, who would advise him what to do next. Moreover, he no longer spoke of vengeance; he was only anxious to release Alison from captivity; and what he insisted on was that if the courts were put in motion, and Mr. Blair summoned as a witness, the old Minister would say where Alison was as a matter of course, for the simple reason that he must know, after Alison's declaration, that detaining her under any kind of guardianship was absolutely useless. But Hugh warmly protested.

"Depend on this, Ludovick, that he will not be affected by any considerations of that kind. He will refuse to be a party to handing his daughter over to a Roman Catholic; and he will suffer anything rather than yield. What will be the result? The court must punish him for contempt, to uphold its own dignity: you will have sent him to prison, whether you

intended it or not. And I tell you you will be sorry—sorrier than you think now. Why should you do such a thing? You don't imagine, after what Agnes has said, that Alison is being ill-treated; and you don't call out for vengeance on account of what she has suffered. Very well, let us take peacefuler means; and don't send that old man to prison. Let us go to Edinburgh and get a couple of professional detectives, if you like. But not till to-morrow. I have my eye on a house in Coatbridge Street that that divinity student fellow has called at twice during the last three days, and there is a back yard to it, with a high stone wall round it, where a couple of prisoners might easily get a little exercise unseen. I still think Mr. Balwhinnan was right, and that you'll find Mrs. Cowan is not so far away. Wait till to-morrow in any case; and then we can go to Edinburgh and see about getting some professional help."

However, as it chanced, it was no professional detective who discovered a clew to the whereabouts of Mrs. Cowan and Alison: it was the lad John. Johnny, on this same afternoon, was as usual prowling about the neighborhood of Corbieslaw, but quite carelessly now, for he had become convinced that Mrs. Cowan and Alison were not at the farm. And Johnny was angry that he had spent so much time for nothing; for Ludovick Macdonell, in order to render him diligent, had said something encouraging about his astuteness; and Johnny did not like the idea of going back to Lochaber a confessed failure. On this particular evening, toward dusk, he happened to observe at a considerable distance the figure of the "stickit minister," who was coming along the road toward the farm; and by some lucky accident, some flash of inspiration, a daring design sprung into Johnny's brain. The fields in this part of the country are divided from the highway, not by hedges, but by big solid stone walls, the gate in which is made of strips of iron. Johnny instantly went and opened one of these gates just so far as to let himself through; and there he crouched down behind the wall and waited in the gathering dusk for the coming of the probationer. The Rev. James Cowan, dreaming of no harm —dreaming, perhaps, of the brighter days in store for him when he should be released from the baleful tyranny of his father, and set up in an establishment of his own in Edinburgh, with Alison as his house-mistress, and this congregation and that vying with each other as to the earnestness of their "call" to him—the Rev. James Cowan came along the black pathway, and passed the partly opened gate without thought of harm. But hardly had he passed when Johnny, issuing from his concealment, followed with one or two swift and stealthy steps, and then with a sudden, startling cry sprang like a wild-cat on the shoulders of the hapless probationer, hurling him forward, prone, on the pathway, and pinning him face downward with a grip of two muscular hands on his throat.

"*Heeg-a-neesh! — heeg-a-neesh!*"* he yelled, while the luckless minister, frightened out of his wits, in vain attempted to free himself from this horrible incubus. "The Duffle is on you!—the big Duffle is on you!—tell me now where Miss Alison is—where is she?—tell me now, or the Duffle, the Duffle will hef your head off!"

Again and again the captive strove to cast off this terrible unknown thing that had seized him; but the weakly, white-faced, ill-made probationer was no match for this heavy-shouldered demon of a lad, whose hands were as hard as iron with rowing. To save himself from actual strangulation, the black-coated youth gasped out, "She—she's in Portobello."

"What place is that?" Johnny cried, with ferocious determination. "Tell me again now, or the Duffle will hef your head off!—the Duffle, the Duffle hass you! —tell me again—what place is it?"

"Port — Portobello!" the probationer managed to ejaculate, as well as Johnny's iron fingers would allow him, and the next moment he found himself free.

But long before the bewildered and stupefied minister could pull himself together, Master Johnny was flying down the road toward Kirk o' Shields, shrieking with eldrich laughter, and calling aloud from time to time the talismanic word in his wild delight.

"Portobello!—aw, it's Portobello, uss it? and a fine name too! Aw, a fine name that! And what will Macdonell say now? Cosh! that fellow's aweh hom; and he's thinking the big Duffle wass on his back; but Macdonell will be giffing me something for this night's work. Portobello!

* "*Thig-a-nis!*"—Come along now.

—aw, Cosh, it's a fine place, Portobello, if I will be getting any money for it! Go aweh hom, you black-cotted fellow, and tell them what the Duffle wass doing to you in the middle of the rod! Hurrah now, and another hurrah!—there wass no one could find it out but myself; and the Duffle was a good friend to me this night!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A BATTLE ROYAL.

Ludovick Macdonell had of course heard of Portobello; but he had never been there, nor had Hugh; and both of them, imagining it to be merely an ordinary small sea-side village, thought they would have no difficulty in finding Alison and carrying her off from her temporary jailer. So, when they went through to Edinburgh, they did not think of going to see Mr. Balwhinnan; they were in too great a hurry; they left their things at the hotel where Macdonell was known; they hired an open fly that happened to be coming along Prince's Street at the moment; and by-and-by they found themselves rattling through the rather melancholy eastern suburbs of the city, and out into the pallid semblance of the country that was all vague and dismal under the haze of a northeast wind.

But when they drew near to Portobello, and when they had got through the smoke of its outlying potteries and gas-works, and entered the old-fashioned Scotch-looking town, and still more when they left the fly behind them and walked down to the sea-front, and found the long extent of brown sand literally swarming with holiday-makers, mostly women and children, they perceived that this was a far bigger place than they had bargained for, and that their task was not to be so extremely simple. Macdonell had looked with intensest interest as they passed at each of those little villas, with its front of black-gray stone and small garden; for any one of them might hold the prisoner he was come to liberate; and it was strange to think that perhaps this or that door was the only thing that intervened between him and Alison. But when they got down to the beach the sight of the big modern houses and the swarming population rather chilled his eager hopes; and when they walked out on the pier—which seemed a kind of fashionable promenade—he grew familiar with disappointment as stranger after stranger came nearer and passed by unheeded. Nor was the day one to exhilarate the spirits and cheer him with fond anticipations. The bleak northeaster had brought mist with it, so that Inchkeith rock was just visible and no more; but the wind was not strong enough to raise anything of a sea, and the wide waste of desolate gray water lapped languidly into the shore, where it took a tinge of muddy brown from the sand. The flashing blue waves, the silver-gleaming clouds, the wild rain of the west, had no place here; everything was gray and cold and dull; it seemed impossible to him that Alison should be anywhere in this nebulous, fluctuating, uninteresting throng.

"Oh, don't be so hopeless all at once!" Hugh said to him. "That is only a first impression. It won't be so difficult; we must find her, now that we know where she is. Johnny," he said, turning to the lad, who was but a step behind them, "you don't suppose the stickit minister was playing a trick on you when he said Portobello?"

"Uss it a trick?" said Johnny, brightening up at once. "Cosh, there wass no trick in his head when he thought the Duffle wass on his shoulders! Ay, and he's thinking that now, I'm sure; and it will be a fine thing for him to tell them from the pulpit—that he wass fighting with the Duffle in the middle of the rod!"

Hugh turned to his companion.

"What we have to do is this," said he, "we must take rooms in that small hotel we passed, and have our things sent down from Edinburgh. You know now all that you want to know: Alison is here; and she is ready to go with you whenever you ask her to do that. Of course we must see her sooner or later walking about, or coming out of a house, or going into one: and we must have a fly waiting in readiness at the hotel, so that she may be taken away with as little fuss as possible. There will be a fuss, no doubt, if Mrs. Cowan is with her at the time—there will be a mighty row, in fact; for although she can't prevent your taking Alison away, she can make a scene, and give you a bit of her mind. You'll get the worst of that, Ludovick," he continued, with rather a grim smile—"you'll decidedly get the worst of that. If I were you, I wouldn't say a word. By George, I'd

give something to have Aunt Gilchrist here just at that moment; then you'd see the fur fly! I'd back the Highland bantam to make a poor thing of the southerner—unless, indeed, Mrs. Cowan went on the other tack, and began to whine. She won't whine with you, Ludovick; you may be sure you will have it served up hot and hot."

"I am not likely to mind that much," Ludovick said, indifferently, "if once I had got hold of Alison. But the worst of it is that we haven't the slightest idea what this woman Cowan is like; we might meet her half a dozen times without knowing it; our only chance is to find Alison herself."

"And of course we shall find her," Hugh said, instantly (for he was always afraid of Macdonell returning to his project of appealing to the law, and compelling the old Minister to speak or else to go to jail). "This isn't like an ordinary town; they are sure to come out for a walk, and they are sure to stroll along the sea-front, or out this pier. Now let us have a distinct understanding: if you can get clear away with Alison, you put her in the cab, and drive off with her to Edinburgh; if there's any row, leave Johnny and me to see it out. Once you've put Alison under Mrs. Balwhinnan's care—that's the proposal, isn't it?—there will be no chance of further trouble; you won't catch Mrs. Cowan hammering at an advocate's door and screaming for the police. She must know well enough that you have the law on your side; I don't believe she's half the ignorant person you seem to think her. And here is Johnny all impatience to begin a search of the town. You're determined to win that gun, aren't you, Johnny?"

"I wass thinking that if Miss Alison uss in this place, I will be finding her before long," observed Johnny, who was rather giving himself airs now since his exploit on the highway.

"If you do," Ludovick said to this heavy, lumbering, shrewd-eyed lad, "I'll not only give you the gun, but you may come out from time to time to Oyre, and if you find any hoodie-crows along the rocks, I'll give you a shilling for every one you kill."

"A shullin?" said John, quickly.

"Yes."

"And mebbe you'll be for giffing me a few cartridges," said John, insidiously.

"Oh yes, I'll give you a few cartridges, now and again, but not to be fired away in the air, or at marks. You'll have to stalk the hoodie-crows, for they're precious cunning, and when you get at one of the brutes, you shoot him sitting, mind that, or anyhow you can manage it."

"Well, he may be cunning," said John, reflectively, "but mebbe there's other folk chist as cunning as him. I've catched a snail by the horns before now—though I could not throw the little duffle over my shoulder."

And indeed, as it turned out, it was Johnny's proud privilege to secure that precious gun, and that in a far more simple way than any one of them had hoped for. Ludovick and Hugh were walking back through the town toward the hotel which has been mentioned, when Johnny, who was lingering behind them somewhat, suddenly saw a face present itself at the window of one of the small villas they were passing, and then there was a quick rapping on the framework, and also, as he thought, a half-stifled cry. Instantly he called to the two in front of him.

"Here!—here!—Mr. Hugh!"

They wheeled round. But Johnny could say nothing; he was frightened; he was staring at the window, which was now quite empty. And then—it all seemed to happen in one brief bewildering second—the door of the house was thrown open, and there stood Alison, rose-red and smiling, and yet with anxious and pleading eyes. Ludovick was up the steps and by her side in a moment, and holding her by both hands.

"Have you come for me, Ludovick?—are you going to take me away with you?" she said; but the proud and glad light that shone in her eyes showed that she knew what his answer would be.

"Indeed I have come for you," and he drew her a little way into the passage. It seemed a wonderful thing to see Alison's face upturned to his again, and her soft eyes all radiant, and her lips smiling: this was not the tear-worn Alison he had been thinking of; this was rather the happy bride, rose-red and shy, and yet blithe of look, who had come sailing away with him on board the steamer. "And I'm going to take you away with me, you may be sure of that—now, this very minute. But what are you doing in this place, Alison? What brought you

here? When you left your father's house, why didn't you come straight through to the Highlands?"

"Ludovick," said she, with her eyes cast down, "how could I do that—unasked?"

"Then why didn't you write to me?"

"Wouldn't that have been just about the same thing?" she said, gently; and then she looked up again—trustful and confident. "But I knew you would come for me, Ludovick!"

"Yes, I've had a long search for you, Alison; but now I've found you, I don't mean to lose sight of you any more. You must come away at once. I suppose Mrs. Cowan is not in the house?"

"She went out only a few minutes ago, but she may be back again directly," Alison said, with some apprehension appearing on her face. "Shall I go and get my things ready, Ludovick? I—I would rather be away before she came back."

"Oh, as for that," said he, "it is of no consequence to me if there were fifteen dozen of Mrs. Cowans in the house: you are coming away with me, and that is all about it. But we may as well get you away quietly if we can. I see Hugh has disappeared: he is off to get a cab, I know, and he will be back presently. And here is Johnny. You go and get your portmanteau ready, Alison, and Johnny will be waiting to carry it down to the fly."

She hurried away at once; and then Ludovick called to Johnny, who came up the steps grinning with satisfaction, for now he knew the gun was secured, likewise the cartridges, and the stalking of hoodie-crows.

"Look here, Johnny," said he; "you go along and stand at the foot of that stair. There will be a portmanteau for you to fetch down from the room above, and you will have to carry it out to the cab when it comes. Mind you don't let any one interfere with you."

"Cosh, will there be a fight?" exclaimed Johnny, with eager and delighted eyes.

"Of course not. Only don't let any one stop you. Drive you right through, and get the portmanteau out and into the cab."

Presently an open fly was driven up, and here was Hugh, very anxious and excited.

"Isn't she ready?—isn't she ready?" he said, breathlessly.

"There's no such great hurry," Macdonell said, quite calmly. "Even if my amiable friend Mrs. Cowan turns up, what can she do?"

"You don't know what she mayn't do. She has the tremendous advantage of being a woman. If there's any kind of a difficulty, you can't knock her out of the way as you might a man. However, if Alison would only look sharp, it will be all right. What a lucky chance it is!"

Indeed, all was going well, for now they heard Alison calling Johnny to come and get down the portmanteau. Moreover, a domestic who had been summoned from some back region by this unusual commotion, having stood and gazed at these strangers for a second or two, quietly retired again: she evidently thought it was none of her business. But, alas! as ill fate would have it, just as it seemed probable they were going to get easily and freely away, Mrs. Cowan appeared upon the scene; and she had not even entered the house when she seemed to divine what was going on.

"Hoity! toity! what's this, now?" she exclaimed, with eyes sparkling with anger; and she confronted Ludovick and Hugh in the lobby. All her cringing and servile suavity were gone now; she saw the position clearly enough; she knew that if once the girl was allowed to leave the house, then farewell to all the fond mother's hopes about the poor probationer and his prospects; this was her last chance, and she was prepared to do battle for it. "Here's impudence!" she cried. "I'd just like to know what ye're doing in a respectable woman's house! Well, I declare!"

"I have come to take away my wife," Ludovick said, politely enough, "if that is what you want to know."

"Oh, it's you, then," she said, with rather panting expression—for the crisis had found her unprepared with sufficiently cutting phrases—"it's you, then, that led astray that poor girl, and would have made a Roman of her, and a Jezebel, and —and worse. But you've not done it yet; and you'll no do it; for we've the law on our side; and not a foot will she stir out o' this house, or my name's no Cowan."

"I'm sure I don't know what your name is," Macdonell said, "and I don't care very much; but my wife is going away with me—now—this minute."

"She's not!—she's not!" the woman cried, fiercely—for the sight of Johnny

bringing the portmanteau down-stairs seemed to drive her frantic. "I'll have the law; I'll bring a policeman; you're stealing these things—you're stealing them. She's under my charge; I'll no have her carried off by a gang o' Roman Catholics and thieves."

At this moment Alison appeared, and Mrs. Cowan instantly turned to face her, barring her way, indeed.

"I dare ye to leave this house," she cried. "Ye're the daughter of an honest, God-fearing man, and I dare ye to go forth and bring shame on him and his house and his congregation!"

"Let me pass, Mrs. Cowan," said Alison, who was very pale.

"I will not!—I will not!" this infuriated person cried. "Ye're under my charge; out o' this house ye'll not budge one step. I'll take ye back to your room myself—"

"If you lay a hand on her," Ludovick said—and his eyes were beginning to flash fire now—"it will be the worst day for you you ever encountered in your life!"

But she was not to be intimidated.

"Back to your room, miss!" she said, and she seized the girl by the wrist.

Well, here an extraordinary thing occurred. Johnny, by some mischance, happened at this very moment to trip over the portmanteau, which was lying in the lobby, and he fell forward against Mrs. Cowan—fell forward, indeed, with such violence and weight that she was sent staggering against the parlor door, which yielded, so that she stumbled backward into the room, while the heavy-shouldered lad, carried on by the impetus of his fall, rolled in after her. Instantly there was a frightful shrieking and scrimmage; but Hugh clapped to the door, and held the handle.

"Quick now, Ludovick! whip up the portmanteau, and be off with you! Get into the cab, Alison! Leave Johnny and me to come along afterward: look sharp, or she'll have him killed!"

Ludovick with his powerful arms seized the portmanteau, carried it down the steps and across the pavement, and swung it up to the driver; he opened the door and helped Alison into the fly; then they drove away, and Hugh waited until they were well out of sight. Just as they disappeared round a distant corner, Ludovick looked back and waved his hand: he was laughing—doubtless over Johnny's achievement; but Alison, Hugh could perceive, still seemed frightened and was very pale. Then he thought it was time for him to open the parlor door and see what was going on within.

But the battle raged no longer. The combatants were exhausted. Mrs. Cowan had thrown herself on the sofa, her face downward on the cushion, and she was sobbing hysterically, while her dress was in dire disarray. Johnny, on the other hand, stood erect, irate, and vengeful, regarding his enemy with lowering eyes; but he too was in woful plight, his collar hanging from his neck, his waistcoat torn open, and blood streaming profusely from two terrible scratches that extended from his right temple all down the side of his face.

"Come away, Johnny—come away," his master said to him.

But Johnny lingered.

"I wass giffing that tammed —— something she will remember," he said, between his teeth, as he still regarded his prostrate foe. "Does she want any more?"

There was no response from the sobbing and dishevelled figure on the sofa.

"Come away, John, I tell you!"

But even when he had in a fashion dragged him out of the house, Hugh could not induce Johnny to go any farther.

"That tammed ——," he said, sullenly, as he was mopping his face with his handkerchief, "she had her nails in my neck. I'm not going back to Edinburgh just yet, Mr. Hugh; I know the weh there ferry well. I'm going to stay here until it uss dark; and when it uss dark I will go back. She's an ahfu' woman, that; but, by Cosh, I wass giffing her something!"

"What on earth do you want to stay here till it is dark for?" Hugh demanded, with some impatience.

"I want to bash the windows with stons," said Johnny, gloomily regarding the house.

"Yes, and get locked up in the police office."

"That uss no matter," was all that John said.

Eventually, however, he was forced to come away with Hugh: and when they caught a tramway car, and got on the top of the same, Hugh set to work magnanimously to convince John that he had not fared worst in that fell duel.

"But just remember this, Johnny," Hugh Munro said to this extremely disreputable-looking lad, whose torn collar could not be made to come together again. "Consider what you've done. You've broken into a house, and carried off a portmanteau, and let a minister's daughter run away, and committed assault and battery, and I don't know what else. You'll be very well out of it if you get safely back to Lochaber. What would you say, now, if you were taken before a judge in Edinburgh—a terrible person in a big white wig and silk robes—and if you were charged before him, what would you say?"

"Well," said Johnny, with the most imperturbable coolness, "I would tell him I wass giffing that tammed —— as much as she wass giffing me; and if he did not like the answer, I would tell him to do what wass his pleasure. For you know what they say in the Gaelic, Mr. Hugh—'*Is coma leis an righ Dùghall, is coma le Dùghall co dhùibh.*'"*

CHAPTER XXIII.

AGNES.

What strangely unexpected strands appear in this web of life we weave from day to day! When Alison Macdonell was walking through the luxuriant gardens of Monaco, between branching palm and towering cactus, and looking down the steep cliffs to the intense opaque blue of the Mediterranean Sea basking in the noonday sun, her thoughts would go wandering away back to the grimy little Scotch town, with its rain, its squalid streets, and smoke-laden skies; when she stood in the mysterious dusk of Milan Cathedral, and beheld the enthroned cardinals in their robes of purple and red, and listened to the distant sound of trumpet and viol and bassoon leading the hushed invisible choir, she would think (and with no kind of disrespect or contempt) of the bare walls and cold pews of East Street Church, and of the harsh voices of men singing, "Be merciful to me, O God," to the melancholy strains of "Coleshill" or "Bangor"; and even with her young husband by her side, laughing, talking, proud of her, assiduous in his devotion to her, and studying her every wish with a constant kindness, her heart would turn with a sort of piteous longing for reconciliation to the stern old man who had shut the door of his house upon her forever. Ludovick did not seek to argue her out of these wistful regrets, though sometimes he good-naturedly remonstrated.

"Look here, Ailie," he would say, but very gently, "each person has to go his or her own way in the world; and I think, after you have got back to Lochaber and are settled down there, and have got acquainted with the many families who will be delighted to become your friends—I think you will find yourself leading a far more wholesome and natural life than ever you did in Kirk o' Shields. Of course, if your father were disposed to make it up with us, I should be very glad. I should be very glad for several reasons; among them, I should like to have your sister Agnes come often to stay with us at Oyre. But if he won't relent, then obstinacy and bigotry must simply be allowed to go their own way—as we go ours."

"Yes, Ludovick," she would say, submissively; and she would strive to be wholly engrossed with the various details and experiences of their travelling, though he came to the conclusion that time alone would effectually clear away these sad fancies, these unspoken regrets, from her mind.

However, when they did eventually return home to Fort William and to Oyre House, the general welcome that awaited the young bride (which involved them in a series of visits, oftentimes to distant parts of the country), and the new and unfamiliar duties devolving upon Alison herself, were of themselves a fortunate distraction. Armed as she was with a tolerable notion of house-keeping, she had much to learn in this extended sphere; and she was in many ways a shifty and business-like young person, who had early acquired a sense of responsibility; so that Ludovick used laughingly to declare that Aunt Gilchrist's "bit lady" was developing into a solemn and awful *châtelaine*, who ought to go about in stiff black satin, with the keys of an *oubliette* dangling from her girdle. But Alison was exceedingly proud when the success of this or the other modest little festivity at Oyre called forth gentle and polished but none the less sincere praises from the old laird, who, indeed, was now

* "The King hates Dugald, but Dugald does not care a straw for that."

so given to talking of his daughter-in-law wherever he went, and of her beautiful nature, her affectionate disposition, her persuasive ways, her simplicity and self-possession and charm of manner, that he had hardly any time left for his Indian stories. And then, again, if Alison had fallen in love with the West Highlands in the summer-time, consider what she thought of them in the gorgeous hues of late October. In summer the West Highlands, when they are not darkened by black rain-storms from the west, become faint and ethereal in the haze produced by fine weather; the mountains recede behind a veil, as it were, through which you can see the pale lilac grays and rose grays of their lofty peaks and shoulders, with the shadows traced in lightest blue; but in the colder and clearer atmosphere of late October, when the brackens of the lower slopes have turned to orange, and the bent-grass of the higher slopes has withered, the hills come startlingly near, and are of solid russet red, with every corrie and watercourse sharply marked in deep cobalt; while as the afternoon wanes, and the skies richen in intensity, the wide calm stretch of sea becomes a lake of crimson fire. With these splendors before her, Alison could not always be thinking of Kirk o' Shields.

Aunt Gilchrist, who tarried long in Fort William this autumn, apparently for no other reason than to catch an occasional glimpse of her bit lady, whom she had befriended in a most substantial manner—Aunt Gilchrist, it was observed, would never come near Oyre House when there were any strangers or any formal dinner party there. She affected to be a little shy. If Hugh and Flora only were going out to have an afternoon game of tennis and to spend the evening, she would sometimes accompany them; and she had struck up a great friendship with Mr. Macdonell; but she kept away from Alison's new set of acquaintances. She said she was just a foolish old Scotch woman (which was not true, for she was Highland to the backbone), who had so long been accustomed to have her own way in her own small circle that she did not care to go among strangers; and when Ludovick teased her by saying he knew why she would not accept these invitations—that it was because, after her goodness to Alison, she did not wish to come forward publicly to exact too much of their humble devotion and homage—she would answer, significantly:

"I've seen more o' the world than you, young sir; and when I promised my dear that she would go properly provided to Oyre House—that I would come and be a mother-in-law to you whenever you wanted me—I knew at the same time that a mother-in-law has to be discreet in her visits. I've done nothing for my bit lady but what I said I would; ye're not obleeged to me the least thing; I'm happy enough when I hear her drive up to the gate, and when I look out and see her blithe face coming through the garden."

The fact was that just at this time Aunt Gilchrist's chief companion was John. The little old dame betrayed a most unholy joy in hearing the minutest details of the encounter between John and Mrs. Cowan; she laughed aloud at the picture of her adversary's overthrow; she spurred on Johnny's imagination until his recital, elaborated day after day, rose to epic heights. At first John had been chary of bragging. Despite all his nonchalance, there remained with him some dim vision (conjured up by Hugh's warning) of an Edinburgh judge, sitting in awful court, and with knit brows inquiring into the story of the Portobello outrage. But at home here in Lochaber he grew to disregard these vague terrors; and the more Aunt Gilchrist—chuckling, crowing, making merry over the downfall of her direst enemy—the more Aunt Gilchrist encouraged him, the more did John, with his small eyes twinkling, and his large mouth grinning, add vivid particulars to his description of the fray. He took no shame to him that his victory had been obtained over a woman. Have not other heroes been in the like case? Did not the famous and valiant Siegfried strive with and overcome that "devil's-wife," the fierce Brünhild? The *Portobello Lied* grew in proportions, until, from being the mere account of a cockatoo and monkey scrimmage, it became a great heroic poem, something that seemed to demand a lamenting or joyful chorus at the end of its several parts. And the first thing that caused Johnny to rise to these altitudes of invention was his inquiry about the probable cost of Mrs. Cowan's bonnet.

"Well, mem," he said to Aunt Gilchrist, while as yet the chant of triumph was in embryo, "when she put her nails into the back of my neck, I had a grup of

her too; and if she tore my collar, well, I pulled her bonnet in pieces, and what uss more as that, mem, when it came off, all her front hair came off too—"

"That was false hair, Johnny, I'll be bound," said Aunt Gilchrist, sniggering to herself. "So the plaits came off, did they?"

"Ay; but that uss what I would like to know, now; I would like to know what she would be paying for that bonnet that I tore into bits?" Johnny asked. "Two shullins, mebbe?"

"Two shillings? What are you talking about?"

"Mebbe more as that?—mebbe seffen or echt shullins?" said Johnny, eagerly. "Seffen or echt shullins?"

"More likely a pound, or five-and-twenty shillings," answered Aunt Gilchrist—and she too was chuckling over the destruction of this piece of property.

"Five-and-twenty shullins!" exclaimed Johnny, awe-struck in the midst of his delight. "Five-and-twenty shullins!" And then he burst out laughing. "Aw, Cosh, that's a fine thing, now! Five-and-twenty shullins! That's a good story, now, as ever I wass hearing. Five-and-twenty shullins! I will be telling that story to Macdonell when I go out to get the gun he wass promising me."

Johnny not only got the gun and a moderate amount of cartridges, but also permission to shoot an occasional rabbit or two when the Munros could let him go out to pay a visit to Oyre; and it was quite remarkable how many rabbits seemed to get in John's way. He entirely failed to find any hoodie-crows; but proud indeed was Johnny when he could present the young mistress of Oyre with two or three rabbits, their legs neatly tied together with a piece of string. He would not take them into the back premises and give them to the cook; he lay in wait for Alison; and she, knowing what this murderous youth most valued, made no scruple about going into her husband's gun-room and filching from the case another handful of cartridges, which she surreptitiously conveyed to John. These two were excellent friends; but Johnny got no encouragement from her to relate and magnify his onslaught upon Mrs. Cowan; the *Portobello Lied* was for Aunt Gilchrist's ears alone.

The flaming month of October burned itself out; Aunt Gilchrist had now gone away to the Rothesay Hydropathic Establishment, to settle herself there for the winter; and yet no message of any kind, no proffered word of conciliation, had come to Alison from the inexorable old man in Kirk o' Shields. Agnes was her correspondent; and Agnes wrote frequently, saying smooth things, and assuring her sister that in time her father would relent; but Alison could tell, even from these letters, that her name was never mentioned, that in her old home she was as one dead and departed forever. Mrs. Cowan was a good deal about the house, she learned. She had been instrumental in getting the servant-lass Jean dismissed—Jean having imprudently made some slighting remark about the length of the prayers at family worship; and Mrs. Cowan had brought down from Corbieslaw a girl to supply Jean's place, the new-comer being of a much more pious turn, though her godliness was more in evidence than her cleanliness. And every one of these letters wound up with the piteous hope that soon Alison might find some means of winning over her father from his rigid and austere isolation, showing how this gentle, nervous, sensitive creature Agnes was fretting about that unhappy estrangement.

Suddenly those letters ceased; and Alison, wondering, wrote again and again, without getting any answer. Then she became alarmed. She went to her husband, and asked him whether she might not write to Mrs. Cowan; and she probably would have done so had not a telegram arrived from Kirk o' Shields that confirmed her worst fears. She looked at it, breathless and dismayed. "*Your sister is seriously ill. She wishes to see you. Ebenezer Blair.*" She did not stay to consider that here was an intimation from her father that his house was again open to her; she was not thinking of herself at all; she was thinking only of the frail, delicate, wistful-eyed girl who had such a slight physique with which to combat any attack of disease. And when she hurriedly, and with rather a pale, frightened face, carried this telegram to her husband, she could not tell him all the anxious forebodings that were in her mind.

"You must go at once," Ludovick said, "and I will go with you. We will put up at the inn, so that we need not be in any one's way. Of course, Ailie," he added, "I am very sorry your sister is ill; and I hope it may be only something tem-

porary; but there's this to be said about it —it has made it easy for your father and you to become friends again. People forget by-gones in the face of such a crisis. And I know you have been worrying and vexing yourself about it—far more than ever you would tell me: well, here is the beginning of a reconciliation. He himself asks you to go to the house; whereas he might have got Mrs. Cowan to send you the telegram—"

"I do not care about that," she said, sadly. "I'm afraid Agnes must be very ill."

And thus it was that Alison found herself once more in Kirk o' Shields, on the afternoon of a bleak and cold November day, just as the daylight, or what passes there for daylight, was falling into a sombre dusk. The people at the inn knew that the Minister's daughter was seriously ill. It was some kind of fever, they said. She had been prayed for in the church on the preceding Sabbath. But there was something in the guarded way they spoke that alarmed Alison more than their words.

Forthwith she walked hurriedly along to East Street and to her father's house, and was admitted by the new servant-girl, Ludovick accompanying her. When she went upstairs and entered her sister's room (which used to be her room too) the gas was already lit; her father was standing talking in low tones to the doctor; Mrs. Cowan sat by the side of the bed; an open Bible lay on the small table. The moment she made her appearance, Mrs. Cowan rose and retired to the upper end of the room; and Alison went forward on tiptoe and knelt down by the bedside. Apparently her sister was asleep —at least her eyes were closed; her face was pale and wan and sunken; she was breathing heavily, and with sometimes a kind of shudder that seemed to pass through the wasted frame; and when Alison ever so gently put her hand on the back of her sister's hand, there was a cold clamminess there that struck a mortal dread to her heart.

At that slight touch the girl opened her eyes—languid they were, and anxious too, and almost frightened, but there was no fierce fire of fever in them, as Alison was rejoiced to perceive.

"Have you just come, Ailie?" she said, in a weak, uncertain voice, as if breathing were difficult to her. And then she said, with a kind of troubled look: "I thought you were here last night, Ailie, but—but sometimes I don't quite know the difference between dreaming and waking: my head is so strange. Is—is your husband here?"

"Yes; he is in the parlor," Alison said, quickly. "Would you like to see him, Aggie?"

"Yes."

Alison went down-stairs at once, and fetched Ludovick—who came forward to the bedside without paying heed to any one in the room. Curiously enough, at sight of him, the large, languid eyes of the sick girl filled with tears.

"Come nearer," she said.

He stooped down to listen.

"You'll be kind to Ailie!" she said, in a piteous kind of way.

"We all try to be as kind to her as we can," said he, cheerfully. "But it is you who have got to be kind to her now. Ever since she came to Oyre she has been wondering when you were coming to pay us a visit—a long, long visit, so that she can show you all the wonderful things in Lochaber. And that is what you have got to do now—you must make haste to get strong and well, and as soon as the doctor allows you, we'll see what the change will do for you, and the Highland air, and Alison's nursing."

She only shook her head mournfully; and turned away from them; and once more closed the tired, heavy eyes.

Alison had thrown aside her bonnet and travelling ulster on entering the house; and as Mrs. Cowan had now left the room, it seemed so natural that the elder sister of the patient should take the place of nurse that the doctor, before going, came forward to her, and in an undertone gave her directions as to what she should do. Down below he found Alison's husband in the parlor; and Macdonell, being anxious to hear all about the case, went outside with him, and walked some distance with him. The report he received was far from satisfactory. She had no strength of constitution to fight this nervous fever, the doctor said. She had been delirious several times. Though apparently she slept now and again, it was not real sleep; it was only a sort of dozing, during which her brain seemed to be racked by all kinds of terrors and visions. Ludovick asked him whether there was any immediate danger;

and the doctor somewhat evasively admitted that he feared there was.

Meanwhile Alison had been left alone with her father in the hushed sick-chamber; and now the old man with the sad, worn face had drawn his chair in to the table, and was reading aloud, in solemn, monotonous tones, the Thirty-eighth Psalm, that perhaps some phrase of petition or confession or consolation might reach that troubled brain. "'O Lord, rebuke me not in thy wrath: neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure. For thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore. There is no soundness in my flesh because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones because of my sin. For mine iniquities are gone over my head: as a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.'" And still more impressively he read out the closing verses, as if he also were joining in this appeal for Divine pity and succor. "'Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me. Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.'"

In the silence that ensued, the sick girl began to murmur something in an uneasy, broken, restless fashion; and Alison leaned over to hear what she was saying. It was all about herself, she found; it was Ailie this, Ailie that; and apparently Agnes was addressing some third person, who she fancied was with her. Who that was, Alison soon learned.

"Mother, mother," the girl said—and now there was a curious hectic flush on her face, and the palm of her hand was burning hot—"mother," she said, in those low and piteous tones, "you would not have let Ailie stand there crying if you could have come to her—you would have taken poor Ailie away—you would have brought her here, with us — we should have been all together. And—and if she was here now, I should not be afraid—Ailie was always the one to help me—but—but I am afraid—oh, don't take me forward, mother!—don't!—don't!—the Lord Jesus—on the White Throne—and the golden crown, and the sickle that is to reap when the time is come to reap—it will be all so terrible!—let me wait here, mother—hide me, hide me!—let me wait here, for Ailie!.... And you would have pitied her, mother—they were so cruel with her—and my father not speaking to her—and she was crying when she was in the church and when she left the house. I looked up to the skies; I thought you would be crying too, mother, when you looked down and saw poor Ailie, that was always your favorite; but there are no tears here—only those voices that are so far away; and I can see no one but you. No! no!—not yet!—don't lead me forward yet, mother!—I would rather wait for Ailie; and she will take the one hand, and you the other, and I will go between you—and—and my eyes cast down—and perhaps the Lord Jesus will pity me, and not be angry. Mother, if only I had something to put at the foot of the Throne!—some flowers—but there were none when I came away—it was winter, and everything was dark—there were none that I could bring with me. Will He be angry, mother, that I have brought nothing with me?"

"Hush, hush, Aggie!" the elder sister said, and she put her hand on the girl's burning forehead.

And then it was that she opened her eyes again, which were fixed and staring; and she tried to lift her poor helpless arm, as if she would point to what she saw before her.

"Look!—look!—the great white banner—and the red letters on it—do you see what it says, mother—'*For Sinners Slain.*' Is He coming now? Is He coming this way, mother? Oh, look at the thousands and thousands of them, all robed in white, and singing—don't you hear them, mother?—it's 'Helmsley' they're singing—'Lo, He comes with clouds descending, once for favored sinners slain'—listen, mother—it's 'Helmsley' they're singing—'Thousand, thousand saints attending, swell the triumph of His train'—was it singing like this that Ailie heard—in the cathedral somewhere?"

"Hush, dear, hush!" Alison said, soothingly, and she moistened the parched lips with the cooling drink that stood by.

The younger sister turned her glazed, staring eyes upon Alison, and seemed to recognize her—but as part of this rapt vision.

"Have you come, Ailie?" she said, in a low, hurried voice. "Do you see them?—do you see them there?—mother has gone away—she will be back—she has gone to tell them why I had nothing to put at the foot of the White Throne—she knew I was frightened. For it is all so different now—so different! Once He said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto

me'; but that was when He was a poor man, living among poor people; now He is the King of Glory, the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. 'Feed my lambs,' he said; but that was long ago; and He has forgotten now. Now He is the King of Glory—and the everlasting gates are opened before Him—oh, Ailie, He is coming!—give me your hand, quick, quick!—and be still—be still—maybe He will remember what He said once—maybe He will pity us and not be angry—I can—see—mother—pleading—for us—"

She turned away with a weary sigh; she closed her eyelids, and lay breathing heavily. And then in the silence arose the solemn tones of the Minister's voice:

"'I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth. My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad. O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together. I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.'"

So the slow hours went by; and Alison sat there, patient and assiduous in her ministrations, and watching the strange fluctuations from burning heat to shuddering cold that marked the progress of the fever. There was no recurrence of violent delirium; but sometimes the girl would moan and mutter to herself, in a voice so low as to be almost inaudible. It was clear that she was not asleep; it was mere exhaustion that kept her eyes closed.

Toward midnight the old servant Margaret came up and whispered that she had prepared some food for Alison, and that she would take her place at the bedside (for Mrs. Cowan had gone home for the present). When Alison went down to the parlor she found her husband still there; and she begged him to go back to the inn; but he refused to do that; he said he could pass the night very well in the arm-chair, and preferred to remain, in case he should be wanted. He did not tell her what the doctor had said.

The long night passed slowly and wearifully; the bleak gray morning broke over the squalid little town; and the wan light entering by the window showed hardly any change in the condition of the sick girl, who, indeed, had fallen into a kind of stupor, taking no heed of anything, and suffering no longer from these delirious attacks. It was a lethargy of exhaustion; the fever had burned up the vitality of the delicate constitution. She lay in a sort of coma, as if asleep, but not asleep. When the doctor came he looked grave and anxious; and he said a few words to the Minister out of Alison's hearing. He called two or three times during the day; and he hardly strove to conceal his fear that his patient was slipping away from under his care.

Toward nightfall it was evident to everybody that she was sinking fast. Alison, Mrs. Cowan, and the Minister were in the room; the servants were in the passage outside; Mr. Cowan, Ludovick Macdonell, and one or two relatives were in the parlor below, waiting to be summoned. And in the silence of the sick-chamber there was only the monotonous, mournful sound of the Minister's voice. He was walking up and down, repeating in slow and measured and earnest tones verse after verse of Scripture that perhaps the dying girl might overhear:

"'For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished. If in this life only we have faith in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.'"

And then again would come a pause of dreadful stillness, in which the poor woman Margaret could be heard sobbing in the passage without. But there was no faltering of the Minister's voice, no trace of emotion in the stern, sad face.

"'If a man die, shall he live again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thine hands.'

* * * * *

"'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

* * * * *

"'Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee. Hide not thy face from me in the day when I am in trouble; incline thine ear unto me: in the day when I call, answer me speedily. For my days are consumed like smoke, and my bones are burned as a hearth. My heart is smitten, and withered like grass; so that I forget to eat my bread.'

* * * * *

"'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.... Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.'"

He repeated that last phrase again and again, so that she *must* overhear: "'I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.'

* * * * *

"'Thus saith the Lord; A voice was heard in Ramah, lamentation, and bitter weeping; Rachel weeping for her children refused to be comforted for her children, because they were not. Thus saith the Lord; Refrain thy voice from weeping, and thine eyes from tears: for thy work shall be rewarded, saith the Lord.'"

And surely it was to lend her courage on her entrance into the dark valley that his voice now became even more solemn and strenuous:

"'So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

Here there was a longer pause, and Agnes opened her eyes and looked languidly around, as if seeking some one. Alison instantly bent down toward her.

"What is it, dear?"

Her eyes were still looking wearily for what she could not find.

"Where—is—he?" she asked.

"Do you mean Ludovick?" Alison said—and her sister's eyes plainly answered yes.

She went hastily down-stairs and brought Ludovick up and into the room. When he came to the bedside he instinctively took the dying girl's hand in his, for she was too weak to raise it. And then she seemed to try to say something—but was unable.

"I know," said he, stooping over her—"I know what you wish to say to me. It is what you said last night. And you want me to make a promise? Well, then, I do: you need not be afraid."

Her last look was directed toward his eyes; and it was a look of gratitude and kindness, of assurance and peace. He was still holding her hand when the change came; and the gentle, loving spirit passed quite quietly away, almost without a struggle.

It was the strong, resonant voice of the Minister that broke the hushed silence.

"Let us give praise to the Most High that He has seen fit to take another lamb into His fold."

And when he knelt down, and as the others knelt down—the two servants having come unbidden into the room—if the women were sobbing and crying, no tremor of emotion broke the clear tones of this old man's declaration of his acquiescence in the Divine will. What to him were the sorrows of this transitory life but as snow-flakes beating against the impregnable armor of his faith in the heavenly wisdom and mercy? Nay, this was no supplication, but rather a strenuous resignation. She who had been taken from them had been spared the trials and temptations and afflictions of years, and had entered early into the joy of her Lord. Why should we mourn, he said (almost as if addressing those grief-stricken relatives and friends), that she had won to her eternal rest a little while before others who had still to toil and fret in these earthly bonds, until the happy moment of their release should come? Death had been conquered; their young kinswoman had been raised to everlasting life; to God be all the praise! It was a devout and sincere thanksgiving that the Minister poured forth in measured, earnest, impressive sentences. But perhaps they had not all attained to his lofty and resolute disregard of the sufferings and tribulations of this brief moment of human existence; indeed, when the news got bruited abroad that night, there was more than one sad heart in the town, for the gentle, affectionate, frail-constitutioned girl had made many friends, even in this austere Kirk o' Shields.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HOMEWARD.

Of course Ludovick and Alison had to wait for the funeral; but he did not choose that she should remain in Kirk o'

Shields; he took her through to Edinburgh, under pretence of getting proper mourning for her; and there she was most kindly received by the Balwhinnans, who did what they could to assuage her all-absorbing grief. There also Ludovick had abundant opportunity of talking over his present circumstances with his old friend.

"I shall be glad when I get her finally and forever away from that place," he said. "It is not the right atmosphere for her; it never could have been. Naturally she is a most blithe and good-humored girl, alert and merry, quite contented with everything, nothing making her so happy as seeing those round about her in full enjoyment. She is far too quick-witted, she has too much common-sense, to believe in the gospel of useless renunciation; to believe in the efficacy of perpetual little martyrdoms; to measure your chance of heaven by the number of groans and sighs you can crowd into an afternoon—"

"My good friend," remonstrated Balwhinnan, smiling and shaking his head, "you will never understand those people."

"I understand them as far as I have seen them," the younger man said, confidently. "And what I have observed in them is plenty of faith, and plenty of hope, but not the fifteenth part of a grain of charity. Oh, I can tell you they let me know pretty clearly that I was a leper, and to be shunned; and what's more, Alison saw it too—though she didn't say anything; if it had not been for this great trouble occupying her entirely, I fancy she might have given a certain Mr. Cowan a bit of her mind. Not that it mattered to me; it amused me in a way. But the cheek of some people! Of course they have all the religion and all the conscience that exist among the sons of men; and the fashion in which they have secured a monopoly of the good things in the next world is just beautiful to behold. It seems to me, Balwhinnan, you want a modern apostle to go preaching through some of your south of Scotland smaller towns; and I could furnish him with a text for his sermons—Beware of spiritual pride."

"At all events," the advocate said, "you are better satisfied now that you did not go to law in order to find out where the young lady was."

"We did not appeal to the law; we broke it," Ludovick said, simply. "If that rascal of a lad had not made a most outrageous, violent, and unprovoked attack on an unoffending divinity student, I don't see how we ever could have found out where she was."

"But it will be all the easier for you now to make friends with the old Minister before you go back home; that is what your wife seems chiefly anxious about at present."

"I know," said the younger man, rather gloomily. "And I don't see much chance of it. When I first heard of that poor girl's illness I thought it might offer a way toward some kind of reconciliation; but I am not so sure now. And I know Alison will be fretting over her father's loneliness. His loneliness! His loneliness seems to me merely the isolation of pride. Of course I admit that there is something fine in the contempt or indifference he seems to have for anything that may happen to him in this world; there is something fine in that; it is worthy of Epictetus, though I suppose he would call it ordinary Christian fortitude. I can see what is fine in that, even if it leads him to disregard the claims of natural affection, even if he refuses to his only daughter the trifle of sympathy and consideration she is begging and praying for in her heart. Well, I will do what I can toward making matters smooth. I will go to him and offer him my hand; I will ask him for the briefest message of kindness that I may take to Alison—"

"Don't you think," his friend said, gently, "that it might be better for her to go herself?"

"She shall not do anything of the sort!" Ludovick said, with a flash in his eyes. "She has suffered enough already; she shall suffer no more in that quarter. Do you think I want a jury of elders and elders' wives to come together to consider her conduct? Do you think she is to go as a suppliant to *them*? Not while I can prevent it."

"It was only a suggestion of mine," the lawyer said, good-naturedly. "You see, you are not the most diplomatic person in the world, Macdonell; and you might go with some prejudice in your mind, some resentment, perhaps, over what happened formerly; and that might make things different. Then, again, you must remember the natural relation between father and daughter."

"What did he do before?" the younger man demanded. "He handed her over to the custody of Mrs. Cowan. I suppose she was not deemed worthy to be in his sight. She was sent away to be purified of her iniquities and transgressions; and then she was to come back a contrite penitent. And you see she is not a contrite penitent yet. If she went all by herself to that house she might have her sins and enormities flaunted before her again. She might have the sermon that was preached at her from the pulpit repeated for her benefit. She might have that sickening hypocrite of a woman whining over her as a brand not yet plucked from the burning. Well, then, I say, 'No, thank you,' to all that. She is not going to encounter anything of the kind. I will make it my business to see she shall *not*."

The advocate scratched his head.

"Well, I don't see what the mischief is to come of it all," he said, with a perplexed air. "I wish both of you were back in Lochaber, leaving time to smooth away these differences. But if you go to this old man with such an antagonism of feeling—"

Ludovick Macdonell—who was really a most good-humored and generous-spirited kind of person when he was not harassed by these bitter memories—suddenly looked up, and said, with a frank smile:

"You need not be afraid of that, Balwhinnan. I give you my word that when I go to see the old Minister I will abase myself down to the ground—for Alison's sake."

The day of the funeral was dark and grim. Over the thick smoke-laden atmosphere of Kirk o' Shields hung leaden skies, and a continuous rain poured into the melancholy streets. The funeral service, as is customary in Scotland, took place in the house, the friends and relatives assembling in the parlor, while the coffin lay in the room above. The Minister, worn of face and sad-eyed, but still with the same air of lofty resignation and acquiescence, stood at the head of the table, an open Bible before him, while in measured and monotonous tones he admonished this little group of sorrowing folk of the vanity and worthlessness of human life, and reminded them of the great eternal prize toward which they should be pressing through these brief moments here below. And it was almost with tenderness, but with no break in his voice, that he referred to the young girl who had been taken away from them. She had been a faithful handmaid of the Lord. She had walked according to the light. In so far as her station and years allowed she had been attentive to her duties; she had been as the child Samuel, who ministered unto the Lord before Eli the priest. And even as the Lord had called to Samuel, and the child had answered, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," so to this other young ministrant and servant He had sent His summons, and she had answered, and gone home to her rest. Why should they weep, or doubt the infinite wisdom and mercy of Him who ruled all things, even the smallest? Their young sister in the Lord had only gone before, to her exceeding gain. And then he repeated the words of Paul to the Thessalonians: "'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.'"

But here a terrible thing occurred. The old servant-woman Margaret, who was standing near the doorway, was taken with a violent trembling, and she sank on her knees to the floor, and raised her clasped hands above her head, and called aloud with a piteous cry:

"Lord God, have mercy upon me! have mercy upon me! They're a' looking forrit to seeing her again; they're a' to meet her there except me—except me! She'll no come near where I am—in the everlasting fire! Lord God, have mercy upon me! Will you not have mercy on a poor sinner? Is there to be no mercy for me through all eternity? Lord God, have peety! have peety!"

The Minister paused. "Remove that poor woman," he said, in a calm, grave voice; and when they had raised the poor trembling wretch and led her from the room, he continued the solemn, simple, unimposing service.

When that was over, the coffin was brought down and placed in the hearse; and as the sombre vehicle slowly moved away, the male relatives and friends (the women-folk remaining in the house) proceeded to follow it on foot, two by two, led by the Minister himself and his chief

elder, Mr. Cowan of Corbieslaw. The small, irregular black procession made its way through the rain and along these dingy thoroughfares till it reached the cemetery just outside the town. And of all the dismal sights about Kirk o' Shields, surely this was the most melancholy. Here were no white stones marking the graves of the loved and lost ones, nor carefully tended flowers, in their purity and sweetness emblematic of the kind remembrance, the wistful hope, that placed them there. The head-stones were dank and sodden with wet and smoke; the bits of bushes here and there were leafless, withered, and black; the very grass was grimy. The hearse came to within a few yards of the open grave, then the coffin was taken out and carried over, and slowly and reverently lowered into its resting-place. It had but the one white wreath upon it. That Alison had brought with her from Edinburgh: you cannot buy flowers in Kirk o' Shields if you wished. There was no service by the side of the grave. When the coffin had been lowered, the friends and relatives took a last look; then, as the grave-diggers began their work, they fell to talking among themselves; finally, in scattered groups, they set out again for the town and for their several homes, walking through the heavy rain. Ludovick was alone all this time; no one had spoken to him, or taken any notice of him.

But when he returned to the Minister's house to fetch away Alison, he was surprised she had already gone, though Mrs. Cowan and one or two others of the women-folk were still there. She had returned to the inn, the servant-maid informed him, shortly after the funeral had left. So, as this seemed as good an opportunity as any for trying to come to some amicable understanding with the Minister, he bade the servant-lass inform Mr. Blair that he would like to see him for a moment. She knocked at the door of the Minister's room and delivered her message; Mr. Blair came out into the passage, and she discreetly disappeared.

"Mr. Blair," said Macdonell, "Alison will be going away this afternoon, and she would like to say good-by to you—"

"It is unnecessary," the Minister said, calmly.

"Perhaps so," said the intermediator, in as gentle and submissive a fashion as possible, "but—but it is only natural for a girl to wish to part on good terms with her father; and I think, especially at such a time as the present, there might be a—a little consideration for family ties. As for myself, I offer you my hand, and ask you to forget what is past, as I hope to do also. I don't wish to have any feeling of resentment toward any man, least of all toward Alison's father. I know you have reason to complain of me, and though I cannot honestly say that I regret having induced Alison to enter into that hasty marriage, still I can understand how it would strike you, and I ask your pardon."

Mr. Blair did not take the proffered hand.

"It is unnecessary, perhaps something more than unnecessary, for my daughter to come here," he said, in grave, deliberate tones, and there was no expression save that customary sadness in the sunken eyes and in the worn and lined face; "and it is unnecessary for you to make explanations or apologies for that which is now irremediable. To open up these matters again might merely lead to contention and reproach, which I am far from desiring. My daughter has chosen her own path; let her follow it. I will not be her judge. Perhaps when we win to the greater light we may see with different eyes. The Lord's ways are not as our ways; there may be guidance where we see but footsteps wandering in the dark; in His good time we shall know all. As for you, I hope I bear you no enmity; I would part with you without bitterness; but before you go I would ask of you one question. Do I understand that you have not sought to lead away my daughter from the faith of her childhood, from the faith in which those of her house who have gone before have found peace and consolation in their dying hours? I—I understood it to be so—is it so?"

"Certainly it is so!" Ludovick said, with emphasis. "Alison is absolutely free in all such matters—of course she is. If she chooses to go to the Established Church in Fort William, that is simply because the Munros go there: she may go to any church she pleases, and welcome."

"And if there are children of the marriage?" the old man said.

"If there are children of the marriage, they will be brought up in their mother's faith; I pledge you my honor to that."

Mr. Blair hesitated, but only for a second.

"I thank you," he said, in the same grave, unimpassioned voice, and he seemed about to go.

"But—but have you no message for Alison?" Ludovick asked, in an appealing kind of way.

"I would not have her think there was aught of bitterness in my heart against her," he answered. And then he added, with slow impressiveness, "Nay, I wish you both well." And with that the Minister, reserved, austere, unapproachable, passed into his own room.

Ludovick Macdonell did not go straight back to the inn; he went along to the unfrequented thoroughfare overlooking the canal and the iron-works; and paced up and down there (though the rain was still falling heavily), that he might make the best of this message that he had to carry to Alison. And when at last he returned, and found her standing at the window, looking out into the wet streets, he said:

"Why did you leave the house, Ailie? I went back expecting to find you there."

She turned to him at once.

"Well, Ludovick," said she, somewhat proudly, "I did not choose that your wife should remain there to be—to be—looked at askance."

"Oh, you must not heed the looks, or the words either, of people like that!" said he, quite cheerfully. (Perhaps he was not so ill pleased that his young wife had resented the manner of the elders' wives toward her.) "What are they to you? But I have brought a message for you from your father. Oh yes, he was not nearly so implacable as you might imagine; he was quite courteous and civil, in his reserved way. Of course he said he thought it would be unnecessary for you to go and bid him a formal good-by at the present time, and that he would rather not have me go into any explanations or excuses; and that is reasonable. I saw that he did not want to have any controversy, such as might arise, and might produce bitterness. No; he said he had no feeling against either of us; that perhaps it might appear to him some day as if everything had been for the best; and the last words he said, Ailie, were that he wished you well. These were his last words. '*I wish you both well*,' he said. Oh, I can look forward a year or two, and see what his present attitude will lead to; but in the mean time you ought to be very glad that he is so amicably disposed toward us. And there's another thing I've got to tell you, Ailie," Captain Ludovick continued, in the same cheerful and hopeful strain. "We are not going to set out for the Highlands this afternoon."

"No?" she said; and her face, that had been painfully anxious when he began to tell her of that interview, was now grown much more placid and grateful and content.

"No; at least not directly back. The simple fact is this, Ailie: you are being thoroughly spoiled in Lochaber. You get such an inordinate quantity of petting that all your natural firmness of character is being destroyed. It isn't wholesome; it's far from wholesome. The old laird is the worst, it is true; but the rest of them are nearly as bad. You're being softened and blunted into a sentimental, jelly-fish sort of condition."

"But it's very nice, Ludovick," she pleaded.

"I tell you it isn't wholesome. It is most detrimental to your character," Captain Ludovick maintained. "You want somebody to sharpen you—to keep your wits on edge—to make you hold your own, and give an account of yourself. Well, I'm going to get such a person. I am going to take you through to Glasgow to-night. To-morrow we shall go down the Clyde to Rothesay. There I shall take possession of your aunt Gilchrist, and carry her off with us to Fort William, and establish her at Oyre for the winter. That will counteract the petting, I think! And why shouldn't she spend the winter with us as well as at that Hydropathic place? My gracious! haven't we as pure drinking-water at Oyre as they've got at Rothesay?"

And well Alison knew what it was that had led him to make this proposal; it was no desire to provoke a series of temper combats, good-humored as these assuredly would be, for his own amusement; it was the thought that she might feel a little lonely in the world after the death of her sister, and herself removed from among her kinsfolk and former friends.

She went up to him and kissed him.

"Ah, Ludovick," she said, with swimming eyes, "you are so good to me!"

THE END.

INVALIDISM AS A FINE ART.

BY A. B. WARD.

"I HAVE sinned against my brother, the ass," confessed a pious old monk, when his under-fed, over-flogged body refused to budge for him. Make you the same confession, Tom. You trudged through miles of mud-puddle yesterday, and then gave yourself no rubbing down and dry stabling. Now you wonder where you got that confounded cough. And you, Dick, who spurred your tired eyes open night after night, in a final spurt for the essay prize, if you had listened, as Balaam did to his animal, when you heard that noise in your head, you wouldn't be tied down to a cot with nervous prostration. As for you, Harry, poor lad! we all have to risk lame legs in taking a leap. Many a brave runner draws in his breath with the exultation of youth, feeling the glow of strength through all his veins, runs blithely forward, and—lands in a heap as you did. Make the best of it. All the old Dicks and Toms and Harrys are in the same plight, with their exposures and overwork and risks. *Peccavimus!* We have all sinned. But we'll make the best of it. The beast is foundered, but his rider is safe, and waiting for the tide of health to turn. His lien is yet on the great outside world still sending tributes in to him—glimpses of blue sky, a ripple of laughter from a jolly robin, the breath of a midsummer idyl mingling roses and new-mown hay. A petty lordling, enthroned on pillows, he dictates to doctor and nurse. Business cares and social duties are laid aside. The fine art of invalidism is his only interest and concern.

How to be ill. This is a science uncatalogued as yet. I do not mean how to get there, but how to comport yourself when there. The sick man's outfit is, perhaps, a closer terminology. Mind, I do not say the sick woman's outfit. Women are born into the world with a talent for that sort of thing. They recline as naturally as they sit, smile over the stiff barrier of a toothache, swoon gracefully, and never look so well as in the cap and gown livery of an invalid. The gentle martyr spirit which immolates convenience and comfort on the altar of appearance, mankind will never understand. "Don't go," she says, winningly. Her eyes shine, her cheeks glow, she chats gayly and without a break, until the great blundering ignoramus of woman's ways finally drags his long call to an end. He never doubts that the evening has been as delightful to her as to him. He never dreams that her head ached and she was "tired to death," even while she encouraged his jokes and invited his confidences.

Why, in the name of all that's human, didn't she say so? My dear fellow, she couldn't. It would be contrary to all her traditions and instincts. Whence comes the ambition for suffering inherent in feminine souls I cannot say; but it is there. It may be an inheritance from barbarism. It may be a merciful provision of nature for what most women are fated to endure, a heroic stimulus to carry them over the crest of the wave of pain, and prevent their sinking in its murderous trough. Women seem to understand this sentiment in each other, and know how to call forth its exercise; but men look on in a kind of puzzled awe. They have no such quality about them. They go about the business of being ill as if it were its contrary, being well. Every muscle is tense, every nerve alive. It sometimes requires the practice of years to learn how to relax.

"That is the trouble with you," sighs my worthy aunt Gregory. "That is the cause of many injuries and much physical disturbance. Do you know, I actually fell down-stairs once without being hurt, *because I relaxed?* I remembered, just as I started to fall, that drunkards and babies rarely were hurt in all their tumbles. I reasoned it out. *They relaxed.* I followed their example, and escaped unharmed. I have done it ever since when it was necessary." You are right, aunt, in the invalid's case. A sleepy, phlegmatic creature will get up from bed in half the time it takes your hyperæsthetic patient to find himself among all the confusion of worries he has drawn around him, and to shake himself free from them. Phlegm relaxes. Hyperæsthesia holds fast to the world and its burdens. Phlegm has never renounced his infant proclivities to rest and recuperation. He rolls up into comfortable positions as naturally as the caterpillar. Hyperæsthesia has forgotten the accomplishment. He has lost his bottle, and that harmless substitute,

his thumb. It seems to me that I can distinctly recall, in the vague twilight of early renunciations, the loss of my thumb as a mouth-stopper. The feeling that something had been taken away and forbidden, something which had been a reliance and a comfort, a sustaining and soothing influence; the sudden and premature dawn of my manhood, the loosing of my hold on the sublime trust and dependence which only children know—these haunt me, and suggest the loss of my thumb. What would I not give for it nowadays, when the world is cold or fortune is coy, when my own insignificance oppresses me, when I am lost in space, an unattached bachelor atom! Presto, the thumb! I have doubled joy and halved sorrow. I am a child again. Alas, that the prejudices of etiquette forbid! Man in a state of health affects a compromise by means of his cigar. Man as an invalid is without the solace.

We are taught much in the way of unconcern and dependence by the young of the human species. Eat, man, eat like a pig, or a baby. Perhaps you haven't a baby at hand to copy. But if thus narrowed in your means of self-education, take for a guide and text-book that ninefold cord of endurance, that furred and whiskered grip on existence, that muscular, sinuous, evasive, inexhaustible enigma—the family cat. After many years devoted to the study of this boon of fate, this free gift to humanity, I have come to the conclusion that her invariable presence in our midst is for an object, to teach us the benefits of serenity and hope. Rolled snugly together, so that every bit of her body is in a position of rest, with half-shut eyes, in a reverie more sweet than slumber, she utters her song of content. "Sing-song, sing-song!" She has found Nirvana. She has "relaxed." Stir her up, she unwinds, and winds up again out of your reach. Life has always something in reserve for the cat. She is a mine of resources, and in consequence she is ever serene and hopeful. She can endure all-night exposures, the fatigue of the hunt, the unevenness of her diet. Eight extra lives, each one compounded of similar exposures and fatigues and irregularities, are hers. How do I explain this? It is all due to her attitude toward the world, to the composed state of her nerves, and this to her peculiarly blissful accomplishment, her purr. Herein is she strong against the onslaughts of time and the ingenuity of the small boy. She drinks, camel-like, when fountains offer, slips with a quiet thrust of her claw through grasping fingers, nerved alike for deprivation and sudden attack by the quiet hour purred away by the kitchen fire. "But," say you, "man is not a cat; he has ceased to be an infant. The laws of his psychology warrant no promise that he will ever attain to anything like the contentment of the one or the indifference of the other. True, my friend, very true. I know well how the restless mind chafes and frets against its barriers of commonplace and monotony; how, unoccupied, it wanders up and down the figures of the wall-paper, across the carpet and back again—counting, counting, over and over—until it emerges bruised and sore, half mad with impressions to which it nevertheless returns perversely, as horses rush back into a burning barn.

Something must be substituted. Thank God! there is always something, until complete apathy puts up the shutters and muffles the bell. When the weak chest and helpless limbs lie level with the bed, and heavy eyelids refuse to rise, hearing sits, like an Ariel at the bow-window of a captive Prospero, conveying swift intelligences of the world without. It is spring. The sick man knows it, despite the unchanged artificial heat about him and the shaded windows. He pictures the tint of the sky, the blush of new life upon the earth. He fancies the wing of a breeze against his cheek. In his dreams he hunts for pussy-willows as he did when a boy, and nails up the vines by the porch. Why? He has heard the children playing in the streets, laughing and shouting as they never do except when just released from winter prisons. He has heard the altered cries of the venders of fruit and vegetables, or, if in the country, the first small ecstasy of a sparrow, the prophetic call of the frogs from the swamp. Every season has its distinct sonorous boundaries, every mood of the weather its telltale change of tone. He learns to know them all. The passers-by become familiar to him. There is the boy who splashes through the rain and chirrups like a young robin; he is reasonably quiet on sunny days. There is the girl who always carries the rustle of a stiffly starched petticoat, and clicks along the pavement as if stamping it with some device.

There is the little Trot who goes to meet papa at noon, and is invariably greeted with, "Here we are! Come to meet papa? *That's* a man!" The last swinging inflection, and the subsequent ring of only one pair of feet on the walk, tell that little Trot has been lifted to a broad shoulder never so proud of its burden. Eclipsing these interests of the street comes the thrill of recognition, telling him who passes through the hall and nears the sick-room door. This is the doctor's sturdy tread, that the nurse's slippered foot-fall, and now gentle sister Sue creeps timidly and deprecatingly to the threshold, asking for "dear brother Ned." Thus faithfully does Ariel serve his prostrate master, and fettered Prospero, growing more keen of apprehension, finds himself at his old trick of analyzing what he receives, turning it over and over in the crucible of his philosophy.

So far we have our eyes shut. Some day "another door opens," as it used to do in *Arabian Nights* when the bold hero explored underground, "and another apartment of greater magnificence appears." The patient opens his eyes. He may open them on bare walls and unattractive furnishings; he may open them on articles of luxury and beauty. But there are some things which he is bound to see, whether he is rich or poor: the sunbeam which slides in over the shutter, and dances like a vision over the floor; narrow glimpses of tree and cloud, magnified into especial loveliness by their limitations; shades of summer greenness or white curves of winter sculpture, hinting of the wonders without. These he is sure to see when he opens his eyes. But they tire him more than what he finds within, where he is lord of his own. Here are the shadows and the reflections which people his world, and make it different from anything he ever knew before. Vague gray silhouettes of men and women, of horses and carriages, appear and disappear on the wall. Some of them have heads reaching to the ceiling. Some are misshapen and strange. They go stalking past in an almost ceaseless panorama. Now and then the swift, whirling shadow of a bird dips and darts across the wall. And all the time outlines of branches, which wave and open and close again, weave intricate embroideries in the place. The room is alive with dim, softly moving forms. Their dimness and their gentle motion are as soothing as a lullaby. Yet they divert the watcher by their quiet changes, and hold his languid interest. He makes believe with them, like a child, and fancies himself a sight-seeing Gulliver or an Alice in Wonderland for a while. If he is really gaining in strength, as he is bound to do if he has followed our good advice from the beginning, he will put his wits to work devising further amusement. Some invalids at this stage cause a mirror to be hung where it can catch a picture of the street. That was what Jacob Haverstraw did. He was an uncle of mine, a queer, silent old fellow, bedridden from his twenty-fifth year, when he fell and hurt his spine. His wife, Aunt Janet, was a mother to him as well, and besides careful nursing, gave him all the brightness and diversion her woman's wit could plan. She had countless ways of entertaining him. One was to hang a mirror to reflect now the front of the house, where there was a main street and a tiny railed-in park, like a private cemetery; now the rear, where plump-armed maids leaned over the window-sill to gossip with grocers' and butchers' lads, where quarrelsome knaves knocked each other about for their own exercise and the pleasure of the loafing crowd, where, in short, Cupid or Mars was continually ruling.

As a matter of course, Jacob enjoyed the rear view more than the view of the staid front, where people merely passed or nodded formally to each other; and gradually the mirror came to reflect nothing but the blackened and grimy alley and the back-parlor windows of Mr. Cigar-seller—I forget his other name. Now Mr. Cigar-seller had a pretty daughter, and Pretty Daughter had a lover obnoxious to the father of the girl. The circle of romance was complete. Small wonder that Jacob could hardly wait mornings to have his face washed, and the "peep show," as he called it, adjusted to take in all it could hold of the alley and the parlor. Small wonder that the excited audience of one bitterly bewailed the "curtain of the dark," coming down upon crises and climaxes, and making each scene synchronous with the day, in whatever lamentable plight it left the actors, one and all. Janet, sewing by another window, was kept posted of the progress of the play, and now and

then, excited by her husband's ejaculations, perforce must leave her work and lay her cheek to his, watching the scene. Such was the case when he announced loudly, "He's *kissed* her!" What woman could resist a glance at the lovers? And again, "The mean old hulks, he's boxed her ears!" A different he this time, indeed, and no less a personage than the dignified cigar-seller himself.

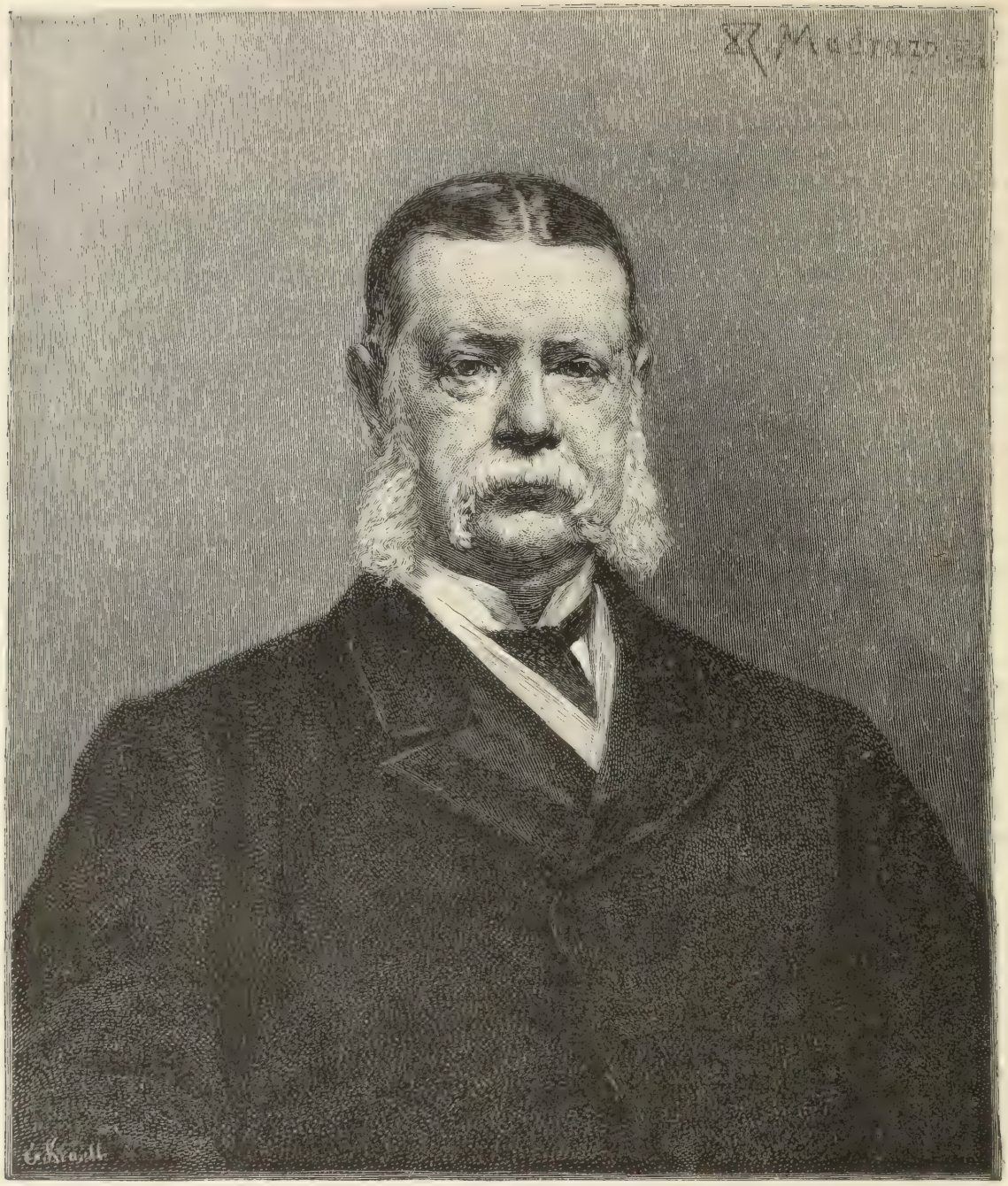
After that event the plot thickened, as it always does, on or off the stage. There were stolen meetings, stormy interviews with the cruel parent, and all the machinery of a first class drama. Jacob was stirred to the depths of his quiet soul. He hardly removed his eyes from the mirror, and at last fairly strained his back in a futile effort to extend his view. This put an end to theatre-going for two whole days. The third was a Sunday, and rainy. About 2 P.M. Janet was induced to tuck a pillow under the sick man's head, and tip the glass into such a position that it would show the alley without any exertion on Jacob's part. Soon the old cigar-seller appeared at the door, looked hurriedly up and down the street, wrung his hands, and went back into the house. This he did twice, and then Jacob saw him no more, although he watched until the early, drizzling, April twilight shut in. "Something has happened," said Jacob. Something had. It was all in the papers the next day, and Janet read them aloud to him.

The cigar-seller had been foully murdered. He was found about nine o'clock Sunday evening by some cronies who came in to have a pull with him. His daughter and her lover, now her husband, had been arrested at a cheap boarding-house not far away. They had left her father's house, they said, Sunday morning while he was still asleep. He had been up late the night before and slept soundly. They proved their subsequent absence from the house. But no one had seen the old man all day Sunday; in fact, he had not been seen from the time he put up his shutters Saturday night until he was found with a knife in his heart. "Had not been seen?" shrieked Jacob. "Why, *I* saw him! Janet, we'll have to go to court and testify." "You?" smiles Janet, incredulously. But they went. It was a considerable undertaking to remove the bedridden man from his own couch to the stretcher, and so to convey him into court. Not without state and ceremony did he make his *début*, borne in by slow-stepping men, attended by his wife and two physicians—his own and an expert, who should pronounce his brain a sound one, whatever might be said of his back. Picture, if you can, the excitement when this strange witness saved the pretty, sobbing girl and her pale, frightened lover from a cruel sentence. Picture the lover leaping over an intervening bench and sweeping the two doctors out of his way that he might throw himself on his knees beside Jacob. Picture the girl clasping the invalid around the neck and covering him with kisses. "It liked to have killed him," says Aunt Janet. But Jacob says he never felt so well in his life. Ah, let not the idle invalid think his eyes are of no service to himself or others! There's no telling what he may see if he keeps them open.

The invalid, like the poet, and like all acute, sensitive beings, is remarkable not for seeing differently, but for seeing more than do the rest of the world. He endows everything about him with personality. Cold, hard substances are his avowed enemies. The soft, the yielding, the woolly, fill him with gratitude and delight. The arm-chair invites and embraces him. The tiny teapot and ewer are eager to do him service, and the gruel bowl displays a fairly maternal solicitude. His cane is a Fidus Achates, his pet pillow a Nancy, or whatever his childhood's nurse was named. As to the bottles arranged on his table, only the doctors who prescribed them can surpass their marked and individual interest in their charge. A glow of genuine affection fills me when I glance at Tonic, so many times has he proved worthy of the confidence reposed in him when the "lamp of life burned low." Liniment's unctuous sides are nearly bursting with officious good-nature. Fine Old Bourbon has an irresistible bacchanalian leer. Stout Camphor needs only spectacles and a bag to make an old fogy of him. Sly little Morphine, hiding behind the rest, has a sinister, suggestive, Mephistophelian look, which at once attracts and repels.

Robinson Crusoe, organizing a cat and dog and hen and parrot society, is successfully rivalled by our invalid with his circle of silent friends. As his knowledge of his art increases, he busies himself more and more with the peculiar occupations of his

class. He brings a magnifying-glass to bear upon the web of his blanket, upon the structure of his food. He calculates the number of sands in his hour-glass, and makes wagers with himself that he will know without looking when they are run out. Accustomed to night-watches, he learns the many phases of darkness and its mysterious influences. He lies under the wide-spread, brooding wings of the night, and hears the clock-beats sounding through the house, and a strange ecstasy seizes him. He notes the progress of the dawn, and has as many theories of light as ever the famous Rosicrucians held. Repose and hope, accurate observation, philosophy and fancy—our fine art has much to bestow on the willing and ready recipient. Ample scope, too, is afforded the pupil in the way of leisure and facilities for study such as he would never find elsewhere. His life is stripped of superfluities. He meets only the two or three who are necessary to him, and on the plainest and most informal terms. He tells them the truth, and they speak to him with equal disregard of rhetoric. The simple, the unsophisticated, the primary, are presented to his thoughts. The complex and the worldly are banished. The A B C of what is and what ought to be were never placed before him in so clear a light. In his solitude he finds himself loosing his hold on earthly relations, and brought face to face with the relation between man and his Maker. It is a judgment-day. He yields to its searching and its sentence. When he is wholly recovered and in the world again he may be, and probably will be, very nearly the same kind of a man that he was before; but for the period of his confinement he is forced to live honestly as a saint, purely as a little child, bravely and patiently as a soldier. The reward is at hand. To whom of us has it not occurred in times of failure and disheartenment to wish that life were a sum upon a slate, to be entirely rubbed out and begun over again? Convalescence is not unlike a realization of this desire. A new page is turned, a new start is given. A childish delight in his own body—"the nearest piece of the outside world"—takes possession of the sick man, holding his thin fingers up to the sunlight and watching the veins fill day by day. The languor of budding health reconciles him to the simplicities of the daily routine. It is enough to breathe full breaths, enough to eat and sleep, enough to watch the attendants go about the room, or the shadows and sunbeams quarrel for possession of the carpet. It is a paradise, an intermediate state between sickness and health, where there is neither judgment nor condemnation, neither temptation nor struggle, where, in short, as his doctor tells him, "There is nothing to do but to get well." He examines his arms and legs and moves his toes, taking pleasure in his muscular endowment as he did some thirty, forty, or fifty years ago, when he first made his own acquaintance. A little thing pleases him, especially a little thing to eat. He is astonished to find what an engrossing, elevating delight eating may be, above all when accompanied by a sense of obligation to one's own worn-out tissues. He feels generous to himself, and again grateful to himself for that generosity. He swells with pride and satisfaction in his daily gains. Every meal is a mile-stone on the way, a sacrifice to Hygeia, a joyful ceremonial. His selfish heart expands into the juicy tenderness of an ever-increasing humanitarianism. He longs for his kind, longs to extend the warm hand of friendship to his brother man. Intoxicated with fresh draughts of health, he feels the philanthropic impulses of one who would "treat the town." He laughs easily and enjoys the racket in the street, threatens to take a ride with the ragman in his belled cart, tosses a handful of pennies to the organ-grinder, tolerates the cracked voice of a flute on a neighboring corner, appreciates anew the clumsy efforts of humanity to conquer the sadness of living. Trees and clouds and "that sort of thing" pall on his taste. He is "ready to see the fellows any time," and takes it seriously to heart if they do not rush to his door in a body and besiege it day and night. The bottles are banished. The curtains are rolled up as high as they will go. In pours a stream of blazing light, announcing, like the blare of trumpets, the prisoner's release. Shadows and fancies fade together. Sick-bed repentances linger with a softening influence, but no longer clutch him by the throat. He feels his legs under him again, weak and shaky, but they are *his own*. He has chipped his shell, burst his cocoon. It was worth all the being ill, he tells you, to be born again in this fashion.



THE PRESENT JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—From the painting by Madrazo.

THE NEW YORK REAL ESTATE EXCHANGE.

BY RICHARD WHEATLEY.

MORE accurately than any of the metropolitan exchanges does that in which transfers of real estate are initiated represent the growing numbers and opulence of New York. The Real Estate Exchange, with hall and offices located at Nos. 59 to 65 Liberty Street, is not a specially imposing structure. The fact that $422,844 were paid for the property, including searches and abstract of title, and that a further sum of $140,272 was expended for alterations in order to fit it for present uses, sufficiently accounts for its architectural characteristics. Externally, it is an ordinary business building; internally, it is more worthy of attention.

The exchange-room in size is 87 by 43 feet, with ceiling 38 feet high. The iron girders constituting part of its supports are the largest of their kind ever utilized in the city—the heaviest weighing twenty-two tons. The frieze in bass-relief running around the room, in panels eight feet high, depicting the progress of architecture from

the earlier to modern times, is modelled by hand in stucco from original designs, and would be more pleasing to the eye if not of uniform brownish hue. The drowsy past looks down upon a present intensely purposeful, passionate, and poetic—a present of dissonant auctioneers, careful sellers, and competitive purchasers, and a present sufficiently practical to be well pleased with the efficient manner in which steam heat is radiated throughout the auction-room and offices.

How to make the most of opportunity is a problem studied under this roof, and finding solution in one direction by the rental of offices, upstairs and down, at $2500 a year, and by the lease of the main hall for two hours every afternoon, to the Building Material Exchange, for the sum of $30,000 per annum. Nor are these the only sources of revenue. That of annual members yielded $2840, and of the auction-room $16,766, in 1887. Dividends on the entire investment of $580,560 are not adipose; but still one and a half per cent. in 1885, two per cent. in 1886, followed by three per cent. in 1887, encourage hope in the future. Stockholders number five hundred, and annual members seventy-three. Many bear Anglo-Saxon names, but the majority carry patronymics that identify them with every other Aryan stock in Europe. Jules E. Brugière jostles John W. O'Shaughnessy; De Walltearss, Morgenthau, and Da Cunha fraternize with Smiths and Stuyvesants. Name is nothing, but respectability everything, to membership in "The Real Estate Exchange and Auction-Room (Limited)." Candidates are nominated in writing by two members of the corporation, confidentially canvassed by the Committee on Admissions, voted on by the Board of Directors, and if elected must each become possessor of ten shares of the capital stock. Annual members pay the sum of sixty dollars, or, if non-resident, twenty-five dollars, and are entitled to full access to the exchange and auction-room, and use of the records, and other corporate information.

Some of the more prominent citizens of New York are among the influential members. John Jacob and William Astor, Samuel D. Babcock (ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce), Henry R. Beekman (corporation counsel), David G. Croly, the journalist, ex-Mayor William R. Grace, Robert B. Roosevelt, Minister of the United States to Holland, John D. Crimmins, ex-Park Commissioner, and sundry scions of the ancient Knickerbocker families, have made themselves famous by the frequency and magnitude of their real estate transactions. The shareholders alone control capital invested in lands and buildings in New York city estimated at upward of eight hundred millions of dollars.

E. A. Cruikshank, the president, is the head of the real estate firm of E. A. Cruikshank and Co., founded by his grandfather in 1794, and which has been conspicuously identified with the sale of



E. A. CRUIKSHANK.

some of the largest and the management of some of the most valuable estates in and about New York. This official, two vice-presidents, a treasurer, secretary, and thirteen directors administer the polity of the institution, in substantially the same style as that common to all such functionaries. Benjamin Hardwick, Argus-eyed, almost ubiquitous in business hours, and cyclopædically ready of response to any requisition of member or shareholder, is the manager. A citizen of the United States, though born and educated in England, he brought to his work the fruits of a thoroughly legal and literary training, supplemented by the experience of an active life. His chosen specialty has been the data and progress of real estate transactions in



BENJAMIN HARDWICK.

New York city. Appointed real estate editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* in 1881, in close association with brokers and auctioneers, he distinguished himself by practical talent, kept the minutes and attended to the correspondence of the Real Estate Exchange when incorporated, and was unanimously installed in his present office when it went into operation.

The employment of women in the office is an experiment amply justified by its results. No distinction, either in responsibility or labor, is made in their favor. The pay-roll of the establishment is not a revelation of extravagance. The manager's office is debited with a cost of only $4000; the Bureau of Information, Ownerships, and Assessments, of $2500; the exchange-room, $1000; and the lower employés, $3400.

Each of the directors must hold at least ten shares, and be elected by ballot of stockholders. While fixing the salaries of employés, they receive no *honorarium* themselves. Standing committees on Finance, Exchange and Auction-room, Membership, Brokers' Meetings, Complaints, and Arbitration attend to matters confided to their care. That on Complaints takes cognizance of alleged violation of rules, and of proceedings inconsistent with just and equitable principles. In dealings valued at over four hundred millions, since the opening of the Exchange, it is said not a single complaint of impropriety against broker or auctioneer has been lodged with the committee.

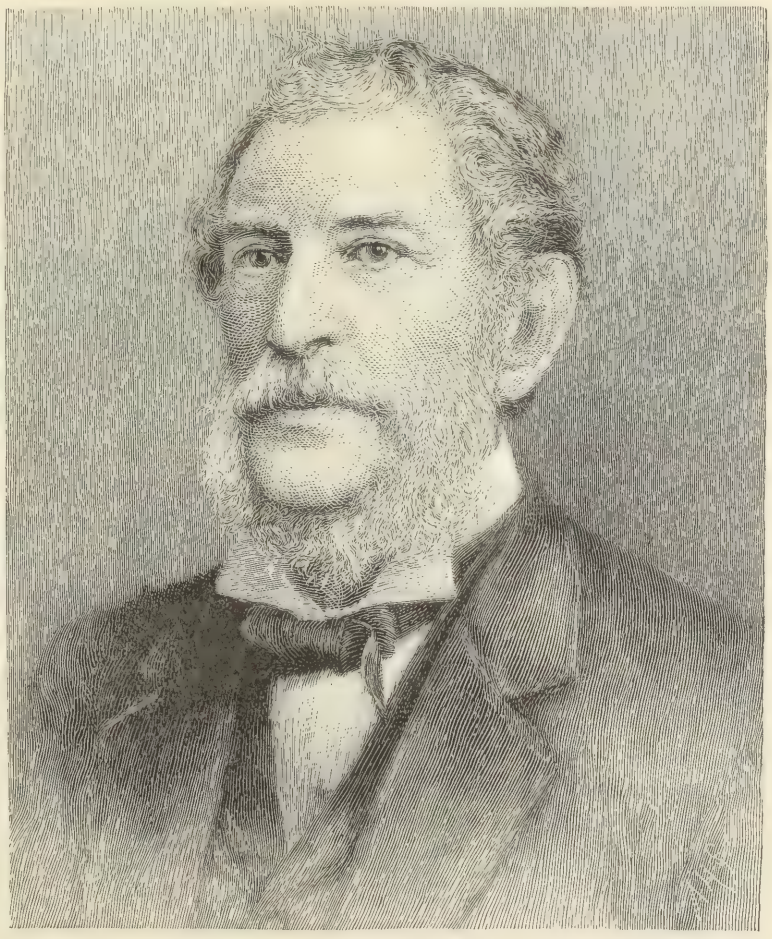
The object of the Exchange is to facilitate the sale and transfer of real estate, more particularly in the city of New York, but also generally throughout the United States. Lands, houses, stores, hotels, halls, theatres, etc., are intended to pass through its instrumentality from the seisin of sellers to that of buyers.

One of the most important committees appointed by the Board of Directors is the general one, consisting of sixty members of the Exchange, on legislation of the State and city governments. Nine standing sub-committees—on Executive, City Improvements, City Finances, Taxation and Assessment, Building and Mechanics' Lien Laws, Pending Legislation, Drafting and Amending Laws, Federal Relations, and Land Transfer Reform—keep the main body apprised of their movements. Nor has this Legislative Committee been unmindful of its duties. A large number of bills and other matters affecting real estate interests have been carefully and conservatively studied by it. "The County Clerk's Searchers' Bill, which brought order out of chaos in the County Clerk's office, and which materially reduced the time and expense of searches in that office, was the result of the labors of this committee."

Less than three centuries of Western civilization have sufficed to convert the savage wilderness of Manhattan into the magnificent metropolis of the New World. Hendrick Hudson deemed the island and its environments to be a "good land to fall in with, and a pleasant one to see." Peter Minuit, Director-General of Nieuw Nederland, held the same opinion when, in May, 1626, he bought the whole insular territory for sixty Dutch guilders, or thirty-two dollars, from the aboriginal owners.

On the 3d of April, 1807, the Legislature passed an act appointing Gouverneur Morris, Simeon De Witt, and John Rutherford Commissioners of Streets and Roads in the city of New York. These gentlemen encountered strange and unexpected obstacles in the execution of their task. Farming and mechanic proprietors violently objected to the construction of streets without regard to their wishes or interests. Surveyors, like vagrants, were driven off their property. To this day Henry Brevoort's obstinacy has prevented the opening of Eleventh Street between Fourth Avenue and Broadway. The Commissioners decided on a system of parallel streets across the island, and commenced to number them from Houston Street, where their special labors began. Avenues, a hundred feet wide, and running from south to north, intersected them at right angles. Provision was made for an immense population, but even they did not conjecture that "the grounds north of Harlem Flats would be covered with houses for centuries to come. Years after this, De Witt Clinton was hissed for predicting that the city would stretch continuously to the shores of Harlem River within the next century." In less than half a century Irish potato famines, German revolutions, and the Aryan instinct of emigration had nearly fulfilled his prophecy. In 1815 a legislative act appropriated Union Square, which had been utilized as a Potter's Field, to public purposes; but not until 1845 did the elegant domiciles spring up around its enlarged margin that made it for some years the most fashionable section of the municipality. Since then commercial depressions and financial disasters have occasionally checked civic growth. But recovery has been quickly followed by speculative enterprise and rapid rise in prices. In 1856 and following years the fifteen million dollars judiciously invested in Central Park, with its area of 862 acres, and forty miles of carriage roads, equestrian paths, and foot-walks, occasioned an increase of far greater value in the lands contiguous to it.

The vast and ever-augmenting volume of transactions in real estate gradually necessitated revolution in some of its methods. These were as characteristically different as the brokers. For many years the project of a real estate exchange was discussed. Public sales were effected by various auctioneers in a stuffy basement room, on the same level as the graves of Trinity church-yard, at 111 Broadway. Bogus sales were of not infrequent occurrence, nor could any buyer be certain that he had not been trapped by some volubly cunning vender. People of wealth and standing stood aloof because of the questionable proceedings. These disgraceful facts induced Edward H. Ludlow, together with H. H. Cammann and other gentlemen, in October, 1883, to decide that there must be some system whereby real estate affairs should be managed with the respectability and safety proper to all legitimate transactions. The outgrowth of their consultations is the



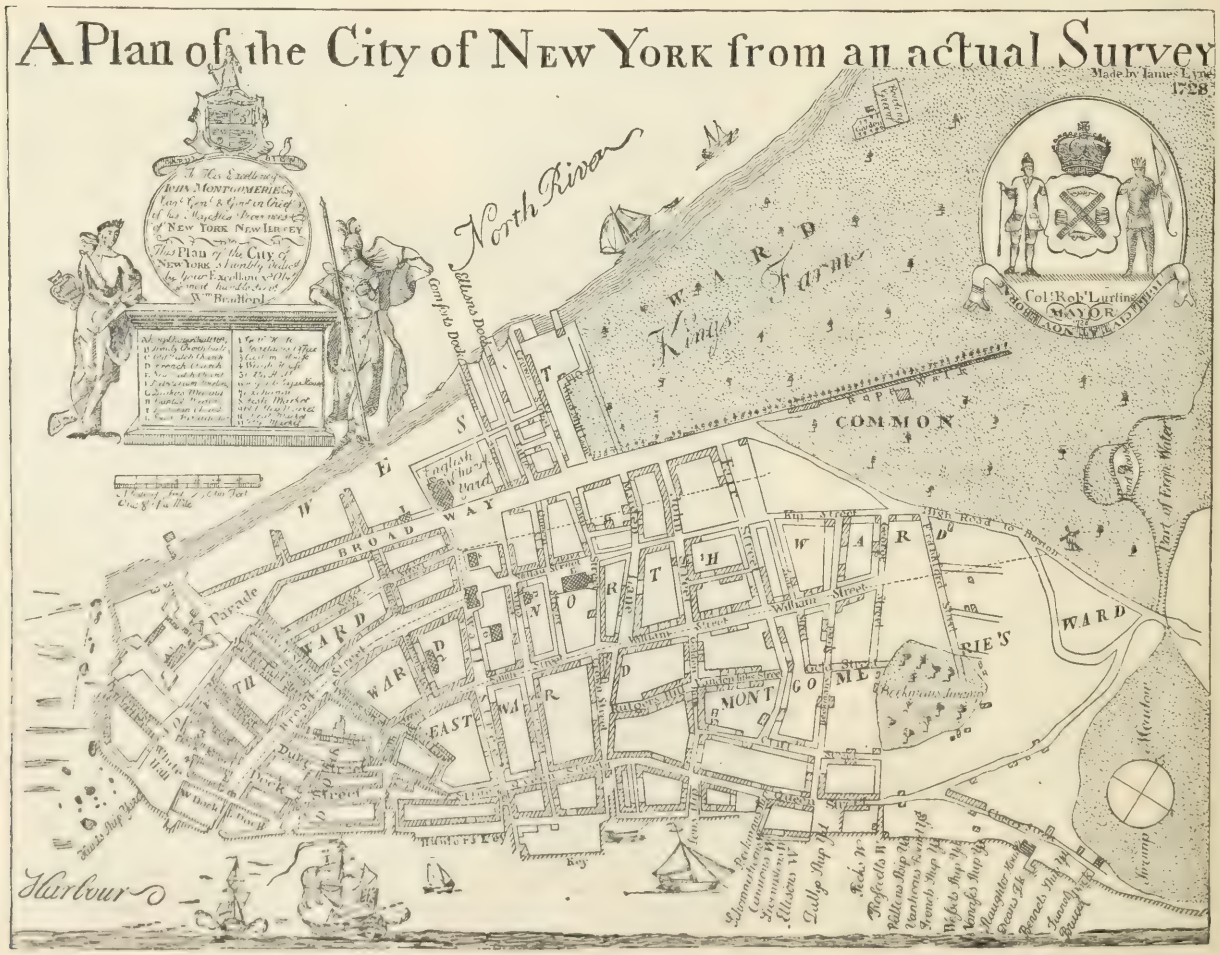
E. H. LUDLOW.

Real Estate Exchange, with its comparative uniformity of methods, consolidation of interests, command of public confidence, and diffusive beneficence.

On the 14th of April, 1885, the ceremonious opening of the new quarters was attended by a wealthy and influential crowd of interested members and guests, who marched in procession from the old Exchange sales-room at 111 Broadway. The programme of that memorable day closed with the reading by Morris Wilkins of an order from the Justices of the Supreme, Superior, and Common Pleas courts of the city of New York, directing that from and after the 16th of the same month all sales of land in said city, under decrees, orders, or judgments of the several courts, shall be made at the rooms of the Real Estate Exchange.

The business methods of the Exchange have been dictated by experience, and the need of most effectively grappling with the exigencies of the present. Its rooms are open to members only from 10 to 11.30 A.M., and from the close of the auction sales until 4 P.M. During the time appropriated to auction sales the general public, with the exception of vagrants, peddlers, and disorderly persons, is freely admitted, and any may bid or buy who can. The Building Material Exchange meets in the back part of the auction-room from two to four o'clock every afternoon. Its members number over three hundred.

The Real Estate Exchange keeps books in which all property within and much of that without the city limits, and offered for sale, is registered. A fee of $5 is paid for each separate piece or parcel of adjacent lots registered under one entry. All property is registered in the name of a member, with consent of owner, and if sold by a non-registered member, brings half the commission to the one in whose name it is registered. The Exchange also furnishes for sale approved forms of contracts. Commodious reading and writing rooms are projects to be realized in the near future. The literature in which members are professionally most interested is always accessible in the shape of books, maps, etc., particularly relating to real estate matters. One formidable atlas of New York city, as formerly con-



MAP OF NEW YORK, 1728.



H. H. CAMMANN.

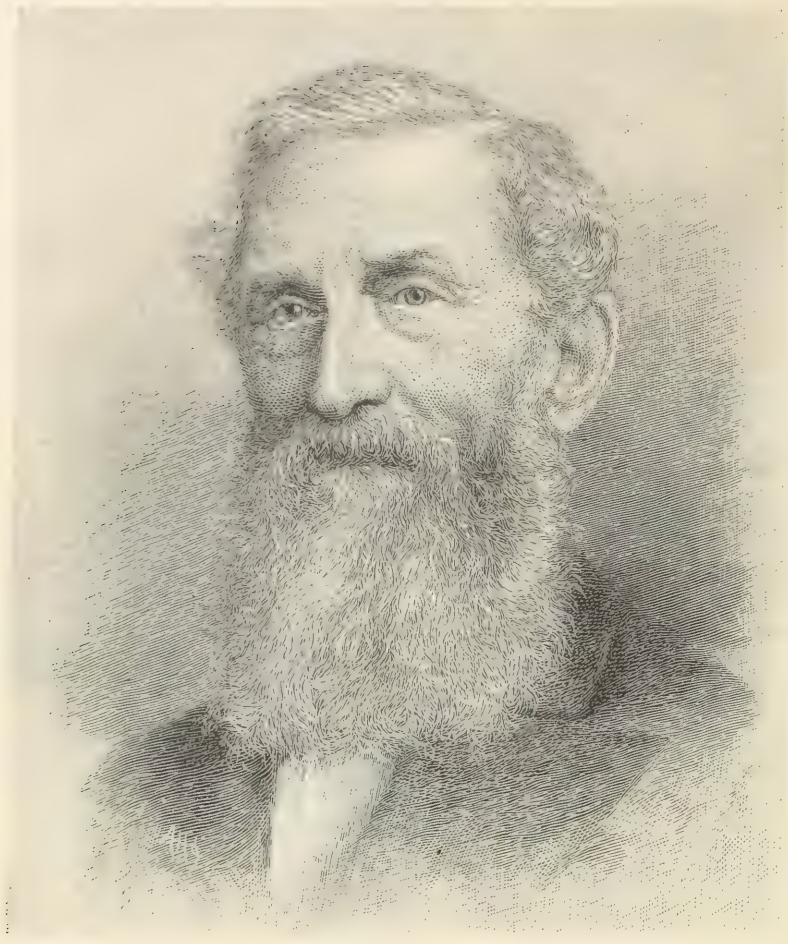
stituted, is in four large volumes. Wards Twenty-three and Twenty-four, included within corporate boundaries by State enactment in 1873, will be covered by two additional volumes, of which that on the Twenty-third Ward is published, while that on the Twenty-fourth is in advanced preparation. All the maps are from official records, private plans, and actual surveys, compiled under the superintendence of leading civil and topographical engineers. On each block in the several wards, and on each lot of every block, as represented by these maps, the Real Estate Exchange stamps its own number. Its books are ruled to correspond, and show the number, owner, date of sale, price paid, year, and page of public record on which belonging documents are inscribed, of every piece of property sold since the year 1868. Strips of paper, each showing the kind of building, if any, on each lot, and recording changes of ownership, with essential facts of successive transfers, are preserved by the curator, and constitute at once a check upon the map system and also a complete history of each lot.

Twenty-six hundred and fifty blocks, not including those of the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth wards, are embraced by the city lines. The blocks are irregular in shape and size, and contain from fifty to one hundred lots each, with the exception of the city blocks, which normally include sixty-four lots each. The *Real Estate Record and Guide* of March, 1887, gives the number of vacant lots, 25 by 100 feet, between Fifty-ninth and One-hundred-and-fifty-fifth streets, at 30,990.

In this office information is sought and found by intending sellers or purchasers on the point whether a certain vacant lot or lots are "ripe for building on"; in other words, what is their elevation above high-water mark, whether the streets have been regularly opened, graded, curbed and flagged, sewered and paved, and whether the assessments for these improvements have been confirmed. If so, the seller must pay them; if not, then the buyer assumes the obligation to do it when they are confirmed. The value of such knowledge, also that of the exact stage in which improvements stand, is apparent in view of the fact that streets are sometimes cut through a depth of twenty or thirty feet of hard rock, in which case the assessments on each lot may aggregate from $1000 to $1200.

Brokers find the records of the Real Estate Exchange of invaluable service to them. During the three months ending November 30, 1885, 1280 applications for information in regard to ownership, etc., of property were made; in the corresponding three months of 1886 the number rose to 7000, and in those of 1887 would have reached higher figures but for adopted limitations to the privilege. The records of assessments and of all work in process of construction for which assessments will be laid are sufficiently advanced to furnish full particulars on these matters.

The Bureau of Legislative Information, established under the auspices of the Committee on Legislation, supplies the most accurate tidings of what is passing in the



ADRIAN H. MULLER.

State Legislature that may affect the value of real estate. "Not only are all the printed bills, reports, and documents of the Legislature to be found on file in the office, but the Exchange also receives daily from its agent in Albany a complete record of all bills introduced, reported from committees, or acted upon, and elaborate index-books are kept in the Exchange where such information is at once entered, so that it is possible for any member, by referring thereto to tell the exact position on the previous afternoon of any bill pending before the Legislature." Formerly it was wellnigh impossible to obtain such information, except in the case of very important public bills, without a personal visit to Albany and much laborious search through the records of the law-making body.

All the twenty-two desks for auctioneers are yearly rented at $150 each, leaving the less fortunate fifteen of the fraternity without such facilities. How valuable they are may be inferred from the fact that the primary sale of first choice brought only $5, while the last netted $1600. Licensed auctioneers being members of the Exchange are the only ones allowed to compete. The president's stand is the one reserved for sales by auctioneers not renting such coigns of vantage. Lessees, however, may rent out theirs for the day, or the Auction-room Committee may designate one not in use for temporary purposes. Bills for knock-down fees are presented for payment to auctioneers every month. These fees are $3 where the value is less than $5000; $5 if between $5000 and $100,000; and $25 if above the last amount. Auctioneers not renting stands pay fifty per cent. in addition. On legal sales of real estate by order of the court the fee is $2; of assets, $2. Fees on property offered at upset prices are the same as in case of sale. Commissions to auctioneers on sales of real estate are one-quarter of one per cent. for New York or Brooklyn, and one-half of one per cent. on country property. These, together with the expense of maps, advertising, etc., are paid by the seller. The purchaser also bleeds to the extent of $15 for the auctioneer's fee, plus the sales-room fee exacted by the auctioneer, except on sales yielding less than $1000 and over $500, when he is mercifully released on production of $10 for each lot. On property selling for $500 and under, the fee is not less than $5 per lot. In legal sales $15 for auction fee and $2 for sales-room fee are paid by the buyer. The remuneration of one coriaceous-throated elocutionist may thus run up into several thousands per diem. On sales of stocks or bonds the commission is one-quarter of one per cent. on the value, except for members of the New York Stock and Real Estate Exchanges, for whom it is one-eighth of one per cent. on the par value, to be paid with expenses of sale by the seller. Special agreements may be made when personal property sold is of merely nominal value. Renting auctioneers are required to furnish, every Saturday, a list of all property arranged to be sold during the com-

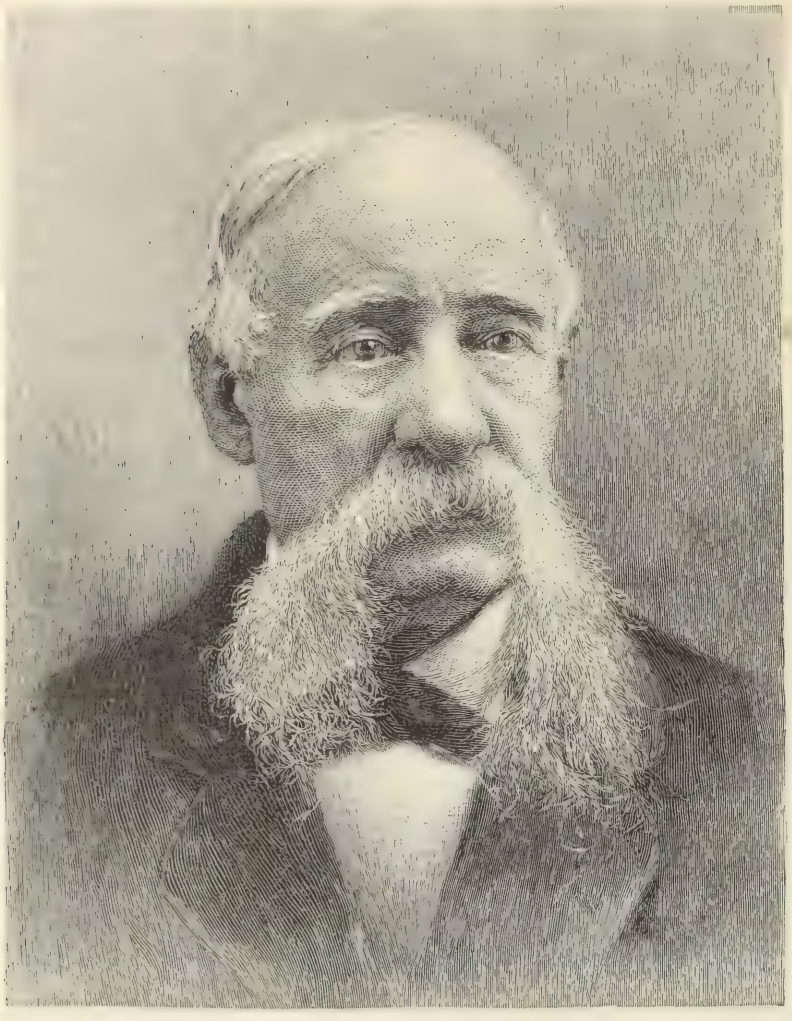
ing week. On private sales, save where special contracts in writing have been previously made, the commission for selling New York or Brooklyn estate is one per cent.; leaseholds, two per cent.; real estate in the suburbs of either city, and country property, two and a half per cent.; Western and Southern lands, five per cent.; leases and leaseholds in the suburbs of New York, five per cent. In exchanges of property a full commission is exacted from each side. No sales can be regularly made for a commission of less than $25. Sales not consummated by reason of imperfection in title to property do not invalidate claims for commissions. Brokerage is earned when time and terms are settled between buyer and seller, and is payable when the contract is signed. For the management and letting of property two and a half per cent. is chargeable on first year's rental for a term of one to three years; leasing for three years and upward, on gross rental, one per cent.; leasing country property, one year to five, five per cent. on first year's rental; renting and collecting, five per cent. Special agreements, however, may modify these terms.

Appraising real estate in New York or Brooklyn entitles to a fee of from $10 to one-quarter of one per cent. upon valuation; suburban property, one-half of one per cent., or according to agreement. Legal commissions may not be divided or lessened without liability to discipline; but members of the Exchange may make special agreements between themselves.



AUCTION SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

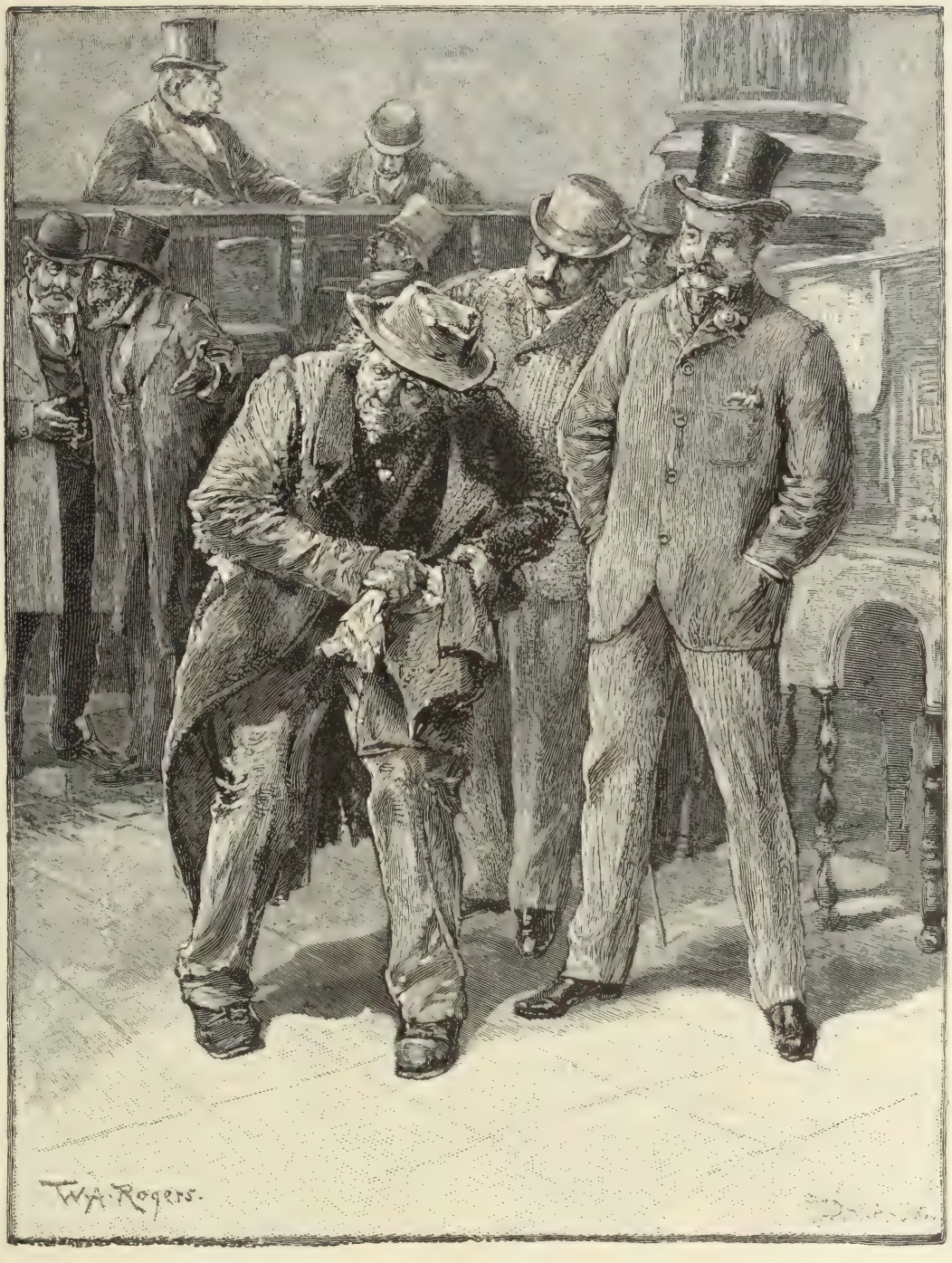
Prominent, because of their long connection with the business, among the Ludlows, Mullers, Morgans, Johnsons, Harnetts, etc., of the New York auctioneers, are the Bleeckers. Anthony L., of Dutch ancestry, began business in New York in 1763. The Revolution only added to it. On June 16, 1794, at 12 M. precisely, he and his sons sold "four quarter casks of choice sherry wine, six do. London particular Teneriffe," at the Coffee-House in Wall Street, and followed up the sale on the day ensuing by that of "a large assortment of seasonable dry-goods" recently imported. In 1799, commissioned by Governor John Jay, he had the urban



ANTHONY J. BLEECKER.

trade entirely to himself. Competition springing up in the days of his son, James Bleecker, the latter turned his attention almost wholly to real estate. Stephen Stedman's property, near the ferry at Corlaer's Hook, passed under his hands, and in the succeeding year (1834) he auctioned at peremptory sale no less than 205 lots of ground on Sixth Avenue, from Twenty-fifth to Twenty-ninth Street, at from $1200 to $2500 per lot. But it was reserved for his son, the famous Anthony J. Bleecker, "a fellow of infinite jest," to attain the professional zenith. If anything could console a disconsolate bankrupt, it was the graceful and sympathetic humor with which the jolly auctioneer would sell him out. Mr. Bleecker's popularity was unbounded. In one month of 1842 his sales amounted to six million dollars. In 1855, while selling lots on Eighth Avenue, between One-hundredth and One-hundred-and-first streets, the genial orator knocked down four of them, at $100 each, to John W. Mitchell. "Gentlemen, this is not my bid!" exclaimed the astounded knock-downee. "Pay ten per cent., and give bond and mortgage for the rest," suggested Bleecker. Mitchell consented. Since then his heirs have held the four lots at $100,000. Mr. Bleecker sold two lots on the south side of Fifty-ninth Street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, for $750 each. His largest sale—the most extensive of vacant and unimproved valuable property ever made in New York—was, in 1868, of the Sarah Tallman estate, consisting of two blocks between Sixth and Seventh avenues, and extending from Fifty-seventh to Fifty-ninth Street, fronting the Central Park. Lot No. 1, at the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, was sold for $36,000 to Charles E. Appleby, said to be the largest private owner of dock property on the North River front of the city. Two thousand people were present. Stripped, of Dutch courage through force of Hollands, enthusiastic, and at his best, the man who helped many to the magnitude of millionnaires without becoming one himself gladly witnessed the proceeds foot up at more than one and a half million dollars. Ancestral unwisdom had suffered Bleecker Street and thirty-six acres to slip through the family fingers in the early part of the century. But he possessed what is of infinitely more value, namely, energy, health, character, social position, and the warmest friendship of the most eminent men of his day. An inimitable *raconteur*, whose stories convulsed Abraham Lincoln with laughter, a unique Shakespearian scholar, and an official of Trinity Corporation, quick in repartee, intoxicating in humor, and applaudingly admired by trusting contemporaries, he easily held the rank of Nestor among his own fraternity.

Foreclosure and partition sales must by law commence at noon. Private sales



THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

by custom are fixed at the same hour. Fictitious sales are, for the most part, found to be injurious to buyers and owners alike: to owners, because they increase the assessment of value, and check private sales by inducing holders to believe that the figures of reported sales speak truly, and to ask higher prices; to capitalists, by closing the avenues for paying investment, or by deluding them into the persuasion that real estate is worth more than it is. Parties are not infrequently employed by owners to bid in property, in order that they may determine its value by the highest price offered. Legal sales are published in the *Register*, from which excerpts are taken and posted in the sales-book. Type-written lists of both auction and legal sales for the following week are posted at the end of the week on the bulletins. The knock-down book records the price, buyer, and all particulars of every sale in the Auction-room.

Brokers' meetings at the Real Estate Exchange promote better mutual acquaintance, consultation on common interests, and the convenience of parties who wish to raise loans on properties, offer proper-

ty for sale, or inquire for what they specifically need. Every day any one who has property for private sale, auction, or rent, or who wishes to buy or rent, inscribes his name and address, the kind, description, and price of property desired or offered, upon blank forms provided for that purpose, which forms are accessible to all legitimate comers, and in due time their contents are transferred to the columns of "Offerings" and "Wants" in the *Real Estate Record and Builders' Guide*, and in the *Real Estate Bulletin*.

Auction sales of bonds, stocks, etc., by orders of executors, administrators, and referees, every Wednesday at noon, and at special times whenever required, call together representatives of banks, railroads, insurance companies, manufacturing corporations, etc., who are thoroughly acquainted with the values in which they are interested, eager but restrained, alert, and prompt to depart when their object is attained.

Brokers, with few exceptions, are courteous. Some buy and sell for customers; others speculatively buy and sell on private account; others take the charge of real estate, secure responsible tenants, collect rents, effect repairs, pay taxes and assessments, keep property up to the highest standard of productive efficiency, obtain insurance on dwellings, stores, fixtures, and stock; mayhap, in addition, are talented and accomplished auctioneers; others make a specialty of the alteration of old buildings for office purposes, have plans prepared, procure estimates, let contracts, and negotiate leases; and still others unite all these functions in their own persons.

People attending auction sales in order to buy sites for homes are diverse as the metals entering into the composition of Corinthian brass. Among the two thousand, more or less, on hand at the executor's sale of the estate of Thomas Hunt, deceased, in the eighth ward of the city of Brooklyn, on Thursday October 27, 1887, were Americans, British, Germans, Italians, Scandinavians serving on pleasure yachts, florid and blowzy women, mothers with children in arms (one of these bought three lots at $1200 apiece), washer-women whose dollars had accumulated one by one, fashionably attired ladies on the watch for investments, artisans and clerks who preferred real estate to savings-banks, and common speculators.

Strange scenes are occasionally enacted at the Exchange. Less than twelve months ago a large house in Mulberry Street was sold at auction to the man who bid more than $24,000 for it. He was a dingy, dwarfish specimen of Italian immigration, who began his mercantile course as the proprietor of a pea-nut stand in the classic region of Park Street. How his treasures were amassed is best known to himself, but that they had been raked together was apparent to the officials, and to the unwashed swarm of polylingual fellow-citizens, who applauded wildly as he coolly drew out a dirty red pocket-handkerchief, and began to count out from it the purchase-money, which he supposed must be paid on the spot.

The total assessed valuation of real estate in the city of New York in 1886 was $1,203,941,065; in 1887, of 161,334 plots of real estate, $1,254,491,849—showing an increase in one year of $50,550,784. But as the assessed is less than two-thirds of the market value, the whole is not worth less than two billion dollars. Real and personal property within the municipality has grown throughout the past decade more than $40,000,000 per annum. The books in the office of the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments state the amount of taxes paid by every real estate holder at the rate of $\$2\frac{16}{100}$ on every hundred of the assessed valuation. But these figures do not constitute a trustworthy standard in the determination of market values, for the asserted reason that some assessments in down-town wards are of more than market value; in other wards, of only one-third, others one-half, and still others two-thirds. Vacant lots are assessed at from 29 to 36 per cent., improved property from 56 to 70 per cent., of real value. Inequitable as the assessments are, it is yet true, as affirmed by ex-Mayor William R. Grace, that "upon no species of property can taxes be levied with more equality as to value, nor with better chances of speedy and equitable collection, than upon real property." "The valuation placed upon personal estate from all sources is not more than nineteen per cent. of the valuation placed upon real property, and taxes from this source are most difficult of collection. Of the annual city budget, which generally amounts to from thirty-one to thirty-four millions of dollars, the taxation imposed upon real estate supplies more than four-fifths."

On the 3d of October, 1887, Receiver of

Taxes George W. McLean received from the Consolidated Gas Company, $223,310; estate of W. H. Vanderbilt, $171,124; New York Central Railroad, $343,613; Mutual Life-insurance Company, $52,984; Standard Oil Company, $28,709; estate of Robert Goelet, $107,396; John Jacob Astor, $235,040; William Astor, $170,000. Real estate owned by the city rarely comes into market, nor is it available to any great extent for the reduction of taxation. In 1871 A. J. Bleecker, A. H. Muller, and Cortlandt Palmer were appointed by the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to appraise all the real property belonging to the city and county of New York. This they did, including parks, public buildings, station and engine houses, wharves, docks, markets, etc., and estimated the value of the whole at $244,000,000, basing the estimate on the number of lots, 25 by 100 feet, into which it might be divided. Central Park, together with Manhattan Square, on which is the Seventh Regiment Armory, was appraised at $73,275,000; Madison Square at $2,253,000; Union Square, $2,290,000; Washington Square, $2,230,000; and Reservoir Square at $1,342,000. In 1887 the Commissioners of Taxes and Assessments estimated the value of the city property in New York exempt from taxation at $190,841,130; that of the United States at $16,550,000; of the churches at $42,230,300; and of schools, charities, etc., at $34,231,620—a grand total of $283,853,050.

Large and wealthy corporations are quite as conservative as the civic government in respect to their landed possessions. That of Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church is at once the richest and most conspicuous, and is only an occasional seller. Popular opinion holds its real estate to be worth $100,000,000. General John A. Dix, when comptroller, said it was worth less than half that sum. Credible authority of the best character puts it at $16,000,000. Income from rentals, etc., is constantly augmenting, and is far more than enough to defray the expenses—about $100,000—of the extensive parish with its seven churches, and to admit of generous denominational benefactions.

Columbia College, said by Dr. Sears to be the richest educational institution in America, enjoys the inherited estate originally bestowed upon it by the corporation of Trinity Church, and now consisting of the blocks bounded by Murray, Church, Barclay, and Greenwich Streets. Not until the close of its first century, and after the change of site in 1857 to the block surrounded by Fourth and Madison Avenues, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Streets, was Park Place cut through its old grounds. In 1814 it received a State donation of what had been Dr. Hosack's Botanical Garden, of about twenty acres, lying to the southwest of the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Fifth Avenue. The gift was not of enormous value. An offer of the property for $18,000 found no one willing to take it in 1825. Twenty-five years later it was valued at $150,000. In 1855 the trustees paid $132,000 for the present location of the college. Now, in the one hundred and thirty-fourth year of its beneficent existence, with the organization of a leading university, the vigorously venerable establishment finds its estimated revenue of $344,000 from rentals, supplemented by students' fees, altogether too small for its needs. Twenty-five years have passed since its growing income justified the endeavors of the trustees to increase its usefulness by enlarging the scope of educational operations. In 1858 the School of Law, whose reputation exceeds the limits of the republic, and whose success is hitherto without precedent, was instituted. This was followed in 1864 by the School of Mines, which soon expanded beyond its design into a School of Applied Science, embracing instruction in mining and civil engineering, metallurgy, analytical and applied chemistry, practical geology, and architecture. Next, in 1880, came the School of Political Science, intended to train young men in the knowledge of constitutional, administrative, and international law, and to fit them for the duties of public life. Simultaneously it was resolved to open the department for the advanced instruction of its own and other graduates. Columbia has thus entered upon a field of almost limitless extent, which cannot be satisfactorily cultivated by the aid of present unequal resources. Financial deficiency loudly calls for the liberality of public-spirited citizens in New York and elsewhere.

The Society of the New York Hospital is another large owner of real estate in the city. Incorporated in 1771, the twenty-six Governors purchased five acres of ground, bounded by Broadway, Church, Duane, and Worth streets, in 1773, opened

the hospital for patients in 1791, and conducted it until 1869, when it was torn down, and its successor built upon Nos. 7 to 21 West Sixteenth Street. In 1811 a branch of the hospital, known as the Bloomingdale Asylum for the Insane, was established on property extending from One-hundred-and-twelfth to One-hundred-and-twentieth Street, and from the Tenth Avenue to the old Bloomingdale Road. The value of the entire property, urban and rural, owned by the society, is immense, will rapidly increase, and ought to go far in mitigating the miseries of the poor and unfortunate, especially as it is exempt from taxation.

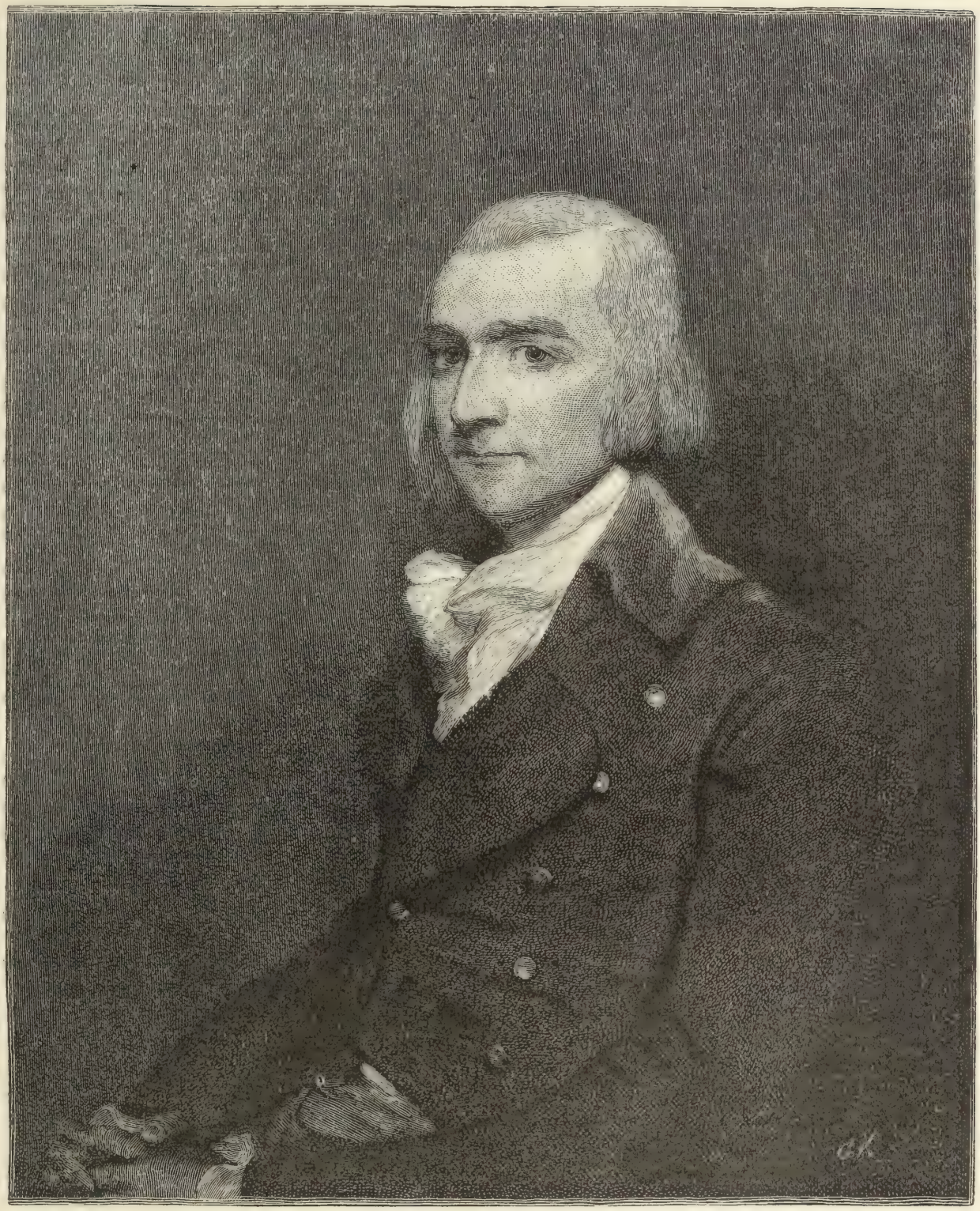
The property of the Collegiate Reformed Church, on Broadway, Maiden Lane, John, William, and Fulton streets, Lafayette Place, and elsewhere, consists of about forty city lots, more or less, and probably yields an income of not less than $150,000 a year.

The "Sailor's Snug Harbor in the city of New York," agreeably to the last legal report of the Comptroller, had in 1887 an income from real and personal property estimated at $325,092. This is a rich annual harvest from the twenty-one-acre farm of Robert Richard Randall bequeathed to it in 1801, and now covered with buildings extending from Fourth to Fifth Avenue, and from Waverly Place to East Tenth Street. The colossal dry-goods store known as A. T. Stewart's stands upon it. On Staten Island, where the Snug Harbor really is, and occupies a valuable estate of 157 acres, 844 men, each of whom had sailed under the American flag for five years or more, found shelter, ease, plenty, and variety in the spring of 1887. All its metropolitan property is leased for twenty-one years, renewals at five per cent. per annum being based on valuation of the land at the time when each renewal is made. All taxes and assessments are paid by lessees.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart, owned by the Roman Catholic Church, is the proprietor of an area extending from One-hundred-and-thirtieth to One-hundred-and-thirty-seventh Street, between Convent, Cliff, and Hamlin avenues, and escapes taxation because professedly devoted to scholastic uses.

The Spingler estate now practically covers the four blocks bounded by Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets, Sixth Avenue on the west, University Place and Union Square on the east. The edifices of Tiffany, Brentano, and the Manhattan Club stand upon it. All is leased for twenty-one years, with the understanding that if the lease be not renewed the building shall be bought by the estate at a proper appraisement of its value.

New York is not famous for any large number of ancient and opulent families, but does boast of one whose aggregate wealth is computed by some at four hundred million dollars. Whether this be an erroneous guess, and whether the several members of the family do own over six thousand houses in the city, is best known to the Astors, who may properly maintain that it is their personal affair. The commonwealth, notwithstanding, is interested in the fact, published in the *Real Estate Record* of December, 1876, that John Jacob Astor, in partition of the ancestral domain, deeded to William Astor 346 lots of more or less valuable business property on Bowery, Broadway, etc.; that William Astor deeded to John Jacob lots equal in value, but different in number, in various parts of the city; that John Jacob Astor and others, executors and trustees under the will of William B. Astor, deeded to William Astor and others as trustees for the benefit of John Jacob Astor during his life 239 lots, more or less, in various parts of the city; and that they also deeded to John Jacob Astor and others for the benefit of William Astor, during his life, property of equal value, but numerically differing in respect of lots. The Astor family, eminent for riches and Christian benefactions, is "comfortably fixed." So are the Goelets, Rhinelanders, Stuyvesants, Rutherfurds, Lorillards, etc. On the partition of the Goelet estate, March 19, 1881, 259 houses and lots, largely on Broadway and Madison Avenue, fell to Robert and Ogden Goelet; 96 lots to Jean B. Goelet and Mrs. Gerry; 18 lots, including that whereon the Windsor Hotel rests, to Mrs. Gerry; 350 lots to Jean B. Goelet—all in the more valuable portions of the city. But these do not exhaust the list of possessions. Other lots, some held in trust, and others acquired since the partition, are contained within it. In the partition of the Rhinelander estate—March 4, 1882—which consisted largely of vacant lots, 220 lots, on which was much lucrative business property—fell to one feminine devisee. Seventeen other male and fe-



THE ORIGINAL JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

male beneficiaries also profited richly by the distribution. William Rhinelander, proprietor of the farm extending from Eighty-sixth to Ninety-third Street, and from Third Avenue to the East River, and also of property down-town, enjoined his heirs not to sell the farm, inasmuch as it was first-rate market-garden property, and near to a growing city. The unearned increment of that estate is now of vastly greater pecuniary value than that of all the vegetables it ever yielded. Thrifty German gardeners, true to Teutonic instinct, have in not a few instances acquired the fee-simple of the soil they tilled. The immense Stuyvesant estate is principally intact, and is leased like that of the Astors.

Whether proprietors of real estate be scions of Dutch, German, French, Eng-

lish, or any other stock, their possessions, sooner or later, fall under the hammer. Those of Madame Jumel, feminine survival of Louis Quatorze grandeur, and whose proudest boast was, "I am the widow of Aaron Burr," brought over $350,000; those of V. K. Stevenson, in 1886, $1,666,775. The farms of Cripplebush, Rutgers, Brevoort, De Lancey, Warren, Bayard, Bleecker, Van Cortlandt, De Peyster, Herring, Minthorn, Samler, Hamilton, Taylor, and other historic personages have long since been coined into the allodial currency of the metropolis.

Lands in different States, lots in suburban and distant villages, the entire property of the Postal Telegraph Company, including 2000 miles of poles, 12,000 miles of wires, patents, franchises, etc., mines in the Rocky Mountains, hulls of steam-boats, yachts, rights, inventions, etc., of corporations, all are marketable commodities at the Real Estate Exchange. Next to financial panics, nothing more directly affects sales than labor strikes. In March, 1886, an energetic broker remarked: "I have just missed selling a parcel of $130,000, simply through the strike. The proposed buyer is a contractor, and he said: 'I dare not go into this operation in the face of these strikes. I don't know what I may have to pay for labor before I am through. I propose to hold back and let events develop themselves before I act.' Thus the strikes tend eventually to bring down the price of labor by diminishing the demand."

The Exchange is the medium through which a vast and rapidly augmenting business is transacted. In the year ending December 13, 1886, real estate amounting to $34,200,091, and stocks, bonds, and other securities aggregating $10,698,558 52, were sold there at auction. In 1887 real estate amounting to $41,571,175, and stocks, bonds, etc., worth $6,569,500, changed hands at the same place. The value of real estate disposed of at private sale exceeds that sold at auction.

The possibilities of usefulness to society inherent in land are dependent for development on the labors of individuals or of corporations. The greater the expenditure of labor, the higher is the estimate of value. This is the rule of civilization. Land has reached its highest price on this side the Atlantic in the lower wards of New York. When the Drexel Building, at the southeast corner of Wall and Broad streets, was erected, the price per square foot of the ground whereon it stands was the highest paid up to that time. When, in 1882, William H. Vanderbilt gave $40 per square foot for the lots on Fifth Avenue, Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets, on which the family mansions stand, that was the highest price ever paid for residential purposes. For store sites on Fifth Avenue, $65 per square foot were paid in March, 1886. D. O. Mills paid $85 per square foot for the area occupied by his magnificent building on Broad Street, the Astors $100 per square foot for Nos. 8 and 10 Broadway, and the Williamsburg Fire-Insurance Company $115 per square foot for the site of their equally impressive structure on the northeast corner of Liberty Street and Broadway. In the neighborhood of the old Jumel estate prices rose from 75 to 100 per cent. between 1882 and March, 1886. The ceaseless and costly industry of the commonwealth will undoubtedly raise prices to higher figures, and entail heavier taxes upon owners. These will continue to profit by the unearned increment of value; to sell, mortgage, donate, and bequeath as usual; and how this can or ought to be otherwise, under the ordinary operation of demand and supply, and of the natural desire of possessors to make the best possible use of their own property, is a question that the vast majority will not pause to consider.

Some affirm that not more than twenty-five per cent. of all the deeds recorded express the *bona fide* consideration paid by each buyer for his property. With an eye to future gains, he is wont to insert, or cause to be inserted, figures other than those which denote the real amount of cash transferred. Unprincipled dealers arrange matters so that deeds of property bought shall express purchase-money at higher sums than were actually paid, and cause them to be made out to "dummies," who are probably clerks in their own offices. The dummy then borrows money, as much as or more than what was paid upon the property, and secures the lender by bond and mortgage. This done, he transfers the property to the real buyer, who puts it on the market at still higher price, loudly asseverates that it is worth all he asks, and points to the amount of the mortgage in proof of his protestations. Lenders, he says, do not loan to the full

value of the security. This device is often successful.

The price nominally paid for real estate in New York is by no means a sure guide to its actual worth. This is contingent upon locality, improvements, and residential or commercial advantages. It depends greatly upon adventitious circumstances, which the intending purchaser should judiciously consider upon the spot. Unlike the securities manipulated at the Stock Exchange, or the merchandise handled by the Produce Exchange, it has no temporarily fixed or quotable value. In the judgment of dealers it is worth what the owner or broker can sell it for. Sunshine and shadow are factors of value. Property on the west side of the avenues and on the south side of cross streets is worth on the average about twenty-five per cent. more than similar property on the opposite side, because it is shaded in the afternoons, when women are wont to make their purchases. The northerly side of streets and the easterly side of avenues are for that reason and for lower rentals preferred for domiciles.

Variations in the value of New York and vicinity real estate are a somewhat astonishing series of phenomena. The erection of the elevated railroads in the first instance, and the reduction of fares from ten to five cents in the second, hoisted prices in the upper wards of the city. In 1834, $750 each for lots on Broadway and Fourteenth Street was scouted as a crazy demand. In the same year $1200 for a lot on Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street was a wildly speculative venture; but in 1835 such lots were sold at auction for $13,000; in 1836, for $28,000, and may now be worth $100,000. In 1836, Anthony J. Bleecker sold lots in Harlem for $1000 each. Ten years later the same lots sold for $9 each, over and above encumbrances, and ten years later still sold for $2500 each. In 1836 he sold sixty-one lots in Paterson for $42,000, and in 1842 resold them for $3000. Since then they have commanded upward of $150,000. In 1835 he sold lots on Forty-third and Forty-fourth streets for $400 each, resold them in 1836 for $900 each, and after the financial crash of 1837 sold them once more for $300 each. Just after the Central Park had been laid out, he sold lots on Fifth Avenue, near Sixtieth Street, for $700 apiece that are now held at $35,000. Perhaps the most lucrative trade in real estate reported to New-Yorkers is one made by the Astors some three or four years ago. Purchasing about 2000 lots on Morrisania and Railroad avenues and on streets in the lower part of the city for $440,000, John Jacob Astor subsequently sold about 400 of them for $500,000, leaving the Astor estate in possession of the best part of the whole purchase, worth over $2,000,000.

Due record of deeds is a matter of vast importance in transfers, even though a deed be "perfectly good without record against the grantor himself and his heirs," and although "a deed not recorded is just as good as if it had been recorded against any parties or the heirs of any parties who took the land from the grantor by a subsequent deed, even for a full price, if they had at the time notice or knowledge of the prior and unrecorded deed." Neglect of registration is a fruitful cause of expensive worry and litigation. Registered judgments, heirs unexpectedly turning up, mortgages whose satisfaction has not been recorded, rights of dower and courtesy, both of which conveyancers would gladly abolish in order to facilitate transfers, are difficulties in the way of undisputed title. Equity ultimately decides in courts of law who is entitled to possession; but due precaution in search and record would, in most instances, nullify the need of resort to it. All titles are cleared by sale under judicial decree.

Three corporations in the city of New York undertake search into the validity of titles, and guarantee for proportionate sums the accuracy of their conclusions. Each of these companies claims to have, or that it will have, sets of books containing the history of every lot in the city. Such facilities the Real Estate Exchange already possesses. The official method of indexing the records of private and public property is just now a *quæstio vexata* in real estate circles. In 1884 the Governor appointed a committee of five gentlemen, identified with real property affairs in New York, to consider the subject of reforming the method of indexing public records of conveyances, liens, and encumbrances of all kinds. After two years of agitation they presented a majority and also a minority report to the Legislature, and submitted a number of bills for consideration by that body. The difference between the two reports was

that the majority favored the lot system, while the minority advocated the block plan of indexing. Neither was adopted. At the same session a bill drawn by a committee of the State Bar Association, which provided for the recording, instead of indexing, of papers under a block system, was presented. It proposed that a book should be set apart for each block, in which book all documents affecting property in that block should be recorded. Mayor and Register were authorized to provide for the execution of the proposed statute, which subsequently became law. But Mayor and Register, it is said, have since come to the conclusion that nothing can be done until the law itself is amended. *Non possumus* seems to be a genuine excuse for attempting nothing.

The importance of change in the method of indexing to the dealers in real estate is very great, in view of the great saving of time and expense involved. As the law now stands, it is impossible to close the title to real estate within thirty days, unless the purchaser submit to extortionate charges. Expediters of searches are wont to exact considerably more than the usual charges for their services. Lawyers as well as clients feel the pressure, and seek the initiation of suitable reforms.

OUR JOURNEY TO THE HEBRIDES



BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

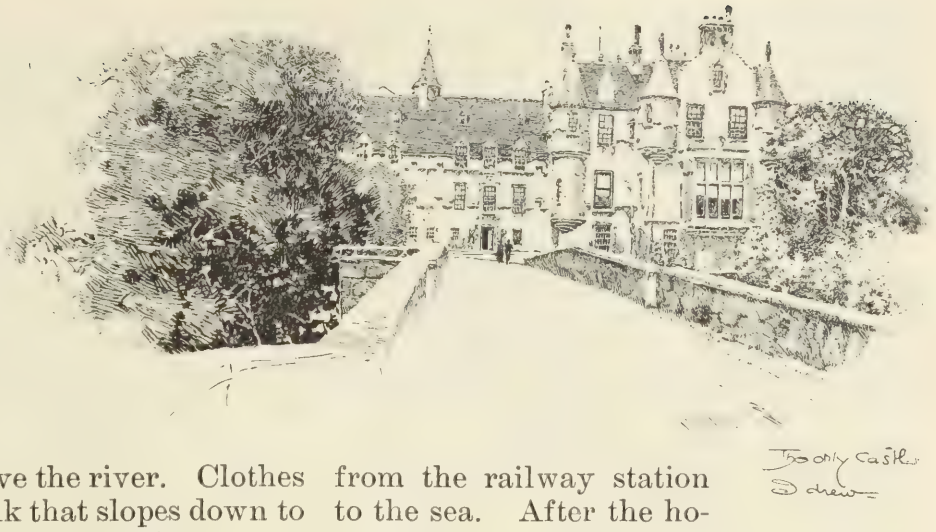
Third Paper.

ONE always hears of Highland scenery at its best; one usually sees it at its worst. We found the trip from Oban to Inverness up the Caledonian Canal as tedious as it is said to be charming.

There was little to break the monotony of the journey. Water and sky and shores were of uniform grayness. Now and then we passed the ruins of an old castle. At a place whose name I have forgotten the boat stopped, that everybody might walk a mile or more to see a water-fall. At Fort Augustus the boat was three-quarters of an hour getting through the locks, and in the mean time enterprising tourists climbed the tower of the new Benedictine monastery, which stands where was once the old fort.

The next morning after our arrival at Inverness we walked at a good pace out of the town, and on the broad, smooth road that leads to Culloden. The country was quiet and pastoral, and the way in places pleasant and shady. It was a striking contrast to the western wilderness from which we had just come.

But twenty miles lay between us and Nairn; like Dr. Johnson, we were going



Boony Castle
Drew

out of our way to see Culloden Moor and Cawdor Castle. While waiting for the train we saw Inverness. It is a pretty city, with a wide river flowing through it, many bridges (one with great stone archway), a new cathedral, and a battlemented, turreted castle high above the river. Clothes dry on the green bank that slopes down to the water's edge; women in white caps go and come through the streets.

When the train reached Nairn we dropped our knapsacks at the hotel, and set out for Cawdor, which is five miles from the town.

The day so far had been fine. Once we were on the road again the sun went behind the clouds, and mist fell over the country before us. A lady in a dog-cart warned us of rain and offered us a lift, which we refused heroically. There was nothing by the way but broad fields of grain, which seemed broader after the wretched little patches of Skye and Harris, and large farm-houses, larger by comparison with Hebridean hovels. When the roofs and gables of the castle came in sight, had we had our *Macbeth* at our fingers' ends I have no doubt we might have made an appropriate quotation. A long fence separated two fields; on each post sat a solemn rook, and hundreds more made black the near grass. J—— said it was right to find so many cawing things at the gate of Cawdor Castle.

I wish that we had found nothing worse. Just as we reached it the mist turned to heavy rain. This is the depressing side of sight-seeing in Scotland; you must take your holidays in waterproofs. We stood under the old gateway, and at the window of the porter's lodge. We walked about in the rain, and looked at the castle from every side. But as everybody who has travelled in Scotland has described Cawdor, there is no special reason why I should do it again.

We had scarcely left the castle a mile behind when the rain became mist again. At the third mile-stone we were once more in a dry world.

Nairn is long and narrow, stretching from the railway station to the sea. After the hotels and shops we came to the fishermen's quarter. The houses were mostly new; a few turned old gables and chimneys to the street. Old women in white caps with great baskets on their backs strode homeward in the twilight. Everywhere brown nets were spread out to dry. Boats lay along the sands. Beyond was the sea, and the smell of the fish was over it all.

The next morning we learned from the maid that Macbeth's blasted heath was but a few miles from Nairn; all the theatricals went there, she said. We made a brave start. But bravery gave out with the first mile. There could be nothing more depressing than to walk on a public highway through a well cultivated country under a hot sun. Already, when we came to the near village of Auldearn, we had outwalked interest in everything but our journey's end. We would not go an extra step for the monuments the guide-book directs the tourist to see, though the graveyard was within sight of the road.

Macbeth seems to have shared the fate of prophets in their own country. We asked a man passing with a goat the distance to Macbeth's Hill, as it is called on the map. He didna know, he answered. But presently he ran after us. Was the gentleman we spoke of a farmer? Another man, however, knew all about it. He had never been to the top of the hill; he had been told there were trees up there, and that it wasn't different from the other hills around. And yet he had heard people came a great distance to see it. He supposed we had travelled far just to go up the hill. He knew from our talk, many words of which he couldna understand, that we were no from this part of the country. But then sometimes he

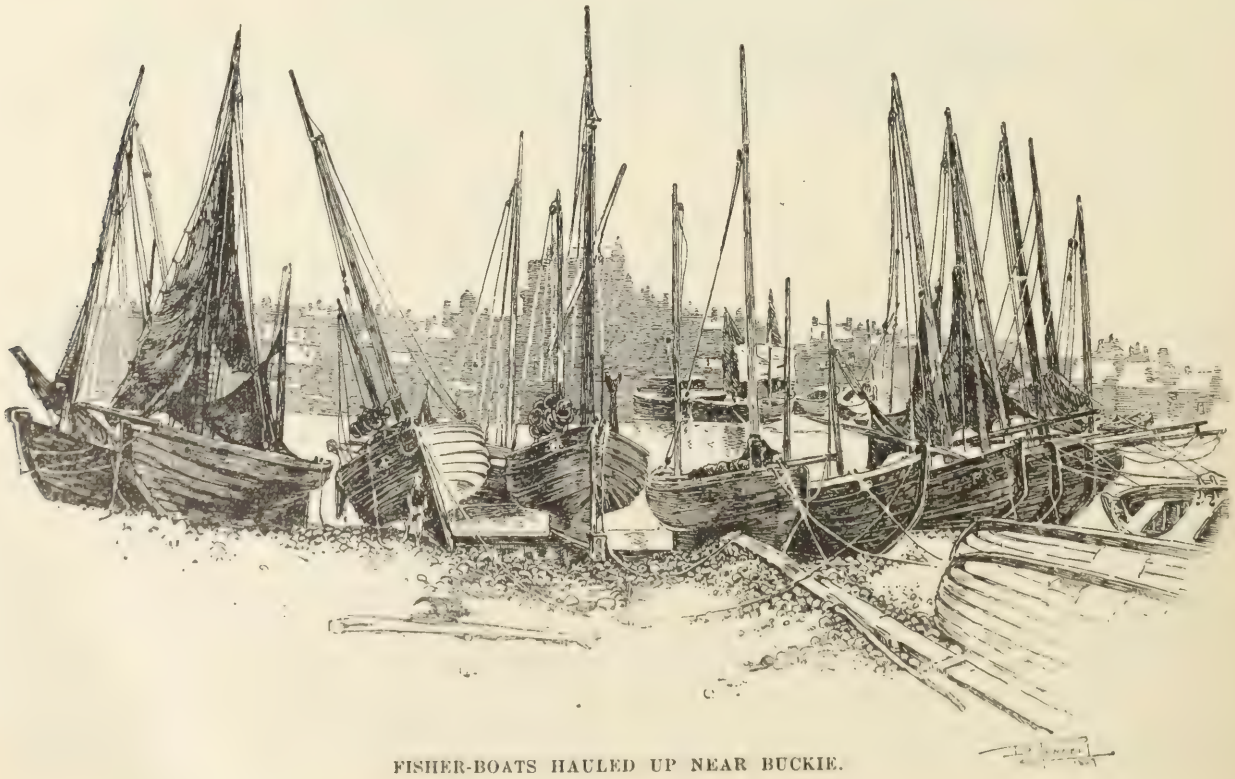
couldna understand the broad Scotch of the people in Aberdeenshire. There were some people hereabouts who could talk only Gaelic. They had been turned off the Western Islands, and had settled here years ago, but they still talked the Gaelic.

He went our way for half a mile or less, and he walked with us. His clothes were ragged, his feet bare, and over his shoulders was slung a small bundle done up in a red handkerchief. In the last three years, he said, he had but two or three days' work. Work was hard to get. Here rents were high, farmers complained, and this year the crops were ruined because of the long drought. He did think at times of going to America. He had a sister who had gone to live in Pittsburgh. It might be a good thing. There are Scotchmen who have done well in Pittsburgh. He left us with minute directions. The hill, though not far from the road, which now went between pine woods and heather, could not be seen from it. We came to the point at which we should have turned to the blasted heath.

"It's a blasted nuisance," J—— said, and he kept straight on to the nearest railway station.

This was Brodie. The porters told us there was a fine castle within a ten minutes' walk, and a train for Elgin in fifteen minutes. We waited for the train. At Elgin we were in the humor to moralize on modern degeneracy among the ruins. A distillery is now the near neighbor of the cathedral. Below the broken walls, still rich with beautiful carving, new and old gravestones, as at Iona, stand side by side. In nave and transepts knights lie extended on old tombstones, under canopies carved with leaves and flowers; here and there in the graveyard without are moss-grown slabs with the death's-head and graceful lettering of the seventeenth century; near by are ugly, stupid stones from the modern stone-mason. The guide-book quotes some of the old inscriptions. But it omits one of late date which should, however, receive the greatest honor—that of the man who cared for the ruins with reverence and love until the government took them in charge. These ruins are very beautiful. Indeed nowhere does the religious vandalism of the past seem more monstrous than in Scotland.

We found nothing else of interest in Elgin. It had a prosperous look, and we saw not a trace of the old timbered houses with projecting upper stories of which Dr. Johnson writes. The remainder of our stay we spent in a restaurant near the station, where we talked politics with a farmer. He lectured us on free-trade. Scotch farmers cry for protection, he said;



FISHER-BOATS HAULED UP NEAR BUCKIE.



NEAR CULLEN.

but they don't know what it means. Free-trade is good for the bulk of the people; and what would protection do for the farmer? If he got higher prices, the landlord would say, Now you can afford to pay me higher rent, and he would pocket the few shillings' difference.

We talked with many other farmers in the east of Scotland. Sometimes we journeyed with them in railway carriages; sometimes we breakfasted and dined with them in hotels. They all had much to say about protection and free-trade, and we found that Henry George had been among them. Their ideas of his doctrine of the nationalization of the land were at times curious and original. I remember a farmer from Aberdeenshire who told us that he believed in it thoroughly, and then explained that it would give each man permission, if he had money enough, to buy out his landlord.

After lunch at Elgin we got through a day's work in less than an hour. We went by train to Buckie, a place of which we had never heard before that afternoon. How J—— happened to buy tickets for it I cannot explain, since he never made it quite clear to me. We found it a large and apparently thriving fishing town, with one long line of houses low on the shore, another above on the hill, and a very good hotel.

In the evening we watched the boats sail silently out from the harbor. The sun had just set. The red light of the after-glow shone upon the water. Against it here and there the brown sails stood out in strong relief. Other boats lay at anchor in the cool gray.

In the morning we made a new start on foot. Now and then, for a short distance, the road went inland across treeless cultivated country, but the greater part of the time it lay near the sea, and kept wandering in and out of very picturesque little fishing villages. They were all much alike; there was usually the harbor, where the fishing-boats were moored, some with brown sails hung out to dry, and flapping slowly in the breeze; others with long lines of floats stretched from mast to mast; and as it was not only low tide, but near the end of the fishing season, all were drawn up in picturesque masses in the foreground, the light of sea and sky bright and glittering behind them. Carts full of nets, men and women with huge bundles of them on their backs, were always on their way either up or



BIT OF MACDUFF.

down the hill, at whose foot the village nestled. For on the level at its top the nets were spread like great snares, not for birds, but for any one who tried to walk across them. Boxes and barrels of salted fish were piled along the street. In the air was the strong smell of herrings. In every village new houses were being or had just been built; but the soft gray smoke hovering above the roofs toned down their aggressive newness. In their midst was the plain white kirk.

There were so many villages we could not complain of monotony. And then sometimes on the stretch of beach beyond, dismantled boats in various stages of decline were pulled up out of reach of the tide. Sometimes on the near links men were playing golf. Once we passed three, each putting his little white ball on a bit of turf. They were very serious about it. "Now to business," we heard one say as we went by. But it grew very hot toward noon, and in the heat our first enthusiasm melted. When Cullen came in sight we were determined that nothing would induce us to walk another step.

At the hotel we were told the road to Banff, our next stopping-place, kept inland.

At Sandend we took the train for Banff. But first we went down to the shore, for Sandend was a picturesque little village, with all its gables turned toward the sea, big black boats on the beach, rocks beyond, and a pretty blue bay of its own.

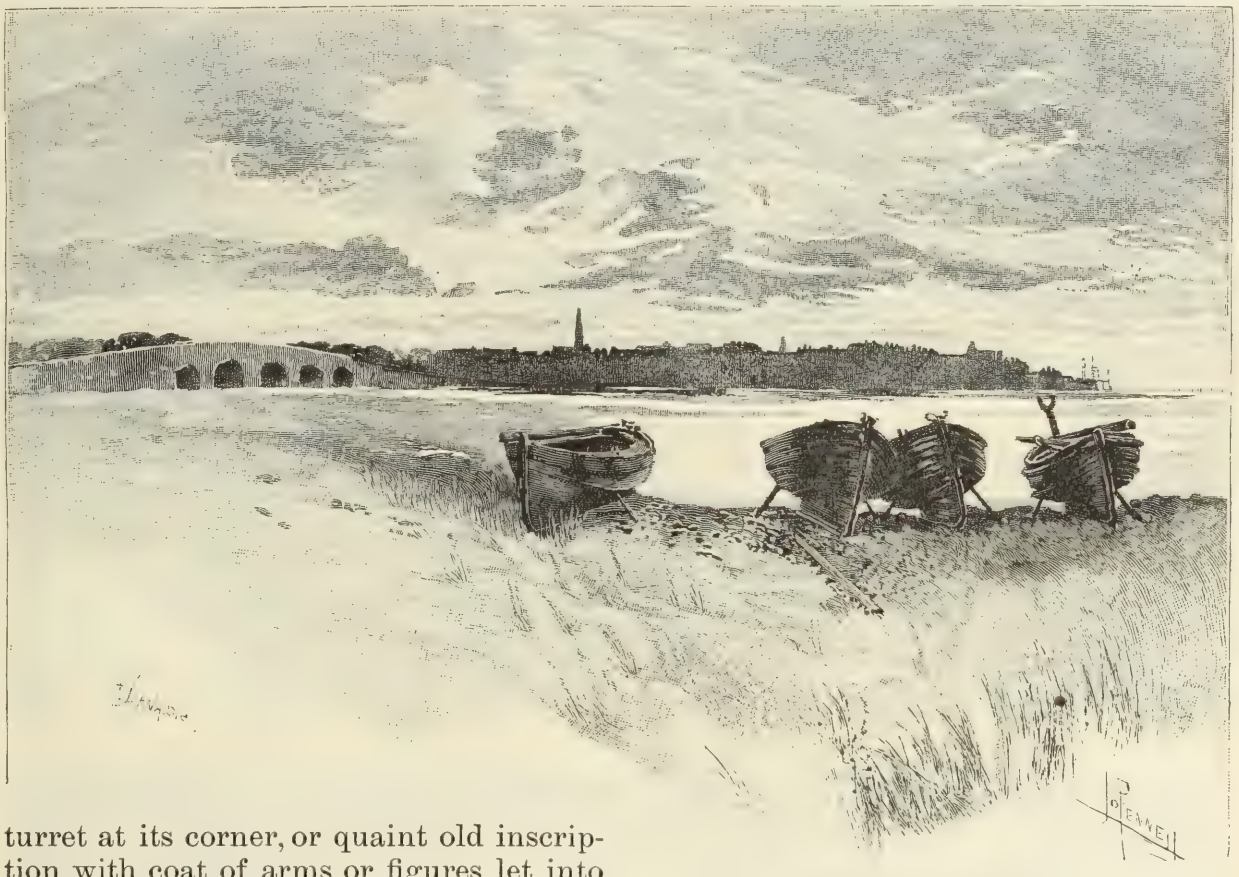
We came to Banff late in the afternoon, just as the fishing-boats were putting out to sea, one brown sail beyond another on the gray water, the farthest but faint specks on the horizon. The best thing about Banff is that in fifteen or twenty minutes you can be out of it and in Macduff. The shore here makes a great curve. On one point is Banff, on the other Macduff; half-way between, a many-arched bridge spans the river Deveron, and close by, the big house of the Earl of Fife shows through the trees of his park. High on the hill of Macduff stands the white kirk; it overlooks the town, with its many rows of fishermen's houses, and the harbor, where the black masts rise far above the gray walls, and the fishermen spread out their nets to dry, and the dark-sailed boats are always coming and going, and boys paddle in the twilight. And if you go to the far end of the harbor, where the light-house is, you look to the spires and chimneys and roofs of Banff climbing up their hill-side, and beyond to a shadowy point of land like a pale gray cloud-bank on the water.

There was no doubt that now our walking was all done. We asked about the



NEAR BANFF.

stage for Fraserburgh as if staging with us was a matter of course. It was a relief not to begin the day by strapping heavy knapsacks to our backs. The hours of waiting were spent partly in strolling through the streets of Banff, where here and there is an old gray house with pretty turret at its corner, or quaint old inscription with coat of arms or figures let into its walls; partly in sitting on the beach, looking out on a hot blue sea.



BANFF FROM MACDUFF.

But hot as it was in the morning, a sharp, cold wind was blowing when, at three o'clock, we took our seats in the little old-fashioned stage that runs between Banff and Fraserburgh. Stage and coachman and passengers seemed like a page out of Dickens transposed to Scotland. Inside was a very small boy, put there by a fat woman in black, and left, with many exhortations and a couple of buns, to make the journey alone; opposite to him sat a melancholy man who saw but ruin staring in the face of farmers and fishermen alike. At every corner in Banff and Macduff we stopped for more passengers, until the stage, elastic as it seemed, was full to overflowing, and we took refuge on the top. Here the seats were crowded with men, their heads tied up with scarfs. The coachman was carrier as well, and at different points in the open country women and children waited by the road to give him or to take from him bundles and boxes and letters. He was the typical cheery carrier. He had a word for everybody, even for a young man who dropped his wheelbarrow to flap his arms and greet us with a vacant smile. He was a puir thing, the driver explained, who only went wrong four years ago. He was the third we had seen in two days.

The country was dreary for all its cultivation. The fields were without tree or hedge to break their monotony. The villages were stupid and full of new houses. There was nothing striking or picturesque until we came within sight of Fraserburgh. Far across a level stretch we first saw it, its spires rising high above gray and red roofs. The near meadows were dark with fishing nets; in places fishermen were at work spreading them over the grass; and we began to pass carts heavily laden with their brown masses, and men and women bent under the same burden.

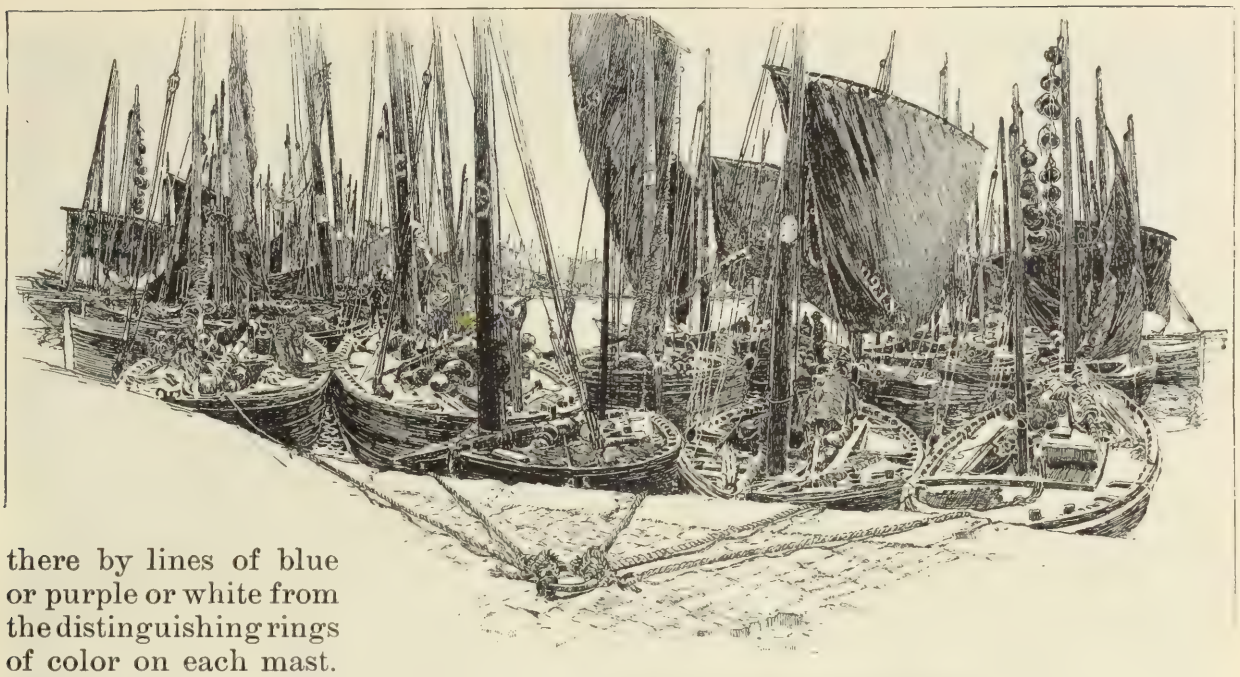
We walked out after supper. Rain was falling, and the evening was growing dark. Down by the harbor carts were still going and coming; men were still

busy with their nets. Along the quay was a succession of basins, and these opened into others beyond. All were crowded with boats, and their thickly clustered masts seemed in the gathering shadows like a forest of branchless, leafless trees. One by one lights were hung out. On the town side of the quay, in crypt-like rooms and under low sheds, torches flamed and flared against a background of darkness. Their strong light fell upon women clothed in strange stuffs that glistened and glittered, their heads bound with white cloths. They were bending over shiny, ever-shifting masses piled at their feet, and chanting a wild Gaelic song that rose and fell with the wailing of all savage music. As we first saw them, from a distance, they might have been so many sorceresses at their magic rites. When we drew near we found they were but the fish curers' gutters and packers at work. Thanks to Cable and Lafcadio Hearn, we know something of the songs of work at home. But who in England cares about the singing in these fishing towns—singing which is only wilder and weirder than that of the cotton pressers of Louisiana? To the English literary man, however—the Charles Reades are the exceptions—I fear the gutters would be but nasty, dirty fisher persons. Now and then groups of these women passed us, walking with long strides, their arms swinging, and their short skirts and white-bound heads shining through the sombre streets. Over the town was the glow of the many fires.

In the morning there was less mystery, but not less picturesqueness. We were up in time to go to the harbor with the fishermen's wives, and watch the boats come in. Everything was fresh after a night of rain. It was still early, and the sun sent a path of gold across the sea just where the boats turned on their last tack homeward. Each brown sail was set in bold relief against the shining east, and then slowly lowered, as the fishermen with their long poles pushed the boat into the already crowded harbor. At once nets were emptied of the fish, which lay gleaming like silver through the brown meshes. Women and boys came to fill baskets with the fresh herrings; carts were loaded with them. In other boats men were hanging up their floats and shaking out their nets. The water was rich with the many black and brown reflections, only brightened here and



FRASERBURGH.



IN THE HARBOR, FRASERBURGH.

there by lines of blue or purple or white from the distinguishing rings of color on each mast. There was a never-ending stream of men and carts passing along the quay. Many fishermen with their bags were on their way to the station, for the fishing season was almost over. So they said. But when one thousand boats came in, and twenty thousand fisher-folk were that day in Fraserburgh, to us it looked little like the end. In all this busy place we heard no English. Only Gaelic was spoken, as if we were once more in the Western Islands.

It was the same in the streets. The day's work in the curing-houses was just about to begin. Girls and women in groups of threes and fours were walking toward them. In the morning light we could see that the greater number were young. All were neat and clean, with hair carefully parted and well brushed, little shawls over their shoulders, but nothing on their heads. They carried their working clothes under their arms, and kept knitting as they walked. Like the men, they all talked Gaelic.

When they got to work we found that those strange stuffs which had glistened in the torch-light were aprons and bibs smeared with scales and slime, that the white head-dresses were worn only for cleanliness, that the shining masses at their feet were but piles of herring. I have never seen women work so hard or so fast. Their arms, as they seized the fish, gutted them, threw them in the buckets, moved with the regularity and the speed of machines. Indeed, there could not be a busier place than Fraserburgh. All day long the boats kept coming in, nets were emptied, fish carted away. The harbor, the streets, the fields beyond where nets were taken to dry, the curing-houses, were alike scenes of industry. If the women put down their knives it was only to take up their knitting. And yet these men and women, working incessantly by day and by night, were almost all Western-Islanders, the people who, we are told, are so slovenly and so lazy! No one who comes with them to the east coast for the fishing season will ever again believe in the oft-repeated lies about their idleness.

There were no signs of rest until Saturday evening. Then no boats went out, and the harbor and curing-houses were deserted. The streets were full of men and women walking about for pleasure. The greatest crowd was in the market-place, where a few cheap Jacks drove their trade. Two, who dealt in china, as if to make up for their poor patter, threw cups and saucers recklessly into the air, breaking them with great clatter, while the women and girls they had attracted stood by and bought nothing.

The fishermen had gathered about a third, who sold cheap and tawdry ornaments, but who could patter. When we first came near he was holding up six imitation gold watch chains, and offering the buyers prizes into the bargain. "O ye men of little faith"—shaking his fist at them—"can't any of you favor me with



GUTTERS AT WORK, FRASERBURGH.

a shillin'? You don't want 'em, gen'lemen? Then there'll be smashin' of teeth and tearin' of hair. Glory! glory hallylujah!" All this, I regret to say, was interspersed with stories that do not bear repetition. But he sold his watch chains without trouble. "And now, gen'lemen, for any of you that wants to take home a present to your wife and chil'ren, here's an album. It 'd adorn a nobleman's mansion, and wouldn't disgrace a fisherman's cottage. It's bound in moroccer and stamped with gold, and 'll hold many pictures. I'll only sell half a dozen, and it's the wery thing you wants. You'll have one! Well, sir, I can't reach you, but these gen'lemen 'll pass it along."

And then he began again with the stories and the Scripture until he had sold out all his stock of albums and note-books and cheap jewelry.

It was the hint about presents to those left behind which bore greatest weight with the fishermen. It never failed. But we remembered their cottages and the sadness of their homes, and it angered us that they should be duped into wasting their hard-won earnings on tawdry ornaments. It seems to be their fate to be cheated by every one. Even the peddler, like the parson and the landlord, can pervert Scripture to their discomfort.

There was a pleasant suggestion of holiday-making in the square. It was the first time we had seen the Western-Islanders amusing themselves. True, they did it very solemnly. There was little laughter and much silence. But at least a touch of brightness was given to the gloom of their long life of work and want.

Even on Sunday we thought the people more cheerful. In the morning the women, the little shawls over their shoulders, their heads still bare, the men in blue cloth, many without coats, again filled the streets on their way to church. In the afternoon we walked to two near fishing villages. In one an old fisherman was talking about Christ to a few villagers. We sat awhile close to the sea, looking out to the next village, gray against gray gold-lined clouds, to the wa-

ter with the light falling softly across it, to the little quiet pools in among the low rocks of the shore, to the big black boats drawn up on the beach. And then, as we walked back to Fraserburgh, the mist fell suddenly. But the road near the town was crowded with the men in blue cloth and the women in short skirts. Some were singing hymns as they walked. To us they looked strong and healthy, and even happy. It seemed as if this life on the east coast must make up for many of the hardships they endure in the deserts of their western home.

That same evening in the hotel we heard about life in Fraserburgh, which looks so prosperous to the stranger. A Catholic priest came into the dining-room after supper. He seemed very tired; he had been visiting the sick all day, he told us. Measles had broken out among the women and girls from the Hebrides. Many had already died; more had been carried to the hospital. The rooms provided for them by the curers were small and overcrowded. So long as they were kept in their present quarters, so long would disease and death be their portion. Their condition was dreadful. But they worked hard, and never complained. He came from the west coast of Ireland, he said, where Irish poverty is at its worst; but not even there had he seen misery so great as that of the Western-Islanders. He knew it well. He had lived with them in the Long Island, where many are Catholics. If Scotland were represented by eighty-five members, all wanting Home Rule, more would have been heard about destitution in the Hebrides. In the prosperous days of the west coast fisheries the people's burden had been less heavy. But now they came to the fishing towns of the east, the women to sicken and to die, the men to beg their way back as best they could. There were too many fishermen here, just as at home landlords thought there were too many crofters.

The fishers also shall mourn, and all they that cast angle shall lament, and they that spread nets upon the waters shall languish.

The epidemic and its causes became the town talk. The Gaelic Free Kirk minister, differ as he might from the Catholic priest on every other point, on this could but agree with him. He told us the same story in words as strong. It was shame-



COMING HOME FROM THE FISHERIES, FRASERBURGH.



MONTROSE.

ful, he said, the way the poor girls were being killed. He had not known it before; but now he did, he could not and would not let the matter rest. An indignation meeting of the people of Fraserburgh was called for the day we left; the town was placarded with the notices. Since then the report must have gone abroad. Now that agitation in Lewis is forcing attention to the islands and their people, in London there has been formed a committee of ladies to look into the condition of the girls and women who work on the east coast.

That last morning, as we stood by the hotel door, the funeral of one of the dead women passed up the street toward the station. Fifty or sixty fishermen followed the coffin. When we took our seats in a third-class carriage we found the Free Kirk minister there before us. The coffin had just been put on the train. Two girls came up to speak to him. He stretched out his hand; one took and held it as she struggled to answer his questions; the other turned away with the tears streaming down her face. As the train started, they stood apart, their heads bent low, their faces buried in their shawls, both crying as if their hearts would break. And so, at the last, we saw only the sadness of Fraserburgh.

We had intended going to Peterhead and the smaller fishing towns by the way. But our energy was less inexhaustible than the picturesqueness of the east coast. Our journey had been over-long. We were beginning to be anxious to bring it to an end. Now we went straight to Aberdeen, where we at once fell back into ordinary city life. We even did a little shopping in its fine new streets. We walked to the old town after dinner. In it there is not much to be seen but the university tower with the famous crown atop, and the cathedral, which looked massive and impressive in the twilight.

From Aberdeen to Edinburgh we trained it by easy stages. We stopped often, once at Montrose, where, like Dr. Johnson, and for that matter every one else who comes here, we looked to the Grampian Hills in the distance. The town was stupid. The guide-book calls it neat and Flemish,

probably because it has fewer houses with high gables turned toward the street than can be seen in any other Scotch town. But the harbor, of which the guide-book says less, was fine. We spent hours near the mouth of the river, looking over to the fishermen's houses on the opposite shore. There were constant showers as we sat there. Every few minutes the sun came out from the clouds, and the wet roofs glistened and glittered through the gray smoke hanging above them. In the morning women, packed like herrings in the huge ferry-boats, crossed over to the curing-houses. Now and then a fishing-boat sailed slowly in.

Of all the places at which we stopped I remember best Arbroath, the sight of which seemed worth his whole journey to Dr. Johnson. Little is left of the abbey save the broken walls and towers. A street runs through the old gate-house. The public park and children's play-ground lie to one side of the ruined church. A few old tombs and tablets and bits of ornament have been gathered together in the sacristy, which is in better preservation than the rest of the building.



RUINS AT ARBROATH.

Of the rest of the journey to Edinburgh my note-book says nothing, and little remains in my memory. But I know that when we walked up from the station to Waverley Bridge, and looked to the gray precipice of houses of the Old Town, we realized that our long wanderings had not shown us anything so fine.



CAPTAIN LELONGBOW (*a fascinating but most inveterate romancer about his own exploits*): "Who's your favorite hero in *fiction*, Miss Vera?"

MISS VERA. "*You* are!"

